

THE POEMS OF GEOFFREY CHAUCER



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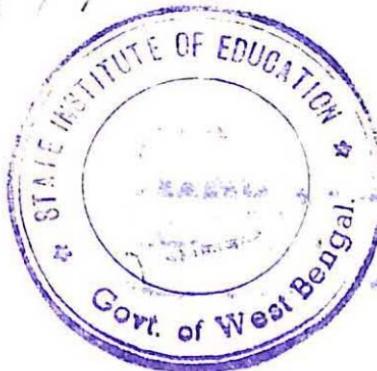
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THE COMPLETE WORKS OF GEOFFREY CHAUCER

Edited from numerous manuscripts by
WALTER W. SKEAT

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GEOFFREY CHAUCER

Born, London c. 1340
Died, Westminster . . . 25 October 1400

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AD GRADVM DOCTORIS HONORIS CAVSA
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INTRODUCTION.

LIFE OF CHAUCER.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER was born in London, about 1340 (not 1328, as was formerly said). His father was John Chaucer, citizen and vintner of London, and his mother's name was Agnes. His grandfather was Robert Chaucer, of Ipswich and London, who married a widow named Maria Heyroun, with a son Thomas Heyroun. John Chaucer's house stood in Upper Thames Street, beside Walbrook, just where that street is now crossed by the South-Eastern Railway from Cannon-street Station. Here it was that the poet spent his earliest days, and in an interesting passage in his *Pardoneres Tale* (lines 549-572), he incidentally displays his knowledge of various wines and the ways of mixing them together.

John Chaucer, the poet's father, was in attendance on Edward III. in 1338, and this connexion with the court led to his son's employment there, some years afterwards, as a page in the household of Elizabeth, wife of Lionel, duke of Clarence, the third son of Edward III. In the household accounts of this princess, mention is made of various articles of clothing and other necessaries purchased for 'Geoffrey Chaucer' in April, May, and December, 1357, when he was about seventeen years old. In 1359, he joined the army of Edward III. when that king invaded France, and was there taken prisoner. In May, 1360, the peace of Bretigny (near Chartres) was concluded between the French and English kings. Chaucer had been set at liberty in March, when Edward paid 16*l.* towards his ransom.

1367. We can only conjecture the manner in which he spent his life from hints given us in his own works, and from various notices of him in official records. To consider the latter first, we find, from the Issue Rolls of the Exchequer, that a life-pension of 20 marks was granted by the king to Chaucer in 1367, in consideration of his services, as being one of the valets of the king's household. During 1368 and part of 1369 he was in London, and received his pension in person. In October, 1368, his patron, Prince Lionel, died, and it appears that Chaucer's services were consequently transferred to the next brother, John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster.

1369. In the autumn of 1369, the year of the third great pestilence of Edward's reign, Blanche, the first wife of John of Gaunt, died at the early age of twenty-nine. Chaucer did honour to her memory in one of his earliest poems, entitled '*The Deth of Blaunce the Duchesse*'.

1370-1373. From 1370 to 1386, Chaucer was attached to the court, and employed in frequent diplomatic services.

In December, 1372, being employed in the king's service, he left England for Genoa, Pisa, and Florence, and remained in Italy for nearly eleven months, but

we again find him in London on November 22, 1373. This visit of his to Italy is of great importance, as it exercised a marked influence on his writings, and enables us to understand the development of his genius.

1374. His conduct during this mission to Italy met with the full approval of the king, who, on the celebration of the great festival at Windsor on St. George's day (April 23) in 1374, granted our poet a pitcher of wine daily, to be received from the king's butler. On May 10 of the same year, Chaucer took a lease of a house in Aldgate, for the term of his life, from the Corporation of London; but he afterwards gave it up to a friend in October, 1386; and it is probable that he had ceased to reside in it for a year or more previously. On June 8, 1374, he was appointed to the important office of Comptroller of the Customs and Subsidy of Wools, Skins, and Leather, for the port of London; and a few days later (June 13) received a life-pension of 10*l.* from the duke of Lancaster for the good service rendered by him and his wife Philippa to the said Duke, to his consort, and to his mother the Queen. This is the first mention of Philippa Chaucer as Geoffrey's wife, though a Philippa Chaucer is mentioned as one of the Ladies of the Chamber to Queen Philippa, on September 12, 1366, and subsequently. It has been conjectured that Chaucer was not married till 1374, and that he married a relative, or at least some one bearing the same name as himself; but this supposition is needless and improbable; there is no reason why the Philippa Chaucer mentioned in 1366 may not have been already married to the poet, who was then at least 26 years of age.

1375. In 1375 his income was increased by receiving from the Crown (November 8) the custody of the lands and person of one Edmond Staplegate, of Kent. This he retained for three years, during which he received 10*l.*; together with some smaller sums from another source.

1376. On July 12, 1376, the king granted Chaucer the sum of 7*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*, being the value of a fine paid by one John Kent for shipping wool without paying the duty thereon. Towards the end of this year, Sir John Burley and Geoffrey Chaucer were employed upon some secret service, for which the latter received 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*

1377. In February, 1377, Chaucer was employed on a secret mission to Flanders, and received for it, in all, the sum of 30*l.* In April he was sent to France, to treat for peace with king Charles V.; for this service he received, in all, the sum of 48*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* On June 21, king Edward III. died, and was succeeded by his grandson, Richard II.

1378. In January, Chaucer seems to have been employed in France. Soon afterwards, he was again sent to Italy, from May 28 to September 19, being employed on a mission to Lombardy, to treat with Bernabo Visconti, duke of Milan; to whose death (in 1385) the poet alludes in his *Monkes Tale* (ll. 3589-3596), where he describes him as—

‘Of Melan grete Barnabo Viscounte,
God of delyt, and scourge of Lumbardye.’

Before leaving England on this business, Chaucer appointed his friend John Gower, the poet, as one of his agents to represent him in his absence.

1380. By deed of May 1, 1380, one Cecilia Chaumpayne released Chaucer from a charge which she had brought against him, ‘de raptu meo.’ We have no means of ascertaining either the nature of the charge, or the circumstances of the case.

1382. We have seen that Chaucer had been appointed Comptroller of the Wool

Customs in 1374. Whilst still retaining this office, he was now also appointed Comptroller of the Petty Customs (May 8, 1382).

1385. In February, 1385, he was allowed the great privilege of nominating a permanent deputy to perform his duties as Comptroller. It is highly probable that he owed this favour to 'the good queen Anne,' first wife of king Richard II.; for, in the Prologue to the Legend of Good Women, probably written during this period of his newly-acquired freedom from irksome duties, he expresses himself most gratefully towards her.

If we may trust the description of his house and garden in the Prologue to the Legend of Good Women, probably composed in the spring of 1385, it would appear that he was then living in the country, and had already given up his house over the city gate at Aldgate to Richard Forster, who obtained a formal lease of it from the Corporation of London in October, 1386. We learn incidentally, from a note to the Envoy to Scogan, l. 45, that he was living at Greenwich at the time when he wrote that poem (probably in 1393). And it is highly probable that Chaucer's residence at Greenwich extended from 1385 to the end of 1399, when he took a new house at Westminster. This supposition agrees well with various hints that we obtain from other notices. Thus, in 1390, he was appointed (with five others) to superintend the repairing of the banks of the Thames between Woolwich and Greenwich. In the same year he was robbed at Hatcham (as we shall see below), which is near Deptford and Greenwich. And we find the singular reference in the Canterbury Tales (A 3907), where the Host suddenly exclaims—'Lo! Grenewich, ther many a shrewe is inne'; which looks like a sly insinuation, on the Host's part, that Greenwich at that time contained many 'shrews' or rascals. Few places would serve better than Greenwich for frequent observation of Canterbury pilgrims.

1386. In this year Chaucer was elected a knight of the shire for Kent, in the Parliament held at Westminster. In August, his patron John of Gaunt went to Spain; and during his absence, his brother Thomas, duke of Gloucester, contrived to deprive the king of all power, by appointing a regency of eleven persons, himself being at the head of them. As the duke of Gloucester was ill disposed towards his brother John, it is probable that we can thus account for the fact that, in December of this year, Chaucer was dismissed from both his offices, of Comptroller of Wool and Comptroller of Petty Customs, others being appointed in his place. This sudden and great loss reduced the poet from comparative wealth to poverty; he was compelled to raise money upon his pensions, which were assigned to John Scalby on May 1, 1388.

In October of this year (1386), there was a famous trial between Richard Lord Scrope and Sir Thomas Grosvenor, during which Chaucer deposed that he was 'forty years of age and upwards, and had borne arms for twenty-seven years.' He was, in fact, about forty-six years old, having been born, as said above, about 1340. Moreover, it is probable that he first bore arms in 1359, when he went with the invading army to France. This exactly tallies with his own statement.

1387. In this year died Chaucer's wife, Philippa; to this loss he alludes in his Envoy to Bukton. It must have been about this time that he was composing portions of his greatest poem, the Canterbury Tales.

1389. On May 3, Richard II. suddenly took the government into his own hands. John of Gaunt returned to England soon afterwards, and effected an outward reconciliation between the king and the duke of Gloucester. The Lancastrian party was

now once more in power, and Chaucer was appointed Clerk of the King's Works at Westminster on July 12, at a salary of 2*s.* a day (more than *1l.* of our present money, at the least).

1390. In this year, Chaucer was also appointed Clerk of the Works at St. George's Chapel at Windsor, and was put on a Commission to repair the banks of the Thames between Woolwich and Greenwich. In a writ, dated July 1 in this year, he was allowed the costs of putting up scaffolds in Smithfield for the King and Queen to view the tournament which had taken place there in May. This helps to explain the minute account of the method of conducting a tournament which we meet with in the Knight's Tale. In the preceding month he had been appointed, by the Earl of March, joint Forester (with Richard Brittle) of North Petherton Park in Somerset. In September, he was twice robbed of some of the king's money; once, at Westminster, of *10l.*; and again, near the 'foule ok' (foul oak) at Hatcham, Surrey, of *9l. 3s. 8d.*; but the repayment of these sums was forgiven him.

1391. This is the date given by Chaucer to his prose Treatise on the Astrolabe, which he compiled for the use of his 'little son' Lewis, of whom nothing more is known; and it is supposed that he died at an early age. At this time, for some unknown reason, the poet unfortunately lost his appointment as Clerk of the Works.

1394. In February of this year, Chaucer received a grant from the king of *20l.* a year for life; nevertheless, he seems to have been in want of money, as we find him making applications for the advancement of money from his pension.

1398. In this year or the preceding, Chaucer was made sole Forester of North Petherton Park, instead of joint Forester, as in 1390. In the Easter Term, he was sued for a debt of *14l. 18s. 11d.* In October, the king granted him a tun of wine yearly, for his life-time.

1399. On September 30, Henry IV. became king of England, and Chaucer addressed to him a complaint regarding his poverty, called a 'Compleynt to his Purs,' in response to which, only four days afterwards, Henry granted that the poet's pension of twenty marks (*13l. 6s. 8d.*) should be doubled, in addition to the *20l.* a year which had been granted to him in 1394.

On Christmas eve of this year, Chaucer took a long lease of a house in the garden of the Chapel of St. Mary, Westminster; this house stood near the spot now occupied by King Henry the Seventh's Chapel. The lease is in the Muniment Room of Westminster Abbey (Historical MSS. Commission, i. 95).

1400. The traditional date of Chaucer's death is October 25, 1400; in the second year of Henry IV. His death doubtless took place in his newly-acquired house at Westminster; and he attained to the age of about sixty years. Of his family, nothing is known. His 'little son' Lewis probably died young; and there is no evidence earlier than the reign of Henry VI. that the Thomas Chaucer whose great-grandson, John de la Pole, Earl of Lincoln, was declared heir to the throne by his uncle, Richard III., in 1484, was Chaucer's son. As Thomas Chaucer was a man of great wealth, and of some mark, we should have expected to find early and undoubted evidence as to his parentage. We find, however, that Thomas Gascoigne, who wrote a Theological Dictionary, and died in 1458, refers to the poet in these words:—'Fuit idem Chawserus pater Thomae Chawserus, armigeri, qui Thomas sepelitur in Nuhelm iuxta Oxoniam.' Gascoigne was in a position to know the truth, since he was Chancellor of Oxford, and Thomas Chaucer had held the

manor of Ewelme, at no great distance, till his death in 1434. If this information be correct, it then becomes highly probable that Chaucer's wife Philippa was Philippa Roet, sister of the Katharine de Roet of Hainault, who married Sir John Swynford, and afterwards became the mistress, and in 1396 the third wife of John of Gaunt. This has been inferred from the fact that Thomas Chaucer's arms contain three wheels, supposed to represent the name of Roet; since the Old French *roet* means 'a little wheel.' Those who accept this inference see good reasons for explaining the favours extended to Chaucer both by John of Gaunt himself and his son King Henry IV.

CHARACTER OF CHAUCER.

There is no space here for exhibiting fully the revelation of Chaucer's character as expressed by numerous passages in his works. We easily recognise in them a man of cheerful and genial nature, with great powers of originality, full of freshness and humour, a keen observer of men, and at the same time an enthusiastic and untiring student of books. He tells a story excellently and sets his characters before us with dramatic clearness; and he has also an exquisite ear for music and pays great attention to the melodious flow of his verse. Except in his prose tales, he frequently affects, in his Canterbury Tales, an air of simplicity which sits upon him gracefully enough. In his *Prologue to Sir Thopas*, he describes himself as a 'large,' i.e. a somewhat corpulent man, and no 'poppet' to embrace, that is, not slender in the waist; as having an 'elvish' or abstracted look, often staring on the ground 'as if he would find a hare,' and 'doing no dalliance' to any man, i.e. not entering briskly into casual conversation. His numerous references and quotations show that he was deeply read in all medieval learning, and well acquainted with Latin, French (both of England and of the continent), and Italian, besides being a master of the East-midland dialect of English. A passage in the *Reves Tale* imitates some of the peculiarities of the Northumbrian dialect with much fidelity. On the other hand, he occasionally introduces forms into his poems that are peculiarly Kentish; owing, as I am inclined to suggest, to his residence for some years at Greenwich. In his *Hous of Fame*, he tells us how he had 'set his wit to make books, songs, and ditties in rime,' and often 'made his head ache at night with writing in his study.' For, when he had done his official work for the day, and 'made his reckonings,' he used to go home and become wholly absorbed in his books, 'hearing neither this nor that'; and, 'in stead of rest and new things' (recreation), he used 'to sit at a book, as dumb as a stone, till his look was dased'; and thus did he 'live as a hermit, though (unlike a hermit) his abstinence was but little.' So great (as he tells us in the *Prologue to The Legend of Good Women*) was his love of nature, that, 'when the month of May is come, and I hear the birds sing, and see the flowers springing up, farewell then to my book and to my devotion' to reading. In many passages he insists on the value of the purity of womanhood and the nobility of manhood, taking the latter to be dependent upon good feeling and courtesy. As he says in *The Wife of Bath's Tale*, 'the man who is always the most virtuous, and most endeavours to be constant in the performance of gentle deeds, is to be taken to be the greatest gentleman. Christ desires that we should derive our gentleness from Him, and not from our ancestors, however rich.'

WRITINGS OF CHAUCER.

Other notices of Chaucer must be gathered from his writings and from what we know about them. It is advisable to date his various works, where possible, as well as we can, and to consider the result.

Chaucer's works fall (as shewn by Ten Brink) into three periods. During the first of these, he imitated French models, particularly the famous and very long poem entitled *Le Roman de la Rose*, of which, as he himself tells us, he made a translation. It so happens that there exist what are apparently two, but are really three fragments of translations of two different parts of this poem; they are found in a MS. at Glasgow, written out about A.D. 1430-40, and in the early printed editions. These three fragments, marked A, B, C in the present volume, appear to be by different hands; and only the first of them can be reconciled with Chaucer's usual diction and grammar. We must regretfully infer that the major part of Chaucer's own translation is irrecoverably lost. The poems of this First Period were written before he set out on his Italian travels in 1372, and there is no trace in them of any Italian influence.

The poems of the Second Period (1373-1384) clearly shew the influence of Italian literature, especially of Dante's *Divina Commedia*, and of Boccaccio's poems entitled *Il Teside* and *Il Filostrato*. Curiously enough, there is nothing to shew that Chaucer was acquainted, at first-hand, with Boccaccio's *Decamerone*.

The poems of the Third Period are chiefly remarkable for a larger share of originality, and are considered as beginning with the *Legend of Good Women*, the first poem in which the poet employed what is now known as the 'heroic' couplet, which he adapted from Guillaume de Machault.

The following list is arranged, *conjecturally*, in chronological order.
Origenes upon the Maudeleyne (*lost*).
Book of the Leoun (*lost*).

Ceys and Alcioun; afterwards (probably) partly preserved in the Book of the Duchesse.

The Romaunt of the Rose. (Fragment A (ll. 1-1705) is all that can fairly be claimed as Chaucer's work. Fragment B is written in a dialect approximating to that of Lincolnshire. The author of Fragment C, like that of B, remains unknown.)

A. B. C.—Minor Poems, I.

1369. Book of the Duchesse.—M. P. III.

Lyf of St. Cecyle (afterwards adapted to become the Second Nonnes Tale).

Monkes Tale (parts of); lines 3365-3652 clearly belong to a later period.

About 1372-3. Clerkes Tale; except E 995-1008, and the Envoy.

Palamon and Arcite; of which some scraps are preserved in other poems. It was also used as the basis of the Knights Tale.

Compleint to his Lady.—M. P. VI.

An Amorous Compleint, made at Windsor.—M. P. XXII.

Womanly Noblesse.—M. P. XXIV.

Compleint unto Pitè.—M. P. II.

Anelida and Arcite (containing ten stanzas from Palamon).—M. P. VII.

The Tale of Melibeus (in its original form); partly translated from Albertano of Brescia.

The Persones Tale (in its original form); partly translated from Frère Lorens.

Of the Wretched Engendring of Mankind ; mentioned in the Legend, Text A, l. 414 ; and partly preserved in scraps occurring in the Man of Lawes Tale, B 99-121, 421-7 771-7, 925-931, 1135-41.

Man of Lawes Tale (in its original form) ; partly translated from Nicholas Trivet, 1377-81. Translation of Boethius.

1379? Complaint of Mars.—M. P. IV.

1379-83. Troilus and Criseyde ; (partly from Boccaccio's *Il Filostrato* and Guido delle Colonne's *Historia Troiae* ; containing three stanzas from Palamon).

Wordes to Adam (concerning Boethius and Troilus).—M. P. VIII.

The Former Age ; chiefly from Boethius, Book II. met. V.—M. P. IX.

Fortune ; containing hints from Boethius.—M. P. X.

1382. Parlement of Foules (containing six stanzas from Palamon).—M. P. V.

1383-4. House of Fame ; containing hints from Dante ; *unfinished*.

1385-6. Legend of Good Women ; *unfinished*.

1386. Canterbury Tales begun.

1387-8. Central period of the Canterbury Tales.

1389, &c. The Tales continued.

1391. Treatise on the Astrolabe ; chiefly from Messahala ; *unfinished*.

1393? Complet of Venus.—M. P. XVIII.

1393. Lenvoy to Scogan.—M. P. XVI.

1396. Lenvoy to Bukton.—M. P. XVII.

1399. Envoy to Compleint to his Purse.—M. P. XIX.

The following occasional triple roundel and balades *may* have been composed between 1380 and 1396 :—Merciless Beautè.—M. P. XI. Balade to Rosemounde.—M. P. XII. Against Women Unconstaunt.—M. P. XXI. Compleint to his Purse (except the Envoy).—M. P. XIX. Lak of Stedfastnesse.—M. P. XV. Gentilesse.—M. P. XIV. Truth.—M. P. XIII. Proverbes of Chaucer.—M. P. XX.

EDITIONS OF CHAUCER.

Several of Chaucer's Poems were printed at various times by Caxton and others, but the first collected edition of his works was that edited by W. Thynne in 1532. This was reprinted, with the addition of the spurious *Plowman's Tale*, in 1542 ; and again, about 1550. Later editions appeared in 1561 (with large additions by John Stowe) ; in 1598 (re-edited by Thomas Speght), second edition, 1602, and reprinted in 1687. Still later editions were the very bad one by Urry, in 1721, and the excellent one by Tyrwhitt, of the Canterbury Tales *only*, in 1775-8. These editions, excepting Tyrwhitt's, have done much to confuse the public as to the genuine works of Chaucer, because in them a large number of poems, some known (even by the editors) to be by Lydgate, Gower, Hoccleve, and Scogan, together with others obviously spurious, were carelessly added to works by Chaucer himself ; and many erroneous notions have been deduced from the study of this incongruous mixture.

It must suffice to say here that most of the later editions, since the publication of Tyrwhitt's remarks on the subject, reject many of these additional pieces, but still unadvisedly admit the poems entitled *The Court of Love*, *The Complaint of the Black Knight*, *Chaucer's Dream*, *The Flower and the Leaf*, and *The Cuckoo and the Nightingale*. Of these, *The Complaint of the Black Knight* is now known to be by Lydgate ; *The Flower and the Leaf* cannot be earlier than 1450, and was probably written, as it

purports to be, by a lady; whilst *The Court of Love* can hardly be earlier than 1500, and *Chaucer's Dream* (so called) is of still later date. Nothing but a complete ignorance of the history of the English language can connect these fifteenth-century and sixteenth-century poems with Chaucer. The only poem, in the above set, which can possibly be as old as the fourteenth century, is *The Cuckoo and the Nightingale*. There is no evidence of any kind to connect it with Chaucer; and Professor Lounsherry decisively rejects it, on the internal evidence. It admits a few rimes (see p. xxiv) such as Chaucer nowhere employs.

GRAMMATICAL HINTS.

The following brief hints contain but a minimum of information, and include nothing that should not be extremely familiar to the student.

Observe that, in Chaucer's English, the final syllables -e, -ed, -en, -es, almost always form a distinct and separate syllable, so that a large number of words had then a syllable more than they have now. Unless this rule be observed, no progress in the study is possible. In particular, always sound this final -e (like the a in *China*) at the end of a line.

Final -e is elided, or slurred over, when the next word begins with a vowel, or is one of certain words beginning with h, viz. (1) a pronoun, as *he*; (2) part of the verb *have*; (3) the adverbs *heer*, *how*; (4) mute h in *honour*, *houre*. In a similar position, final -er, -en, -el, -y, are slurred over likewise; thus *get-en* is really *get'n* in l. 291¹.

Final -e is sometimes dropped in a few common words, such as *were*, *were*, *hadde*, *had*, *wolde*, *would*.

Middle -e is also sometimes dropped, as in *havenes*, pronounced (*haavnez*), l. 407. But *trew-e-ly* (481) is trisyllabic.

The reasons for sounding the final -e, -en, -es, as distinct syllables, are grammatical. These endings represent older inflexions, mostly Anglo-Saxon; and were once, in fact, essential. But, in Chaucer's time, they were beginning to disappear, and many are now lost altogether.

Final -e. The various sources of the M. E. (i. e. Middle-English) final -e are, chiefly, these following.

1. The A.S. (Anglo-Saxon) sb. ended in a vowel. Thus A.S. *har-a*, a hare, became M.E. *har-e* (191).

2. The A.F. (Anglo-French) sb. ended in a vowel which was formerly sounded. Thus A.F. *mélodi-ë* (four syllables) is M.E. *melody-ë* (four syllables, 9).

3. The dative case often ends in -e, especially after the prepositions *at*, *by*, *for*, *in*, *of*, *on*, *to*. Thus *rōt-e*(2) is the dative case of *root*, a root. We even find the form of an oblique case used as a nom. case, owing to confusion. Thus A.S. *hwelp*, a whelp, makes the dat. *hwelp-e*; Chaucer has *whelp-e* as a nominative (257).

4. The forms *hell-e* (so in A.S.), *sonn-e* (A.S. *sunn-an*) are genitives; see Book Duch. 171; A 1051. Similarly -y represents a genitive suffix in *lad-y*, 88, 695.

5. The definite form of the adjective (i. e. the form used when the def. art. *the* or a possessive or demonstrative pronoun precedes it) ends in -e. Ex.: *the yong-e*, 7.

6. The adj. pl. ends in -e; as *smal-e*, 9.

¹ The numbers refer to the lines of The Prologue to the Canterbury Tales; see p. 419.

7. Even the adj. sing. may end in *-e*; as *swēt-e* (5), from A.S. *swēte*, sweet, in which the final *-e* is essential. So also *trewe*, from A.S. *trēowē*; 53.

8. Verbs: the infinitive and gerund (with *to*) end in *-en* or *-e*; as *biginn-e*, 42; *for to ryōs-e*, 33.

9. Strong verbs: the pp. (past participle) ends in *-en* or *-e*; as *y-ronn-e*, 8.

10. Weak verbs: the pt. t. (past tense) ends in *-ede*, *-de*, *-te*, *-e*; as *say-de*, 70. Sometimes in *-ed*, as *prov-ed*, 547. Observe *lakk-e-de*, 756; *lor'de*, 97; *wet-te*, 129; *went-e*, 78.

11. Verbs: various other inflexions in *-en* or *-e*. Thus *slēp-en*, 3 p. pr. pl., 10; *wēr-en*, 1 p. pt. pl., 29; *gess-e*, 1 p. pr. s., 82; *smert-e*, 3 p. pr. s. subj., 230, &c.

12. Adverbs and prepositions may end in *-en* or *-e*; as *abov-en*, 53; *about-e*, prep. 158, adv. 488.

Final -en. The suffix *-en* usually denotes either (1) the pl. sb., as *hos-en*, 456; (2) the infin. or gerundial infin. of a verb, as *to wend-en*, 21; (3) the pp. of a strong verb, as *holp-en*, 18; (4) the pl. of any tense of a verb, as *wēr-en*, 1 p. pt. pl., 29; (5) a prep. or adverb, as *abov-en*, 53.

Final -es. The final *-es* denotes either (1) the gen. sing., as *lord-es*, 47; (2) the pl. sb., as *shour-es*, 1; or (3) an adverb, as *thrŷ-es*, 562. But the gen. of *lady* is *lady*; and of *fader*, is *fader*. And the plural may end in *-s*, as in *palmer-s*, 13.

The student should endeavour to make out, in every case, the reason for the use of final *-e*, *-en*, or *-es*. He will thus acquire the grammar. The above hints explain most cases that can arise.

Further notes. Some neuter sbs. do not change in the plural, as *hors*, pl. *hors*, 74. So also *neet*, *sheep*, *swŷn*, *yeer*.

Comparatives end in *-er*, as *grett-er*, adj., 197; or *-re*, as *fer-re*, adv., 48. Superlatives, in *-est*, occasional def. form *-est-e*, as *best-e*, 251. Pronouns: *tho*, those; *this*, pl. *thise*, these; *thilke*, that; *ilke*, same. *Atte*, for at the. *Ye*, nom.; *yow*, dat. and acc., you. *Hir*, their (also her); *hem*, them. *His*, his, its. *Whiche*, what sort of, 40; *what*, i.e. 'why,' 184; *That . . . he*, who, 44, 45; *whō sō*, whoever, 741. *Men*, one, with a sing. verb, as *men smoot*, one smote, 149.

Verbs. Verbs are distinguished as being *weak* or *strong*. In the former, the pp. ends in *-ed*, *-d*, or *-t*; in the latter, in *-en*, or *-e*.

A simple rule is this. In weak verbs, the pt. t. ends in *-ede* (rarely *-ed*), *-de*, *-te*, *-e*, so that the final *-e* is here extremely common, but it does not appear in the pp.; conversely, in strong verbs, it is the pp. that ends in *-en* or *-e*, which never appears in the first or third person singular of the past tense. Ex. *went-e*, 3 p. pt. s., 78, is a weak past tense; *cla-d*, 103, is a weak pp. Conversely, *y-ronn-e*, 8, is a strong pp.; *sleep*, 98, is a strong pt. t. The prefix *y-* (A.S. *ge-*) can be prefixed to any pp., and makes no difference.

Strong verbs usually shew vowel-change; thus *bigan* (44) is the pt. t. of *biginnen*. But note that this is not a sure guide; for *raugh-te* (136) is the pt. t. of *rech-en*, to reach, and is weak. *Slēp-en*, to sleep, pt. t. *sleep*, is strong.

In strong verbs, the vowel of the past tense is changed, sometimes, in the plural. Thus the pt. t. sing. of *ryōd-en*, to ride, is *rood*, 169; but the pl. is *rid-en*, 825. The pp. is also *rid-en*, 48.

The usual formulae for the conjugation of verbs are as follows.

Present tense. Sing. *-e*, *-est*, *-eth (-th)*; pl. *-en* or *-e*.

Past tense; weak verbs. Sing. *-ede* (*-de* or *-ed*), *-de*, *-te*, *-e* (in persons 1 and 3); *-edest*, *-dest*, *-test*, *-est* (2 person). Plural, *-eden*, *-ede*, *-de*, *-den*, *-ten*, *-te*, *-e* (all persons).

Past tense; strong verbs. Sing. indic. no suffix (in persons 1 and 3); -e, occasionally (2 person). Sing. subj. -e (all persons). Plural of both moods: -en, -e.

Imperative. Sing. 2 person: no suffix (usually); -e (in some weak verbs). Plural, 2 person: -eth, -th; (sometimes -e).

Infinitive: -en, -e. The gerundial infinitive has *to* or *for to* prefixed, and often denotes purpose.

Participles. Present: -ing, often -inge at the end of a line. Pp. of weak verbs: -ed, -d, -t. Pp. of strong verbs: -en, -e.

N.B. We find the contracted form *bit*, for *biddeth*, in the 3 p. pr. s. indicative, 187.

Similar contractions are common; hence *hit* means 'hideth'; *rit* means 'rideth'; *sit*, 'sitteth'; *let*, 'leadteth.' B 1496; &c.

Formation of Past Tenses. The form of the pt. t. of a weak verb depends on the form of its stem. There are three classes of such verbs.

1. Infin. -ien; pt. -ede (-de), or -ed. Thus *lov-ien*, to love; pt. t. *lov-ed-e* (*pronounced luv'de*), or *lov-ed* (*luv'ed*). Compare *lakk-e-de*, 756; though the infin. is *lakk-en*.

2. Infin. -en; pt. t. -de, -te, or sometimes (after d or t) -e; without vowel-change, except such as is due to contraction. Ex. *hēr-en*, to hear, pt. t. *her-de*; *kēp-en*, to keep, pt. t. *kep-te*; *lēd-en*, to lead, pt. t. *lad-de* (short for *legg-de*). Cf. *went-e*, went.

3. Infin. -en, with a modified vowel in the infinitive, the root-vowel appearing in the pt. t. and pp. Thus the root *sōk* (cf. Gothic *sōkjan*, to seek), appears in the A.S. pt. t. *sōh-te*, pp. *sōh-t*, M.E. *soght-e*, *sogh-t*; but the ō becomes ē (as in A.S. *fōt*, foot, pl. *fōt*, feet) in the infin. *sēc-an*, M.E. *sēk-en*, E. seek. Cf. *tell-en*, pt. t. *tol-de*; *tech-en*, pt. t. *taugh-te*.

N.B. The pp. of a weak verb results from the pt. t. by dropping -e (unless it has been dropped already); thus pt. t. *tol-de* gives pp. *tol-d*.

Strong verbs. The seven conjugations of strong verbs are given in my Principles of Etymology. I take as representative verbs the following: *fall*, *shake*, *bear*, *give*, *drink*, *drive*, *choose*. A more usual order (though it makes no real difference) is: 1. *drive*, 2. *choose*, 3. *drink*, 4. *bear*, 5. *give*, 6. *shake*, 7. *fall*.

The 'principal parts' are: (a) the infinitive; (b) the past tense, singular; (c) the pt. t. pl.; (d) the pp.

1. 'Drive.' Here Chaucer has: (a) *rýd-en*, to ride; (b) *rood*; (c) *rid-en*; (d) *rid-en*. So also *byt-en*, bite, *rys-en*, rise, *shyn-en*, shine, *shryv-en*, shrieve, *smyt-en*, smite, *wryt-en*, write¹. I here write y to denote long i.

2. 'Choose.' As: (a) *sēth-en*, to seethe; (b) *seeth*; (c, d) *sod-en*.

3. 'Drink.' As: (a) *biginn-en*; (b) *bigan*; (c) *bigonnen*; (d) *bigonnen*. So also *drinnen*, *ginnen*, *rinnen*, to run, *singen*, *springen*, *swinken*, to toil, *winnen*, *delven*, fighten (pt. t. s. *faught*), *helpen*, *kerven*, *thresshen*.

4. 'Bear.' As: (a) *ber-en*; (b) *bar*; (c) *bēr-en*; (d) *bor-en*. So also *breken*, *sheren*, *stelen*. Comen has: (b) *cōm*; (c) *cōm-en*; (d) *cōm-en*.

5. 'Give.' As: (a) *yev-en*, *yiv-en*; (b) *yaf*; (c) *yēv-en*; (d) *yiv-en*. So also *geten* (pp. *geten*); *speken* (pp. *spoken*).

6. 'Shake.' As: (a) *bak-en*; (b) *book*; (c) *bök-en*; (d) *bak-en*. So also *drawen*, *shaken*, *shaven*, *stonden* (pt. t. *stood*), *taken*, *sueren* (pp. *suer*-e).

7. 'Fall.' As: (a) *fall-en*; (b) *fil*; (c) *fill-en*; (d) *fall-en*. So *holden*, pt. t. *held*;

¹ Chaucer's Prologue does not contain specimens of all the parts of the verbs mentioned. Thus *sēthen* only occurs in the infinitive (383); however, the pl. t. *seeth* occurs elsewhere, viz. in the Clerkes Tale, E 227.

lēt-en, pt. t. *leet*; *slēp-en*, pt. t. *sleep*; *blōwen*, *grōwen*, *knōw-en*, pt. t. *blew*, &c.; *wēp-en*, pt. t. *weep*; *goon*, pp. *y-goon*, *y-go*, 286. Compare the complete list of strong M.E. verbs, in Specimens of English, ed. Morris and Skeat, pt. i.

Anomalous Verbs. Among these note the following. *Been*, *ben*, are. Imper. pl. *beeth*, *beth*, be ye. Pp. *been*, *ben*, *been*.

Can, I know; pl. *connen*; pt. t. *coude*, knew, could: pp. *couth*, known. *Dar*, I dare; pt. t. *dorste*. *May*, I may; pl. *mowen*; subjunctive, *mowe*, pl. *mowen*. *Moot*, I must, I may, he must, he may; pl. *mōten*, *mōte*; pt. t. *mōste*. *Oghte*, ought. *Shal*, pl. *shullen*, *shul*; pt. t. *sholde*. *Witen*, to know; *woot*, *wōt*, I know, he knows; pl. *witen* (correctly; but Chaucer also has *ye woot*); pt. t. *wiste*, knew; pp. *wist*. *Wil*, *wol*, *wole*, will; pl. *wolen*, *wilen*; pt. t. *wolde*. *Thar*, needs; pt. t. *thurte*.

Negatives. *Nam*, for *ne am*, am not; *nis*, for *ne is*, is not; *nas*, was not; *nēre*, were not; *nadde*, had not; *nil*, will not; *nolde*, would not; *noot*, I know not, he knows not; *niste*, knew not; *ne . . . ne*, neither . . . nor, *noȝ*. Double negatives, 70, 71, &c.

Adverbs. End in *-e*, as *dēp-e*, deeply; or *-ly*, as *subtil-ly*; or *-e-ly*, as *trew-e-ly*, truly; or *-en*, *-e*, as *bifor-en*, *bifor-e*; or in *-es*, as *thrȳ-es*, thrice. *Ther*, where, 547; *ther as*, where that, 34.

Prepositions. End in *-en*, *-e*, *-es*; &c. *Til*, for *to*, before a vowel. *With* adjoins its verb; 791.

METRE.

Chaucer was our first great metrist, and enriched our literature with several forms of metre which had not been previously employed in English. These he borrowed chiefly from Guillaume de Machault, who made use of stanzas of seven, eight, and nine lines, and even wrote at least one Compleint in the 'heroic' couplet.

The metre of four accents, in rimed couplets, had been in use in English long before Chaucer's time; and he adopted it in translating Le Roman de la Rose (the original being in the same metre), in the Book of the Duchesse, and in the House of Fame.

The ballad-metre, as employed in the Tale of Sir Thopas, is also older than his time. In fact, this Tale is a burlesque imitation of some of the old Romances.

The four-line stanza, in the Proverbes, was likewise nothing new.

But he employed the following metres, in English, for the first time.

i. The 8-line stanza, with the rimes arranged in the order *ababbcbc*; i. e. with the first line (*a*) riming with the third (*a*), and so on. Exx. A.B.C.; The Monkes Tale; The Former Age; Lenvoy to Bukton.

i b. The same, thrice repeated, with a refrain. Ex. (part of) Fortune; Compleint to Venus; Balade to Rosemounde.

2. The 7-line stanza, with the rimes *ababbbc*; a favourite metre. Exx. Lyf of Seint Cecyle; Clerkes Tale; Palamon and Arcite; (part of) Compleint to his Lady; An Amorous Compleint; Compleint to Pitē; (part of) Anelida; The Wretched Engendring of Mankind; The Man of Lawes Tale; (part of) The Compleint of Mars; Troilus and Criseyde; Wordes to Adam; (part of) The Parlement of Foules; (parts of) The Canterbury Tales; Lenvoy to Scogan.

2 b. The same 7-line stanza, thrice repeated, with a refrain. Exx. Against Women

Unconstaunt; Compleint to his Purse; Lak of Stedfastnesse; Gentilesse; Truth. Also in the Legend of Good Women, 249-269.

- 2 c. The 7-line stanza, with the rimes *ababbab*. Ex. (part of) Fortune.
3. Terza Rima. Only a few lines; in the Compleint to his Lady.
4. The 10-line stanza, *aabaabedc*. In the Compleint to his Lady.
5. The 9-line stanza, *aabaabbab*. Only in Anelida.
- 5 b. The same, with internal rimes. Only in Anelida.
- 5 c. The same as 5, but thrice repeated. Only in Womanly Noblesse.
6. Two stanzas of 16 lines each; with the rimes *aaabaaab · bbbabba*. Only in Anelida.
7. The 9-line stanza, *aabaabbcc*. Only in the latter part of the Compleint of Mars.
8. The roundel. In the Parlement of Foules; and Merciless Beauté.
9. The heroic couplet. In the Legend of Good Women and parts of the Canterbury Tales.
10. A 6-line stanza, repeated six times; with the rimes *ababeb*. Only in the Envoy to the Clerkes Tale.
11. A 10-line stanza, *aabaabbaab*. Only in the Envoy to the Compleint of Venus.
12. A 6-line stanza, *ababaa*. Only in the Envoy to Womanly Noblesse.
13. A 5-line stanza, *aabb*. Only in the Envoy to Compleint to his Purse.

The following pieces are in prose. The Tale of Melibeus. The Persones Tale. The translation of Boethius, *De Consolatione Philosophiae*. The Treatise on the Astrolabe.

VERSIFICATION.

Some lines drop the first syllable, and the first foot contains one syllable only; as: *Ging | len in, &c.* 170.

Many rimes are *double*, as *cloistre, oistre*, 181; *Rom-e, tō me*, 671; *non-es, noon is*, 523. *Always sound final -e at the end of a line.* Rimes may be *treble*, as *apothec-dr-i-es*, *letu-ár-i-es*, 425; so at ll. 207, 513, 709. Compare the Grammatical Hints.

Caesura. The caesura, or middle pause, allows extra syllables to be preserved. Thus, at l. 293, we have:—

For him was léver—hav' át his béddes héed.

The pause gives time for the *-er* of *lēv-er*. Similarly, we may preserve the *-er* of *deliv-er*, 84; *-e* in *mor-e*, 98; *-e* in *curteisy-e*, 132; *-ie (=y)* in *car-ie*, 130. Compare also:—

With-óut-e bak-e met-e—was nev'r his lious; 343.
Thát | no dróp-e—ne fill' upon hir brest; 131.

The syllables *-er*, *-en*, *-el*, *-ed*, before a vowel, or *h* (in *he*, &c.), are light, and do not always count in scansion; see ll. 84, 291, 296, 334, &c. Cf. *ma | ny a bream |*; 350. Read the lines *deliberately*, and remember the old pronunciation.

Accent. Variable, in some words; cf. *míller*, 545, with the archaic trisyllabic *mil-lér-e*, 541. Also, in French words, we have *hónour*, 582; but the archaic *honúr*, 46. Cf. *licóur*, 3; *vertiù*, 4.

PRONUNCIATION.

The M.E. pronunciation was widely different from the present, especially in the vowel-sounds. The sounds of the vowels were nearly as in French and Italian.

They can be denoted by phonetic *invariable* symbols, enclosed within marks of parenthesis. Convenient phonetic symbols are these following.

Vowels. (aa), as *a* in *father*; (a) short, as *a* in *aha!* (ae), open long *e*, as *a* in *Mary*; (e), open short *e*, as *e* in *bed*; (ee), close long *e*, as *e'* in *veil*; (i) short, as F. *i* in *fini*, or (nearly) as E. *i* in *in*; (ii), as *ee* in *deep*; (ao), open long *o*, as *aw* in *saw*; (o) open short *o*, as *o* in *not*; (oo), close long *o*, as *o* in *note*, or *o* in German 'so'; (u), as *u* in *full*; (uu), as *oo* in *fool*; (ü), as F. *u* in F. 'écu'; (ü'), as long G. *ü* in G. 'grün.' Also (ə), as final *a* in *China*.

Diphthongs. (ai), as *y* in *fly*; (au), as *ow* in *now*; (ei), as *ei* in *veil*; (oi), as *oi* in *boil*.

Consonants (special). (k), as *c* in *cat*; (s), as *c* in *city*; (ch), as in *church*; (tch), as in *catch*; (th), as *th* in *thin*; (dh), as *th* in *then*. Also (h), when *not initial*, to denote a guttural sound, like G. *ch* in *Nacht*, *Licht*, but weaker, and varying with the preceding vowel.

An accent is denoted by ('), as in M.E. *name* (naa'me).

By help of these symbols, it is possible to explain the meaning of the M.E. symbols employed by the scribes in Chaucer's Tales. The following is a list of the sounds they denote. The letters in *thick type* are the letters *actually employed*; the letters within parenthesis denote the *sounds*, as above.

Observe that long 'g,' also written 'ō,' means the same as (ao); and long 'g,' also written 'ū,' means the same as (ae).

a short, (a). Ex. *al* (al); *as* (az). N.B. The modern *a* in *cat* (ket) is denoted by (æ), and *does not occur* in Chaucer.

a long, (an). (1) at the end of a syllable; as *age* (aa'jə); (2) before *s* or *ce*; as *cas* (kaas), *face* (faa'sə).

ai, ay (ei), originally perhaps (ai); but *ai* and *ei*, both being pronounced as (ei), had already been confused, and invariably rime together in Chaucer. Cf. E. *gay*, *prey*.

au, aw (au). Ex. *avaunt* (avaunt); *ace* (au'ə).

c, as (k), except before *e* and *i*; as (s), before *e* and *i*.

ch (eh); cch (tch).

e short, (e). Ex. *fetheres* (fedh'rez); middle *e* dropped.

e final, (ə); and often dropped or elided or very lightly touched.

e long and open, (ae). Sometimes denoted by 'ę' or 'ęę.' Ex. *clene* (klae'nə).

e long and close, (ee). Ex. *sweete* (swee'tə); *weep* (weep).

ei, ey (ei). Ex. *streit* (streit); *wey* (wei).

g hard, i.e. (g), except before *e* and *i*; (j), before *e* and *i*. Ex. *go* (gao); *age* (aa'jə).

gh (h), G. ch. Ex. *light* (liiht). The vowel was at first short, then half-long (as probably in Chaucer), then wholly long, when the (h) dropped out. Later, (ii) became (ei), and is now (ai).

gn (n), with long preceding vowel; as *digne* (dii'nə).

i short, (i). As F. *i* in *fini*; but often as E. *i* in *in*; the latter is near enough. So also y, when short, as in *many* (man'i).

i, y long, (ii). Ex. *I* (ii); *melodye* (mél'odii'ə).

ie (ee), the same as ee. Ex. *mischief* (mischeef).

I consonantal, (j). Ex. *Iay* (jei); *Iuge* (jü'jə). So in the MSS.; but here printed 'j,' as in *jay* (jei).

le, often vocalic (l), as in E. *temple* (temp'l). But note *stables* (staa'blez).

ng (ngg); always as in E. *linger*. Ex. *thing* (thingg).
 o short, (o), as in *of* (ov). But as (gu) before *gh*. And note particularly, that it is always (u), i. e. as *u* in full, wherever it has a sound like *u* in mod. E., as in *company*, *son*, *monk*, *cousin*, &c. Ex. *sonne* (sun'no), *monk* (mungk), *moche* (mucha).
 o long and open, (ao). Sometimes denoted by 'ɔ' or 'ɔɔ.' Ex. *go* (gao); *stoon* (staon).

o long and close, (oo). Ex. *sote* (soo'to); *hood* (hood).
oi, *oy* (oi).
ou, *ow* (uu); as in *flour* (fluur); *noue* (nuu). Rarely (qu), as in *soule* (squlə).
ogh (quh), with open o, as in E. *not*, followed by short (u).
ough (uh); with *uu* as in E. *fool* (fuul); or as *ogh*.
r is always *strongly trilled*. *ssh* (shsh), as in *fresshe* (fresh-shə).
u short, (ü); French; as in *just* (jüst). Rarely (u), as in *cut* (kut); English.
u long, (ü'), as in *nature* (natü'rə); French.
we final, (wə), but often merely (u). Ex. *arwes* (ar'wez); *bewe* (baou'ə, bəu'ə); *morwe* (moru); so *blew* (blee'u).

N.B. Open long *e* (ae) often arises from A.S. ā, ēa, or lengthening of *e*. Ex. *were* (waera), A.S. *wēron*; *ee&k* (ack), A.S. ēac; *spēken* (spaekən), A.S. *sprecan*. Open long *o* (ao) often arises from A.S. ā, or lengthening of *o*. Ex. *ſō* (fao), A.S. fā; *open*, A.S. *open*. Chaucer refrains from riming open long *e* (ae), when arising from A.S. ēa, or lengthening of *e*, with the close *e* arising from A.S. ē or ēo. But there is some uncertainty about the quality of the *e* arising from A.S. ā, or from mutation.

The occurrence of rimes such as Chaucer *never* employs furnishes an easy test for poems which have been supposed to be his on insufficient grounds. Thus, in The Cuckoo and the Nightingale, stanza 13, *green* rimes with *been*; whereas the form *green* never occurs in Chaucer, who always employs *grēn-e* (gree'nə) as a dissyllable, in accordance with its etymology from A.S. *grēnē*. In the same poem, *upon* rimes with *mon*, a man (stanza 17); but Chaucer knows nothing of such a form as *mon*.

Non-Chaucerian rimes occur in large numbers in Fragment B of the Romaunt of the Rose.

THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.

Words and syllables enclosed within square brackets are supplied by the Editor.
Readings marked with an obelus (†) are doubtful, and are accounted for in the Appendix.

[Only three Fragments of this translation have come down to us. Of these, Fragment A is by Chaucer; Fragment B is by a Northerner, and has many corrupt readings; whilst Fragment C is of doubtful origin, and I do not feel sure that it is Chaucer's.]

FRAGMENT A.

MANY men seyn that in sveveninges
Ther nis but fables and lesinges ;
But men may somme †swevenes seen,
Which hardely †ne false been,
But afterward ben appaunte.
This may I drawe to waraunte
An authour, that hight Macrobis,
That halt not dremes false ne lees,
But undoth us the avisoun
That whylom mette king Cipoun.
And who-so sayth, or weneth it be
A jape, or elles [a] nycete
To wene that dremes after fallie,
Let who-so liste a fool me calle.
For this trowe I, and say for me,
That dremes signiaunce be
Of good and harme to many wightes,
That dremen in her slepe a-nightes
Ful many thinges covertly,
That fallen after al openly.

The Dream.

Within my twenty yere of age,
Whan that Love taketh his corage
Of yonge folk, I wente sone
To bedde, as I was wont to done,
And fast I †sleep ; and in sleeping,
Me mette swiche a svevening,

That lykede me wonders wel ;
But in that sveven is never a del
That it nis afterward befallie,
Right as this dreem wol telle us alle. 30
Now this dreem wol I ryme aright,
To make your hertes gaye and light ;
For Love it prayeth, and also
Commaundeth me that it be so.
And if ther any aske me, 35
Whether that it be he or she,
How [that] this book [the] which is here
Shall †hote, that I rede you here ;
It is the Romance of the Rose,
In which al the art of love I close. 40
The mater fair is of to make ;
God graunte in gree that she it take
For whom that it begonnen is !
And that is she that hath, y-wis,
So mochel prys ; and ther-to she 45
So worthy is biloved be,
That she wel oughte, of prys and right,
Be cleped Rose of every wight.
That it was May me thoughte tho,
It is fyve yere or more ago ; 50
That it was May, thus dremed me,
In tyme of love and jolitee,
That al thing ginneth waxen gay.

For ther is neither busk nor hay
In May, that it nil shrouded been,
And it with newe leves wreen.
These wodes eek recoveren grene,
That drye in winter been to sene;
And th' erthe wexeth proud withalle,
For swete dewes that on it falle, 55
And [al] the pore estat forget
In which that winter hadde it set:
And than bicometh the ground so proud
That it wol have a newe shroud,
And maketh so queynt his robe and fayr 65
That it þathewes an hundred payr
Of gras and floures, inde and pers,
And many hewes ful dyvers:
That is the robe I mene, y-wis,
Through which the ground to preisen is, 70
The briddes, that han left hir song,
Whyl they han suffred cold so strong
In wedres grille, and derk to sighte,
Ben in May, for the sonne brighte,
So glade, that they shewe in singing, 75
That in hir herte is swich lyking,
That they mote singen and be light.
Than doth the nightingale hir myght
To make noyse, and singen blythe.
Than is blisful, many a sythe, 80
The chelaundre and the papinay.
Than yonge folk entenden ay
For to ben gay and amorous,
The tyme is than so savorous.
Hard is his herte that loveth nought 85
In May, whan al this mirth is wrought;
Whan he may on these braunches here
The smale briddes singen clere
Hir blisful swete song pitous;
And in this sesoun delitous, 90
Whan love affrayeth alle thing,
Me thoughte a-night, in my sleping,
Right in my bed, ful redily,
That it was by the morowe erly,
And up I roos, and gan me clothe; 95
Anoon I wissh myn hondes bothe;
A sylvre needle forth I drogh
Out of an aguler queynt y-nogh,
And gan this needle threde anon;
For out of toun me list to gon 100
The sowne of briddes for to here,
That on this þussesses singen clere
And in the swete sesoun that leef is,
With a threde basting my slevis,

Aleson I wente in my playing, 105
The smale foules song harkning;
That peyned hem ful many a payre
To singe on bowes blosmed fayre
Jolif and gay, ful of gladnesse,
Toward a river þ I gan me dresse, 110
That I herde renne faste by;
For fairer playing non saugh I
Than playen me by that riveer,
For from an hille that stood ther neer
Cam down the strem ful stif and bold, 115
Cleer was the water, and as cold
As any welle is, sooth to seyne;
And somdel lasse it was than Seine,
But it was straighter wel away.
And never saugh I, er that day, 120
The water that so wel lyked me;
And wonder glad was I to see
That lusty place, and that riveer;
And with that water that ran so cleer
My face I wissh. Tho saugh I wel 125
The betme paved everydel
With gravel, ful of stones shene.
The medewe softe, swote, and grene,
Beet right on the water-syde,
Ful cleer was than the morow-tyde, 130
And ful attempre, out of drede.
Tho gan I walke through the mede,
Dounward ay in my pleying,
The river-syde costeyng.

The Garden.

And whan I had a whyle goon, 135
I saugh a GARDIN right anoon,
Ful long and brood, and everydel
þ Enclos it was, and walled wel,
With hye walles embatailled,
Portrayed without, and wel entailed 140
With many riche portraitures;
And bothe images and peyntures
Gan I biholde bisily.
And I wol telle you, redily,
Of thilke images the semblaunce, 145
As fer as I have remembraunce.

Hate.

A-midde saugh I HATE stonde,
That for hir wrathe, ire, and onde,
Semed to been a þmoveresse,
An angry wight, a chideresse; 150
And ful of gyle, and fel corage,
By semblaunt was that ilke image,
And she was no-thing wel arrayed,

But lyk a wood womman afrayed ;
 Y-frounced foule was hir visage,
 And grenning for dispitous rage ;
 Hir nose snorted up for tene.
 Ful hidous was she for to sene,
 Ful foul and rusty was she, this.
 Hir heed y-writhen was, y-wis.
 Ful grimly with a greet towayle.

Felonye.

An image of another entayle,
 A lift half, was hir faste by :
 Hir name above hir heed saugh I,
 And she was called FELONYE.

Vilanye.

Another image, that VILANYE
 Y-cleped was, saugh I and fond
 Upon the walle on hir right hond.
 Vilanye was lyk somdel
 That other image ; and, trusteth wel, 170
 She semed a wikked creature.
 By countenaunce, in portrayture,
 She semed be ful despitous,
 And eek ful proud and outrageous.
 Wel coude he peynte, I undertake,
 That swiche image coude make.
 Ful foul and cherligh semed she,
 And eek vilaynous for to be,
 And litel coude of norture,
 To worshippe any creature.

Coveityse.

And next was peynted COVEITYSE,
 That eggeth folk, in many gyse,
 To take and yeve right nought ageyn,
 And grete tresours up to leyn.
 And that is she that for usure 185
 Leneth to many a creature
 The lusse for the more winning,
 So coveteous is her brenning.
 And that is she, for penyes fele,
 That techeth for to robbe and stede 190
 These theves, and these smale harlotes ;
 And that is routhe, for by hir throtes
 Ful many oon hangeth at the laste.
 She maketh folk compasse and caste
 To taken other folkes thing, 195
 Through robberie, or þmiscounting.
 And that is she that maketh trechouries ;
 And she [that] maketh false pledoures,
 That with hir termes and hir dones
 Doon maydens, children, and eek gromes
 Hir heritage to forgo. 201

155

Ful crooked were hir hondes two ;
 For Coveityse is ever wood
 To grypen other folkes good.
 Coveityse, for hir winning, 205
 Ful leef hath other mennes thing.

Avarice.

Another image set saugh I
 Next Coveityse faste by,
 And she was cleped AVARICE.
 Ful foul in peynting was that vicer, 210
 Ful sad and caytif was she eek,
 And al-so grene as any leek.
 So yvel hewed was hir colour,
 Hir semed have lived in langour.
 She was lyk thing for hungre deed, 215
 That ladde hir lyf only by breed
 Kneden with oisel strong and egre ;
 And thereto she was lene and megre.
 And she was clad ful povrely,
 Al in an old torn þcourtepy, 220
 As she were al with dogges torn ;
 And bothe bihindre and eek biforn
 Clouted was she beggarly.
 A mantel heng hir faste by,
 Upon a perche, weyke and smalle ; 225
 A burnet cote heng therwithalle,
 Furred with no menivere,
 But with a furre rough of here,
 Of lambe-skinnes hevy and blake ;
 It was ful old, I undertake. 230

For Avarice to clothe hir wel
 Ne hasteth hir, never a del ;
 For certeynly it were hir loth
 To weren ofte that ilke cloth ;
 And if it were forwered, she 235
 Wolde have ful greet necessitee
 Of clothing, er she boughte hir newe,
 Al were it bad of wolle and hewe.
 This Avarice held in hir hande
 A purs, that heng [down] by a bande ; 240
 And that she hidde and bond so stronge,
 Men must abyde wonder longe
 Out of that purs er ther come ought,
 For that ne cometh not in hir thought ;
 It was not, certein, hir entente 245
 That fro that purs a peny wente.

Envye.

And by that image, nygh y-nough,
 Was þpeynt Esvye, that never lough,
 Nor never wel in herte ferde
 But-if she outhier saugh or herde 250

Som greet mischaunce, or greet deseise.
 No-thing may so moch hir plesse
 As mischef and misaventure ;
 Or whan she seeth disconfiture
 +On any worthy man [to] falle, 255
 Than lyketh hir [ful] wel withalle.
 She is ful glad in hir corage,
 If she see any greet linage
 Be brought to nought in shamful wyse.
 And if a man in honour ryse, 265
 Or by his witte, or by prowesse,
 Of that hath she gret hevinesse ;
 For, trusteth wel, she goth nigh wood
 When any chaunce happeneth good.
 Envye is of swich cruetee, 275
 That feith ne trouthe holdeth she
 To freend ne felawe, bad or good.
 Ne she hath kin noon of hir blood,
 That she nis ful hir enemy ;
 She nolde, I dar seyn hardely, 285
 Hir owne fader ferde wel.
 And sore abyeth she everydel
 Hir malice, and hir malfalent :
 For she is in so greet turment
 And hath such [wo], whan folk doth
 good, 295
 That nigh she melteth for pure wood ;
 Hir herte kerveth and +to-breketh
 That god the peple wel awreketh.
 Envye, y-wis, shal never lette
 Som blame upon the folk to sette. 305
 I trouwe that if Envye, y-wis,
 Knewe the beste man that is
 On this syde or biyond the see,
 Yit somewhat lakkien him woldhe she.
 And if he were so hende and wys, 315
 That she ne mighte al abate his prys,
 Yit woldes she blame his worthiness,
 Or by hir wordes make it lesse.
 I saugh Envye, in that peynting,
 Hadde a wonderful loking ; 325
 For she ne loket but awry,
 Or overthwart, al baggingly.
 And she hadde [eek] a foul usage ;
 She mighte loke in no visage
 Of man or womman forth-right pleyn, 335
 But shette oon yē for disdeyn ;
 So for envye brenned she
 Whan she mighte any man [y]-see,
 That fair, or worthy were, or wys,
 Or elles stood in folkes prys. 345

300

Sorowe.

SOROWE was peynted next Envye
 Upon that walle of masonrye.
 But wel was seen in hir colour
 That she hadde lived in langour ;
 Hir semed havē the Jaunyce. 355
 Nought half so pale was Avaryce,
 Nor no-thing lyk, [as] of lenesse ;
 For sorowe, thought, and greet distresse,
 That she hadde suffered day and night
 Made hir ful yelwe, and no-thing bright.
 Ful fade, pale, and megre also. 365
 Was never wight yit half so wo
 As that hir semed for to be,
 Nor so fulfilled of ire as she.
 I trouwe that no wight mighte hir plesse, 375
 Nor do that thing that mighte hir ese ;
 Nor she ne woldhe hir sorowe slake,
 Nor comfort noon unto hir take ;
 So depe was hir wo bigonnen,
 And eek hir herte in angre ronnen, 385
 A sorowful thing wel semed she.
 Nor she hadde no-thing slowe be
 For to foreracchen al hir face,
 And for to frende in many place
 Hir clothes, and for to tere hir swire, 395
 As she that was fulfilled of ire ;
 And al to-torn lay eek hir here
 Aboute hir shuldres, here and there,
 As she that hadde it al to-rent
 For angre and for malfalent. 405
 And eek I telle you certeynly
 How that she weep ful tenderly.
 In world nis wight so hard of herte
 That hadde seen hir sorowes smerte,
 That nolde have had of hir pitee, 415
 So wo-bigoon a thing was she.
 She al to-dasshte hir-self for wo,
 And smoot togider hir handes two.
 To sorwe was she ful ententyf,
 That woful recchelees caityf ; 425
 Hir roughe litel of pleying,
 Or of clipping or [of] kissing ;
 For who-so sorweful is in herto
 Him liste not to pleye ne sterte,
 Nor for to daunsen, ne to singe, 435
 Ne may his herte in temper bringe
 To make joye on even or morowe ;
 For joye is contraire unto sorwe.

Elde.

ELDE was peynted after this,

That shorter was a foot, y-wis,
Than she was wont in her yonghede. 350
Unnethe hir-self she myghte fede ;
So feble and eek so old was she
That faled was al hir beautee.
Ful salowe was waxen hir colour,
Hir heed for-hoor was, whyt as flour.
Y-wis, gret qualm ne were it noon,
No sinne, although hir lyf were gon.
Al woxen was hir body unwelde,
And drye, and dwyned al for elde. 360
A foul forwelked thing was she
That whylom round and softe had be.
Hir eres shoken fast withalle,
As from her heed they wolde falle.
Hir face frounched and forpyned,
And bothe hir hondes lorn, fordwyned. 365
So old she was that she ne wento
A foot, but it were by potente.

Time.

The TYME, that passeth night and day,
And restlees travayleth ay, 370
And stelth from us so privily,
That to us semeth sikerly
That it in oon point dwelleth ever,
And certes, it ne resteth never,
But goth so fasto, and passeth ay,
That ther nis man that thinke may
What tyme that now present is :
Asketh at these clerkes this ;
For [er] men thinke it redily,
Three tymes been y-passed by. 380
The tyme, that may not sojourne,
But goth, and †never may retourne,
As water that doun renneth ay,
But never drope retourne may ;
Ther may no-thing as tyme endure,
Metal, nor erthely creature ; 385
For alle thing it fret, and shal :
The tyme eek, that chaungeth al,
And al doth waxe and frosted be,
And alle thing distroyeth he : 390
The tyme, that eldeth our auncessours
And eldeth kinges and emperours,
And that us alle shal overcomen
Er that deeth us shal have nomen :
The tyme, that hath al in welde 395
To elden folk, had maad hir elde
So inly, that, to my witing,
She myghte helpe hir-self no-thing,
But turned ageyn unto childhede ;

She had no-thing hir-self to lede,
Ne wit ne pith in[with] hir holde
More than a child of two yeer olde.
But natheles, I trowe that she
Was fair sumtyme, and fresh to see,
Whan she was in hir rightful age : 400
But she was past al that passage
And was a doted thing bicomen.
A furred cope on ha'l she nomen ;
Wel had she clad hir-self and warm,
For cold myghte elles doon hir harm. 410
These olde folk have alwey colde,
Hir kind is swiche, whan they ben
olde.

Pope-holy.

Another thing was doon ther write,
That semede lyk an ipocrite,
And it was cleped PORE-HOLY. 415
That ilke is she that privily
Ne sparreth never a wikked dede,
Whan men of hir taken non hede ;
And maketh hir outward precious,
With pale visage and pitous, 420
And semeth a simple creature ;
But ther nis no misaventure
That she ne thenketh in hir corage.
Ful lyk to hir was that image,
That maked was lyk hir semblaunce. 425
She was ful simple of countenance,
And she was clothed and eek shod,
As she were, for the love of god,
Yolden to religioun,
Swich semed hir devocioun. 430
A sauter held she faste in honde,
And bisily she gan to fonde
To make many a feynt prayere
To god, and to his seyntes dere.
Ne she was gay, fresh, ne jolyf, 435
But semed be ful ententyf
To gode werkes, and to faire,
And thereto she had on an haire.
Ne certes, she was fat no-thing,
But semed very for fasting ; 440
Of colour pale and deed was she.
From hir the gate †shal werned be
Of paradys, that blisful place ;
For swich folk maketh lene hir †face,
As Crist seith in his evangyle, 445
To gete hem prys in toun a whyle ;
And for a litel glorie veine
They lesen god and eek his reine.

Povert.

And alderlast of everichoone,
Was peynted POVERT al aloon, 450
That not a peny hadde in wolde,
Al-though [that] she hir clothes soldē,
And though she shulde anhonged be;
For naked as a worm was she.
And if the weder stormy were, 455
For colde she shulde have dyed there.
She nadde on but a streit old sak,
And many a clout on it ther stak;
This was hir cote and hir mantel,
No more was there, never a del, 460
To clothe her with; I undertake,
Gret leyser hadde she to quake.
And she was put, that I of talke,
Fer fro these other, up in an halke;
There lurked and there coured she; 465
For povre thing, wher-so it be,
Is shamfast, and despysed ay.
Acurst may wel be that day,
That povre man conceyved is;
For god wot, al to selde, y-wis, 470
Is any povre man wel fed,
Or wel arayed or y-cled,
Or wel biloved, in swich wyse
In honour that he may aryse.

Alle these thinges, wel avysed,
As I have you er this devysed,
With gold and asure over alle
Depcynted were upon the walle.
Squar was the wal, and high somdel;
Enclosed, and y-barred wel, 480
In stele of hegge, was that gardin;
Com never shepherde therin.
Into that gardyn, wel [y-]wrought,
Who-so that me coude have brought,
By þladdre, or elles by degree, 485
It wolde wel have lyked me.
For swich solace, swich joye, and play,
I trowe that never man ne say,
As in that place delitous.

The gardin was not daungerous
To herberwe briddes many oon.
So riche a þyerd was never noon
Of briddes songe, and braunchies grene.
Therin were briddes mo, I wene,
Than been in alle the rewme of Fraunce. 495
Ful blisful was the accordaunce
Of swete and pitous songe they made,
For al this world it oughte glade.

And I my-self so mery ferde,
Whan I hir blisful songes herde, 500
That for an hundred pound þnolde I.—
If that the passage openly
Hadde been unto me free—
That I nolde entren for to see
Thassembled, god þt kepe and were! 505
Of briddes, whiche therinne were,
That songen, through hir mery throtes,
Daunces of love, and mery notes.
Whan I thus herde foules singe, 510
I fel faste in a weymenting,
By which art, or by what engyn
I mighte come in that gardyn;
But way I eouthe finde noon
Into that gardin for to goon.
Ne nought wiste I if that ther were 515
Eyther hole or place [o]-where,
By which I mighte havo entree;
Ne ther was noon to teche me;
For I was al aloon, y-wis,
þFul wo and anguissous of this, 520
Til atte last bithoughte I me.
That by no weye ne mighte it be;
That ther nas laddre or wey to passe,
Or hole, into so fair a place.
Tho gan I go a ful gret pas 525
Envyroning even in compas
The closing of the square wal,
Til that I fond a wicket smal
So shet, that I ne mighte in goon,
And other entree was ther noon. 530

The Door.

Upon this dore I gan to smyte,
That was [so] fetys and so lyte;
For other wey coude I not seke.
Ful long I shoof, and knokked eke,
And stood ful long and of[t] herkning 535
If that I herde þa wight coming;
Til that the dore of thilke entree
A mayden curteys opened me.

Ydelnesse.

Hir heer was as yelowe of hewe
As any basin scoured newe. 540
Hir flesh [as] tendre as is a chike,
With bente browes, smothe and slike;
And by mesure large were
The opening of hir yēn elere.
Hir nose of good proporcione,
Hir yēn greye as a faueoun, 545
With swete breeth and wel savoured.

Hir face whyt and wel coloured,
With litel mouth, and round to see ;
A clove chin eek hadde she. 550
Hir nekke was of good fasoun
In lengthe and gretnesse, by resoun,
Without bleyne, scabbe, or royne.
Fro Jerusalem unto Burgoyne
Ther nis a fairer nekke, y-wis,
To fele how smothe and softe it is
Hir throte, al-so whyt of hewe
As snow on braunche snowed newe.
Of body ful wel wrought was she ;
Men neded not, in no cuntree,
A fairer body for to seke.
And of fyn orfrays had she eke
A chapelet : so semly oon
Ne wered never mayde upon ;
And faire above that chapelet
A rose gerland had she set.
She hadde [in honde] a gay mirour,
And with a riche gold tressour
Hir heed was tressed queyntely ;
Hir sleves sewed fetisly.
And for to kepe hir hondes faire
Of gloves whyte she hadde a paire.
And she hadde on a cote of grene
Of cloth of Gaunt ; withouten wene,
Wel semed by hir apparayle
She was not wont to greet travayle.
For whan she kempt was fetisly,
And wel arayed and richely,
Thanne had she doon al hir journee ;
For mery and wel bigoon was she. 580
She hadde a lusty lyf in May,
She hadde no thought, by night ne day,
Of no-thing, but it were onoly
To graythe hir wel and uncouthly.
Whan that this dore hadde opened me
This þmayden, semely for to see, 586
I thanked hir as I best mighte,
And axede hir how that she lighete,
And what she was, I axede eke.
And she to me was nougnt unmeke, 590
Ne of hir answer daungerous,
But faire answerde, and seide thus :—
'Lo, sir, my name is YDELNESSE ;
So clepe men me, more and lesse.
Ful mighty and ful riche am I,
And that of oon thing, namely :
For I entende to no-thing
But to my joye, and my pleying,

And for to kembe and tresse me.
Aqueynted am I, and privee 600
With Mirthe, lord of this gardyn,
That fro the lande þAlexandryny
Made the trees þbe hider fet,
That in this gardin been y-set. 604
And when the trees were woxen on highte,
This wal, that stant here in thy sighte,
Dide Mirthe enclosen al aboute ;
And these images, al withoute,
He dide hem bothe entaile and peynte, 610
That neither ben jolyf ne queynte,
But they ben ful of sorowe and wo,
As thou hast seen a whyle ago.
‘ And ofte tyme, him to solace,
Sir Mirthe cometh into this place,
And eek with him cometh his meynee, 616
That liven in lust and jolite.
And now is Mirthe therin, to here
The briddes, how they singen clere,
The mavis and the nightingale,
And other joly briddes smale. 620
And thus he walketh to solace
Him and his folk ; for swetter place
To pleyen in he may not finde,
Although he soughe oon in-til Inde
The alther-fairest folk to see 625
That in this world may founde be
Hath Mirthe with him in his route,
That folowen him alwayes aboute.
When Ydelnesse had told al this,
And I hadde herkned wel, y-wis, 630
Than seide I to dame Ydelnesse,
‘ Now al-so wisly god me blesse,
Sith Mirthe, that is so fair and free,
Is in this yerde with his meynee,
Fro thilke assemblee, if I may, 635
Shal no man werne me to-day,
That I this night ne mote it see.
For, wel wene I, ther with him be
A fair and joly companye
Fulfilled of alle curtesye.’ 640
And forth, without wordes mo,
In at the wicket wente I tho,
That Ydelnesse hadde opened me,
Into that gardin fair to see.

The Garden.

And whan I was [ther]in, y-wis, 645
Myn herte was ful glad of this.
For wel wende I ful sikerly
Have been in paradys erth[elly] ;

So fair it was, that, trusteth wel, It semed a place espirituell, For certes, as at my devys, Ther is no place in paradys So good in for to dwelle or be As in that GARDIN, thoughte me ; For there was many a brid singing,	650	Hadde opened, and me leten in.	700
Throughont the yerde al thringing. In many places were nightingales, Alpes, finches, and wodewales, That in her swete song delyten In thilke þ place as they habyten.	655	From hennesforth how that I wroughte, I shal you tellen, as me thoughte.	
Ther mighte men see many flokkes Of turtles and [of] laverokkes. Chalaundres fele saw I there, That wery, nigh forsongen were.	660	First, whereof Mirthe served there, And eek what folk ther with him were. Without[e] fable I wol descriyve.	705
And thrustles, terins, and mavys, That songen for to winne hem prys, And eek to sormounte in hir song þ These other briddes hem among. By note made fair servyse	665	And of that gardin eek as blyve I wol you tellen after this.	
These briddes, that I you devyse : They songe hir song as faire and wel As angels doon espirituell.	670	The faire fasoun al, y-wis, That wel [y-]wrought was for the nones,	710
And, trusteth wel, whan I hem herde, Full lustily and wel I ferde ; For never yit swich melodye Was herd of man that mighte dye.	675	I may not telle you al at ones :	
Swich swete song was hem among, That me thoughte it no briddes song, But it was wonder lyk to be Song of mermaydens of the see ;	680	But as I may and can, I shal	
That, for her singing is so clere, Though we mermaydens clepe hem here In English, as in our usaunce, Men clepe[n] hem sereyns in Fraunce.		By ordre tellen you it al.	
Ententif weren for to singe These briddes that nought unknunninge Were of hir craft, and apprentys, But of [hir] song sotyl and wys.	685	Ful fair servyse and eek ful swete These briddes maden as they sete.	
And certes, whan I herde hir song, And saw the grene place among, In herte I wex so wonder gay, That I was never erst, er that day,	690	Layes of love, ful wel sowning They songen in hir jargoning ;	715
So jolyf, nor so wel bigo, Ne mery in herte, as I was tho. And than wiste I, and saw ful wel, That Ydelnesse me served wel,	695	Summe highe and summe eek lowe songe Upon the braunches grene y-spronge.	
That me putte in swich jolitee. Hir freend wel oughte I for to be, Sith she the dore of that gardyn		The sweetnesse of hir melodye Made al myn herte in þreverdye.	720
		And whan that I hadde herd, I trowe, These briddes singing on a rowe,	
		Than mighte I not withholde me That I ne wente in for to see	
		Sir Mirthe ; for my desiring	725
		Was him to seen, over alle thing, His countenaunce and his manere :	
		That sighte was to me ful dere.	
		Sir Mirthe.	
		Tho wente I forth on my right hond Doun by a litel path I fond	730
		Of mentes ful, and fenel grene ; And faste by, withoute wene,	
		SIR MIRTHE I fond ; and right anoon Unto sir Mirthe gan I goon,	
		Thor-as he was, him to solace.	735
		And with him, in that lusty place, So fair folk and so fresh hadde he,	
		That when I saw, I wondred me Fro whennes swich folk mighte come,	
		So faire they weren, alle and some ;	740
		For they were lyk, as to my sighte, To angels, that ben fethered brighte.	
		Gladnesse.	
		This folk, of which I telle you so, Upon a carole wenten tho.	
		A lady caroled hem, that highte	745
		GLADNESSE, [the] blisful, the lighte ; Wel coude she singe and lustily,	
		Non half so wel and semely.	

And make in song swich refreininge,
It sat hir wonder wel to singe. 750
Hir vois ful clear was and ful swete.
She was nought rade ne unmete,
But couthe y-now of swich doing
As longeth unto caroling :
For she was wont in every place 755
To singen first, folk to solace :
For singing most she gaf hir to ;
No craft had she so leef to do.
Tho mighitest thou caroles seen,
And folk [ther] daunce and mery been, 760
And make many a fair tourning
Upon the grene gras springing.
Ther mighitest thou see these floutours,
Minstrales, and eek jogelours,
That wel to singe dide hir peyne. 765
Somme songe songes of Loreyne ;
For in Loreyne hir notes be
Ful swetter than in this contree.
Ther was many a timbestere,
And saylours, that I dar wel swere 770
Couthe hir craft ful partifly.
The timbres up ful softily
They caste, and hente[n hem] ful ofte
Upon a finger faire and softe,
That they [ne] fayled never-mo. 775
Ful fetis damiselles two,
Right yonge, and fulle of semilihede,
In kirtles, and non other wede,
And faire tressed every tresse,
Had Mirthe doon, for his noblesse, 780
Amidde the carole for to daunce ;
But her-of lyth no remembraunce,
How that they daunced queyntly.
That oon wolde come al prively
Agayn that other : and whan they were 785
Togidre almost, they threwe y-fere
Hir mouthes so, that through hir play
It semed as they kiste alway ;
To dauncen wel conde they the gyse ;
What shulde I more to you devyse ? 790
Ne †bede I never thennes go,
Whyles that I saw hem daunce so.

Curtesye.

Upon the carole wonder faste
I gan biholde ; til atte laste
A lady gan me for to espye,
And she was cleped CURTESVR,
The worshipful, the debonaire ;
I pray god ever falle hir faire !

Ful curteisly she called me,
'What do ye there, beau sire ?' quod
she, 800
'Come [neer], and if it lyke yow
To daunceen, daunceeth with us now'
And I, withoute taryng,
Wente into the caroling.
I was abashed never a del, 805
But it me lykede right wel
That Curtesye me cleped so,
And bad me on the daunce go.
For if I hadde durst, certeyn
I wolde have caroled right fayn, 810
As man that was to daunce blythe,
Than gan I loken ofte sythe
The shap, the bodies, and the cheres,
The countenaunce and the maneres
Of alle the folk that daunced there, 815
And I shal telle what they were.

Mirthe.

Ful fair was Mirthe, ful long and high ;
A fairer man I never sigh.
As round as appel was his face,
Ful rody and whyt in every place. 820
Fetys he was and wel beseye,
With metely mouth and yēn greye ;
His nose by mesure wrought ful right ;
Crisp was his heer, and eek ful bright.
His shuldres of a large brede, 825
And smalish in the girdilstede.
He semed lyk a portreiture,
So noble he was of his stature,
So fair, so joly, and so fetys,
With limes wrought at poynt devys, 830
Deliver, smert, and of gret might ;
Ne sawe thou never man so light.
Of berde unnethe hadde he no-thing,
For it was in the firste spring.
Ful yong he was, and mery of thought,
And in samyt, with briddes wrought 835
And with gold beten fetisly,
His body was clad ful richely.
Wrought was his robe in straunge gyse,
And al to-slitered for queyntysse 840
In many a place, lowe and hye.
And shod he was with greet maistrye,
With shoon decoper, and with laus.
By druerye, and by solas,
His leef a rosen chapelet 845
Had maad, and on his heed it set.
And wite ye who was his leef ?

Gladnesse.

Dame GLADNES ther was him so leef,
That singeth so wel with glad corage,
That from she was twelve year of age, 850
She of hir love graunt him made.
Sir Mirthe hir by the finger hadde
[In] daunsing, and she him also;
Gret love was atwixe hem two.
Bothe were they faire and brighte of hewe;
She semede lyk a rose newe 856
Of colour, and hir flesh so tendre,
That with a brere smale and slendre
Men mighte it cleve, I dar wel t'sayn
Hir forheed, frounceles al t'playn. 860
Bente were hir browes two,
Hir yēn greye, and gladde also,
That laughede ay in hir semblaunt,
First or the mouth, by covaunt.
I t'noot what of hir nose deservyve; 865
So fair hath no womman alyve
Hir heer was yelowe, and clear shyning,
I wot no lady so lyking.
Of orfrays fresh was hir gerland;
I, whiche seen have a thousand, 870
Saugh never, y-wis, no gerlond yit.
So wel [y]-wrought of silk as it.
And in an over-gilt samyt
Clad she was, by gret delyt.
Of which hir leef a robe werde, 875
The myrier she in herte ferde.

Cupide.

And next hir wente, on hir other syde,
The god of Love, that can devyde
Love, t'as him lyketh it [to] be.
But he can cherles daunten, he, 880
And maken folkes pryd fallen.
And he can wel these lordes thrallen,
And ladies putte at lowe degree,
Whan he may hem to proude see.
This God of Love of his fasoun
Was lyk no knave, ne quistroun;
His beaute gretly was to prysse.
But of his robe to devyde
I drede encombed for to be.
For nought y-clad in silk was he,
But al in floures and flourettes,
Y-painted al with amorettes;
And with losenges and scochouns,
With briddes, libardes, and lyounis,
And other beestes wrought ful wel.
His garnement was everydel 895

Y-portreyd and y-wrought with floures,
By dyvers medling of coloures.
Floures ther were of many gyse
Y-set by compas in assyse; 900
Ther lakked no flour, to my dome.
Ne nought so muche as flour of brome,
Ne violete, ne eek pervenke,
Ne flour non, that man can on thenke:
And many a rose-leef ful long 905
Was entermedled ther-among:
And also on his heed was set
Of roses rede a chapelet.
But nightingales, a ful gret route,
That flyen over his heed aboue, 910
The leves felden as they flyen;
And he was al with briddes wryen,
With popinjay, with nightingale,
With chalaundre, and with wodewale,
With finch, with lark, and with archaungel.
He semede as he were an aungel 915
That doum were comen fro hevene clere.

Swete-Loking.

Love hadde with him a bachelere,
That he made alweyes with him be;
SWETE-LORING eleped was he, 920
This bachelere stood biholding
The daunce, and in his honde holding
Turke bowes two hadde he.
That oon of hem was of a tree
That bereth a fruyt of savour wikke; 925
Ful crooked was that foule stikke,
And knotty here and there also,
And blak as bery, or any slo.
That other bove was of a plante
Without wem, I dar warante, 930
Ful even, and by proporcional
Trety and long, of good fasoun.
And it was peynted wel and thwiten,
And over-al diaper'd and writhen
With ladies and with bacheleres, 935
Ful lightsom and [ful] glad of cheres.
These bowes two held Swete-Loking,
That seemed lyk no gadeling.
And ten brode arowes held he there,
Of which five in his right hond were, 940
But they were shaven wel and dight,
Nokked and fethered a-right;
And al they were with gold bigoon,
And stronge poynted everichoon,
And sharpe for to kerven weel. 945
But iren was ther noon ne steel;

For al was gold, men myghte it see,
Out-take the fetheres and the tree.

Beautee.

The swiftest of these arowes fyve
Out of a bowe for to dryve, 950
And best [y]-fethered for to flee,
And fairest eek, was cleped BEAUTEE.

Simplesse.

That other arowe, that hurteth lesse,
Was cleped, as I trowe, SIMPLESSE.

Fraunchyse.

The thridde cleped was FRAUNCHYSE, 955
That fethered was, in noble wyse,
With valour and with curtesye.

Companye.

The fourthe was cleped COMPANYE.
That hevy for to fsheten is ;
But who-so shetheth right, y-wis, 960
May therwith doon gret harm and wo.

Fair-Semblaunt.

The fiftie of these, and luste also,
FAIR-SEMBLAUNT men that arowe calle,
The leeste grevous of hem alle ;
Yit can it make a ful gret wounde, 965
But he may hope his sores sounde,
That hurt is with that arowe, y-wis ;
His wo the bet bistowed is.
For he may soner have gladnesse,
His langour oughte be the lesse. 970

Fyve arowes were of other gyse,
That been ful foule to devyse ;
For shaft and ende, sooth to telle,
Were al-so blak as feend in helle.

Pryde.

The first of hem is called PRYDE ; 975

Vilanye.

That other arowe next him bisyde,
It was [y]-cleped VILANYE ;
That arowe was as with felonye
Envenimed, and with spitous blame.

Shame.

The thridde of hem was cleped SHAME. 980

Wanhope.

The fourthe, WANHOPE cleped is,

Newe-Thought.

The fiftie, the NEWE-THOUGHT, y-wis.

These arowes that I speke of here,
Were alle fyve †of oon manere,
Ant alle were they resemblable.
To hem was wel sitting and able
The foule crooked bowe hideous.

That knotty was, and al roynous.

That bowe semede wel to shete

These arowes fyve, that been unmete, 990
Contrarie to that other fyve.

But though I telle not as blyve

Of hir power, ne of hir might,

Her-after shal I tellen right

The sothe, and eek signifiaunce,

As fer as I have remembraunce :

Al shal be seid, I undertake,

Er of this boke an ende I make.

Now come I to my tale ageyn.

But alderfirst, I wol you seyn

1000

The fasoun and the countenaunes

Of al the folk that on the daunce is.

The God of Love, jolyf and light,

Ladde on his honde a lady bright,

Of high prys, and of greet degree. 1005

Beautee.

This lady called was BEAUTEE,

† As was an arowe, of which I tolde.

Ful wel [y]-thewed was she holde ;

Ne she was derk ne broun, but bright,

And clear as [is] the mone-light, 1010

Ageyn whom alle the sterres semen

But smale candels, as we demen.

Hir flesh was tendre as dewe of flour,

Hir chere was simple as byrde in bouri

As whyt as lylie or rose in rys 1015

Hir face, gentil and trety.

Fetys she was, and smal to see ;

No †windred browes hadde she,

Ne popped hir, for it needed nought

To windre hir, or to peynte hir ought. 1020

Hir tresses yellowe and longe straughten,

Unto hir heles down they raughen :

Hir nose, hir mouth, and eye and cheke

Wel wrought, and al the remenaunt eke.

A ful gret savour and a swote 1025

Me †thinketh in myn herte rote,

As helpe me god, whan I remembre

Of the fasoun of every membre !

In world is noon so fair a wight ;

For yong she was, and hewed bright, 1030

†Wys, plesaunt, and fetys withalle,

Gente, and in hir middel smalle.

Richesse.

Bisyde Beaute yede RICHESSE,

†An high lady of greet noblesse,

And greet of prys in every place.

But who-so durste to hir trespace, 1035

Or til hir folk, in þworde or dede,
He were ful hardy, out of drede;
For bothe she helpe and hindre may:
And that is nought of yester day 1040
That riche folk have ful gret might
To helpe, and eek to greve a wight.
The beste and grettest of valour
Diden Richesse ful gret honour,
And besy weren hir to serve; 1045
For that they wolde hir love deserve,
They cleped hir 'Lady,' grete and smalle;
This wyde world hir dredeth alle;
This world is al in hir daungere.
Hir court hath many a losengere, 1050
And many a traytour envious,
That been ful besy and curios
For to dispreisen, and to blamo
That best deseruen love and name.
Bifore the folk, hem to bigylen, 1055
These losengeres hem preyse, and smylen,
And thus the world with word anoynten;
But afterward they þpricke and poynten
The folk right to the bare boon,
Bihinder her bak whan they ben goon, 1061
And foule abate the folkes prys.
Ful many a worthy man and wys,
An hundred, have [they] don to dye,
These losengeres, through flaterye;
And maketh folk ful straunge be, 1065
Ther-as hem oughte be prive.
Wel yvel mote they thryve and thee,
And yvel aryved mote they be,
These losengeres, ful of envy!
No good man loveth hir compayne. 1070
Richesse a robe of purp on hadde,
Ne trowe not that I lye or madde;
For in this world is noon it liche,
Ne by a thousand deel so riche,
Ne noon so fair; for it ful wel 1075
With orfrays leyd was everydel,
And portrayed in the ribaninges
Of dukes stories, and of kinges.
And with a bend of gold tasseled,
And knoppes fyne of gold þameled. 1080
Aboute hir nekke of gentil entaile
Was shet the riche chevesaile,
In which ther was ful gret plentee
Of stones clere and bright to see.
Rychesse a girdel hadde upon, 1085
The bokel of it was of a stoon
Of vertu greet, and mochel of might;

For who-so bar the stoon so bright,
Of venom þthurte him no-thing doute,
While he the stoon hadde him aboute.
That stoon was greetly for to love, 1091
And til a riche mannes bihove
Worth al the gold in Rome and Fryse.
The mourdaunt, wought in noble wyse,
Was of a stoon ful precious, 1095
That was so fyn and vertuous,
That hool a man it conde make
Of palasye, and of tooth-ake.
And yit the stoon hadde suche a grace,
That he was siker in every place, 1100
Al thilke day, not blind to been,
That fasting myght that stoon seen.
The barres were of gold ful fyne,
Upon a tissu of satyne,
Ful hevy, greet, and no-thing light, 1105
In everich was a besaunt-wight.
Upon the tresses of Richesse
Was set a cercle, for noblesse,
Of brend gold, that ful lighte shoon;
So fair, trowe I, was never noon. 1110
But he were cunning, for the nones,
That conde devysen alle the stones
That in that cercle shewen clere;
It is a wonder thing to here.
For no man conde preyse or gesse 1115
Of hem the valewe or richesse.
Rubyes there were, saphyres, þjagounces,
And emeraudes, more than two ounces.
But al bifore, ful sotilly,
A fyn carboucle set saugh I. 1120
The stoon so clear was and so bright,
That, al-so sone as it was night,
Men myghte seen to go, for nede,
A myle or two, in lengthe and brede.
Swich light [tho] sprang out of the stoon, 1125
That Richesse wonder brighte shoon,
Bothe hir heed, and al hir face,
And eke aboute hir al the place.
Dane Richesse on hir hond gan lede
A yong man ful of semelihede, 1130
That she best loved of any thing;
His lust was muche in housholding.
In clothing was he ful fetys,
And lovede wel have hors of prys.
He wende to have reproved be 1135
Of thefte or mordre, if that he
Hadde in his stable an hakeney.
And therfore he desyred ay

To been aqueynted with Richesse ;
 For al his purpos, as I gesse, 1140
 Was for to make greet dispense,
 Withouto werning or defence.
 And Richesse might it wel sustene,
 And hir dispenses wel mayntene,
 And him alwey swich plentee sende 1145
 Of gold and silver for to spende
 Withoute lakking or daungere,
 As it were poured in a garnere.

Largesse.

And after on the daunce wente
 LARGESSE, that sette al hir entente 1150
 For to be honourable and free ;
 Of Alexandres kin was she ;
 Hir moste joye was, y-wis,
 Whan that she yaf, and seide 'have this.'
 Not Avarice, the foule captif, 1155
 Was half to grype so ententyf,
 As Largesse is to yeve and spende.
 And god y-nough alwey hir sende,
 So that the more she yaf away,
 The more, y-wis, she hadde alwey. 1160
 Gret loos hath Largesse, and gret prys ;
 For bothe wys folk and unwys
 Were hooly to hir baundon brought,
 So wel with yiftes hath she wrought.
 And if she hadde an enemy, 1165
 I trowe, that she coude craftily
 Make him ful sone hir freend to be,
 So large of yift and free was she ;
 Therfore she stood in love and grace
 Of riche and povre in every place. 1170
 A ful gret fool is he, y-wis,
 That bothe riche and nigard is.
 A lord may have no maner vice
 That greveth more than avarice.
 For nigard never with strengthe of hond
 May winne him greet lordship or lond.
 For frendes al to fewe hath he 1175
 To doon his wil perfourmed be.
 And who-so wol have frendes here,
 He may not holde his tresour dere. 1180
 For by ensample I telle this,
 Right as an adamaunt, y-wis,
 Can drawen to him soltily
 The yren, that is leyd thereby,
 So draweth folkes hertes, y-wis, 1185
 Silver and gold that yeven is.

Largesse hadde on a robe fresshe
 Of riche purpur + Sarsinesshe.

Wel fourmed was hir face and clere,
 And opened had she hir colere ; 1
 For she right there hadde in present
 Unto a lady maad present
 Of a gold broche, ful wel wrought.
 And certes, it missat hir nouȝt ;
 For through hir smokke, wrought w
 silk,
 The flesh was seen, as whyt as milk.
 Largesse, that worthy was and wys,
 Held by the honde a knight of prys,
 Was sib to Arthour of Bretaigne.
 And that was he that bar the enseign
 Of worship, and the +gonfanoun.
 And yit he is of swich renoun,
 That men of him seye faire thinges
 Bifore barouns, erles, and kinges.
 This knight was comen al newely
 Fro tourneyinge faste by ;
 Ther hadde he doon gret chivalrye
 Throughe his vertu and his maistriy ;
 And for the love of his leman
 +Had east down many a doughtyman.

Fraunchyse.

And next him daunced dame FR
 CHYSE,
 Arrayed in ful noble gyse.
 She was not broun ne dun of hewe,
 But whyt as snowe y-fallen newe.
 Hir nose was wrought at poynt devys
 For it was gentil and tretyf,
 With eyen gladdie, and browes bente
 Hir heer down to hir heles wente.
 And she was simple as dowve on tree
 Ful debonaire of herte was she.
 She durste never seyn no do
 But that [thing] that hir longed to.
 And if a man were in distresse,
 And for hir love in hevinesse,
 Hir herte wolde have ful greet pitee,
 She was so amiable and free.
 For were a man for hir bistad,
 She wolde ben right sore adrad
 That she dide over greet outrage,
 But she him holpe his harm to aswage.
 Hir thoughte it elles a vilanye.
 And she hadde on a sukkenye,
 That not of +hempen herdes was ;
 So fair was noon in alle Arras.
 Lord, it was rideled fetysly !
 Ther nas nat too poynt, trewely,

That it nas in his right assyse,
Ful wel y-clothed was Fraunchyse;
For ther is no cloth sitteth bet
On damiselle, than doth roket.
A womman wel more fetys is
In roket than in cote, y-wis.
The whyte roket, rideled faire,
†Bitokened, that ful debonaire
And swete was she that it bere.

By hir daunced a bachelere;
I can not telle you what he highte,
But fair he was, and of good highte,
Al hadde he be, I sey no more,
The lordes sone of Windesore.

Curtesye.

And next that daunced CURTESYE,
That preised was of lowe and hye,
For neither proud ne fool was she.
She for to daunce called me,
(I praygod yeve her right good gracie!) 1255
Whan I com first into the place.
She was not nyce, ne outrageous,
But wys and war, and vertuous,
Of faire speche, and faire answe ;
Was never wight misseid of here; 1260
She bar no rancour to no wight.
Cleer broun she was, and therto bright
Of face, of body avenaunt;
I wot no lady so plesaunt.
She were worthy for to bene 1265
An emperesse or crowned quene.

And by hir wente a knight dauncing
That worthy was and wel speking,
And ful wel conde he doon honour.
The knight was fair and stit' in stour, 1270
And in armure a semely man,
And wel biloved of his lemmian.

Ydernes.

Fair YDELNESSE than saugh I,
That alwey was me faste by.
Of hir have I, withouten fayle,
Told yow the shap and aparayle;
For (as I seide) lo, that was she
That dide me so great bountee,
That she the gate of the gardin
Undide, and leet me passen in.

Youthe.

And after daunced, as I gesse,
†YOUTH, fulfuld of lustinessse,
That nas not yit twelve yeer of age,
With herte wilde, and thought volage;

1240

1245

1250

1265

1275

1280

Nyce she was, but she ne mente 1285
Noon harm ne slight in hir entente,
But only lust and jolitee.
For younge folk, wel witen ye,
Have litel thought but on hir play.
Hir lemmian was bisyde alway, 1290
In swich a gyse, that he hir kiste
At alle tymes that him liste,
That al the daunce mighte it see ;
They make no force of privete :
For who spak of hem yvel or wel, 1295
They were ashamed never-a-del,
But men mighte seen hem kisse there,
As it two younge douves were.
For yong was thilke bachelere,
Of beaute wot I noon his pere ; 1300
And he was right of swich an age
As Youthe his leef, and swich corage.
The lusty folk thus daunced there,
And also other that with hem were,
That weren alle of hir meynee : 1305
Ful hende folk, and wys, and free,
And folk of fair port, trewely,
Ther weren alle comunly.
Whan I hadde seen the countenaunees
Of hem that ladden thus these daunces,
Than hadde I wil to goon and see 1311
The gardin that so lyked me,
And loken on these faire floreres,
On pyn-trees, cedres, and oliveres.
The daunces than fy-ended were; 1315
For many of hem that daunced there
Were with hir loves went away
Under the trees to have hir pley.
A, lord ! they lived lustily !
A gret fool were he, sikerly, 1320
That nolde, his thankes, swich lyf lede !
For this dar I seyn, out of drede,
That who-so mighte so wel fare,
For better lyf thurte him not care ;
For ther nis so good paradys 1325
As have a love at his devys.
Out of that place wente I tho,
And in that gardin gan I go,
Pleying along ful merily.
The God of Love ful hastely 1330
Unto him Swete-Loking clepte,
No lenger wolde he that he kepte
His bowe of golde, that shoon so bright.
He bad him bende it anon-right ;
And he ful sone [it] sette ton ende, 1335

And at a braid he gan it bende,
And took him of his arowes fyve,
Ful sharpe and redy for to dryve.
Now god that sit in magestee
Fro deedly woundes kepe me, 1340
It so be that he twol me shete ;
For if I with his arowe mete,
It twol me greven sore, y-wis !
But I, that no-thing wiste of this,
Wente up and down ful many a wey, 1345
And he me folwed faste alwey ;
But no-wher wolde I reste me,
Til I hadde al the tverde in be.

The gardin was, by mesuring,
Right even and squar in compassing ; 1350
It was as long as it was large.

The Trees.

Of fruyt hadde every tree his charge,
But it were any hidous tree
Of which ther were two or three.
Ther were, and that wot I ful wel, 1355
Of pomgarnettes a ful gret del ;
That is a fruyt ful wel to lyke,
Namely to folk whan they ben syke.
And trees ther were, greet foisoun,
That baren notes in hir sesoun, 1360
Such as men notemigges calle,
That swote of savour been withalle.
And alemandres greet plente,
Figes, and many a date-tree
Ther weren, if men hadde nede, 1365
Through the tverd in length and brede.
Ther was eek waxing many a spyece,
As clow-gelofre, and licoryce,
Gingere, and greyn do tparadyss,
Canelle, and setewale of prys, 1370
And many a spyece delitable,
To eten whan men ryse fro table.
And many hoomly trees ther were,
That peches, coynes, and apples bere,
Medlers, ploumes, peres, chesteynes, 1375
Cheryse, of whiche many on fayn is,
Notes, aleys, and bolas,
That for to seen it was solas ;
With many high lorer and pyn
Was renged clene al that gardyn ; 1380
With cipres, and with oliveres,
Of which that nigh no plente here is.
Ther were elmes grete and stronge,
Maples, asshe, ook, ash, planes longe,
Fyn ew, popler, and lindes faire, 1385

And oþere trees ful many a payre.
What sholde I telle you more of it ?
Ther were so many treþs yit,
That I sholde al encombed be
Er I had rekened every tree. 1390

These trees were set, that I devyse,
Oon from another, in assyse,
Five fadome or sixe, I trowe so,
But they were hye and grete also :
And for to kepe out wel the sonne, 1395
The croppes were so thikke y-ronne,
And every braunch in other tþknet,
And ful of grene leves tset,
That sonne mighte noon descende,
Lest [it] the tendre grasses shende. 1400
Ther mighte men does and roes y-see,
And of squires ful greet plente,
From bough to bough alwey leping.
Conies ther were also playing,
That comen out of hir claperes 1405
Of sondry colours and maneres,
And maden many a turneyng
Upon the fresshe gras springing.

The Welles.

In places saw I WELLES there,
In whiche ther no frogges were, 1410
And fair in shadwe was every welle ;
But I ne can the nombre telle
Of stremes smale, that by devys
Mirthe had don come through condys,
Of which the water, in renning, 1415
Gan make a noyse ful lyking.

About the brinkes of thise welles,
And by the stremes over-al elles
Sprang up the gras, as thikke y-set
And softe as any veluet, 1420
On which men mighte his leman leyse,
As on a fetherbed, to pleye,
For th'erthe was ful softe and swete.
Through moisture of the welle weto
Sprang up the sote grene gras, 1425
As fair, as thikke, as mister was.
But muche amended it the place,
That th'erthe was of swich a grace
That it of floures had plente,
That both in somer and winter be. 1430

Ther sprang the violete al newe,
And fresshe pervinke, riche of hewe,
And floures yelowe, whyte, and rede ;
Swich plente grew ther never in mede.
Ful gay was al the ground, and queynt,

And poudred, as men had it peynt,	1436	She hadde in herte so gret wo,	1486
With many a fresh and sondry flour,		And took it in so gret dispyt,	
That casten up ful good savour.		That she, withoute more respyt,	
I wol not longe holde you in fable		Was deed anoon. But, er she deyde,	
Of al this gardin †delitabile.	1440	Ful pitously to god she preyde,	1490
I moot my tong stinten nede,		That proude-herted Narcisus,	
For I ne may, withouten drede,		That was in love so daungerous,	
Naught tellen you the beautee al,		Mighte on a day ben hampered so	
Ne half the bountee therewithal.		For love, and been so hoot for wo,	
I wente on right honde and on left	1445	That never he mighte joye atteyne;	1495
Abofte the place; it was not left,		Than shulde he fele in every veyne	
Til I hadde al the †yerde in been,		What sorowe trewe lovers maken,	
In the †estres that men mighte seen.		That been so †vilaynysly forsaken.	
And thus whyle I wente in my pley,		This prayer was but resonable,	
The God of Love me folowed ay,	1450	Therfor god held it ferme and stable:	1500
Right as an hunter can abyde		For Narcisus, shortly to telle,	
The beste, til he seeth his tyde		By aventur com to that welle	
To †shete, at good mes, to the dere,		To reste him in that shadowing	
Whan that him nedeth go no nere.		A day, whan he com fro hunting.	
And so befyl, I rested me	1455	This Narcisus had suffred paynes	1505
Besyde a welle, under a tree,		For renning alday in the playnes,	
Which tree in Fraunce men call a pyn.		And was for thurst in greet distresse	
But, sith the tyme of king Pepyn,		Of hete, and of his weriness	
Ne grew ther tree in mannes sighte		That hadde his breeth almost binomen.	
So fair, ne so wel woxe in highte;	1460	Whan he was to that welle y-comen,	1510
In al that yerde so high was noon.		That shadwed was with braunches grene,	
And springing in a marble-stoon		He thoughte of thilke water shene	
Had nature set, the sothe to telle,		To drinke and fresshe him wel withalle;	
Under that pyn-tree a welle.		And down on knees he gan to falle,	
And on the border, al withoute,	1465	And forth his heed and nekke out-	
Was writen, in the stone aboute,		straughte	1515
Lettres smale, that seyden thus,		To drunken of that welle a draughte,	
'Here starf the faire Narcisus.'		And in the water anoon was sene	
Narcisus.		His nose, his mouth, his yēn shene,	
NARCISUS was a bachelere,		And he ther-of was al abasshed;	
That Love had caught in his daungere,		His owne shadowe had him bitrasshed.	
And in his net gan him so streyne,	1471	For wel wende he the forme see	1521
And dide him so to wepe and pleyne,		Of a child of greet beautee.	
That nede him muste his lyf forgo.		Wel couthe Love him wreke tho	
For a fair lady, hight Echo,		Of daunger and of pryd also	
Him loved over any creature,	1475	That Narcisus somtyme him bere.	1525
And gan for him swich peyne endure,		He quite him wel his guerdon there;	
That on a tyme she him tolde,		For he †so musede in the welle,	
That, if he hir loven nolde,		That, shortly al the sothe to telle,	
That hir behoved nedes dye,		He lovede his owne shadowe so,	
Ther lay non other remedye.		That atte laste he starf for wo.	1530
But natheles, for his beautee,		For whan he saugh that he his wille	
So fiers and daungerous was he,		Mighte in no maner weyl fulfille,	
That he nolde graunten his asking,		And that he was so faste caught	
For weeping, ne for fair praying.		That he him couthe comfort naught,	
And whan she herde him werne hir so,		He loste his wit right in that place,	1535

And deyde within a litel space.
And thus his warisoun he took
For the lady that he forsook.
Ladys, I preye ensample taketh,
Ye that ay eins your love mistuketh : 1540
For if hir deeth be yow to wytte,
God can ful wel your whyle quyte.

Whan that this lettre, of whiche I telle,
Had taught me that it was the welle
Of Narcisus in his beautee, 1545
I gan anoon withdrawe me,
Whan it fel in my remembraunce,
That him bitidde swich mischaunce.

The Welle.

But at the laste than thoughte I,
That seatholes, ful sikerly, 1550
I mighte unto THE WELLE go.
Wherof shulde I abasshen so ?
Unto the welle than wente I me,
And doun I louted for to see
The clere water in the stoon, 1555
And eek the gravel, which that shoon
Down in the botme, as silver fyn ;
For of the welle, this is the fyn,
In world is noon so cleer of hewe.
The water is ever fresh and newe 1560
That welmeth up in wawes brighte
The mountance of two finger highte.
Abouten it is gras springing,
For moiste so thikke and wel lyking,
That it ne may in winter dye, 1565
No more than may the see be drye.

Down at the botme set saw I
Two cristal stones craftely
In thilke fresshle and faire welle.
But o thing soothly dar I telle, 1570
That ye wol holde a greet mervayle
Whan it is told, withouten fayle.
For whan the sonne, cleer in sighte,
Cast in that welle his bemes brighte,
And that the heet descended is, 1575
Than taketh the cristal stoon, y-wis,
Agayn the sonne an hundred hewes,
Blewle, yellowe, and rede, that fresh and
newe is.

Yit hath the mervelous cristal 1579
Swich strengthe, that the place overal,
Bothe fowl and tree, and leves grene,
And al the yerd in it is sene.
And for to doon you understande,
To make ensample wol I fonde ;

Right as a mirour openly 1585
Sheweth al thing that stant therby,
As wel the colour as the figure,
Withouten any coverture ;
Right so the cristal stoon, shyning,
Withouten any disceyving, 1590
The þestres of the yerde accuseth
To him that in the water museth ;
For ever, in which half that he be,
þ He may wel half the gardin see ;
And if he turne, he may right wel 1595
Seen the remenaunt everydel.
For ther is noon so litel thing
So hid, ne closed with shitting,
That it ne is sene, as though it were
Peynted in the cristal there. 1600

This is the mirour perilous,
In which the proude Narcisus
Saw al his face fair and bright,
That made him sith to lye upright.
For who-so loke in that mirour, 1605
Ther may no-thing ben his socour
That he ne shal ther seen som thing
That shal him lede into þloving.
Ful many a worthy man hath it
Y-blent ; for folk of grettest wit 1610
Ben sone caught here and awayedt ;
Withouten respyt been they bayted.
Heer comth to folk of-newe rage,
Heer chaungeþ many wight corage ;
Heer lyth no reed ne wit thereto ; 1615
For Venus sone, daun Cupido,
Hath sownen there of love the seed,
That help ne lyth ther noon, ne reed,
So cercleth it the welle aboute.
His ginnes hath he set withoute 1620
Right for to cacche in his panteres
These damoyseis and bacheleres.
Love will noon other bridle cacche,
Though he sette either net or lacche. 1624
And for the seed that heer was sownen,
This welle is cleped, as wel is knownen,
The Welle of Love, of verray right,
Of which ther hath ful many a wight
Spoke in bokes dyversely.

But they shulle never so verily 1630
Desripcioune of the welle here,
No eek the sothe of this matere,
As ye shulle, whan I have undo
The craft that hir bilongeth to.
Alway me lyked for to dwelle, 1635

To seen the cristal in the welle,
That shewed me ful openly
A thousand thinges faste by.
But I may saye, in sory houre
Stood I to loken or to poure : 1640
For sithen [have] I sore †syked,
That mirour hath me now entryked.
But hadde I first knownen in my wit
The vertue and [the] †strengthē of it,
I nolde not have mused there : 1645
Me hadde bet ben elles-where ;
For in the snare I fel anoon,
That hath †bitraissed many oon.

The Roser.

In thilke mirour saw I tho,
Among a thousand things mo, 1650
A rosier charged ful of roses,
That with an hegge aboute enclos is.
Tho had I swich lust and envyne,
That, for Parys ne for Pavye,
Neide I have left to goon and see 1655
Ther grettest hepe of roses be.
Whan I was with this rage hent,
That caught hath many a man and shent,
Toward the roser gan I go.
And whan I was not fer therfro, 1660
The savour of the roses swote
Me smoot right to the herte rote,
As I hadde al embawmed †be.
And if I ne hadde endoutēd me
To have ben hated or assailed, 1665
My thankes, †wolde I not have failed
To pulle a rose of al that route
To bere[n] in myn hond abonte,
And smellen to it wher I wente ;
But ever I dredde me to repente, 1670

And lest it greved or for-thoughtē
The lord that thilke gardyn wroughtē.
Of roses were ther gret woon,
So faire †wexe never in roon.
Of knoppes clos, some saw I there, 1675
And some wel beter woxen were ;
And some ther been of other meysoun,
That drowe nigh to hir sesoun,
And spedde hem faste for to sprede ;
I love wel swiche roses rede ; 1680
For brode roses, and open also,
Ben passed in a day or two ;
But knoppes wilē fresshe be
Two dayes atte leest, or three.
The knoppes gretly lyked me, 1685
For fairer may ther no man see.
Who-so mighto have[n] oon of alle,
It oughte him been ful leef withalle.
Mighte I [a] gerlond of hem geten,
For no richesse I wolde it leten. 1690

The Knoppe.

Among THE KNOPPES I chees oon
So fair, that of the remenaunt noon
Ne preyse I half so wel as it,
Whan I avyse it in my wit.
For it so wel was enlumyned 1695
With colour reed, as wel [y]-fyndē
As nature couthe it make faire,
And it †had leves wel fourē paire,
That Kinde had set through his knowing
About the rede †rose springing. 1700
The stalke was as rissho right,
And theron stood the knoppe upright,
That it ne bowed upon no syde.
The swote smelle spong so wyde
That it dide al the place aboute— 1705

FRAGMENT B.

[Line 1705 is incomplete, as the sentence has no verb. Here the genuine portion ends.
Line 1706 gives a false rime, and is by another hand.]

Whan I had smelled the savour swote,
No wille hadde I fro thens yit go,
But somdel neer it wente I tho
To take it; but myn hond, for drede,
Ne dorste I to the rose bede, 1710
For thistels sharpe, of many maneres,
Netles, thornes, and hoked breres;

†Ful muche they distourbled me,
For sore I draddē to harmed be.
The God of Love, with bowe bent, 1715
That al day set hadde his talent
To pursuen and to spyen me,
Was stonding by a fige-tree,
And whan he sawe how that I

Had chosen so ententify The þbotoun, more unto my pay Than any other that I say, He took an arowe ful sharply whet, And in his bowe whan it was set, He streight up to his ere drough	1720	And Love hadde gete him, in þa throwe, Another arowe into his bowe, And for to shete gan him dresse ; The arowis name was Simplesse. And whan that Love gan nyghe me nere,
The stronge bowe, that was so tough, And shet at me so wonder smerte, That through myn eye unto myn herte The takel smoot, and depo it wente. And ther-with-al such cold mo hente, That, under clothes warme and softe,	1725 1731	He drow it up, withouten were, 1776 And shet at me with al his might, So that this arowe anon-right Thourghout [myn] eigh, as it was founde, Into myn herte hath maad a wounde. Thanne I anoon dide al my crachte
þSith that day I have chevered ofte. Whan I was hurt thus in [that] stounde, I fel down plat unto the grounde. Myn herte failed and feynted ay,	1735	1781 For to drawen out the shafte, And ther-with-al I sighed eft. But in myn herte the heed was left, Which ay eneresid my desyre,
And long tyme [ther] a-swone I lay. But whan I com out of swoning, And hadde wit, and my feling, I was al maat, and wende ful wel	1740	1785 Unto the botoun drawe nere ; And ever, mo that me was wo, The more desyr hadde I to go Unto the roser, where that grew The fresshe botoun so bright of hewe.
Of blood have loren a ful gret del. But certes, the arowe that in me stood Of me ne drew no drope of blood, For-why I found my wounde al dreye.	1745	1790 Betir me were have leten be ; But it bihoved nedes me To don right as myn herte bad. For ever the body must be lad Aftir the herte ; in wele and wo,
Than took I with myn hondis tweye The arowe, and ful fast out it plight, And in the pulling sore I sight, So at the last the shaft of tree	1750	1795 Of force togidre they must go. But never this archer wolde fyne To shete at me with all his pyne, And for to make me to him mete.
I drough out, with the fethers three. But yet the hoked heed, y-wis, The whiche Beauteo callid is,	1755	1800 The thridde arowe he gan to shete Whan best his tyme he mighte espye, The which was named Curtesye ; Inte myn herte it dide avale.
Gan so depo in myn herte passe, That I it mighte nought arace ; But in myn herte stille it stood, Al bledde I not a drope of blood.	1760	1805 A-swone I fel, bothe deed and pale ; Long tyme I lay, and stired nought, Til I abraid out of my thought. And faste than I avysed me
I was bothe anguissous and trouble For the peril that I saw double ; I niste what to seyo or do, Ne gete a leche my woundis þto ;	1765	1810 To drawe[n] out the shafte of tree ; But ever the heed was left bihind For ought I couthe pulle or winde, So sore it stikid whan I was hit,
For neithir thrugh gras ne rote, Ne hadde I help of hope ne bote. But to the botoun ever-mo	1770	1815 That by no craft I might it flit ; But anguissous and ful of thought, I þfelte such wo, my wounde ay wrought, That somonden me alway to go
Myn herte drew ; for al my wo, My thought was in non other thing. For hadde it been in my keping,	1775	1820 Toward the rose, that pleased me so ; But I ne durste in no manere, Bicause the archer was so nere. For evermore gladly, as I rede,
It wolde have brought my lyf agayn.	1780	Brent child of fyrr hath muche drede.
For þcerteinly, I dar wel seyn, The sight only, and the savour, Alegged muche of my langour.	1785	1825 And, certis yit, for al my peyne,
Than gan I for to drawe me Toward the botoun fair to see ;	1790	

Though that I sigh yit arwis reyne,
And grunde quarels sharpe of stèle,
Ne for no Payne that I might fele,
Yit might I not my-silf with-holde 1825
The faire roser to bikhölde ;
For Love me yaf sich hardement
For to fulfile his commaundement.
Upon my feet I roos up than
Feeble, as a forwoundid man ; 1830
And forth to gon [my] might I sette,
And for the archer nolde I lette.
Toward the roser fast I drow ;
But thornes sharpe mo than y-now
Ther were, and also thistels thikke, 1835
And breres, brimme for to prikke,
That I ne mighte gete grace
The rowe thornes for to passe,
To sene the roses fresshe of hewe,
I must abide, though it me rewe, 1840
The hegge aboue so thikke was,
That closid the rosces in compas.
But o thing lyked me right wele ;
I was so nygh, I mighte fele
Of the bouton the swote odour, 1845
And also see the fresshe colour ;
And that right gretly lyked me,
That I so neer þit mighte see.
Sich joye anoon therof hadde I,
That I forgat my malady. 1850
To sene þit hadde I sich delyt,
Of sorwe and angre I was al quit,
And of my woundes that I had þثار;
For no-thing lyken me might þmar
Than dwellen by the roser ay, 1855
And thennes never to passe away.
But whan a whyle I had be þar,
The God of Love, which al to-shar
Myn herte with his arwis kene,
þCaste him to yeve me woundis grene.
He shet at me ful hastily 1861
An arwe named Company,
The whiche takel is ful able
To make these ladies merciable.
Than I anoon gan chaungen hewe 1865
For grevaunce of my wounde newe,
That I agayn fel in swoning,
And sighed sore in compleyning.
Sore I compleyned that my sore
On me gan greven more and more. 1870
I had non hope of allegaunce ;
So nigh I drow to desperaunce,

I rought of dethne of lyf,
Whither that love wolde me dryf.
If me a martin wolde he make, 1875
I might his power nougnt forsake.
And whyl for anger thus I wook,
The God of Love an arowe took ;
Ful sharp it was and [ful] pugnaunt,
And it was callid Fair-Semblaunt. 1880
The which in no wys wol consente,
That any lover him repente
To serve his love with herte and alle,
For any peril that may bifalle.
But though this arwe was kene grunde
As any rasoun that is founde, 1885
To cutte and kerfe, at the poynt,
The God of Love it hadde anoynt
With a precious oyment,
Somdel to yeve aleggement 1890
Upon the woundes that he had
Through the body in my herte maad,
To helpe hir sores, and to cure,
And that they may the bet endure.
But yit this arwe, withoute more, 1895
Made in myn herte a large sore,
That in ful gret peyne I abood.
But ay the oyment wente abrood ;
Throughout my woundes large and wyde
It spredde aboue in every syde ; 1900
Through whos vertu and whos might
Myn herte joyful was and light.
I had been deed and al to-shent
But for the precious oyment.
The shaft I drow out of the arwe, 1905
Roking for wo right wondir narwe ;
But the heed which made me smerte,
Lefte bikhinde in myn herte
With other foure, I dar well say,
That never wol be take away ; 1910
But the oyment halp me wele.
And yit sich sorwe dide I fele
þOf my woundes fresshe and newe,
That al-day I chaunged hewe,
As men might see in my visage. 1915
The arwis were so fulle of rage,
So variaunt of diversitee,
That men in everich mighthe see
Both gret anoy and eek swetnesse,
And joye meynt with bittirnesse, 1920
Now were they esy, now where they wood,
In hem I felte both harm and gool ;
Now sore without aleggement,

Now †softening, with oynement ;
It softned here, and †prikked there, 1925
Thus ese and anger togider were.

The God of Love deliverly
Com lepand to me hastily,
And seide to me, in gret rape,
‘Yeld thee, for thou may not escape ! 1930
May no defencce availe thee here ;
Therfore I rede mak no daungere.
If thou wolt yelde thee hastily,
Thou shalt [the] rather have mercy.
He is a fool in sikernessee, 1935
That with daunger or stoutnesse
Rebellith ther that he shulde plesse ;
In such folye is litel ese.
Be meek, wher thou must nedis bowe ;
To stryve ageyn is noughe thy prowe.
Come at ones, and have y-do, 1941
For I wol that it be so.

Than yeld thee here debonairly.’
And I answerid ful humbly,
‘Gladly, sir ; at your bidding,
I wol me yelde in alle thing.
To your servysse I wol me take ;
For god defende that I shulde make
Ageyn your bidding resistence ;
I wol not doon so gret offence ; 1950
For if I dide, it were no skile.

Ye may do with me what ye wile,
Save or spille, and also sloo ;
Fro you in no wyse may I go.
My lyf, my deth, is in your honde,
I may not laste out of your bonde.
Pleynt at your list I yelde me,

Hoping in herte, that sumtyme ye
Comfort and ese shulle me sende ;
Or ellis shortly, this is the ende,
Withouten helthe I moot ay dure,
But-if ye take me to your cure.

Comfort or helthe how shuld I have,
Sith ye me hurte, but ye me save ?

The helthe of †lovers moot be founde
Wher-as they token firste hir wounde.

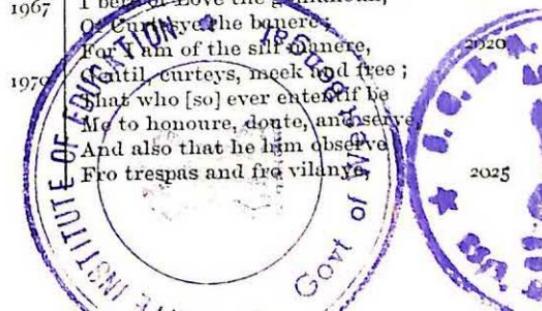
And if ye list of me to make
Your prisoner, I wol it take
Of herte and wil, fully at gree.
Hoonly and pleynt I yelde me,
Withouten feyning or feynytse,
To be governed by your emprysse.
Of you I here so much prys,
I wol ben hool at your devys

For to fulfile your lyking 1975
And repente for no-thing,
Hoping to have yit in som tyde
Mercy, of that [that] I abyde.’
And with that covauntye yeld I me,
Anoon down kneling upon my knee, 1980
Profering for to kisse his feet ;
But for no-thing he wolde me lete,
And seide, ‘I love thee bothe and preyse,
Sen that thyn answer doth me ese,
For thou answerid so curteisly, 1985
For now I wot wel uttrly,
That thou art gentil, by thy speche.
For though a man fer wolde seche,
He shulde not finden, in certeyn,
No sich answer of no vilcyn ; 1990
For sich a word ne mighte noughe
Isse out of a vilayns thought.
Thou shalt not lesen of thy speche,
For [to] thy helping wol I eche,
And eek encresen that I may. 1995
But first I wol that thou obey
Fully, for thyn avauntage,
Anon to do me here homage.
And sithe[n] kisse thou shalt my mouth,
Which to no vilayn was never couth 2000
For to aproche it, ne for to touche ;
For sauſ †to cherlis I ne vouche
That they shulle never neigh it nere.
For curteys, and of fair manere,
Wel taught, and ful of gentilnesse 2005
He muste ben, that shal me kisse,
And also of ful high fraunchyse,
That shal atteyne to that emprysse.

‘And first of oþing warne I thee,
That peyne and gret adversitee 2010
He mot endure, and eek travaille,
That shal me serve, withoute faille.
But ther-ageyns, thee to conforte,
And with thy servise to desporte,
Thou mayst ful glad and joyful be 2015
So good a maister to have as me,
And lord of so high renoun.

I ber [in] Love the gonfanoun,
On Curteys the bonere,
For I am of the sil [sil] manere,
Until curteys, meek and free ;
That who [so] ever entertein be
Me to honour, doute, and servise
And also that he him obseue
Fro trespass and fro vilanye.

2977



And him governe in curtesye
With wil and with entencioune ;
For whan he first in my prisoun
Is caught, than muste he uttirly,
Fro thennes-forth ful bisily,
Caste him gentil for to be,
If he desyre helpe of me.' 2030
Anoon withouten more delay,
Withouten daunger or affray,
I bicom his man anoon, 2035
And gave him thankes many a oon,
And kneled doun with hondis joynyt,
And made it in my port ful †quoynt ;
The joye wente to myn herte rote.
Whan I had kissed his mouth so swote,
I had sich mirthe and sich lyking, 2041
It cured me of languisshing.
He askid of me than hostages :—
'I have,' he seide, ' †tan fele homages
Of oon and other, where I have been 2045
†Disceyved ofte, withouten wene.
These felouns, fulle of falsitee,
Have many sythes bigyled me,
And through falshede hir lust achieved,
Wheroft I repente and am agreved. 2050
And I hem gete in my daungere,
Hir falshed shulle they bye ful dere.
But for I love thee, I seye thee pleyn,
I wol of thee be more certeyn ;
For thee so sore I wol now binde, 2055
That thou away ne shalt not windre
For to denyen the covenauant,
Or doon that is not avenaunt.
That thou were fals it were greet reuthie,
Sith thou semest so ful of treuthe.' 2060
'Sire, if thee list to undirstante,
I merveile thee asking this demande.
For why or wherfore shulde ye
Ostages or borwis aske of me,
Or any other sikernessee, 2065
Sith ye wote, in sothfastnesse,
That ye have me †surprysed so,
And hool myn herte †tan me fro,
That it wol do for me no-thing
But-if it be at your bidding ? 2070
My herte is yours, and myn right nought,
As it bihoveth, in dede and thought,
Redy in alle to worche your wille,
Whether so [it] turne to good or ille.
So sore it lustith you to plesse, 2075
No man therof may you †disseise.

Ye have theron set sich justise,
That it is werreyd in many wise.
And if ye doute it nolde obeye,
Ye may therof do make a keye, 2080
And holde it with you for ostage,
'Now certis, this is noon outrage,'
Quoth Love, 'and fully I accord ;
For of the body he is ful lord
That hath the herte in his tresor ; 2085
Outrage it were to asken more.'
Than of his aumener he drough
A litel keye, fetys y-nough,
Which was of gold polisshid clere,
And seide to me, 'With this keye here
Thyn herte to me now wol I shette ; 2091
For al my jowellis loke and knette
I binde under this litel keye,
That no wight may carye aweye ;
This keye is ful of gret poeste.' 2095
With which anoon he touchid me
Undir the syde ful softly,
That he myn herte soleynly
Without [al] annoy had spered,
That yit right nought it hath me dered. 2101
Whan he had doon his wil al-out,
And I had put him out of dout,
'Sire,' I seide, 'I have right gret wille
Your lust and plesaunce to fulfille.
Loke ye my servise take at gree, 2105
By thilke feith ye owe to me.
I seye nought for recreaudyse,
For I nought doute of your servyse.
But the servaunt travelleth in wayne,
That for to serven doth his payne 2110
Unto that lord, which in no wyse
Can him no thank for his servyse.'

Love seide, 'Dismaye thee nought,
Sin thou for sucour hast me sought,
In thank thy servise wol I take, 2115
And high of †gree I wol thee make,
If wikkidnesse ne hindre thee ;
But, as I hope, it shal nought be.
To worship no wight by aventure
May come, but-if he peyne endure. 2120
Abyde and suffre thy distresse ;
That hurtith now, it shal be lesse ;
I wot my-silf what may thee save,
What medicyne thou woldist have.
And if thy trouthe to me thou kepe, 2125
I shal unto thyn helping eke,
To cure thy woundes and make hem clene,

Wher-so they be olde or grene ;
 Thou shalt be holpen, at wordis fewe.
 For certeynly thou shalt wel shewe 2130
 Wher that thou servest with good wille,
 For to complisshen and fulfille
 My comauendementis, day and night,
 Whiche I to lovers yeve of right.
 ' Ah, sire, for goddis love,' said I, 2135
 ' Er ye passe hens, ententifly
 Your comauendementis to me ye say,
 And I shal kepe hem, if I may ;
 For hem to kepen is al my thought.
 And if so be I wot them noughe, 2140
 Than may I [sinne] unwitingly.
 Wherfore I pray you enterely,
 With al myn herte, me to lere,
 That I trespassse in no manere.
 The god of love than chargid me 2145
 Anoon, as ye shal here and see,
 Word by word, by right emprise,
 So as the Romance shal devyse.
 The maister lesith his tyme to lere,
 Whan the disciple wol not here. 2150
 It is but veyn on him to swinke,
 That on his lerning wol not thinke.
 Who-so lust love, let him entende,
 For now the Romance +ginneth amende.
 Now is good to here, in fay, 2155
 If any be that can it say,
 And poynte it as the reson is
 Set ; for other-gate, y-wis,
 It shal noughe wel in alle thing
 Be brought to good undirstonding ; 2160
 For a reden that poynteth ille
 A good sentence may ofte spille.
 The book is good at the ending,
 Maad of newe and lusty thing ;
 For who-so wol the ending here, 2165
 The crafte of love he shal now lere,
 If that he wol so long abyde,
 Til I this Romance may unhyde,
 And undo the signiaunce
 Of this dreme into Romaunee. 2170
 The sothfastnesse, that now is hid,
 Without coverture shal be kid,
 Whan I undon have this drening,
 Wherin no word is of lesing.
 ' Vilany, at the beginning,
 I wol,' +sayd Love, ' over alle thing,
 Thou leve, if thou wolt [not] be
 Fals, and trespassse ageynes me.

I curse and blame generally
 Alle hem that loven vilany ; 2180
 For vilany makith vilayn,
 And by his dedis a cherle is seyn.
 These vilayns arn without pitee,
 Frendshipe, love, and al bounte.
 I nil receyve +to my servyse 2185
 Hem that ben vilayns of emprise.
 ' But undirstante in thynt entent,
 That this is not myn entendentement,
 To clepe no wight in no ages
 Only gentil for his linages. 2190
 But who-so [that] is vertuous,
 And in his port noughe outrageous,
 Whan sich oon thou seest thee biforn,
 Though he be not gentil born,
 Thou mayst wel seyn, this is +a soth, 2195
 That he is gentil, bicause he doth
 As longeth to a gentilman ;
 Of hem non other deme I can.
 For certeynly, withouten drede, 2200
 A cherle is demed by his dede,
 Of hye or lowe, as ye may see,
 Or of what kinredeth that he be.
 Ne say noughe, for noon yvel wille,
 Thing that is to holden stille ; 2205
 It is no worship to misseye.
 Thou mayst ensample take of Keye,
 That was somtyme, for misseyng,
 Hated bothe of olde and yng ;
 As fer as Gaweyn, the worthy, 2210
 Was preyed for his curtesy,
 Keye was hated, for he was fel,
 Of word dispitous and cruel.
 Wherfore be wyse and aqueyntable,
 Goodly of word, and resonable 2215
 Bothe to lesse and eek to mar.
 And whan thou comest ther men ar,
 Loke that thou have in custom ay
 First toalue hem, if thou may :
 And if it falle, that of hem som 2220
 Salue thee first, be not dom,
 But quyte him curteisly anon
 Without abiding, er they goon.
 ' For no-thing eek thy tungue applye
 To speke wordis of ribandyne.
 To vilayn speche in no degree 2225
 Lat never thy lippe unbounden be.
 For I noughe holde him, in good feith,
 Curteys, that foule wordis seith.
 And alle wimmen serve and preyse,

- And to thy power hir honour reyse. 2230
 And if that any missayere
 Dispysse wimmen, that thou mayst here,
 Blame him, and bidde him holde him stille.
 And set thy might and al thy wille
 Wimmen and ladies for to plesse, 2235
 And to do thing that may hem ese,
 That they ever speke good of thee,
 For so thou mayst best preyssed be.
 * Loke fro prydē thou kepe thee wete ;
 For thou mayst bothe perceyve and fele,
 That prydē is bothe foly and sinne ; 2241
 And he that prydē hath, him withinne,
 Ne may his herte, in no wyse,
 Meken ne souplen to servyse.
 For prydē is founde, in every part, 2245
 Contrarie unto Loves art.
 And he that loveth trewely
 Shalde him contene jollily,
 Withouten prydē in sondry wyse,
 And him disgysen in queynytise. 2250
 For queynt array, withouten dredē,
 Is no-thing proud, who takith hede ;
 For fresh array, as men may see,
 Withouten prydē may ofte be.
 * Mayntene thy-silf aftir thy rent, 2255
 Of robe and eek of garnement ;
 For many sythe fair clothing
 A man amendith in mich thing.
 And loke alwey that they be shape,
 What garnement that thou shalt make,
 Of him that can [hem] beste do, 2261
 With al that perteyneth thereto.
 Poynatis and sleves be wel sittand,
 Right and streight upon the hand.
 Of shoon and botes, newe and faire, 2265
 Loke at the leest thou have a paire ;
 And that they sitte so fetisly,
 That these rude may uttirly
 Merveyle, sith that they sitte so pleyn,
 How they come on or of ageyn. 2270
 Were streite gloves, with faumenere
 Of silk ; and alwey with good chere
 Thou yeve, if thou have richesse ;
 And if thou have nought, spend the lesse.
 Alwey be merry, if thou may, 2275
 But waste not thy good alway.
 Have hat of floures fresh as May,
 Chapelet of roses of Whitsonday ;
 For sich array ne †cost but lyte.
 Thyn hondis wash, thy teeth make whyte,
- And let no filthe upon thee be. 2281
 Thy nailes blak if thou mayst see,
 Voids it awey deliverly,
 And kembe thyn heed right jolily.
 †Fard not thy visage in no wyse, 2285
 For that of love is not th'emprysse ;
 For love doth haten, as I finde,
 A beaute that cometh not of kinde.
 Alwey in herte I rede thee
 Glad and mery for to be, 2290
 And be as joyful as thou can ;
 Love hath no joye of sorrowful man.
 That yvel is ful of curtesye
 That †lauhwith in his maladye ;
 For ever of love the siknesse 2295
 Is meynd with swete and bitternesse.
 The sore of love is merveilous ;
 For now the lover [is] joyous,
 Now can he pleyne, now can he grone,
 Now can he singen, now maken mone.
 To-day he pleyneth for hevinesse, 2301
 To-morowe he †pleyeth for jolynesse.
 The lyf of love is ful contrarie,
 Which stoundemelo can ofte varie.
 But if thou canst [som] mirthis make, 2305
 That men in gree wole gladly take,
 Do it goodly, I comaudne thee ;
 For men sholde, wher-so-ever they be,
 Do thing that hem [best] sitting is,
 For therof cometh good loos and pris. 2310
 Wher-of that thou be vertuous,
 Ne be not straunge ne daungerous.
 For if that thou good rider be,
 Prike gladly, that men may se.
 In armes also if thou conne, 2315
 Pursue, til thou a name hast wonne.
 And if thy voice be fair and clere,
 Thou shalt maken no gret daungere
 Whan to singe they goodly preye ;
 It is thy worship for to obeye. 2320
 Also to you it longith ay
 To harpe and giterne, daunce and play ;
 For if he can wel foote and daunce,
 It may him greetly do avaunce.
 Among eek, for thy lady sake, 2325
 Songes and complayntes that thou make ;
 For that wol †mevo [hem] in hir herte,
 Whan they reden of thy smerte.
 Loke that no man for scarce thee holde,
 For that may greve thee many-folde. 2330
 Resoun wol that a lover be

In his yiftes more large and free
 Than cherles that been not of loving,
 For who ther-of can any thing,
 He shal be leef ay for to yeve, 2335
 In þLoves lere who so wolde leve ;
 For he that, through a soleyn sight,
 Or for a kissing, anon-right
 Yaf hool his herte in wille and thought,
 And to him-silf kepith right nouȝt, 2340
 Afir þswich yift, is good resoun,
 He yeve his good in abandoun.

' Now wol I shortly here reherce,
 Of that [that] I have seid in verse,
 Al the sentence by and by, 2345
 In wordis fewe compendiously,
 That thou the bet mayst on hem thinke,
 Whether-so it be thou walke or winke ;
 For [that] the wordis litel greve
 A man to kepe, whanne it is breve. 2350

' Who-so with Love wol goon or ryde
 He mot be curteys, and void of prude,
 Mery and fulle of jolite,
 And of largesse alosed be.

' First I joyne thee, here in penaunce,
 That ever, withoute repentaunce, 2355
 Thou set thy thought in thy loving,
 To laste withoute repenting ;
 And thenke upon thy mirthis swete,
 That shal folowe afir whan ye mete. 2360

' And for thou trewe to love shalt be,
 I wol, and [eek] comaunde thee,
 That in oo place thou sette, al hool,
 Thyn herte, withouten halfen dool,
 For trecherie, þin sikernes ; 2365
 For I lovede never doublenesse.
 To many his herte that wol depart,
 Everiche shal have but litel part.
 But of him drede I me right nouȝt,
 That in oo place settith his thought. 2370
 Therfore in oo place it sette,
 And let it never thennes flette.
 For if thou yevest it in lening,
 I holde it but a wrecchid thing :
 Therfore yeve it hool and quyte, 2375
 And thou shalt have the more merite.
 If it be lent, than afir soon,
 The bountee and the thank is doon ;
 But, in love, free yeven thing
 Requyrrith a gret guerdoning. 2380
 Yeve it in yift al quit fully,
 And make thy yift debonairst;

For men that yift [wol] holde more dere
 That yeven is with gladsome chere.
 That yift nought to preisen is 2385
 That man yeveth, maugre his.
 Whan thou hast yeven thyng herte, as I
 Have seid thee here [al] openly,
 Than aventures shulle thee falle,
 Which harde and hevy been withalle. 2390
 For ofte whan thou bithenkist thee
 Of thy loving, wher-so thou be,
 Fro folk thou must depart in ly,
 That noon perceyve thy malady,
 But hyde thyng harm thou must alone, 2395
 And go forth sole, and make thy mone.
 Thou shalt no whyl be in oo stat,
 But whylom cold and whylom hat ;
 Now reed as rose, now yelowe and fade.
 Such sorewe, I trowe, thou never hadde ;
 Cotidien, ne [vit] quarteyne, 2401
 It is nat so ful of peyne.
 For ofte tymes it shal falle
 In love, among thy peynes alle,
 That thou thy-self, al hoolly, 2405
 For yeten shalt so utterly,
 That many tymes thou shalt be
 Stille as an image of tree,
 Dom as a stoon, without sterig
 Of foot or hand, without speking ; 2410
 Than, sone after al thy peyne,
 To memorie shalt thou come ageyn,
 A[s] man abasshed wondre sore,
 And after sighen more and more.
 For wit thou wel, withouten wene, 2415
 In swich astat ful oft have been
 That have the yvel of love assayd,
 Wher-through thou art so dismayd.
 ' After, a thought shal take thee so,
 That thy love is to fer thee fro : 2420
 Thou shalt say, " God, what may this be,
 That I ne may my lady see ?
 Myne herte aloon is to her go,
 And I abyde al sole in wo,
 Departed fro myn owne thought, 2425
 And with myne eyen see right nouȝt.
 Alas, myn eyen þsende I ne may,
 My careful herte to convay !
 Myn hertes gyde but they be,
 I praise no-thing what ever they see. 2430
 Shul they abyde thanne? nay ;
 But goon þvisyte without delay
 That myn herte desyreh so.

For certeynly, but-if they go,
A fool my-self I may wel holde, 2435
Whan I ne see what myn herte wolde.
Wherfore I wol gon her to seen,
Or esed shal I never been,
But I have som tokening."
Then gost thou forth without dwelling ;
But ofte thou faylest of thy desyre, 2441
Er thou mayst come hir any nere,
And wastest in vayn thy passage.
Than faldest thou in a newe rage ;
For wante of sight thou ginnest morne,
And homward pensif dost retorne. 2446
In greet mischeef than shalt thou be,
For than agayn shal come to thee
Sighes and pleyntes, with newe wo,
That no icching prikketh so. 2450
Who wot it nouȝt, he may go lere
Of hem that byen love so dere.
' No-thing thyn herte appesen may,
That oft thou wolt goon and assay,
If thou mayst seen, by aventure, 2455
Thy lyves joy, thyn hertis cure ;
So that, by grace if thou might
Atteyne of hir to have a sight,
Than shalt thou doon non other ded.
But with that sight thyn eyen fede. 2460
That faire fresh whan thou mayst see,
Thyn herte shal so ravished be,
That never thou woldest, thy thankis, lete,
Ne remove, for to see that swete.
The more thou seest in sothfastnesse, 2465
The more thou þcovetest of that swet-
nesse ;
The more thyn herte brenneth in fyr,
The more thyn herte is in desyr.
For who considreth every del,
It may be lykned wondir wel, 2470
The peyne of love, unto a fere ;
For ever [the] more thou neighest nere
þThought, or who-so that it be,
For verray sothe I telle it thee,
The hatter ever shal thou brenne, 2475
As experiance shal thee kenne.
Wher-so [thou] comest in any cost,
Who is next fyr, he brenneth most.
And yit forsothe, for al thyn hete,
Though thou for love swelte and swete,
Ne for no-thing thou felen may, 2481
Thou shalt not willen to passee away.
And though thou go, yet must thee nede

Thenke al-day on hir fairhede,
Whom thou bihelde with so good wille ;
And holde thyself bigyled ille, 2486
That thou ne haddest non hardement
To shewe hir ought of thyn entent.
Thyn herte ful sore thou wolt dispysse,
And eek repreve of cowardysse, 2490
That thou, so dulle in every thing,
Were dom for drede, without speking.
Thou shalt eek thenke thou didest foly,
That thou wert hir so faste by,
And durst not auntre thee to say 2495
Som-thing, er thou cam away ;
For thou iaddist no more wonne,
To speke of hir whan thou bigonne :
But þyif she wolde, for thy sake,
In armes goodly thee have take, 2500
It shulde have be more worth to thee
Than of tresour greet plente.
' Thus shalt thou morne and eek com-
pleyn,
And gete enchesoun to goon ageyn
Unto thy walk, or to thy place, 2505
Where thou biheld hir fleshly face.
And never, for fals suspeciouȝ,
Thon woldest finde occasiouȝ
For to gon unto hir hous.
So art thou thanno desirous 2510
A sight of hir for to have,
If thou thine honour mightest save,
Or any erand mightist make
Thider, for thy loves sake ;
Ful fayn thou woldist, but for drede 2515
Thou gost not, lest that men take hede.
Wherfore I rede, in thy going,
And also in thyn ageyn-coming,
Thou be wel war that men ne wit ;
Feyne thee other cause than it 2520
To go that weye, or faste by ;
To hele wel is no folye.
And if so be it happe thee
That thou thy love ther mayst see,
In siker wyse thou hir salewe, 2525
Wherwith thy colour wol transmewe,
And eke thy blood shal al to-quake,
Thy hewe eek chaungen for hir sake.
But word and wit, with chere ful pale,
Shul wante for to telle thy tale. 2530
And if thou mayst so fer-forth winne,
That thou [thy] reson durst biginne,
And woldist seyn three thingis or mo.

Thou shalt ful scarsly seyn the two.
 Though thou bithenke thee never so wel,
 Thou shalt foryete yit somdel, 2536
 But if thou dele with trecherie.
 For fals lovers mowe al folye
 Seyn, what hem lust, withouten drede,
 They be so double in hir falshede; 2540
 For they in herte cunne thenke a thing
 And seyn another, in hir speking.
 And whan thy speche is endid al,
 Right thus to thee it shal bifal;
 If any word than come to minde, 2545
 That thou to seye hast left bihinde,
 Than thou shalt brenne in greet martyr;
 For thou shalt brenne as any fyr.
 This is the stryf and eke the affray,
 And the batail that lastith ay. 2550
 This bargeyn ende may never take,
 But if that she thy pees wil make.
 And whan the night is comen, anon
 A thousand angres shal come upon.
 To bedde as fast thou wolt thee dight, 2555
 Where thou shalt have but smal delyt;
 For whan thou wenest for to slepe,
 So ful of peyne shalt thou crepe,
 Sterte in thy bedde aboute ful wyde,
 And turne ful ofte on every syde; 2560
 Now downward groffe, and now upright,
 And walowe in wo the longe night:
 Thyne armis shalt thou spredre abrede,
 As man in were were þforwerreyd.
 Than shal thee come a remembraunce
 Of hir shape and hir semblaunce 2566
 Wherto non other may be pere.
 And wite thou wel, withoute were,
 That theeshal þseme, somtyme that night,
 That thou hast hir, that is so bright, 2570
 Naked bitwene thyn armes there,
 Al sothfastnesse as though it were.
 Thou shalt make castels than in Spayne,
 And dreme of joye, al but in vayne,
 And thee delyten of right nought, 2575
 Whyl thou so slomrest in that thought,
 That is so swete and delitable,
 The which, in soth, nis but a fable,
 For it ne shal no whyle laste.
 Than shalt thou sighe and wepe faste, 2580
 And say, "Dere god, what thing is this?
 My dreme is turned al amis,
 Which was ful swete and apparent,
 But now I wake, it is al shent

Now yede this mery thought away: 2585
 Twenty tymes upon a day
 I wolde this thought wolde come ageyn,
 For it allegith wel my peyn.
 It makith me ful of joyful thought,
 It sleeth me, that it lastith nought. 2590
 A, lord! why nil ye me socoure,
 The joye, I trowe, that I langoure?
 The deth I wolde me shulde slo
 Whyl I lye in hir armes two.
 Myn harm is hard, withouten wene, 2595
 My greet unese ful ofte I mene.
 But wolde Love do so I might
 Have fully joye of hir so bright,
 My peyne were quit me richely.
 Allas, to greet a thing aske I! 2600
 It is but foly, and wrong wening,
 To aske so outrageous a thing.
 And who-so askith folily,
 He moot be warned hastily;
 And I ne wot what I may say, 2605
 I am so fer out of the way;
 For I wolde have ful gret lyking
 And ful gret joye of lasse thing.
 For wolde she, of hir gentillesse,
 Withouten more, me onis kesse, 2610
 It were to me a greet guerdoun,
 Relees of al my passioun.
 But it is hard to come thereto;
 Al is but foly that I do,
 So high I have myn herte set, 2615
 Where I may no comfort get.
 þI noot wher I sey wel or nought;
 But this I wot wel in my thought,
 That it were þbet of hir aloon,
 For to stinte my wo and moon, 2620
 A loken on þme y-cast goodly,
 þThan for to have, al utterly,
 Of another al hool the pley.
 A! lord! wher I shal byde the day
 That ever she shal my lady be? 2625
 He is ful cured that may hir see.
 A! god! whan shal the dawning spring?
 To þly thus is an angry thing;
 I have no joye thus here to ly
 Whan that my love is not me by. 2630
 A man to Iyen hath gret diseise,
 Which may not slepe ne reste in ese.
 I wolde it dawed, and were now day,
 And that the night were went away;
 For were it day, I wolde upryse 2635

A! slowe sonne, shew thyn enpryse !
 Speed thee to sprede thy bemis bright,
 And chace the darknesse of the night,
 To putte away the stoundes stronge,
 Which in me lasten al to longe." 2640
 "The night shalt thou contene so,
 Without rest, in peyne and wo ;
 If ever thou knewe of love distresse,
 Thou shalt mowe lerne in that siknesse.
 And thus enduring shalt thou ly, 2645
 And ryse on morwe up erly
 Out of thy bedde, and harneys thee
 Er ever dawning thou mayst see.
 Al privily than shalt thou goon,
 What tweder it be, thy-silf aloon, 2650
 For reyn, or hayl, for snow, for slete,
 Thider she dwellith that is so swete,
 The which may falle aslepe be,
 And thenkith but litel upon thee.
 Than shalt thou goon, ful foule afred ; 2655
 Loke if the gate be unsperd,
 And waite without in wo and peyn,
 Ful yvel a-coldie in winde and reyn.
 Than shal thou go the dore bifore,
 If thou maist fynde any score, 2660
 Or hole, or reft, what ever it were ;
 Than shalt thou stoupe, and lay to ere,
 If they within a-slepe be ;
 I mene, alle save thy lady free.
 Whom waking if thou mayst aspye, 2665
 Go put thy-silf in jupartye,
 To aske grace, and thee bimene,
 That she may wite, withouten wene,
 That thou [a]night no rest hast had,
 So sore for hir thou were bistad. 2670
 Wommen wel ought pite to take
 Of hem that sorwen for hir sake.
 And loke, for love of that relyke,
 That thou thenke non other lyke,
 For twhom thou hast so greet annoy, 2675
 +Shal kisse thee er thou go away,
 And hold that in ful gret deyntee.
 And, for that no man shal thee see
 Bifore the hous, ne in the way,
 Loke thou be goon ageyn er day. 2680
 Such coming, and such going,
 Such hevinesse, and such walking,
 Makith lovers, withouten wene,
 Under hir clothes pale and lene,
 For Love leveth colour ne cleernessee ; 2685
 Who loveth frewe hath no fatnesse.

Thou shalt wel by thy-selfe see
 That thou must nedis assayed be.
 For men that shape hem other wey
 Falsly her ladies to bitray, 2690
 It is no wonder though they be fat ;
 With false othes hir loves they gat ;
 For oft I see suche losengeours
 Fatter than abbatis or priours.
 ' Yet with o thing I thee charge, 2695
 That is to seye, that thou be large
 Unto the mayd that hir doth serve,
 So best hir thank thou shalt deserve.
 Yeve hir yiftes, and get hir grace,
 For so thou may[hir] thank purchace, 2700
 That she thee worthy holde and free,
 Thy lady, and alle that may thee see.
 Also hir servauntes worshipe ay,
 And plesse as muche as thou may ;
 Gret good through hem may come to thee,
 Bicause with hir they been prive. 2705
 They shal hir telle how they thee fand
 Curteis and wys, and wel doand,
 And she shal preyse[thee] wel the tware.
 Loke out of londe thou be not tware : 2710
 And if such cause thou have, that thee
 Bihoweth twon out of contree,
 Leve hool thyn herte in hostage,
 Til thou ageyn make thy passage.
 Thenk long to see the swete thing 2715
 That hath thyn herte in hir keping.
 ' Now have I told thee, in what wyse
 A lover shal do me servyse.
 Do it than, if thou wolt have
 The mede that thou affir crave.' 2720
 Whan Love al this had boden me,
 I seide him :—' Sire, how may it be
 That lovers may in such manere
 Endure the peyne ye have seid here ?
 I merveyle me wonder faste, 2725
 How any man may live or laste
 In such peyne, and such brenning,
 In sorwe and thought, and such sighing,
 Ay unrelesed wo to make,
 Whether so it be they slepe or wake. 2730
 In such annoy continuely,
 As helpe me god, this merveile I,
 How man, but he were maad of stèle,
 Might live a month, such paynes to fele.'
 The God of Love than seide me, 2735
 ' Freend, by the feith I owe to thee,
 May no man have good, but he it by.

A man loveth more tenderly
 The thing that he hath bought most dere.
 For wite thou wel, withouten were, 2740
 In thank that thing is taken more,
 For which a man hath suffred sore.
 Certis, no wo ne may atteyne
 Unto the sore of loves peyne.
 Non yvel therto ne may amounte, 2745
 No more than a man [may] counte
 The dropes that of the water be.
 For drye as wel the grete see
 Thou mightist, as the harmes telle
 Of hem that with Love dwelle 2750
 In servyse ; for peyne hem sleeth,
 And that ech man wolde flee the deeth,
 And trowe they shulde never escape,
 Nere that hope couthe hem make
 Glad as man in prisoun set, 2755
 And may not geten for to et
 But barly-breed, and watir pure,
 And lyeth in vermin and in orduro ;
 With alle this, yit can he live,
 Good hope such comfort hath him yive, 2760
 Which maketh wene that he shal be
 Delivered and come to liberte ;
 In fortune is [his] fulle trust.
 Though he lye in strawe or dust,
 In hope is al his susteyning. 2765
 And so for lovers, in hir wening,
 Whiche Love hath shit in his prisoun ;
 Good-Hope is hir salvacioun.
 Good-Hope, how sore that they smerte,
 Yeveth hem bothe wille and herte 2770
 To profre hir body to martyre ;
 For Hope so sore doth hem desyre
 To suffre ech harm that men devyse,
 For joye that þastir shal aryse.
 'Hope, in desire [to] caccie victorie ;
 In Hope, of love is al the glorie, 2776
 For Hope is al that love may yive ;
 Nere Hope, ther shulde no lover live.
 Blessid be Hope, which with desyre
 Avaunceth lovers in such manere. 2780
 Good-Hope is curteis for to plese,
 To kepe lovers from al diseise.
 Hope kepith his lond, and wol abyde,
 For any peril that may betyde ;
 For Hope to lovers, as most cheef, 2785
 Doth hem endure[n] al mischeef ;
 Hope is her help, whan mister is.
 And I shal yeve thee eek, y-wis,

Three other thingis, that greet solas
 Doth to hem that be in my las. 2790
 'The first[e] good that may be founde,
 To hem that in my lace be bounde,
 Is Swete-Thought, for to record
 Thing wherwith thou caust accorde
 Best in thyng herte, wher she be ; 2795
 'Thought in absence is good to thee.
 Whan any lover doth compleyne,
 And liveth in distresse and peyne,
 Than Swete-Thought shal come, as blyve,
 Awey his angre for to dryve. 2800
 It makith lovers have remembraunce
 Of comfort, and of high plesaunce,
 That Hope hath hight him for to winne
 For Thought anoon than shal biginne,
 As fer, god wot, as he can finde, 2805
 To make a mirrour of his minde ;
 For to biholde he wol not lette.
 Hir person he shal afore him sette,
 Hir laughing eyen, persaut and clere,
 Hir shape, hir fourme, hir goodly chere,
 Hir mouth that is so gracious, 2810
 So swete, and eek so saverous ;
 Of alle hir fetures he shal take hede,
 His eyen with alle hir limes fede.
 'Thus Swete-Thenking shal aswage 2815
 The peyne of lovers, and hir rage.
 Thy joye shal double, withoute gesse,
 Whan thou thenkist on hir semlinesse,
 Or of hir laughing, or of hir chere,
 That to thee made thy lady dere. 2820
 This comfort wol I that thou take ;
 And if the next thou wolt forsake
 Which is not lesse saverous,
 Thou shuldist þbeen to daungerous.
 'The seconde shal be Swete-Speeche,
 That hath to many oon be leche, 2826
 To bringe hem out of wo and were,
 And helpe many a bachilere ;
 And many a lady sent socoure,
 That have loved par-amour, 2830
 Through speking, whan they mighten
 here
 Of hir lovers, to hem so dere.
 To þem it voidith al hir smerte,
 The which is closed in hir herte.
 In herte it makith hem glad and light,
 Speche, whan they mowe have sight. 2836
 And therfore now it cometh to minde
 In olde dawes, as I finde,

That clerkis writen that hir knewe, Ther was a lady fresh of hewe,	2840	For that wol comfort thee right wel, 2890 And thou shalt holde thee wel apayed,
Which of hir love made a song, On him for to remembre among,		Whan such a freend thou hast assayed.
In which she seide, " Whan that I here Speken of him that is so dere,		' The thridde good of greet comfort
To me it voidith al [my] smerte,	2845	That yeveth to lovers most dispert,
Y-wis, he sit so nere myn herte. To speke of him, at eve or morwe,		Comith of sight and biholding, 2895
It cureth me of al my sorwe. To me is noon so high plesaunce		That clepid is Swete-Loking,
As of his persone daliaunce."	2850	The whence may noon ese do,
She wist ful wel that Swete-Speking Comfortith in ful muche thing.		Whan thou art fer thy lady fro ;
Hir love she had ful wel assayed, Of him she was ful wel apayed ;		Wherfore thou prese alwey to be
To speke of him hir joye was set.	2855	In place, where thou mayst hir se. 2900
Therefore I rede thee that thou get A felowe that can wel concele		For it is thing most amerous,
And kepe thy counsel, and wel hele, To whom go shewe hoolly thyn herte,		Most delitabile and sauerous,
Bothe wele and wo, joye and smerte : 2860		For to aswage a mannes sorowe,
To gete comfort to him thou go, And privily, between yow two,		To sene his lady by the morowe.
Ye shal speke of that godly thing, That hath thyn herte in hir keping ;		For it is a ful noble thinge 2905
Of hir beaute and hir semblaunce,	2865	Whan thyn eyen have meting
And of hir godly countenaunce.		With that relyke precious,
Of al thy state thou shalt him sey, And aske him counsel how thou may		Wheroft they be so desirous.
Do any thing that may hir plese ; For it to thee shal do gret ese,	2870	But al day after, soth it is,
That he may wite thou trust him so,		They have no drede to faren amis, 2910
Bothe of thy wele and of thy wo.		They dreden neither wind ne reyn,
And if his herte to love be set, His companye is muche the bet,		Ne [yit] non other maner peyn.
For resoun wol, he shewe to thee		For whan thyn eyen were thus in blis,
Al uttirly his private ;	2875	Yit of hir curtesye, y-wis,
And what she is he loveth so, To thee pleynly he shal undo,		Aloon they can not have hir joye, 2915
Withoutte drede of any shame, Bothe telle hir renoun and hir name.		But to the herte they [it] convoye ;
Than shal he forther, ferre and nere, And namely to thy lady dere,	2880	Part of hir blis to him + they sende,
In siker wyse ; ye, every other		Of al this harm to make an ende.
Shal helpen as his owne brother,		The eye is a good messangere,
In trouthe withoutte doublenesse,	2885	Which can to the herte in such manere
And kepen cloos in sikernesse.		Tidyngis sende, that [he] hath seen, 2921
For it is noble thing, in fay, To have a man thou darst say		To voide him of his peynes cleen.
Thy prive counsel every del ;		Wheroft the herte reiosteth so
		That a gret party of his wo
		Is voided, and put away to flight. 2925
		Right as the derknesse of the night
		Is chased with clerenesse of the mone,
		Right so is al his wo ful sone
		Devoided clene, whan that the sight
		Biholden may that fresshe wight 2930
		That the herte desyreteth so,
		That al his derknesse is ago ;
		For than the herte is al at ese,
		Whan they seen that [that] may hem plese.
		' Now have I +thea declared al-out, 2935
		Of that thou were in drede and dout ;
		For I have told thee feithfully
		What thee may curen utterly,
		And alle lovers that wole be
		Feithful, and ful of stabilitie.
		2940

Good-Hope alwey kepe by thy syde,
And Swete-Thought make eek abyde,
Swete-Loking and Swete-Speeche;
Of alle thyn harmes they shal be leche.
Of every thou shalt have greet plesaunce ;
If thou canst byde in sufferaunce, 2946
And serve wel without feyntyse,
Thou shalt be quit of thyn empryse,
With more guerdoun, if that thou live ;
But al this tyme this I thee yive.' 2950

The God of Love whan al the day
Had taught me, as ye have herd say,
And enfourmed compendiously,
He vanished awey al sodeynly,
And I alone lefte, al sole, 2955
So ful of compleynt and of dole,
For I saw no other man ther me by.
My woundes me greved wondirly ;
Me for to euren no-thing I knew,
Save the botoun bright of hew, 2960
Wheron was set hooly my thought ;
Of other comfort knew I nougnt,
But it were through the God of Love ;
I knew nat elles to my bihove
That might me ese or comfort gete, 2965
But-if he wolde him enternete.

The roser was, withoute doute,
Closed with an hegge withoute,
As ye to-forn have herd me seyn ;
And fast I bisied, and wolde fayn
Have passed the haye, if I might
Have geten in by any slight
Unto the botoun so fair to see.
But ever I draddle blamed to be,
If men wolde have suspecioune
That I wolde of entencioune
Have stole the roses that ther were ;
Therfore to entre I was in fere.
But at the last, as I bithought
Whether I sholde passe or nougnt, 2980
I saw com with a gladde chere
To me, a lusty bachelere,
Of good stature, and of good hight,
And Bialacoil forsothe he hight.
Sone he was to Curtesy,
And he me graunted ful gladly
The passage of the outer hay,
And seide :—' Sir, how that ye may
Passe, if [it] your wille be,
The fresshe roser for to see,
And ye the swete savour fele.

Your † warrant may [I be] right wele ;
So thou thee kepe fro folye,
Shal no man do thee vilanye.
If I may helpe you in ought, 2995
I shal not feyne, dredeth nougnt ;
For I am bounde to your servyse,
Fully devoide of feyntyse.'
Than unto Bialacoil saide I,
· I thank you, sir, ful hertely, 3000
And your biheest [I] take at gree,
That ye so goodly profer me ;
To you it cometh of greet fraunchyse,
That ye me profer your servyss.
Than aftir, ful deliverly, 3005
Through the breres anoon wente I,
Wherof encombred was the hay.
I was wel plesed, the soth to say,
To see the botoun fair and swote,
So fresshe spronge out of the rote. 3010
And Bialacoil me served wel,
Whan I so nygh me mighte fele
Of the botoun the swete odour,
And so lusty hewed of colour.
But than a cherl (toule him bityde !) 3015
Bisyde the roses gan him hyde,
To kepe the roses of that roser,
Of whom the name was Daunger.
This cherl was hid there in the greves,
Covered with grasse and with leves, 3020
To spye and take whom that he fond
Unto that roser putte an hond.
He was not sole, for ther was mo ;
For with him were other two
Of wikked maners, and yvel fame. 3025
That con was clepid, by his name,
Wikked-Tonge, god yeve him sorwe'
For neither at eve, ne at morwe,
He can of no man [no] good speke ,
On many a just man doth he wreke. 3030
Ther was a womman eek, that hight
Shame, that, who can reken right,
Trespas was hir fadir name,
Hir moder Resoun ; and thus was Shame
[On lyve] brought of these ilk two. 3035
And yet had Trespas never ado
With Resoun, ne never ley hir by,
He was so hidous and ugly,
I mene, this that Trespas hight ;
But Resoun conceyveth, of a sight, 3040
Shame, of that I spak aforn.
And whan that Shame was thus born,

It was ordeyned, that Chastitee
Shulde of the roser lady be,
Which, of the botouns more and las, 3045
With sondry folk assailed was,
That she ne wiste what to do.
For Venus hir assaillith so,
That night and day from hir she stal
Botouns and roses over-al. 3050
To Resoun than prayeth Chastitee,
Whom Venus †flemed over the see,
That she hir daughter wolde hir lene,
To kepe the roser fresh and grene.
Anoon Resoun to Chastitee 3055
Is fully assented that it be,
And grauntid hir, at hir request,
That Shame, because she is honest,
Shal keper of the roser be.
And thus to kepe it ther were three, 3060
That noon shulde hardly be ne bold
(Were he young, or were he old)
Ageyn hir wille awey to bere
Botouns ne roses, that ther were.
I had wel sped, had I not been 3065
Awayted with these three, and seen.
For Bialacoil, that was so fair,
So gracious and debonair,
Quitte him to me ful curteisly,
And, me to plesse, bad that I 3070
Shuld drawe me to the botoun here ;
Prese in, to touche the rosere
Which bar the roses, ha yaf me leve ;
This graunt ne might but litel greve.
And for he saw it lyked me, 3075
Right nygh the botoun pullede he
A leef al grene, and yaf me that,
The which ful nygh the botoun sat ;
I made [me] of that leef ful queynt.
And whan I felte I was aqueynt 3080
With Bialacoil, and so prive,
I wende al at my wille had be.
Then wex I hardy for to tel
To Bialacoil how me bifel
Of Love, that took and wounded me, 3085
And seide : 'Sir, so mote I thee,
I may no joye have in no wyse,
Upon no syde, but it ryse ;
For sithe (if I shal not feyne)
In herte I have had so gret peyne, 3090
So gret annoy, and such affray,
That I ne wot what I shal say ;
I drede your wrath to disserve.

Lever me were, that knyves kerfe
My body shulde in pecis smalle, 3095
Than in any wyse it shulde falfe
That ye wratthed shulde been with me.'
'Sey boldely thy wille,' quod he,
'I nil be wroth, if that I may, 3099
For nought that thou shalt to me say.'

Thanne seide I, 'Sir, not you displeso
To knownen of my greet unese,
In which only love hath me brought ;
For peynes greet, disease and thought,
Fro day to day he doth me drye ; 3105
Supposeth not, sir, that I lye.
In me fyve woundes dide he make,
The sore of whiche shal never slake
But ye the botoun graunte me,
Which is most passaunt of beautee, 3110
My lyf, my deth, and my martyre,
And tresour that I most desyre.'

Than Bialacoil, affrayed all,
Seyde, 'Sir, it may not fall ;
That ye desire, it may not †ryse. 3115
What ? wolde ye shende me in this wyse ?
A mochel foole than I were,
If I suffrid you awey to bere
The fresh botoun, so fair of sight.
For it were neither skile ne right 3120
Of the roser ye broke the rind,
Or take the rose aforn his kind ;
Ye ar not courteys to aske it.
Lat it stil on the roser sit,
And †growe til it amended be, 3125
And parfitly come to beautee.
I nolde not that it pulled wer
Fro the roser that it ber,
To me it is so leef and dere.'

With that sterte out anoon Daungere,
Out of the place wherē he was hid. 3131
His malice in his chere was kid ;
Ful greet he was, and blak of hewe,
Sturdy and hidous, who-so him knewe ;
Like sharp urchouns his here was growe, 3136
His eyes †rede as the fire-glow ;
His nose frounced ful kirked stood,
He com criand as he were wood,
And seide, 'Bialacoil, tel me why
Thou bringest hider so boldly 3140
Him that so nygh [is] the roser ?
Thou worshist in a wrong maner ;
He thenkith to dishonour thee,
Thou art wel worthy to have maugree.

To late him of the roser wit ; 3145
 Who serveth a felon is yvel quit.
 Thou woldist have doon greet bountee,
 And he with shame wolde quyte thee.
 Flee hennes, felowe ! I rede thee go !
 It wanteth litel ¶ I wol thee slo ; 3150
 For Bialacoil ne knew thee nougont,
 Whan thee to serve he sette his thought ;
 For thou wolt shame him, if thou might,
 Bothe ageyn resoun and right.
 I wol no more in thee affye, 3155
 That comest so slyghly for tespye ;
 For it preveth wonder wel,
 Thy slight and tresoun every del.
 I durst no more ther make abode,
 For the cherl, he was so wode ; 3160
 So gan he threten and manace,
 And thurgh the haye he did me chace.
 For feir of him I tremblid and quook,
 So cherlyshly his heed he shook ;
 And seide, if eft he might me take, 3165
 I shulde not from his hondis scape.
 Than Bialacoil is fled and mate,
 And I al sole, disconsolate,
 Was left aloon in peyne and thought ;
 For shame, to deth I was nygh brought.
 Than thought I on myn high foly, 3171
 How that my body, utterly,
 Was yeve to peyne and to martyre ;
 And thereto hadde I so gret yre,
 That I ne durst the Hayes passe ; 3175
 There was non hope, there was no grace.
 I trowe never man wiste of peyne,
 But he were laced in Loves cheyne ;
 Ne no man [wot], and sooth it is,
 But-if he love, what anger is. 3180
 Love holdith his heest to me right wele,
 Whan peyne he seide I shulde fele.
 Non herto may thenke, ne tunge seyne,
 A quarter of my wo and peyne.
 I might not with the anger laste ; 3185
 Myn herte in poynt was for to braste,
 Whan I thought on the rose, that so
 Was through Daunger cast me fro.
 A long whyl stood I in that state,
 Til that mo saugh so mad and mate 3190
 The lady of the highe ward,
 Which from hir tour lokid thiderward.
 Resoun men clepe that lady,
 Which from hir tour deliverly
 Come down to me withouten more. 3195

But she was neither yong, ne hore,
 Ne high ne low, ne fat ne lene,
 But best, as it were in a mene.
 Hir eyen two were clear and light
 As any candel that brenneth bright ; 3200
 And on hir heed she hadde a crown.
 Hir semede wel an high persoun :
 For rounde enviroun, hir crownet
 Was ful of riche stonis fret.
 Hir goodly semblaunt, by devys, 3205
 I trowe were maad in paradys ;
 ¶ Nature had never such a grace,
 To forge a werk of such compace.
 For certeyn, ¶ but the letter lye,
 God him-silf, that is so high, 3210
 Made hir astir his image,
 And yaf hir sith sich avauntage,
 That she hath might and seignorye
 To kepe men from al folye ;
 Who-so wole trowe hir lore, 3215
 Ne may offenden nevermore.
 And whyl I stood thus derk and pale,
 Resoun began to me hir tale ;
 She seide : ' Al hayl, my swete frend !
 Foly and childhood wol thee shend, 3220
 Which thee have put in greet affray ;
 Thou hast bought dere the tyme of May,
 That made thy herte mery to be.
 In yvel tyme thou wentist to see
 The gardin, wherof Ydilnesse 3225
 Bar the keye, and was maistresse
 Whan thou yedest in the daunce
 With hir, and hadde[st] aqueyntaunce :
 Hir aqueyntaunce is perilous,
 First softe, and astir[ward] noyons ; 3230
 She hath [thee] trasshed, withoute ween ;
 The God of Love had thee not seen,
 Ne hadde Ydilnesse thee conveyed
 In the verger where Mirthe him pleyed.
 If Foly have supprised thee, 3235
 Do so that it recovered be ;
 And be wel war to take no more
 Counsel, that greveth astir sore ;
 He is wys that wol himself chastysse.
 And though a young man in any wyse
 Trespace among, and do foly, 3240
 Lat him not tarye, but hastily
 Lat him amende what so be mis.
 And eek I conseile thee, y-wis,
 The God of Love hooly foryet,
 That hath thee in sich peyne set, 3245

And thee in herte tormented so.
I can nat seen how thou mayst go
Other weytes to garisoun :
For Daunger, that is so felon, 3250
Felly purposith thee to werrey,
Which is ful cruel, the soth to sey.

' And yit of Daunger cometh no blame,
In reward of my daughter Shame,
Which hath the roses in hir warde, 3255
As she that may be no musarde.
And Wikked-Tunge is with these two,
That suffrith no man thider go ;
For er a thing be do, he shal,
Where that he cometh, over-al. 3260
In fourty places, if it be sought,
Seye thing that never was doon ne
wrought ;

So moche tresoun is in his male,
Of falsnesse for to †feyne a tale.
Thou delest with angry folk, y-wis ; 3265
Wherfor to thee [it] bettir is
From these folk away to fare,
For they wol make thee live in care.
This is the yvel that Love they calle,
Wherin ther is but foly alle, 3270
For love is foly everydel ;
Who loveth, in no wyse may do wel,
Ne sette his thought on no good werk.
His scole he lesith, if he †be clerk ;
Of other craft eek if he be, 3275
He shal not thryve therin ; for he
In love shal have more passioune
Than monke, hermyte, or chanoun.
The peyne is hard, out of mesure,
The joye may eek no whyl endure ; 3280
And in the possessioune

Is muche tribulacioun ;
The joye it is so short-lasting,
And but in happe is the geting ;
For I see ther many in travaille,
That atte laste foule fayle.
I was no-thing thy counseler,
Whan thou were maad the homager
Of God of Love to hastily ;
Ther was no wisdom, but foly. 3290
Thyn herte was joly, but not sage,
Whan thou were brought in sich a rage,
To yelde thee so redily,
And to Love, of his gret maistry.
• I rede thee Love away to dryve, 3295
That makith thee recche not of thy lyve.

The foly more fro day to day
Shal growe, but thou it putte away.
Take with thy teeth the bridel faste,
To daunte thy herte ; and eek thee caste,
If that thou mayst, to gote †defence 3301
For to redresse thy first offence.
Who-so his herte alwey wol leve,
Shal finde among that shal him greve.'

Whan I hir herd thus me chastyse, 3305
I answerd in ful angry wyse.
I prayed hir cessen of hir speche,
Outher to chastyse me or teche,
To bidde me my thought refreyne,
Which Love hath caught in his de- 3310
meyne :—

' What ? wene ye Love wol consent,
That me assailith with bowe bent,
To draw myn herte out of his honde,
Which is so quikly in his bonde ?
That ye counsayle, may never be ; 3315
For whan he first arrested me,
He took myn herte so hool him til,
That it is no-thing at my wil ;
He †taughte it so him for to obey,
That he it sparred with a key. 3320
I pray yow lat me be al stille.
For ye may wel, if that ye wille,
Your wordis waste in idilnesse ;
For utterly, withouten gesse,
Al that ye seyn is but in veyne. 3325
Me were lever dye in the peyne,
Than Love to me-ward shulde arrette
Falsheed, or tresoun on me sette.
I wol me gete prys or blame,
And love trewe, to save my name ; 3330
†Who me chastysith, I him hate.'

With that word Resoun wente hir gate,
Whan she saugh for no sermoning
She might me fro my foly bring.
Than dismayed, I lefte al sool, 3335
Forwery, forwandred as a fool,
For I ne knew no †chevisaunce.
Than fel into my remembraunce,
How Love bade me to purveye
A felowe, to whom I mighte seye 3340
My counsel and my private,
For that shulde muche availe me.
With that bithought I me, that I
Hadde a felowe faste by,
Trewe and siker, curteys, and hend, 3345
And he was called by name a Freend ;

A treuer felowe was no-wher noon.
 In haste to him I wente anoon,
 And to him al my wo I tolde,
 Fro him right nought I wold withholde.
 I tolde him al withoute were, 3351
 And made my compleynt on Daungere,
 How for to see he was hidous,
 And to-me-ward contrarious :
 The whiche through his cruelte 3355
 Was in poynt to have meygned me ;
 With Blatacoil whan he me sey
 Within the gardyn walke and pley,
 Fro me he made him for to go,
 And I bilesfe aleoun in wo ; 3360
 I durst no lenger with him speke,
 For Daunger scide he wolde be wreke,
 Whan that he sawe how I wente
 The fresshe botoun for to hente,
 If I were hardy to come neer 3365
 Bitwene the hay and the roser.

This Freend, whan he wiste of my thought,
 He discomferted me right nought,
 But seide, ' Felowe, be not so mad,
 Ne so abaysshed nor bistad.
 My-silf I knowe ful wel Daungere, 3370
 And how he is feers of his chere,
 At prime temps, Love to manace ;
 Ful ofte I have ben in his enas.
 A felon first though that he be,
 Aftir thou shalt him couple see.
 Of long passed I knew him wele ;
 Ungodly first though men him fele,
 He wol meek aftir, in his bering,
 Been, for service and obeysshing. 3380
 I shal thee telle what thou shalt do :—
 Mekely I rede thou go him to,
 Of herte pray him specialy
 Of thy trespace to have mercy,
 And hote him wel,[him] here to plesse, 3385
 That thou shalt nevermore him displesse.
 Who can best serve of flattery,
 Shal plesse Daunger most uttirly.'

My Freend hath seid to me so wel,
 That he me esid hath somdel, 3390
 And eek allegded of my torment ;
 For through him had I hardement
 Agayn to Daunger for to go,
 To preve if I might meke him so.

To Daunger cam I, al ashamed,
 The whiche aforn me hadde blamed,

Desyring for to pese my wo ;
 But over hegge durst I not go,
 For he þforbad me the passage.
 I fond him cruel in his rage, 3400
 And in his hond a gret burdoun.
 To him I knelid lowe adoun,
 Ful meke of port, and simple of chere,
 And seide, ' Sir, I am comen here
 Only to askes of you mercy. 3405
 That greveth me, [sir], ful gretly
 That ever my lyf I wratthed you,
 But for to amende I am come now,
 With al my might, bothe loude and stille,
 To doon right at your owne wille ; 3410
 For Love made me for to do
 That I have trespassed hidirto ;
 Fro whom I ne may withdrawe myn
 herte ;
 Yit shal I never, for joy ne smerte,
 What so bifalle, good or ille, 3415
 Offende more ageyn your wille.
 Lever I have endure deseise
 Than do that shulde you displesse.
 ' I you require and pray, that ye
 Of me have mercy and pitee, 3420
 To stinte your yre that greveth so,
 That I wol swere for evermo
 To be redressid at your lyking,
 If I trespassse in any thing ;
 Save that I pray thee graunte me 3425
 A thing that may nat warned be,
 That I may love, al only ;
 Non other thing of you aske I.
 I shal doon elles wel, y-wis,
 If of your grace ye graunte me this. 3430
 And ye [ne] may not letten me,
 For wel wot ye that love is free,
 And I shal loven, þsith that I wil,
 Who-ever lyke it wel or il ;
 And yit ne wold I, for al Fraunce, 3435
 Do thing to do you displesaunce.'

Than Daunger fil in his entent
 For to foryeve his matalent ;
 But al his wratthe yit at laste
 He hath releasd, I preyde so faste : 3440
 Shortly he seide, ' Thy request
 Is not to mochel dishonest ;
 Ne I wol not werne it thee,
 For yit no-thing engreveth me.
 For though thou love thus evermore, 3445
 To me is neither softe ne sore.

Love þwher thee list; what recechith me,
So [thou] fer fro my roses be?
Trust not on me, for noon assay,
In any tyme to passe the hay.' 3450
Thus hath he graunted my prayere.
Than wente I forth, withouten were,
Unto my Freend, and tolde him al,
Which was right joyful of my tale.
Heseide, 'Now goth wel thyn affaire, 3455
He shal to thee be debonaire.
Though he asforne was dispitous,
He shal heeraftir be gracious.
If he were touchid on som good veyne,
He shuld yit rewen on thy peyne. 3460
Suffre, I rede, and no boost make,
Til thou at good mes mayst him take.
By suffraunce, and [by] wordis softe,
A man may overcome[n] ofte
Him that asforne he hadde in drede, 3465
In bookis soothly as I rede.'

Thus hath my Freend with gret comfort
Avauanced me with high dispert,
Which wolde me good as mich as I.
And thanne anoon ful sodeynly 3470
I took my leve, and streight I went
Unto the hay; for gret talent
I had to seen the fresh botoun,
Wherin lay my salvacioun;
And Daunger took kepe, if that I 3475
Kepe him covenauant trewly.
So sore I dradde his manasing,
I durst not breke[n] his bidding;
For, lest that I were of him shent,
I brak not his comauandement, 3480
For to purchase his good wil.
It was [hard] for to come ther-til,
His mercy was to fer bihindre;
I wepte, for I ne might it finde.
I compleyned and sighed sore, 3485
And languished evermore,
For I durst not over go
Unto the rose I loved so.
Thurghout my deming outerly,
†Than had he knowlege certeinly, 3490
†That Love me hadde in sich a wyse,
That in me ther was no feynytse,
Falsbeed, ne no treacherye.
And yit he, ful of vilanye,
Of disdeyne, and cruelte, 3495
On me ne wolde have pite,

His cruel wil for to refreyne,
Though I wepe alwey, and þcompleyne.
And while I was in this torment,
Were come of grace, by god sent, 3500
Fraunchyse, and with her Pite
Fulfilde the botoun of bountee
They go to Daunger anon-right
To farther me with al her might,
And helpe in worde and in dede, 3505
For wel they saugh that it was nede.
First, of her grace, dame Fraunchyse
Hath taken [word] of this emprise:
She seide, 'Daunger, gret wrong ye do
To worche this man so muche wo, 3510
Or pynen him so angerly;
It is to you gret vilany.
I can not see why, ne how,
That he hath trespassed ageyn you,
Save that he loveth; wherfore ye shulde
The more in cherete of him holde. 3515
The force of love makith him do this;
Who wolde him blame he dide amis?
He leseth more than ye may do;
His peyne is hard, ye may see, lo! 3520
And Love in no wyse wolde consente
That þe have power to repente;
For though that quik ye wolde him sloo,
Fro Love his herte may not go.
Now, swete sir, þis it your ese 3525
Him for to angre or disease?
Allas, what may it you avauance
To doon to him so greet grevaunce?
What worship is it agayn him take,
Or on your man a wero make, 3530
Sith he so lowly every wyse
Is redy, as ye lust devyse?
If Love hath caught him in his lace,
You for t'obeye in every caas,
And been your suget at your wille, 3535
Shulde ye therfore willen him ille?
Ye shulde him spare more, al-out,
Than him that is bothe proud and stout.
Curtesye wol that ye socour
Hem that ben meke undir your cure. 3540
His herte is hard, that wole not meke,
Whan men of mekenesse him biseke.'
· That is certeyn, seide Pite;
· We see ofte that humilitie
Bothe ire, and also felonie 3545
Venquisheth, and also melancolye;
To stonde forth in such duresse,

This crueltee and wikkednesse,
Wherfore I pray you, sir Daungere,
For to mayntene no lenger here 3550
Such cruel werre agayn your man,
As hooly youres as ever he can ;
Nor that ye worchen no more wo
†On this caytif that languisshith so,
Which wol no more to you trespassse, 3555
But put him hooly in your grace.
His offense ne was but lyte ;
The God of Love it was to wyte,
That he your thral so gretly is,
And if ye harm him, ye doon amis ; 3560
For he hath had ful hard penaunce,
Sith that ye refte him th'aueyniance
Of Bialacoil, his moste joye,
Which alle his peynes might acoye.
He was biforn anoyed sore, 3565
But than ye doubled him wel more ;
For he of blis hath ben ful bare,
Sith Bialacoil was fro him fare.
Love hath to him do greet distresse,
He hath no nede of more duresse. 3570
Voideth from him your ire, I rede ;
Ye may not winnen in this dede.
Maketh Bialacoil repeire ageyn,
And haveth pite upon his peyn ;
For Fraunchise wol, and I, Pite, 3575
That merciful to him ye be ;
And sith that she and I accorde,
Have upon him misericorde ;
For I you pray, and eek moneste,
Nought to refusen our requeste ; 3580
For he is hard and fel of thought,
That for us two wol do right nought.'

Daunger ne might no more endure,
He meked him unto mesure.

'I wol in no wyse,' seith Daungere, 3585
'Denye that ye have asked here ;
It were to greet uncurtesye.
I wol ye have the compayne
Of Bialacoil, as ye devyse ;
I wol him lette[n] in no wyse.' 3590

To Bialacoil than wente in hy
Fraunchyse, and seide ful curteisly :—
'Ye have to longe be deignous
Unto this lover, and daungerous,
Fro him to withdrawe your presence, 3595
Which hath do to him grete offence,
That ye not wolde upon him see ;
Wherfore a sorowful man is he.

Shape ye to paye him, and to plese,
Of my love if ye wol have ese. 3600
Fulfi his wil, sith that ye knowe
Daunger is daunted and brought lowe
Thurgh help of me and of Pite ;
You †thar no more afered be.'

'I shal do right as ye wil,' 3605
Saith Bialacoil, 'for it is skil,
Sith Daunger wol that it so be.'
Than Fraunchise hath him sent to me.
Bialacoil at the beginning
Salued me in his coming. 3610
No straungenes was in him seen,
No more than he ne had wrathed been.
As faire semblaunt than shewed he me,
And goodly, as aforne did he ;
And by the honde, withouten doute, 3615
Within the haye, right al aboute
He ladde me, with right good chere,
Al environ the vergere,
That Daunger had me chased fro.
Now have I leve over-al to go ; 3620
Now am I raised, at my devys,
Fro helle unto paradys.
Thus Bialacoil, of gentilnesse,
With alle his peyne and businesse, 3625
Hath shewed me, only of gracie,
The estres of the swote place.

I saw the rose, whan I was nigh,
Was gretter woxen, and more high,
Fresh, rody, and fair of hewe,
Of colour ever yliche newe. 3630
And whan I had it longe seen,
I saugh that through the leves grene
The rose spredde to spanishing ;
To sene it was a goodly thing.
But it ne was so spred on brede, 3635
That men within might knowe the sede ;
For it covert was and [en]close
Bothe with the leves and with the rose.
The stalk was even and grene upright,
It was theron a goodly sight ; 3640
And wel the better, withouten wene,
For the seed was not [y]-sene.
Ful faire it spradde, †god it blesse !
For suche another, as I gesse,
Aforne ne was, ne more vermayle. 3645
I was abawed for merveyle,
For ever, the fairer that it was,
The more I am bounden in Loves laas.
Longe I abood there, soth to saye,

Til Bialacoil I gan to praye, Whan that I saw him in no wyse To me warnen his servyse, That he me wolde grauante a thing, Which to remembre is wel sitting; This is to sayne, that of his grace	3650	Whos might is knowe fer and wyde, For she is modir of Cupyde, The God of Love, blinde as stoon, That helpith lovers many oon. This lady brought in hir right hond
He wolde me yeve leyser and space To me that was so desirous To have a kissing precious Of the goodly freshe rose, That sweteley smelleth in my nose;	3655	3705 Of brenning fyr a blasinge brond; Wherof the flawme and hote fyr Hath many a lady in desyr Of love brought, and sore het, And in hir servise hir þertes set.
'For if it you displesed nought, I wolde gladly, as I have sought, Have a cos therof freely Of your yeft; for certainly I wol non have but by your leve,	3660	3710 This lady was of good entayle, Right wondirful of apparayle; By hir atyre so bright and shene, Men might perceyve wel, and seen, She was not of religiou恩.
So loth me were you for to greve.'	3665	3715 Nor I nil make menciou恩 Nor of [hir] robe, nor of tresour, Of broche, þnor of hir riche attour; Ne of hir girdil aboute hir syde, For that I nil not long abyde.
He sayde, 'Frend, so god me spede, Of Chastite I have sucha drede, Thou shuldest not warned be for me, But I dar not, for Chastite.	3670	3720 But knowth wel, that certeynly She was arayed richely. Devoyd of pryd certeyn she was;
Agayn hir dar I not misdo, For alwey biddeth she me so To yeve no lover leve to kisse; For who therto may winnen, y-wis,	3675	3725 To Bialacoil she wente a pas, And to him shortly, in a clause, She seide: 'Sir, what is the cause Ye been of port so daungerous Unto this lover, and deynous,
He of the surplus of the pray May live in hope to get som day. For who so kissing may attayne, Of loves peyne hath, soth to sayne, The beste and most avenaunte,	3680	3730 To werne it him ye doon amis; Sith wel ye wote, how that he Is Loves seruaunt, as ye may see, And hath beaute, wher-through [he] is Worthy of love to have the blis.
And ernest of the remenaunte.'	3685	3735 How he is semely, biholde and see, How he is fair, how he is free, How he is swote and debonaire, Of age yong, lusty, and fair. Ther is no lady so hauteyne,
Of his answe I syghed sore; I durst assay him tho no more, I had such drede to greve him ay. A man shulde not to muche assayte To chafe his frend out of mesure,	3690	3740 Duchesse, countesse, ne chasteleyne, That I nolde holde hir ungodly For to refuse him outerly. His breath is also good and swete, And eke his lippis rody, and mete
Nor put his lyf in aventure; For no man at the firsto stroke Ne may nat felle doun an oke; Nor of the reisins have the wyne, Til grapes þrype and wel afyne	3695	3745 Only to þpleyen, and to kisse. Graunte him a kis, of gentilnesse! His teeth arn also whyte and clene; Me thinkith wrong, withouten wene, If ye now werne him, trustith me,
Be sore empressid, I you ensure, And drawnen out of the pressure. But I, forþeyned wonder stronge, þThought that I abood right longe Aftir the kis, in peyne and wo,	3700	3750 To graunte that a kis have he; The lasse þto helpe him that ye haste,
Sith I to kis desyred so: Til that, þrewing on my distresse, Ther þto me Venus the goddesse, Which ay werreyeth Chastite, Came of hir grace, to socoure me,		

The more tyme shul ye waste.'

Whan the flawme of the verry brond,
That Venus brought in hir right hond,
Had Bialacoil with hete smete, 3755
Anoon he þbad, withouten lette,
Graunte to me the rose kisse.
Than of my peyne I gan to lisse,
And to the rose anoon wente I,
And kissid it ful feithfully. 3760
Thar no man aske if I was blythe,
Whan the savour soft and lythe
Strook to myn herte withoute more,
And me alegged of my sore,
So was I ful of joye and blisse. 3765
It is fair sich a flour to kisse,
It was so swote and sauerous.
I might not be so anguissous,
That I mote glad and joly be,
Whan that I remembre me. 3770
Yit ever among, sothly to seyn,
I suffre noye and moche peyn.

The see may never be so stil,
That with a litel winde it þnil
Overwhelme and turne also, 3775
As it were wood, in wawis go.
Aftir the calm the trouble sone
Mot folowe, and chaunge as the mone.
Right so fareth Love, that selde in oon
Holdith his anker; for right anoon 3780
Whan they in ese wene best to live,
They been with tempest al fordriue.
Who serveth Love, can telle of wo;
The stoundemelo joye mot overgo.
Now he hurteth, and now he cureth, 3785
For selde in oo poynt Love endureth.

Now is it right me to procede,
How Shame gan medle and take hede,
Thurgh whom felle angres I have had;
And how the stronge wal was maad, 3790
And the castell of brede and lengthe,
That God of Love wan with his strengthe.
Al this in romance wil I sette,
And for no-thing ne wil I lette,
So that it lyking to hir be, 3795
That is the flour of beaute;
For she may best my labour quyte,
That I for hir love shal endyte.

Wikkid-Tunge, that the covyne
Of every lover can devyne 3800
Worst, and addith more somdel,
(For Wikkid-Tunge seith never wel),

To me-ward bar he right gret hate,
Espyng me erly and late,
Til he hath seen the gret[e] chere 3805
Of Bialacoil and me y-fere.
He mighte not his tunge withistonde
Worse to reporte than he fonde,
He was so ful of cursed rage;
It sat him wel of his lineage, 3810
For him an Irish woman bar.
His tunge was fyld sharp, and squar,
Poignaunt and right kervynge,
And wonder bitter in speking.
For whan that he me gan espye, 3815
He swoor, afferming sikirly,
Bitwene Bialacoil and me
Was yvel aquayntaunce and privee.
He spak therof so folily,
That he awakid Jelousy; 3820
Which, al afraied in his rysing,
Whan that he herde [him] jangling,
He ran anoon, as he were wood,
To Bialacoil ther that he stood;
Which hadde lever in this caas 3825
Have been at Reynes or Amyas;
For foot-hoot, in his felonye
To him thus seide Jelousy:—
'Why hast thou been so negligent,
To kepen, whan I was absent, 3830
This verger here left in thy ward?
To me thou haddist no reward,
To truste (to thy confusioune)
Him thus, to whom suspecioune
I have right greet, for it is nede; 3835
It is wel shewed by the dede.
Greet faute in thee now have I founde;
By god, anoon thou shalt be bounde,
And faste loken in a tour,
Withoute refuyt or socour. 3840
For Shame to long hath be thee fro;
Over sone she was ago.
Whan thou hast lost bothe drede and fere,
It semed wel she was not here.
She was [not] bisy, in no wyse, 3845
To kepe thee and [to] chastyse,
And for to helpen Chastitee
To kepe the roser, as thinkith me.
For than this boy-knavе so boldely
Ne sholde not have be hardy, 3850
[Ne] in this þverger had such game,
Which now me turneth to gret shame,
Bialacoil nist what to sey;

Ful fayn he wolde have fled away,
For fere han hid, nere than he 3855
Al sodeynly took him with me.
And whan I saugh he hadde so,
This Jelousye, take us two,
I was astoned, and knew no rede,
But fledde awey for verrey drede. 3860
Than Shame cam forth ful simply;
She wende have trespassed ful gretly;
Humble of hir port, and made it simple,
Wering a vayle in stede of wimple,
As nonnis doon in hir abbey. 3865
Bicause hir herte was in affray,
She gan to speke, within a throwe,
To Jelousye, right wonder lowe,
First of his grace she bisought,
And seide:—‘Sire, ne leveth nought 3870
Wikkid-Tunge, that fals espye,
Which is so glad to feyne and lye.
He hath you maad, thurgh flatering,
On Bialacoil a fals lesing.
His falsnesse is not now anew. 3875
It is to long that he him knew.
This is not the firste day;
For Wikkid-Tunge hath custom ay
Yongé folkis to bewreye,
And false lesinges on hem †fleye 3880
‘Yit nevertheles I see among,
That the loigne it is so longe
Of Bialacoil, hertis to lure,
In Loves servise for to endure,
Drawing suche folk him to, 3885
That he had no-thing with to do;
But in sothnesse I trowe nought,
That Bialacoil hadde ever in thought
To do trespace or vilanye;
But, for his modir Curtesye 3890
Hath taught him ever [for] to be
Good of aqueyntaunce and privee;
For he loveth non hevinesse,
But mirthe and pley, and al gladnesse;
He hateth alle †trecherous, 3895
Soleyn folk and envious;
For [wel] ye witen how that he
Wel ever glad and joyful be
Honestly with folk to pley.
I have be negligent, in good fey, 3900
To chastise him; therfore now I
Of herte †crysye you here mercy,
That I have been so recheles
To tamen him, withouten lees.

Of my foly I me repente; 3905
Now wol I hool sette myn entente
To kepe, bothe †flonde and stille,
Bialacoil to do your wille.’
‘Shame, Shame,’ seyde Jelousy,
‘To be bitrasshed gret drede have I. 3910
Lecherye hath clombe so hye,
That almost blered is myn ye;
No wonder is, if that drede have I.
Over-al regnith Lechery,
Whos might [yit] growth night and day. 3916
Bothe in cloistre and in abbey
Chastite is werreyed over-al.
Therfore I wol with siker wal
Close bothe roses and roser.
I have to longe in this maner 3920
Left hem unclosid wilfully;
Wherfore I am right inwardly
Sorrowful and repente me.
But now they shal no lenger be
Unclosid; and yit I drede sore, 3925
I shal repente ferthermore,
For the game goth al amis.
Counsel I †mot [take] newe, y-wis,
I have to longe tristed thee,
But now it shal no lenger be; 3930
For he may best, in every cost,
Disceyve, that men tristen most.
I see wel that I am nygh shent,
But-if I sette my ful entent
Remedyo to purveye. 3935
Therfore close I shal the weye
Fro hem that wol the rose espye,
And come to wayte me vilanye,
For, in good feith and in trouthe,
I wol not lette, for no slouth, 3940
To live the more in sikirnesse,
†To make anoon a forteresse,
†To enclose the roses of good savour,
In middis shal I make a tour
To putte Bialacoil in prisoun, 3945
For ever I drede me of tresoun.
I trowe I shal him kepe so,
That he shal have no might to go
Aboute to make companye
To hem that thenke of vilanye; 3950
Ne to no such as hath ben here
Aforne, and founde in him good chere,
Which han assailed him to shende,
And with hir trowandyse to blonde,
A fool is eyth [for] to bigyle; 3955

But may I lyve a litel while,
He shal forthenke his fair semblaunt.'

And with that word cam Dredē avaunt,
Which was abasshed, and in gret fere,
Whan he wiste Jelousye was there. 3960
He was for drede in such affray,
That not a word durste he say,
But quaking stood ful stille aloon,
Til Jelousye his wey was goon,
Save Shame, that him not forsook ; 3965
Bothe Dredē and she ful sore quook ;
[Til] that at laste Dredē abreyde,
And to his cosin Shame seyde :
'Shame,' he seide, 'in sothfastnesse,
To me it is gret hevinessse, 3970
That the noyse so fer is go,
And the selamdre of us two.
But sith that it is [so] bifalle,
We may it not ageyn [do] calle,
Whan onis sprongen is a fume. 3975
For many a yeer withouten blame
We han been, and many a day ;
For many an April and many a May
We han [y]-passed, not [a]shamed,
Til Jelousye hath us blamed 3980
Of mistrust and suspectioun
Causeles, withouten enchesoun.
Go we to Daunger hastily,
And late us shewe him openly,
That he hath not aright [y]-wrought, 3985
Whan that he sette nought his thought
To kepe better the purpryse ;
In his doing he is not wyse.
He hath to us [y]-do gret wrong,
That hath suffred now so long 3990
Bialacoil to have his wille,
Alle his lustes to fulfille.
He must amende it utterly,
Or ellis shal he †vilaynsly
Exyled be out of this londe ; 3995
For he the werre may not withstonde
Of Jelousye, nor the greef,
Sith Bialacoil is at mischeef.'

To Daunger, Shame and Dredē anoon
The righte wey ben [bothe a]-goon. 4000
The cherl they founden hem aforne
Ligging undir an hawethorn.
Undir his heed no pilowe was,
But in the stede a trusse of gras.
He slombred, and a nappe he took, 4005
Til Shame pitously him shook,

And greet manace on him gan make,
'Whyslepest thou whan thou shuld wake ?
Quod Shame ; 'thou dost us vilanye !
Who tristith thee, he doth folye, 4010
To kepe roses or botouns,
Whan they ben faire in hir sesounes.
Thou art woxe to familiere
Where thou shulde be straunge of chere,
Stout of thy port, redy to greve. 4015
Thou dost gret foly for to leve
Bialacoil here-in, to calle
The yonder man to shenden us alle.
Though that thou slepe, we may here
Of Jelousie gret noyse here. 4020
Art thou now late ? ryse up †in hy,
And stoppe sone and deliverly
Alle the gappis of the hay ;
Do no favour, I thee pray.
It fallith no-thing to thy name 4025
†Make fair semblaunt, where thou maist
blame.
'If Bialacoil be swete and free,
Doggod and fel thou shuldist be ;
Foward and outrageous, y-wis ;
A cherl chaungeth that curteis is. 4030
This have I herd ofte in seying,
That man [he] may, for no daunting,
Make a sperhauke of a bosarde.
Alle men wole holde thee for musarde,
That debonair have founden thee ; 4035
It sit thee nought curteis to be ;
To do men plesaunce or servyse,
In thee it is recreaudyse.
Let thy werkis, fer and nere,
Be lyke thy name, which is Daungere.'

Than, al abawid in shewing, 4040
Anoon spak Dreedē, right thus seying,
And seide, 'Daunger, I drede me
That thou ne wolt [not] bisy be
To kepe that thou hast to kepe ; 4045
Whan thou shuldist wake, thou art aslepe.
Thou shalt be greved certeynly,
If thee aspye Jelousy,
Or if he finde thee in blame.
He hath to-day assailed Shame, 4050
And chased away, with gret manace,
Bialacoil out of this place,
And swereth shortly that he shal
Enclose him in a sturdy wal ;
And al is for thy wikkednesse, 4055
For that thee faileth straungenesse.

Thyn herte, I trowe, be failed al ;
 Thou shalt repente in special,
 If Jelonsye the sothe knewe ;
 Thou shalt forthenke, and sore rewe.' 4060
 With that the cherl his clubbegane shake,
 Frouning his eyen gan to make,
 And hidous chere ; as man in rage,
 For ire he brente in his visage.
 Whan that he herde him blamed so, 4065
 He seide, ' Out of my wit I go ;
 To be discomfit I have gret wrong.
 Certis, I have now lived to long,
 Sith I may not this closer kepe ;
 Al quik I wolde be dolven depe, 4070
 If any man shal more repeire
 Into this garden, for foule or faire.
 Myn herte for ire goth a-fere,
 That I lete any entre here.
 I have do foly, now I see, 4075
 But now it shal amended be.
 Who settith foot here any more,
 Truly, he shal repente it sore ;
 For no man mo into this place
 Of me to entre shal have grace. 4080
 Lever I hadde, with swerdis twayne,
 Thurgh-out myn herte, in every veyne
 Perced to be, with many a wounde,
 Than slouthe shulde in me be founde.
 From hennesforth, by night or day, 4085
 I shal defende it, if I may,
 Withouten any excepcioun
 Of ech maner condicoun ;
 And if I tanȝ man it graunte,
 Holdeth me for recreaunte.' 4090
 Than Daunger on his feet gan stonde,
 And hente a burdoun in his honde.
 Wroth in his ire, ne lefte he nouȝt,
 But thurgh the verger he hath sought.
 If he might finde hole or trace, 4095
 Wher-thurgh that me[n] mot forthby pace,
 Or any gappe, he dide it close,
 That no man mighte touche a rose
 Of the roser al aboute ;
 He shitteth every man withoute. 4100
 Thus day by day Daunger is wers,
 More wondirful and more divers,
 And feller eek than ever he was ;
 For him ful oft I singe ' allas !'
 For I ne may nouȝt, thurgh his ire, 4105
 Recover that I most desire.
 Myn herte, allas, wol brest a-two,

For Bialacoil I wratthed so.
 For certeynly, in every membre 4110
 I quake, whan I me remembre
 Of the botoun, which [that] I wolde
 Fulle ofte a day seen and bisholde.
 And whan I thenke upon the kisse,
 And how muche joye and blisse
 I hadde thurgh the savour swete, 4115
 For wante of it I grone and grete.
 Me thenkith I fele yit in my nose
 The swete savour of the rose.
 And now I woot that I mot go
 So fer the fresshe floures fro, 4120
 To me ful welcoime were the deeth ;
 Absens therof, allas, me sleeth !
 For whylom with this rose, allas,
 I touched nose, mouth, and face ;
 But now the deeth I must abyde. 4125
 But Love consente, another tyde,
 That onis I touche may and kisse,
 I trowe my peyne shal never lissee,
 Theron is al my coveityse,
 Which brent myn herto in many wyse.
 Now shal repaire agayn sighinge, 4130
 Long waeche on nightis, and no slepinge;
 Thought in wiſhing, torment, and wo,
 With many a turning to and fro,
 That half my peyne I can not telle. 4135
 For I am fallen into helle
 From paradys and welthe, the more
 My turment greveth ; more and more
 Anoyeth now the bittirnesse,
 That I toforn have felt swetnesse. 4140
 And Wikkid-Tunge, thurgh his falshede,
 Causeth al my wo and drede,
 On me he leyeth a pitous charge,
 Because his tungue was to large.
 Now it is tyme, shortly that I 4145
 Telle you som-thing of Jelousy,
 That was in gret suspecioun,
 Aboute him lefte he no masoun,
 That stoon coude leye, ne querour ;
 He hired hem to make a tour. 4150
 And first, the roses for to kepe,
 Aboute hem made he a dicke depe,
 Right wondir large, and also brood ;
 Upon the whiche also stood
 Of squared stoon a sturdy wal, 4155
 Which on a cragge was founded al,
 And right gret thikkenesse eek it bar.
 Abouten, it was founded squar,

An hundred fadome on every syde,
It was al liche longe and wyde. 4160
Lest any tyme it were assayled,
Ful wel aboute it was batayled ;
And rounde enviroun eek were set
Ful many a riche and fair touret.
At every corner of this wal 4165
Was set a tour ful principal ;
And everich hadde, withoute fable,
A porte-colys defensable
To kepe of enemies, and to greve,
That there hir force wolde preve. 4170
And eek amidde this purpryse
Was maad a tour of gret maistryse ;
A fairer saugh no man with sight,
Large and wyde, and of gret might.
They [ne] dredde noon assaut 4175
Of ginne, gunne, nor skaffaute.
[For] the temprure of the mortere
Was maad of licour wonder dere ;
Of quikke lyme persant and egre,
The which was tempred with vinegere.
The stoon was hard †as ademant, 4181
Wherof they made the foundement.
The tour was rounde, maad in compas ;
In al this world no richer was,
Ne better ordeigned therwithal. 4185
Aboute the tour was maad a wal,
So that, litwixt that and the tour,
†Ropers were set of swete savour,
With many roses that they bere.
And eek within the castel were 4190
Springoldes, gunnes, bows, archers ;
And eek above, atte corners,
Men seyn over the walle stonde
Grete engynes, †whiche were nigh honde ;
And in the kernels, here and there, 4195
Of arblasters gret plentee were.
Noon armure might hir stroke with-
stonde,
It were foly to prece to honde.
Without the diche were listes made,
With walles batayled large and brade, 4200
For men and hors shulde not attyeue
To neigh the diche over the pleyne.
Thus Jelousye hath enviroun
Set aboute his garnisoun
With walles rounde, and diche depe, 4205
Only the roser for to kepe.
And Daunger [eek], erly and late
The keyes kepte of the utter gate,

The which openeth toward the eest.
And he hadde with him atte leest 4210
Thritty servauntes, echon by name,
That other gate kepte Shame,
Which openede, as it was couth,
Toward the parte of the south.
Sergeauntes assigned were hir to 4215
Ful many, hir wille for to do.
Than Drede hadde in hir bailye
The keping of the constaberye,
Toward the north, I undirstonde,
That opened upon the left honde, 4220
The which for no-thing may be sure,
But-if she do [hir] bisy cure
Erly on morowe and also late,
Strongly to shette and barre the gate.
Of every thing that she may see 4225
Drede is aferd, wher-so she be ;
For with a puff of litel wind
Drede is astonied in hir minde.
Therfore, for stelinge of the rose,
I rede hir noughe the yate unclose. 4230
A foulis flight wol make hir flee,
And eek a shadowe, if she it see.
Thanne Wikked-Tunge, ful of envye,
With soudiours of Normandye,
As he that causeth al the bate, 4235
Was keper of the fourthe gate,
And also to the tother three
He went ful ofte, for to see.
Whan his lot was to wake a-night,
His instrumentis wolde he dight, 4240
For to blowe and make soun,
Ofter than he hath enchesoun ;
And walken oft upon the wal,
Corners and wikkettis over-al
Ful narwe serchen and espie ; 4245
Though he noughe fond, yit wolde he lye.
Discordaunte ever fro armonye,
And distoned from melodye,
Controve he wolde, and foule fayle,
With hornypypes of Cornewayle. 4250
In floytes made he discordaunce,
And in his musik, with mischaunce,
He wolde seyn, with notes newe,
That he [ne] fond no womman trewe,
Ne that he saugh never, in his lyf, 4255
Unto hir husbonde a trewe wif ;
Ne noon so ful of honestee,
That she nil laughe and mery be
Whan that she hereth, or may espye,

A man speken of lecherye.	4260	Defenced with the stronge walle.	4310
Everich of hem hath somme vyce ;		Now Jelousye ful wel may be	
Oon is dishonest, another is nyce ;		Of drede devoid, in libertee,	
If oon be ful of vilanye,		Whether that he slepe or wake :	
Another hath a likerous ye ;		For of his roses may noon be take.	
If oon be ful of wantonesse,	4265	But I, alas, now morne shal ;	4315
Another is a chideresse.		Because I was without the wal,	
Thus Wikked-Tunge (god yeve him		Ful moche dole and mone I made,	
shaine !)		Who hadde wist what wo I hadde,	
Can putte hem everichone in blame		I trowe he wolde have had pitee.	
Withouthe desert and causeles ;		Love to deere had sold to me	4320
He lyeth, though they been giltles.	4270	The good that of his love hadde I.	
I have pite to seen the sorwe,		I twende a boughit it al queyntly ;	
That twaketh bothe eve and morwe,		But now, thurgh doubling of my peyn,	
To innocents doth such grevaunce ;		I see he wolde it selle ageyn,	
I pray god yeve him evel chaunce,		And me a newe bargeyn lere,	4325
That he ever so bisy is	4275	The which al-out the more is dere,	
Of any womanman to seyn amis !		For the solace that I have lorn,	
Eek Jelousye god confounde,		Than I hadde it never afor.	
That hath [y]-maad a tour so rounde,		Certayn I am ful lyk, indeed,	
And made aboute a garisoun		To him that cast in erthe his seed ;	4330
To sette Bialacoil in prisoun ;	4280	And hath joie of the newe spring,	
The which is shet there in the tour,		Whan it greneth in the ginning,	
Ful longo to holde there sojour,		And is also fair and fresh of flour,	
There for to live[n] in penaunce.		Lusty to seen, swote of odour ;	
And for to do him more grevaunce,		But er he it in sheves shere,	4335
+ Ther hath ordeyned Jelousye		May fulle a weder that shal it dere,	
An olde vekke, for to espye	4285	And make[n] it to fado and falle,	
The maner of his governaunce ;		The stalk, the greyn, and floures alle ;	
The whiche devel, in hir enfaunce,		That to the twilier is fordone	
Had lerned [muche] of Loves art,		The hope that he hadde to sone.	4340
And of his pleyes took hir part ;	4290	I drede, certeyn, that so fare I ;	
She was twexpert in his servyse.		For hope and travaile sikerly	
She knew ech wrenche and every gyse		Ben me biraf al with a storm ;	
Of love, and every [loveres] wyle,		The floure nil seden of my corn,	
It was [the] harder hir to gyle.		For Love hath so avaunced me,	4345
Of Bialacoil she took ay hede,	4295	Whan I bigan my privitee	
That ever he liveth in wo and drede.		To Bialacoil al for to telle,	
He kepte him coy and eek privee,		Whom I ne fond foward ne felle,	
Lest in him she hadde see		But took a-gree al hool my play.	
Any foly countenaunce,		But Love is of so hard assay,	4350
For she knew al the olde daunce.	4300	That al at onis he reved me,	
And aftir this, whan Jelousye		Whan I twend best aboven have be.	
Had Bialacoil in his baillye,		It is of Love, as of Fortune,	
And shette him up that was so free,		That chaungeth ofte, and nil contune ;	
For seure of him he wolde be,		Which whylom wol on folke smyle,	4355
He trusteth sore in his castel ;		And gloumbe on hem another whyle ;	
The stronge werk him lyketh wel.		Now freend, now foo, [thou] shalt hir fele,	
He draddes nat that no glotouns		For [in] a twinkling tourneth hir wheel.	
Shulde stèle his roses or botouns.		She can wrythe hir heed away,	
The roses weren assured alle.		This is the concours of hir pley ;	4360

She can areyse that doth morne,
And whirle adown, and overturne
Who sittith hieghst, þal as his þlist ;
A fool is he that wol hir trist.
For it þam I that am com down 4365
Thurgh þchange and revoluciou[n] !
Sith Bialacoil mot fro me twinne,
Shet in the prisoun yond withinne,
His absence at myn herte I fele ;
For al my joye and al myn hele 4370
Was in him and in the rose,
That but yon þwal, which him doth close,
Open, that I may him see,
Love nil not that I cured be
Of the peynes that I endure, 4375
Nor of my cruel aventurē.

A, Bialacoil, myn owne dere !
Though thou be now a prisonere,
Kepe atte leste thyn herte to me,
And suffre not that it daunted be ; 4380
Ne lat not Jelousye, in his rage,
Putten thyn herte in no servage.
Although he chasticē thee withoute,
And make thy body unto him loute,
Have herte as hard as dyamaunt, 4385
Stedefast, and nought pliaunt ;
In prisoun though thy body be,
At large kepe thyn herte free.
A trewe herte wol not plye
For no manace that it may drye. 4390
If Jelousye doth thee payne,
Quyte him his whyle thus agayne,
To venge thee, atte leest in thought,
If other way thou mayest nought ;
And in this wyse solilly 4395
Worche, and winne the maistry.
But yit I am in gret affray
Lest thou do not as I say ;
I drede thou canst me greet mangree,
That thou emprisoned art for me ; 4400
But that [is] not for my trespass,
For thrugh me never discovered was
Yit thing that oughte be secree.
Wel more anoy [ther] is in me,
Than is in thee, of this mischaunce ; 4405
For I endure more hard penaunce
Than any [man] can seyn or thinke,
That for the sorwe almost I sinke.
Whan I remembre me of my wo,
Ful nygh out of my wit I go. 4410
Inward myn herte I fele blede,

For comfortles the deeth I drede.
Ow I not wel to have distresse,
Whan false, thurgh hir wikkednesse,
And traitours, that arn envyous, 4415
To noyen me be so coragious ?
A, Bialacoil ! ful wel I see,
That they hem shape to disceyve thee,
To make thee buxom to hir lawe,
And with hir corde thee to drawe 4420
Wher-so hem lust, right at hir wil ;
I drede they have thee broughth therwil.
Withoutou[n]t comfort, thought me sleeth ;
This game wol bringe me to my deeth.
For if your þgode wille I lese, 4425
I mote be dead ; I may not chese.
And if that thou foryete me,
Myn herte shal never in lyking be ;
Nor elles-where finde solace,
If I be put out of your grace, 4430
As it shal never been, I hope ;
Than shulde I falle[n] in wanhope.

[Here, at l. 4070 of the French text,
ends the work of G. de Lorris; and
begins the work of Jean de Meun.]

Allas, in wanhope ?—nay, pardée !
For I wol never dispeired be.
If Hope me faile, than am I 4435
Ungracious and unworthy ;
In Hope I wol comforted be,
For Love, whan he bitsaught hir me,
Seide, that Hope, wher-so I go,
Shulde ay be relees to my wo. 4440
But what and she my balis bete,
And be to me curteis and swete ?
She is in no-thing ful certeyn.
Lovers she put in ful gret peyn,
And makith hem with wo to dele. 4445
Hir fair biheest disceyveth fele,
For she wol bihote, sikirly,
And failen aftir outryly.
A ! that is a ful noyous thing !
For many a lover, in loving, 4450
Hangeth upon hir, and trusteth fast,
Whiche lese hir travel at the last.
Of thing to comen she woot right nought ;
Therfore, if it be wysly sought,
Hir counseille, foly is to take. 4455
For many tymes, whan she wol make
A ful good silogisme, I drede

That afterward ther shal in dede
Folwe an evel conclusioune ;
This put me in confusioune. 4460
For many tymes I have it seen,
That many have bigyled been,
For trust that they have set in Hope,
Which fel hem afterward a-slope.
But natheles yit, gladly she wolde, 4465
That he, that wol him with his holde,
Hadde alle tymes this purpos clere,
Withoute deceytle, or any were.
That she desireth sikerly ;
Whan I hir blamed, I did foly. 4470
But what avayleth hir good wille,
Whan she ne may staunche my stounde
ille ?
That helpith litel, that she may do,
Outake biheest unto my wo.
And heeste certeyn, in no wyse, 4475
Withoute yift, is not to t'pryse.
Whan heest and deed a-sundir varie,
They doon [me have] a gret contrarie.
Thus am I posset up and doun
With dool, thought, and confusioune ; 4480
Of my disese ther is no noumbe.
Daunger and Shame me encumbre,
Drede also, and Jelousye,
And Wikked-Tunge, ful of envye,
Of whiche the sharpe and cruel ire 4485
Ful oft me put in gret martire.
They han my joye fully let,
Sith Bialacoil they have bishet
Fro me in prisoun wikkidly,
Whom I love so entierly, 4490
That it wol my bane be,
But I the soner may him see.
And yit moreover, wurst of alle,
Ther is set to kepe, foule hir bifalle !
A rimpled vekke, fer ronne in age, 4495
Frowning and yelowe in hir visage,
Which in awayte lyth day and night,
That noon of hem may have a sight.
Now moot my sorwe enforced be ;
Ful sooth it is, that Love yaf me 4500
Three wonder yiftes of his grace,
Which I have lorn now in this place,
Sith they ne may, withoute drede,
Helpen but litel, who taketh hede.
For here availleth no Swete-Thought, 4505
And Swete-Speche helpith right nought.
The thridde was called Swete-Loking,

That now is lorn, without lesing.
[The] yiftes were fair, but not forthy
They helpe me but simp[il]ly, 4510
But Bialacoil [may] loosed be,
To gon at large and to be free.
For him my lyf lyth al in dout,
But-if he come the rather out,
Allas ! I trowe it wol not been ! 4515
For how shuld I evermore him seen ?
He may not out, and that is wrong,
Because the tour is so strong.
How shulde he out ? by whos prowesse,
Out of so strong a forteresse ? 4520
By me, certeyn, it nil be do ;
God woot, I have no wit thereto !
But wel I woot I was in rage,
Whan I to Love dide homage.
Who was in cause, in sothfastnesse, 4525
But hir-silf, dame Idelnesse,
Which me conveyed, thurgh fair prayere,
To entre into that fair vergere ?
She was to blame me to leve,
The which now doth me sore greve. 4530
A foolis word is nought to trowe,
Ne worth an appell for to lowe ;
Men shulde him snibbe bittirly,
At pryme temps of his foly.
I was a fool, and she me leved, 4535
Thurgh whom I am right nought relaved.
She accomplished al my wil,
That now me greveth wondir il.
Resoun me seide what shulde fallie.
A fool my-silf I may wel calle, 4540
That love asyde I had not leyde,
And trowed that dame Resoun seyde.
Resoun had bothe skile and right,
Whan she me blamed, with al hir might,
To medle of love, that hath me shent ;
But certeyn now I wol repent. 4545
‘ And shulde I repent ? Nay, parde !
A fals traitour than shulde I be.
The develles engins wolde me take,
If I my tlorde wolde forsake, 4550
Or Bialacoil falsly bitraye.
Shulde I at mischeef hate him ? nay,
Sith he now, for his curtesye,
Is in prisoun of Jelousye.
Curtesye certeyn dide he me, 4555
So t'muche, it may not yolden be,
Whan he the hay passen me late,
To kisse the rose, faire and swete :

Shulde I therfore cunne him maugree ?
 Nay, certeynly, it shal not be ; 4560
 For Love shal never, †if god wil,
 Here of me, thurgh word or wil,
 Offence or complaynt, more or lesse,
 Neither of Hope nor Idilnesse ;
 For certis, it were wrong that I 4565
 Hated hem for hir curtesye.
 Ther is not ellis, but suffre and thinke,
 And waken whan I shulde winke ;
 Abide in hope, til Love, thurgh chaunce,
 Sende me socour or allegeaunce, 4570
 Expectant ay til I may mete
 To geten mercy of that swete.
 ' Whylom I thinkne how Love to me
 Seyde he wolde take[n] att[e] gree
 My servise, if unpaciencie 4575
 Caused me to doon offence.
 He seyde, " In thank I shal it take,
 And high maister eek thee make,
 If wikkednesse ne reve it thee ;
 But sone, I trowe, that shal not be." 4580
 These were his wordis by and by ;
 It semed he loved me trewly.
 Now is ther not but serve him wele,
 If that I thinkne his thank to sole.
 My good, myn harm, lyth hool in me ;
 In Love may no defaute be ; 4586
 For trewe Love †failid never man.
 Sothly, the faute mot nedis than
 (As God forbede !) be founde in me,
 And how it cometh, I can not see. 4590
 Now lat it goon as it may go ;
 Whether Love wol socoure me or slo,
 He may do hool on me his wil.
 I am so sore bounde him til,
 From his servysse I may not felen ; 4595
 For lyf and deth, withouten wene,
 Is in his hand ; I may not chese ;
 He may me do bothe winne and lese.
 And sith so sore he doth me greve,
 Yit, if my lust he wolde achieve 4600
 To Bialacoil goodly to be,
 I yeve no force what felle on me.
 For though I dye, as I mot nede,
 I praye Love, of his goodlihede,
 To Bialacoil do gentilnesse, 4605
 For whom I live in such distresses,
 That I mote deyen for penaunce.
 But first, withoute repentaunce,
 I wol me confesse in good entent,

And make in haste my testament, 4610
 As lovers doon that felen smerte :—
 To Bialacoil leve I myn herte
 Al hool, withoute departing,
 Or doublenesse of repenting.'

Coment Raisoun vient a L'amant.

Thus as I made my passage 4615
 In compleynt, and in cruel rage,
 And I †hunist wher to finde a leche
 That couthe unto myn helping eche,
 Sodeynly agayn comen down
 Out of hir tour I saugh Resoun, 4620
 Discrete and wys, and ful plesaunt,
 And of hir porte ful avenaunt.
 The righte wey she took to me,
 Which stood in greet perplexite,
 That was posshed in every side, 4625
 That I mist where I might abyde,
 Til she, demurely sad of chere,
 Seide to me as she com nere :—
 ' Myn owne freend, art thou yit greved?
 How is this quarel yit achieved 4630
 Of Loves syde ? Anoon me telle ;
 Hast thou not yit of love thy fille ?
 Art thou not wery of thy servysse
 That thee hath [pyned] in sich wyse ?
 What joye hast thou in thy loving ? 4635
 Is it swete or bitter thing ?
 Canst thou yit chese, lat me see,
 What best thy socour mighte be ?

' Thou servest a ful noble lord,
 That maketh thee thral for thy reward,
 Which ay renewith thy turment, 4640
 With foly so he hath thee blent.
 Thou felle in mischeef thilke day,
 Whan thou didest, the sothe to say,
 Obeysaunce and eek homage ; 4645
 Thou wroughtest no-thing as the sage.
 Whan thou bican his liege man,
 Thou didist a gret foly than ;
 Thou wistest not what fel therto,
 With what lord thou haddist to do. 4650
 If thou haddist him wel knowe,
 Thou haddist nought be brought so lowe ;
 For if thou wistest what it were,
 Thou noldist serve him half a year,
 Not a weke, nor half a day, 4655
 Ne yit an hour withoute delay,
 Ne never †han loved paramours,

His lordship is so ful of shoures,
Knowest him ought?

L'Amaunt. 'Ye, dame, parde!'

Raisoun. 'Nay, nay.'

L'Amaunt. 'Yes, I.'

Raisoun. 'Wherof, lat see?' 4660

L'Amaunt. 'Of that he seyde I shulde
be

Glad to have sich lord as he,
And maister of sich seignory.'

Raisoun. 'Knowist him no more?'

L'Amaunt. 'Nay, certis, I,

Save that he yaf me rewles there, 4665

And wente his wey, I niste where,

And I abood bounde in balaunce.'

Raisoun. 'Lo, there a noble conisaunce!

But I wil that thou knowe him now

Ginning and ende, sith that thou 4670

Art so anguissous and mate,

Disfigured out of astate;

Ther may no wrecche have more of wo,

Ne caitif noon enduren so.

It were to every man sitting 4675

Of his lord have knowleching.

For if thou knewe him, out of dout,

Lightly thou shulde escapan ont

Of the prisoun that marreth thee.'

L'Amaunt. 'Ye, dame! sith my lord
is he,' 4680

And I his man, maad with myn honde,

I wolde right fayn undirstonde

To knowe[n] of what kinde he be,

If any wolde enforme me.'

Raisoun. 'I wolde,' said Resoun, 'thee
lere,' 4685

Sith thou to lerne hast sich desire,

And shewe thee, withouten fable,

A thing that is not demonstrable.

Thou shalt [here lerne] without science,

And knowe, withoute experiance, 4690

The thing that may not knownen be,

Ne wist ne shewid in no degree.

Thou mayst the sothe of it not witen,

Though in thee it were writen.

Thou shalt not knowe therof more 4695

Whyle thou art reuled by his lore;

But unto him that love wol flee,

The knotte may unclosed be,

Which hath to thee, as it is founde,

So long be knet and not unbounde. 4700

Now sette wel thyn entencioune,

To here of love discripcioune.

'Love, it is an hateful pees,

A free acquitaunce, without relees,

†A trouthe, fret full of falshede, 4705

A sikernes, al set in drede;

In herte is a dispeiring hope,

And fulle of hope, it is wanhope;

Wyse woodnesse, and wood resoun,

A swete peril, in to droune, 4710

An hevy birthen, light to bere,

A wikkid wawe awawy to were.

It is Caribdis perilous,

Disagreable and gracious.

It is discordaunce that can accorde, 4715

And accordaunce to discorde.

It is cunning withoute science,

Wisdom withoute sapience,

Wit withoute discrecion,

Havoir, withoute possessioun. 4720

It is †sike hele and hool siknesse,

A †thrust drowned †in dronkenesse,

†An helthe ful of maladye,

And charitee ful of envy,

†An hunger ful of habundaunce, 4725

And a gredy suffisaunce;

Delyt right ful of lievinesse,

And dreri[h]ed ful of gladnesse;

Bitter swetnesse and swete errour,

Right evel savoured good savour; 4730

†Sinne that pardoun hath withinne,

And pardoun spotted without [with]
sinne;

A peyne also it is, joyous,

And felonye right pitous;

Also pley that selde is stable,

And stedefast [stat], right mevable; 4735

A strengthe, weyked to stonde upright,

And feblenesse, ful of might;

Wit unavysed, sage folye,

And joye ful of turmentrye; 4740

A laughter it is, weeping ay,

Rest, that travyleth night and day;

Also a swete helle it is,

And a sorowful Paradys;

A plesaunt gayl and esy prisoun,

And, ful of froste, somer sesoun;

Pryme temps, ful of frostes whyte,

And May, devoide of al delyte,

With seer braunches, blossoms ungrenne;

And newe fruyt, fillid with winter tene;

It is a slowe, may not forbere

4751

Ragges, ribaned with gold, to were :
 For al-so wel wol love be set
 Under ragges as riche rochet ;
 And eek as wel þe amourettes 4755
 In mourning blak, as bright burnettes.
 For noon is of so mochel prys,
 Ne no man founden [is] so wys,
 Ne noon so high is of parage,
 Ne no man founde of wit so sage. 4760
 No man so hardy ne so wight,
 Ne no man of so mochel might,
 Noon so fulfilled of bounte,
 þBut he with love may daunted be.
 Al the world holdith this way : 4765
 Love makith alle to goon miswey,
 But it be they of yvel lyf,
 Whom Genius cursith, man and wyf,
 That wrongly werkē ageyn nature.
 Noon suchē I love, ne have no cure 4770
 Of suchē as Loves seruaunts been,
 And wol not by my counsel felen,
 For I ne preyse that loving,
 Wher-thurgh man, at the laste ending,
 Shal calle hem wrecchis fulle of wo, 4775
 Love greveth hem and shendith so.
 But if thou wolt wel Love eschewe,
 For to escape out of his mewe,
 And make al hool thy sorwe to slake,
 Nobettir counsel mayst thou take, 4780
 Than thinke to felen wel, y-wis :
 May nouȝt helpe elles ; for wite thou
 this :—
 If thou flee it, it shal flee thee :
 Folowe it, and folowen shal it thee.'

L'Amaunt. Whan I hadde herd al
 Resoun seyn, 4785
 Which hadde spilt hir speche in veyn :
 ' Dame,' seyde I, ' I dar wel sey
 Of this avaunt me wel I may
 That from your scole so deviaunt
 I am, that never the more avaunt 4790
 Right nouȝt am I, thurgh your doctryne ;
 I dulle under your disciplyne ;
 I wot no more than [I] wist þer,
 To me so contrarie and so fer
 Is every thing that ye me lere ; 4795
 And yit I can it al þparenuere.
 Myn herte foryetith therof right nouȝt,
 It is so writen in my thought ;
 And depo þgraven it is so tendir
 That al by herte I can it rendre, 4800

And rede it over comunely ;
 But to my-silf lewedist am I.
 ' But sith ye love discreven so,
 And lukke and preise it, bothe two,
 Defyneth it into this letter, 4805
 That I may thenke on it the better
 For I herde never þdiffyne it ere,
 And wilfully I wolde it lere.'

Raisoun. ' If love be serched wel and
 sought,
 It is a sykenesse of the thought 4810
 Annexed and þknot bitwixe tweyne,
 þWhich male and female, with oo cheyne,
 So frely byndith, that they nil twinne,
 Whether so therof they lese or winne.
 The roote springith, thurgh hoot bren-
 ning, 4815
 Into disordinat desiring
 For to kissen and embrace,
 And at her lust them to solace.
 Of other thing love reechith nouȝt,
 But setteth hir herte and al hir thought
 More for delectacion 4820
 Than any procreacioun
 Of other fruyt by þengendring ;
 Which love to god is not plesing ;
 For of hir body fruyt to get 4825
 They yeve no force, they are so set
 Upon delyt, to pley in-fere.
 And somme have also this manere,
 To feynen hem for love seke ;
 Sich love I preise not at a leke. 4830
 For paramours they do but feyne ;
 To love truly they disdayne.
 They falsen ladies traitoursly,
 And sweren hem othes utterly,
 With many a lesing, and many a fable,
 And al they finden deceyvable. 4835
 And, whanne they þher lust han geten,
 The hoote ernes they al foryeten.
 Wimmen, the harm they byen ful sore :
 But men this thenken evermore, 4840
 That lasse harm is, so mote I thee,
 Disceyve them, than disceyved be ;
 And namely, wher they ne may
 Finde non other mene wey.
 For I wot wel, in sothfastnesse, 4845
 That þwho doth now his bisynnesse
 With any womman for to dele,
 For any lust that he may fele,
 But-if it be for engendrure,

He doth trespassse, I you ensure, For he shulde setten al his wil To geten a likly thing him til, And to sustene[n], if he might, And kepe forth, by kindes right, His owne lyknesse and semblable,	4850	And halt him payed with noon estate. Within him-silf is such debate, He chaungith purpos and entent, And yalt [him] into som covent, To liven aftir her emprysse,	4905
For because al is corumpable, And faile shulde successioun, Ne were þþer generacioun Our sectis strene for to save. Whan fader or moder arn in grave,	4860	And lesith fredom and fraunchyse, That Nature in him hadde set, The which ageyn he may not get, If he there make his mansioune For to abyde professioun.	4910
Hirchildren shulde, whan they ben deede, Ful diligent ben, in hir steede, To use that werke on such a wyse, That oon may thurgh another ryse. Therfore set Kinde t'erin delyt,	4865	Though for a tyme his herte absente, It may not fayle, he shal repente, And eke abyde thilke day To leve his abit, and goon his way, And lesith his worship and his name,	4915
For men therin shulde hem delyte, And of that dede be not erke, But ofte sythes haunt that werke. For noon wolde drawe therof a draught Ne were delyt, which hath him caught.	4871	And dar not come ageyn for shame ; But al his lyf he doth so mourne, Because he dar not hoom retourne, Freedom of kinde so lost hath he That never may recured be,	4920
This hadde soiel dame Nature ; For noon goth right, I thee ensure, Ne hath entent hool ne parfyti; For hir desir is for delyt, The which fortene crece and eke	4875	+But-if that god him graunte grace That he may, er he hennes pace, Conteyne undir obedience Thurgh the vertu of pacience. For Youthe set man in al folye,	4925
The pleyn of love for-otte seke, And thralle hem-silf, they be so nyce, Unto the prince of every vyce. For of ech sinne it is the rote, Unlefulle lust, though it be sote,	4880	In unthrift and in ribaudye, In lecherye, and in outrage, So ofte it chaungith of corage. Youthe ginneth ofte sich bargeyn, That may not ende withouten peyn.	4930
And of al yvel the racyne, As Tullius can determyne, Which in his tyme was ful sage, In a boke he made of Age, Wher that more he preysteth Elde,	4885	40;6 In gret perel is set youth-hede, Delyt so doth his bridil lede. Delyt þthus hangith, drede thee nougat, Bothe mannis body and his thought, Only thurgh þYouthe, his chamberere,	4935
Though he be crooked and unwelde, And more of commendaciooun, Than Yonthe in his discripcioune. For Youthe set bothe man and wylf In al perel of soule and lyf;	4890	That to don yvel is customere, And of nougat elles taketh hede But only folkes for to lede Into disporte and wildenesse, So is [she] froward from sadnessse.	4940
And perel is, but men have grace, The þtyme of youthe for to pace, Withoute any deth or distresse, It is so ful of wildenesse ; So ofte it doth shame or damage	4895	' But Elde drawith hem therfro ; Who wot it nougat, he may wel go þDemand of hem that now arn olde, That whylom Youthe hadde in holde, Which yit þremembre of tendir age,	4945
To him or to his linage. It ledith man now up, now doun, In mochel dissoluicioun, And makith him love yvel company, And lede his lyf disrewlily,	4900	How it hem brought in many a rage, And many a foly therin wrought. But now that Elde hath þhem thurgh- sought, They repente hem of her folye,	4950

In perel and in muche wo,
And made hem ofte amis to do,
And suen yvel compayne,
Riot and avonturye.
 * But Elde þcan ageyn restreyne 4955
From suche foly, and refreyne,
And set men, by hir ordinaunce,
In good reule and in governaunce.
But yvel she spendith hir servyse,
For no man wol hir love, þne prysse; 4960
She is hated, this wot I wele.
Hir acqueyntaunce wolde no man fele,
Ne han of Elde compayne,
Men hate to be of hir alye.
 For no man wolde bicomen olde, 4965
Ne dye, whan he is yong and bolde.
And Elde merveilith right gretly,
Whan they remembre hem inwardly
Of many a perelous emprise,
Whiche that they wrought in sondry
wyse, 4970
How ever they might, withoute blame,
Escape away withoute shame,
In youthe, withoute[n] damage
Or repreef of her linage,
Losse of membre, shedding of blode, 4975
Perel of deth, or losse of good.
 * Wost thou nought where Youthe
abit,
That men so preisen in her wit?
With Delyt she halt sojour,
For bothe they dwellen in oo tour. 4980
As longe as Youthe is in sesoun,
They dwellen in oon mansioun.
Delyt of Youthe wol have servyse
To do what so he wol devyse;
And Youthe is redy evermore 4985
For to obey, for smerte of sore,
Unto Delyt, and him to yive
Hir servise, whyl that she may live.
 * Where Elde abit, I wol thee telle
Shortly, and no whyle dwelle, 4990
For thider bihoveth thee to go.
If Deth in youthe thee not slo,
Of this journey thou maist not failie,
With hir Labour and Travaille
Logged been, with Sorwe and Wo, 4995
That never out of hir courte go.
Peyne and Distresse, Syknesse and Ire,
And Malencoly, that angry sire,
Ben of hir paleys senatours;

Groning and Grueching, hir herber-
geours, 5000
The day and night, hir to turment,
With cruel Deth they hir present,
And tellen hir, erliche and late,
That Deth þstant armed at hir gate.
 Than bringe they to hir remembraunce
The foly dedis of hir infaunce, 5006
Which causen hir to mourne in wo
That Youthe hath hir bigiled so,
Which sodeynly awey is hasted.
She þwepeþ the tyme that she hath
wasted, 5010
Compleyning of the preterit,
And the present, that not abit,
And of hir olde vanitee,
That, but aforn hir she may see
In the future som socour, 5015
To leggen hir of hir dolour,
To graunt hir tyme of repentaunce,
For hir sinnes to do penaunce,
And at the laste so hir governe
To winne the joy that is eterne, 5020
Fro which go bakward Youthe þhir made,
In vanitee to drotne and wade.
For present tyme abidith nouȝt,
It is more swift than any thought;
So litel whyle it doth endure 5025
That ther nis compte ne mesure.
 * But how that ever the game go,
Who list þhave joye and mirth also
Of love, be it he or she,
High or lowe, who[so] it be, 5030
In fruyt they shulde hem delyte;
Her part they may not elles quyte,
To save hem-silf in honestee.
And yit ful many oon I see
Of wimmen, sothly for to seyne, 5035
That [ay] desire and wolde fayne
The pley of love, they be so wilde,
And not coveite to go with childe.
And if with child they be perchauunce,
They wole it holde a gret mischaunce;
But what-som-ever wo they fele, 5041
They wol not pleyne, but concle;
But-if it be any fool or nyee,
In whom that shame hath no justyce.
For to delyt echon they drawe, 5045
That haunte this werk, bothe high and
lawe,
Save sich that ar[e]jn worth right nouȝt,

That for money wol be bought. Such love I preise in no wyse, Whan it is †given for coveitise. 5050 I preise no womman, though †she be wood, That yeveth hir-silf for any good. For litel shulde a man telle Of hir, that wol hir body selle, Be she mayde, be she wyf, 5055 That quik wol selle hir, by hir lyf. How faire chere that ever she make, He is a wrecche, I undirtake, That †loveth such one, for swete or sour, Though she him calle hir paramour, 5060 And laugheth on him, and makith him feeste.	For to gete and have the Rose; Which makith thee so mate and wood That thou desirkest noon other good. 5100 But thou art not an inche the nerre, But ever abydest in sorwe and werre, As in thy face it is sene; It makith thee bothe pale and lene; Thy might, thy vertu goth away. 5105 A sory gest, in goode fay, Thou therberdest than in thyn inne, The God of Love whan thou let inn! Wherfore I rede, thou shette him out, Or he shal greve thee, out of doute; 5110 For to thy profit it wol turne, If he nomore with thee sojourne.
For certeynly no such [a] beeste To be loved is not worthy, Or here the name of dru[e]ry. Noon shulde hir please, but he were wood, That wol dispole him of his good. 5066 Yit nevertheles, I wol notsey †But she, for solace and for pley, May a jewel or other thing Take of her loves free yeving; 5070 But that she aske it in no wyse, For dred of shame of coveityse. And she of hirs may him, certeyn, Withouta sclaudre, yeven ageyn, And joyne her hertes togidre so In love, and take and yeve also. 5075 Trowe not that I wolde hem twinne, Whan in her love ther is no sinne; I wol that they togidre go, And doon al that they han ado, As curteis shulde and debonaire, And in her love beren hem faire, Withouta vyce, bothe he and she; So that alwey, in honestee, Fro foly love †they kepe hem clere 5085 That brenneth hertis with his fere; And that her love, in any wyse, Be devoid of coveityse.	In gret mischeef and sorwe sonken Ben hertis, that of love arn dronken, As thou peraventure knownen shal, 5115 Whan thou hast lost †thy tyme al, And spent †thy youthe in ydilnesse, In waste, and woful lustinesse; If thou maist live the tyme to see Of love for to delivered be, 5120 Thy tyme thou shalt biwepe sore The whiche never thou maist restore. (For tyme lost, as men may see, For no-thing may recured be). And if thou scape yit, atte laste, 5125 Fro Love, that hath thee so faste Knit and bounden in his lace, Certeyn, I holde it but a grace. For many oon, as it is seyn, Have lost, and spent also in veyn, 5130 In his servyse, withoute socour, Body and soule, good, and tresour, Wit, and strengthe, and eek richesse, Of which they hadde never redresse.'
Good love shulde engendrid be Of trewe herte, just, and secree, 5090 And not of such as sette her thought To have her lust, and ellis nougat, So are they caught in Loves lace, Truly, for bodily solace. Fleshly delyt is so present 5095 With thee, that sette al thyn entent, Withoute more (what shulde I close?)	Thus taught and preached hath Resoun, But Love spiltē hir sermoun, 5130 That was so imped in my thought, That hir doctrine I sette at nought. And yit ne seide she never a dele, That I ne understande it wele, Word by word, the mater al. But unto Love I was so thral, Which callith over-al his pray, He chasith so my thought †alway, And holdith myn herte undir his sele, As trust and trew as any stele; 5140 So that no devocioun Ne hadde I in the sermoun

Of dame Resoun, ne of hir rede;
It toke no sojour in myn hede. 5150
For alle yede out at oon ere
That in that other she dide lere;
Fully on me she lost hir lore,
Hir speche me greved wondir sore.
+Than unto hir for ire I seide,
For anger, as I dide abraide:
‘Dame, and is it your wille algate,
That I not love, but that I hate
Alle men, as ye me teche?’
For if I do aftir your speche, 5160
Sith that ye seyn love is not good,
Than must I nedis say with mood,
If I it leve, in hatrede ay
Liven, and voide love away
From me, [and been] a sinful wrecche,
Hated of all that [love that] tecche. 5166
I may not go noon other gate,
For either must I love or hate.
And if I hate men of-newe
More than love, it wol me rewe,
As by your preaching semeth me,
For Love no-thing ne preisith thee.
Ye yeve good counsel, sikirly,
That prechith me al-day, that I
Shulde not Loves lore allowe; 5175
He were a fool, wolde you not trowe!
In specie also ye han me taught
Another love, that knownen is naught,
Which I have herd you not repreve,
To love ech other; by your leve, 5180
If ye wolde diffyne it me,
I wolde gladly here, to see,
At the leest, if I may lere
Of sondry loves the manere.’

Raison. ‘Certis, freend, a fool art thou 5185
Whan that thou no-thing wolt allowe
That I [thee] for thy profit say.
Yit wol I sey thee more, in fay;
For I am redy, at the leste,
To accomplissh the thy requeste, 5190
But I not wher it wol avayle;
In veyne, perauntre, I shal travayle.
Love ther is in sondry wyse,
As I shal thee here devyse.
For som love leful is and good; 5195
I mene not that which makith thee wood,
And bringith thee in many a fit,
And ravissith fro thee al thy wit,

It is so merveilous and queynt;
With such love be no more aqueynt. 5200

Comment Raisoun diffinist
+Amistie.

‘Love of Frendshippe also ther is,
Which makith no man doon amis,
Of wille knit bitwixe two,
That wol not breke for wele ne wo;
Which long is lykly to contune, 5205
Whan wille and goodis ben in comune;
Grounded by goddis ordinaunce,
Hool, withoute discordaunce;
With hem holding comunitie
Of al her goode in charitee, 5210
That ther be noon excepcioune
Thurgh chaunging of entencioune;
That ech helpe other at hir neede,
And wysly hele bothe word and dede:
Trewe of mening, devoid of slouthe, 5215
For wit is nought withoute trouthe;
So that the ton dar al his thought
Seyn to his freend, and spare nougheit,
As to him-silf, without dreding
To be discovered by wreyng. 5220
For glad is that conjuncioune,
Whan ther is noon suspicioone
[Ne lak in hem], whom they wolde prove
That trew and parfit weren in love.
For no man may be amiably, 5225
But-if he be so ferme and stable,
That fortune chaunge him not, ne blinde,
But that his freend alwey him finde,
Bothe porc and riche, in oo[n] [e]state.
For if his freend, thurgh any gate, 5230
Wol compleyne of his povertee,
He shulde not byde so long, til he
Of his helping him require;
For good deed, don [but] thurgh prayere,
Is sold, and bought to dere, y-wis, 5235
To hert that of gret valour is.
For hert fulfilled of gentilnesse
Can yvel demene his distresse.
And man that worthy is of name
To asken often hath gret shame. 5240
A good man brenneth in his thought
For shame, whan he axeth ought.
He hath gret thought, and dredith ay
For his diseese, whan he shal pray
His freend, lest that he warned be, 5245

Til that he preve his stabilee,
 But whan that he hath founden oon
 That trusty is and trew as stone,
 And [hath] assayed him at al,
 And found him stedefast as a wal. 5250
 And of his frendisheip be certeyne.
 He shal him shewe bothe joye and peyne,
 And al that [he] dar think or sey,
 Withoute shame, as he wel may.
 For how shulde he ashamed be 5255
 Of sich oon as I tolde thee?
 For whan he woot his secre thought,
 The thridde shal knowe ther-of right
 nought:
 For tweyn in nombre is bet than three
 In every counsel and secre. 5260
 Repreve he dredeth never a del,
 Who that biset his wordis wel:
 For every wys man, out of drede,
 Can kepe his tunge til he see nede;
 And fooles can not holde hir tunge; 5265
 A fooles belle is sone runge.
 Yit shal a trewe freend do more
 To helpe his felowe of his sore,
 And socoure him, whan he hath nede,
 In al that he may doon in dede; 5270
 And gladder [be] that he him plesith
 Than [is] his felowe that he esith.
 And if he do not his requeste,
 He shal as mochel him moleste
 As his felow, for that he 5275
 May not fulfille his voluntee
 [As] fully as he hath required.
 If þbothe hertis Love hath fered,
 Joy and wo they shul depart,
 And take evenly ech his part. 5280
 Halff his anoy he shal have ay,
 And comfort [him] what that he may;
 And of þhis blisse parte shal he,
 If love wol departed be.
 ' And whilom of this þamitee 5285
 Spak Tullius in a ditee;
 þ " A man shulde maken his request
 Unto his freend, that is honest;
 And he goodly shulde it fulfille,
 But it the more were out of skile, 5290
 And otherwise not graunt thereto,
 Except only in þcases two:
 If men his freend to deth wolde dryve,
 Lat him be bisy to save his lyve.
 Also if men wolen him assayle, 5295

Of his wrurship to make him faille,
 And hindren him of his renoun,
 Lat him, with ful entencioun,
 His never doon in ech degree
 That his freend ne shamed be. 5300
 In this two þcases with his might,
 Taking no kepe to skile nor right,
 As ferre as love may him excuse;
 This oughte no man to refuse."
 This love that I have told to thee 5305
 Is no-thing contrarie to me;
 This wol I that thou folowe wel,
 And leve the tother everydel.
 This love to vertu al attenthid, 5310
 The tothir fooles blent and shendith.
 ' Another love also there is,
 That is contrarie unto this,
 Which desyre is so constreyned
 That [it] is but wille feyned;
 Awey fro trouthe it doth so varie, 5315
 That to good love it is contrarie;
 For it maymeth, in many wyse,
 Syke hertis with coveitysse;
 Al in winning and in profyt
 Sich love settith his deltyt. 5320
 This love so hangeth in balaunee
 That, if it lese his hope, perchaunce,
 Of lucre, that he is set upon,
 It wol faile, and quenche anon;
 For no man may be amorous, 5325
 Ne in his living vertuous,
 But-[if] he love more, in mood,
 Men for hem-silf than for hir good.
 For love that profit doth abyde
 Is fals, and bit not in no tyde. 5330
 [This] love cometh of dame Fortune,
 That litel whyle wol contune;
 For it shal chaungen wonder sone,
 And take eclips right as the mone,
 Whan þshe is from us [y]-let 5335
 Thburgh erthe, that bitwixe is set
 The sonne and hir, as it may falle,
 Be it in party, or in alle;
 The shadowe maketh her blemis merke,
 And hir hornes to shewe derke, 5340
 That part where she hath lost þthe lyght
 Of Phebus fully, and the sight;
 Til, whan the shadowe is overpast,
 She is enlumined ageyn as faste, 5344
 þThburgh brightnesse of the sonne bemes
 That yeveth to hir ageyn hir lemes.

That love is right of siche nature ;
 Now is [it] fair, and now obscure,
 Now bright, now clipsy of manere,
 And whylom dim, and whylom clere. 5350
 As sone as Poverte ginneth take,
 With mantel and [with] wedis blake
 [It] hidith of Love the light awey,
 That into night it turneth day ;
 It may not see Richesse shyne 5355
 Til the blakke shadowes fyne.
 For, whan Richesse shyneth bright,
 Love recovereth ageyn his light ;
 And whan it failith, he wol flit,
 And as she †groweth, so groweth it. 5360

' Of this love, here what I say :—
 The riche men are loved ay,
 And namely tho that sparand bene,
 That wol not wasshe hir hertes clene
 Of the filthe, nor of the vyce 5365
 Of gredy brenning avarye.
 The riche man ful fond is, y-wis,
 That weneth that he loved is.
 If that his herte it undirstood,
 It is not he, it is his good ; 5370
 He may wel witen in his thought,
 His good is loved, and he right nought.
 For if he be a nigard eke,
 Men wole not sette by him a leke,
 But hateun him ; this is the soth. 5375
 Lo, what profit his catel doth !
 Of every man that may him see,
 It geteth him nought but enmiteme.
 But he amende †him of that vyce,
 And knowe him-silf, he is not wys. 5380

' Certis, he shulde ay frendly be,
 To gete him love also ben free,
 Or ellis he is not wyse ne sage
 No more than is a gote ramage.
 That he not loveth, his dede proventh,
 Whan he his richesse so wel loveth, 5386
 That he wol hyde it ay and spare,
 His pore frendis seen forfare ;
 To kepe †it ay is his purpose,
 Til for drede his eyen close,
 And til a wikked deth him take ;
 Him hadde lever asondre shake,
 And late †his limes asondre ryve,
 Than leve his richesse in his lyve.
 He thenkith parte it with no man ; 5395
 Certayn, no love is in him than.
 How shulde love within him be,

Whan in his herte is no pite ?
 That he trespasseth, wel I wat,
 For ech man knowith his estat ; 5400
 For wel him †oughte be reproved
 That loveth nought, ne is not loved.
 ' But sith we arn to Fortune comen,
 And †han our sermoun of hir nomen,
 A wondir wil I telle thee now, 5405
 Thou herdist never siche oon, I trow.
 I not wher thou me leven shal,
 Though sothiasnesse it be †in al,
 As it is writen, and is sooth,
 That unto men more profit doth 5410
 The froward Fortune and contraire,
 Than the swote and debonaire :
 And if theo thinke it is doutable,
 It is thurgh argument provable.
 For the debonaire and softe 5415
 Falsith and bigylith ofte ;
 For liche a moder she can cherishe
 And milken as doth a norys ;
 And of hir goode to †hem deles,
 And yeveth †hem part of her jowelees, 5420
 With grete richesse and dignitee ;
 And hem she hoteth stabilitee
 In a state that is not stable,
 But chaunging ay and variable ;
 And fedith †hem with glorie veyne, 5425
 And worldly blisse noncerteyne.
 Whan she †hem settith on hir whele,
 Than weno they to be right wele,
 And in so stable state withulle,
 That never they wene for to falle. 5430
 And whan they set so high[e] be,
 They wene to have in certeintee
 Of hertly frendis †so gret noumbre,
 That no-thing mighte her stat encembre ;
 They truste hem so on every syde, 5435
 Wening with †hem they wolde abyde
 In every perel and mischaunce,
 Withoutte chaunge or variaunce,
 Bothe of catel and of good ;
 And also for to spende hir blood 5440
 And alle hir membris for to spille,
 Only to fulfille hir wille.
 They maken it hole in many wyse,
 And hoten hem hir ful servyse,
 How sore that it do hem smerte, 5445
 Into hir very naked sherte !
 Herte and al, so hole they yeve,
 For the tym that they may live,

So that, with her flaterye,
They maken foolis gloriſe
Of hir wordis [greet] ſpeking,
And han þthere-of a rejoysing.
And trowe hem as the Evangyle ;
And it is al falſheed and gyle,
As they ſhal afterwardeſſe ſee, 5450
Whan they arn falle in povertee,
And been of good and catel bare ;
Than ſhulde they ſeen who freendis
ware.
For of an hundred, certeynly,
Nor of a thouſand ful ſcarſy,
Ne ſhal they fynde unneſthiſ oon,
Whan povertee is comen upon.
For þthis Fortune that I of telle,
With men whan hir luſt to dwelle,
Makith hem to leſe hir coniſauice, 5465
And nouriſhith hem in ignorauice.
‘ But froward Fortune and perverse,
Whan high estatis ſhe doth reverse,
And maketh hem to tumble doun
Of hir whele, with ſodeyn tourne, 5470
And from hir richesse doth hem flee,
And plongeth hem in povertee,
As a ſtepmoder enyyous,
And leyeth a plastré dolorous
Unto her hertiſ, wounded egre, 5475
Which is not tempreſ with vinegre,
But with poverte and indigence,
þShe ſheweth, by experience,
That ſhe is Fortune verely
In whom no man ſhulde affy, 5480
Nor in hir yeftis have fiaunce,
She is ſo ful of variaunce.
Thus can ſhe maken high and lowe,
Whan they from richesse ar[e]n throwe,
Fully to knownen, withouten were, 5485
Freend of þeffect, and freend of chere ;
And which in love weren trew and ſtable,
And whiche also weren variable,
After Fortune, hir goddeſſe,
In poverte, outher in richesse ; 5490
For al þſhe yeveth, out of drede,
Unhappe bereveth it in dede ;
For Infortune þlat not oon
Of freendis, whan Fortune is goon ;
I mene tho freendis that wol flee 5495
Anoon as entreth povertee.
And yit they wol not leve hem ſo,
But in ech place where they go

They calle hem “ wreche,” ſcorne and
blame,
And of hir mishappe hem diffame, 5500
And, namely, ſiehe as in richesse
Pretendith moſt of stablenesse,
Whan that they ſaw him ſet onloſte,
And weren of him ſocoured ofte,
And moſt y-holpe in al hir nede : 5505
But now they take no maner hede,
But ſeyn, in voice of flaterye,
That now apperith hir folye,
Over-al whereſo they fare,
And ſing, “ Go, farewell feldefare.” 5510
Alle ſuehe freendis I beshrewē,
For of [the] trewe ther be to fewe ;
But ſothfaſt freendis, what ſo bityde,
In every fortune wolen abyde ;
They han hir hertiſ in ſuche nobleſſe 5515
That they nil love for no richesse ;
Nor, for that Fortune may hem ſende,
They wolen hem ſocoure and defende ;
And chaunge for ſoſte ne for ſore,
For who is freend, loveth evermore. 5520
Though men draweſword his freend to ſlo,
He may not hewe hir love atwo.
But, in [the] caſe that I ſhal ſey,
For pride and ire leſe it he may,
And for reprove by nycteetee, 5525
And discovering of privitee,
With tonge wounding, as felonoun,
Thurgh venemous detraccioun.
Freend in this caſe wol gon his way,
For no-thing greve him more ne may ;
And for nought ellis wol he flee, 5530
If that he love in ſtabilitie.
And certeyn, he is wel bigoon
Among a thouſand that fyndith oon.
For ther may be no richesse, 5535
Ageyns frendſhip, of worthinesse ;
For it ne may ſo high atteigne
As may the valoure, ſooth to ſeyne,
Of him that loveth trew and wel ;
Frendſhip is more than is catel. 5540
For freend in court ay better is
Than peny in [his] purs, certis ;
And Fortune, miſhapping,
Whan upon men ſhe is þfalling,
Thurgh miſturning of hir chaunce, 5545
And þcasteth hem oute of balaunce,
She makith, thurgh hir adverſitez,
Men ful clearly for to ſee

Him that is freend in existence
From him that is by apparence. 5550
For Infortune makith anon
To knowe thy freendis fro thy foon,
By experience, right as it is :
The which is more to preyse, y-wis,
Than tis miche richesse and tresour ;
For more þþoþ profit and valour 5556
Poverte, and such adversitee,
Bifore than doth prosperitee :
For the toon yeveth conisaunce,
And the tother ignorauance. 5560
 ‘ And thus in poverte is in dede
Troutho declared fro falsehede ;
For feynre frendis it wol declare,
And trewe also, what wey they fare.
For whan he was in his richesse, 5565
These freendis, ful of doublenesse,
Offrid him in many wyse
Hert and body, and servyse.
What woldes he than ha þþeve to ha
bought
To knownen openly her thought, 5570
That he now hath so clerly seen ?
The lasse bigyled he sholde have been
And he hadde than perceyved it,
But richesse nold not late him wit.
Wel more avauntage doth him than, 5575
Sith that it makith him a wys man,
The greet mischeef that he þþeceyveth,
Than doth richesse that him deceyveth.
Richesse riche ne makith nouȝt
Him that on tresour set his thought ;
For richesse stont in suffisaunce 5581
And no-thing in habundaunce ;
For suffisaunce al-only
Makith men to live richely.
For he that hath [but] miche tweyne,
Ne [more] value in his demeigne, 5586
Liveth more at ese, and more is riche,
Than doth he that is [so] chiche,
And in his bern hath, soth to seyn,
An hundred þmuwis of whete greyn, 5590
Though he be chapman or marchaunt,
And have of golde many besaunt.
For in the geting he hath such wo,
And in the keping drede also,
And set evermore his bisynesse 5595
For to encrese, and not to lesse,
For to augment and multiply.
And though on hepis þit lye him by,

Yit never shal make his richesse
Assets unto his grediness. 5600
But the povre that recchith nouȝt,
Save of his lyfode, in his thought,
Which that he getith with his travaile,
He dredith nouȝt that it shal faile,
Though he have lytel worldis good, 5605
Mete and drinke, and esy food,
Upon his travel and living,
And also suffisaunt clothing.
Or if in syknesse that he falle,
And lothe mete and drink withalle, 5610
Though he have nouȝt, his mete to by,
He shal bithink him hastily,
To putte him out of al dannger,
That he of mete hath no mister ;
Or that he may with litel eke 5615
Be founden, whyl that he is seke ;
Or that men shul him þþero in hast,
To live, til his syknesse be past,
To somme maysondewe bisyde ; 5619
He cast nouȝt what shal him bityde.
He thenkith nouȝt that ever he shal
Into any syknesse falle.
 ‘ And though it falle, as it may be,
That al betyme spare shal he
As mochel as shal to him suffyce, 5625
Whyl he is syke in any wyse,
He doth [it], for that he wol be
Content with his povertee
Withoute nede of any man.
So miche in litel have he can, 5630
He is apayed with his fortune ;
And for he nil be importune
Unto no wight, ne onerous,
Nor of hir goodes coveitous ;
Therfore he sparcth, it may wel been,
His pore estat for to sustene. 5636
 ‘ Or if him lust not for to spare,
But suffrieth forth, as nouȝt ne ware,
Atte last it hapneth, as it may,
Right unto his laste day, 5640
And þtaketh the world as it wolde be ;
For ever in herte thenkith he,
The soner that [the] deeth him slo,
To paradys the soner go
He shal, there for to live in blisse, 5645
Where that he shal no good misse,
Thider he hopith god shal him sende
Aftir his wrecchid lyves ende.
Pictagoras himsylf reherses,

In a book that the Golden Verses 5650
 Is clepid, for the nobilitie
 Of the honourable ditee :—
 “ Than, whan thou gost thy body fro,
 Free in the eir thou shalt up go,
 And leven al humanitee, 5655
 And purely live in deitee.”—
 He is a fool, withouten were,
 That trowith have his countre here.
 “ In erthe is not our countree,”
 That may these clerkis seyn and see 5660
 In Boece of Consolacioun,
 Where it is maked mencioune
 Of our countree pleyn at the eye,
 By teching of philosophye,
 Where lewid men might lere wit, 5665
 Who-so that wolde translaten it.
 If he be sich that can wel live
 Aftir his rente may him yive,
 And not desyreh more to have,
 That may fro povertee him save : 5670
 A wys man seide, as we may seen,
 Is no man wretched, but he it wene,
 Be he king, knight, or ribaud.
 And many a ribaud is mery and baud,
 That swinkith, and berith, bothe day and 5675
 night,
 Many a burthen of gret might,
 The whiche doth him lasse offense,
 For he suffrieth in pacience.
 They laugh and daunce, trippe and singe, 5680
 And ley not up for her living,
 But in the tavern al dispendith
 The winning that god hem sendith.
 Than goth he, fardels for to bere,
 With as good chere as he dide ere ; 5685
 To swinke and travele he not feynith,
 For for to robbien he disdeynith ;
 But right anoon, aftir his swinke,
 He goth to tavern for to drinke.
 Alle these ar riche in abundaunce, 5690
 That can thus have suffisaunce
 Wel more than can an usurere,
 As god wel knowith, withoute were.
 For an usurer, so god me see,
 Shal never for richesse riche bee, 5695
 But evermore pore and indigent,
 Scarce, and gredy in his entent.
 ‘ For soth it is, whom it displeseth,
 Ther may no marchaunt live at ese ;
 His herte in sich a †were is set,

That it quik brenneth [more] to get, 5700
 Ne never shal †enough have geten ;
 Though he have gold in gerners yeten,
 For to be nedye he dredith sore.
 Wherfore to geten more and more
 He set his herte and his desire ; 5705
 So hote he brennith in the fire
 Of coveitise, that makith him wood
 To purchase other mennes good.
 He undirfongith a gret peyne,
 That undirtakith to drinke up Seyne ; 5710
 For the more he drinkith, ay
 The more he leveth, the soth to say.
 †This is the thurst of fals geting,
 That last ever in coveiting,
 And the anguissho and distresse 5715
 With the fire of gredinesse.
 She fighteth with him ay, and stryveth,
 That his herte asondre ryveth ;
 Such gredinesse him assaylith,
 That when he most hath, most he faylith. 5720
 ‘ Phisiciens and advocates 5721
 Gon right by the same yates ;
 They selle hir science for winning,
 And haunte hir crafte for greet geting.
 Hir winning is of such swetnesse, 5725
 That if a man falle in sikenesse,
 They are ful glad, for hir encruse ;
 For by hir wille, withoute lees,
 Everiche man shulde be seke, 5729
 And though they dye, they set not a leke.
 After, whan they the gold have take,
 Ful litel care for hem they make.
 They wolde that fourty were seke at onis,
 Ye, two hundred, in flesh and bonis, 5735
 And yit two thousand, as I gesse,
 For to encresen her richesse.
 They wol not worchen, in no wyse,
 But for lucre and coveityse ;
 For fysyk ginneth first by *fylly*, 5740
 The fysycien also soothely ;
 And sithen it goth fro *fylly* to *lys* ;
 To truste on hem, it is foly ;
 For they nil, in no maner gree,
 Do right nought for charitee. 5745
 ‘ Eke in the same secte are set
 Alle tho that prechen for to get
 Worships, honour, and richesse.
 Her hertis arn in greet distresse,
 That folk [ne] live not holily. 5750
 But aboven al, specialy,

Sich as prechen [for] veynglorie,
And toward god have no memorie,
But forth as ypocrites trace,
And to her soules deth purchace,
And outward þshewen holynesse, 5755
Though they be fulle of cursidnesse.
Not liche to the apostles twelve,
They deceyve other and hem-selve ;
Bigyled is the gyler than.
For preaching of a cursed man, 5760
Though [it] to other may profyte,
Himsilf availeth not a myte ;
For oþt good predicaciooun
Cometh of evel entenciooun.
To him not vailith his preaching, 5765
Al helpe he other with his teching ;
For where they good ensaumple take,
There is he with veynglorie shake.
' But lat us leven these prechoures,
And speke of hem that in her toures 5770
Hepe up her gold, and faste shette,
And sore theron her herte sette.
They neither love god, ne dredc
They kepe more than it is nede,
And in her bagges sore it binde, 5775
Out of the sonne, and of the winde ;
They putte up more than nede ware,
Whan they seen pore folk forfare,
For hunger dye, and for cold quake ;
God can wel vengeance therof take. 5780
þThree gret mischeves hem assalith,
And thus in gadring ay travaylith ;

With moche peyne they winne richesse ;
And drede hem holdith in distresse,
To kepe that they gadro faste ; 5785
With sorwe they leve it at the laste ;
With sorwe they bothe dye and live,
That þto richesse her hertis yive,
And in defaute of love it is,
As it shewith ful wel, y-wis. 5790
For if these gredy, the sothe to seyn,
Loveden, and were loved ageyn,
And good love regned over-alie,
Such wikkidnesse ne shulde fulle ;
But he shulde yeve that most good had 5795
To hem that weren in nede bistad, 5796
And live withoute fals usure,
For charited ful clene and pure.
If they hem yeve to goodnesse,
Defending hem from ydelnesse, 5800
In al this world than pore noon
We shulde finde, I trowe, not oon.
But chaunged is this world unstable ;
For love is over-al vendable.
We see that no man loveth now 5805
But for winning and for prow ;
And love is thrallid in servage
Whan it is sold for avauntage ;
Yit wommen wol hir bodies selle ; 5809
Suche soules goth to the devel of helle.'

[Here ends l. 5170 of the F. text. A great gap follows. The next line answers to l. 10717 of the same.]

FRAGMENT C.

Whan Love had told hem his entente,
The baronage to councel wente ;
In many sentences they fille,
And dyversly they seide hir wille :
But aftir discord they accorded, 5815
And hir accord to Love recorded.
'Sir,' seiden they, ' we been at oon,
By even accord of everichoon,
Out-take Richesse al-only,
That sworen hath ful hauteynly, 5820
That she the castel þnil assaile,
Ne smytle a stroke in this bataile,
With dart, ne mace, spere, ne knyf,

For man that speketh or bereth the lyf,
And blameth your emprysse, y-wis, 5825
And from our hoost departed is,
(At leeste wey, as in this plyte,)
So hath she this man in dispyle ;
For she seith he ne loved hir never,
And therfor she wol hate him ever. 5830
For he wol gadre no tresore,
He hath hir wrath for evermore.
He agilte hir never in other caas,
Lo, here al hooly his trespass !
She seith wel, that this other day 5835
He asked hir leve to goon the way

That is clepid To-moche-Yeving,
And spak ful faire in his praying ;
But whan he prayde hir, pore was he,
Therfore she warned him the entree. 5840
Ne yet is he not thriven so
That he hath geten a peny or two,
That quilty is his owne in hold.
Thus hath Richesse us alle told ;
And whan Richesse us this recorded, 5845
Withouten hir we been accorded.

' And we finde in our accordaunce,
That False-Semblant and Abstinaunce,
With alle the folk of hir bataile,
Shulle at the hinder gate assayle, 5850
That Wikkid-Tunge hath in keping,
With his Normans, fulle of jangling.
And with hem Curtesie and Largesse,
That shulle shewe hir hardinesse
To the olde wyf that þkeþet so harde
Fair-Welcoming within her warde. 5856
Than shal Delyte and Wel-Helinge
Fonde Shame adoun to bringe ;
With al hir hoost, erly and late,
They shulle assailen þthilke gate. 5860
Agaynes Drede shal Hardinesse
Assayle, and also Sikernesse,
With al the folk of hir leding,
That never wist what was fleing.

' Fraunchyse shal fighte, and eek Pitee,
With Daunger ful of crueltee. 5866
Thus is your hoost ordeyned wel ;
Doun shal the castel every del,
If everiche do his entente,
So that Venus be presente, 5870
Your moder, ful of vassalage,
That can y-nough of such usage ;
Withouten hir may no wight sped
This werk, neither for word ne dede.
Therfore is good ye for hir sende, 5875
For thurgh hir may this werk amende.'

Amour. ' Lordinges, my moder, the goddesse,

That is my lady, and my maistresse,
Nis not [at] al at my willing,
Ne doth not al my desyring. 5880
Yit can she som-tyme doon labour,
Whan that hir lust, in my socour,
þAl my nedes for to achieve,
But now I thenke hir not to greve.
My moder is she, and of childhede 5885
I bothe worshippe hir, and eek drede ;

For who that dredeth sire ne dame
Shal it abyne in body or name.
And, natholes, yit cunne we
Sende after hir, if nede be ; 5890
And were she nigh, she comen wolde,
I trowe that no-thing might hir holde.
' My moder is of greet prowesse ;
She hath tan many a forteresse,
That cost hir many a pound er this, 5895
Ther I has not present, y-wis :
And yit men seide it was my dede ;
But I come never in that stede ;
Ne me ne lyketh, so mote I theo,
Such þtoures take withoute me. 5900
For-why me thenketh that, in no wyse,
It may ben cleped but marchandise.
' Go bye a courser, blak or whyte,
And pay therfor ; than art thou quyte.
The marchaunt oweth thee right nouȝt,
Ne thou him, whan thou [hast] it bought.
I wol not selling clepe yeving, 5907
For selling axeth no guerdoning ;
Here lyth no thank, ne no meryte,
That oon goth from that other al quyte.
But this selling is not semblable ; 5911
For, whan his hors is in the stable,
He may it selle ageyn, pardee,
And winne on it, such hap may be ;
Al may the man not lese, y-wis, 5915
For at the leest the skin is his.
Or elles, if it so bityde
That he wol kepe his hors to ryde,
Yit is he lord ay of his hors.
But þhilke chaffare is wel wors, 5920
There Venus entremeteth nouȝt ;
For who-so such chaffare hath bought,
He shal not worchen so wysly,
That he ne shal lese al outerly
Bothe his money and his chaffare ; 5925
But the seller of the ware
The prys and profit have shal.
Certeyn, the byer shal lese al ;
For he ne can so dere it bye
To have lordship and ful maistrye, 5930
Ne have power to make letting
Neither for yift ne for preaching,
That of his chaffare, maugre his,
Another shal have as moche, y-wis,
If he wol ſeve as moche as he, 5935
Of what contrey so that he be ;
Or for right nouȝt, so happe may,

If he can flater hir to hir pay.
 Ben than suche marchaunts wyse ?
 No, but fooles in every wyse, 5940
 Whan they bye such thing wilfully,
 Ther-as they lese her good fully.
 But natheles, this dar I saye,
 My moder is not wont to paye,
 For she is neither so fool ne nyce, 5945
 To entremete hir of sich vyce.
 But truste wel, he shal paye al,
 That repente of his bargeyn shal,
 Whan Poverte put him in distresse,
 Al were he scoler to Richesse, 5950
 That is for me in gret yerning,
 Whan she assenteth to my willing.
 ' But, [by] my moder seint Venus,
 And by hir fader Saturnus,
 That hir engendrid by his lyf, 5955
 But not upon his wedded wif !
 Yit wol I more unto you swere,
 To make this thing the sūrere ;
 Now by that feith, and that tleantee
 +I owe to alle my brethren free, 5960
 Of which ther nis wight under heven
 That can her fadres names neven,
 So dyvers and so many ther be
 That with my moder have be privee !
 Yit wold I swere, for sikernes, 5965
 The pole of helle to my witnesse,
 Now drinke I not this yeer clarree,
 If that I lye, or forsworn be !
 (For of the goddes the usage is,
 That who-so him forsworath amis, 5970
 Shal that yeer drinke no clarree).
 Now have I sworn y-nough, pardee ;
 If I forswere me, than am I lorn,
 But I wol never be forsworn.
 Sith Richesse hath me failed here, 5975
 She shal abyte that trespass tdere,
 At leeste wey, but [she] hir arme
 With swerd, or sparthe, or gisarme.
 For certes, sith she loveth not me,
 Fro thilke tyme that she may see 5980
 The castel and the tour to-shake,
 In sory tyme she shal awake.
 If I may grype a riche man,
 I shal so pulle him, if I can,
 That ho shal, in a fewe stoundes, 5985
 Lese alle his markes and his poundes.
 I shal him make his pens outslinge,
 But-[if] they in his gerner springe ;

Our maydens shal eek plukke him so,
 That him shal neden fetheres mo, 5990
 And make him selle his lond to spende,
 But he the bet cunne him defende.
 ' Pore men han maad hir lord of me ;
 Although they not so mighty be,
 That they may fede me in deltyt, 5995
 I wol not have hem in despyst.
 No good man hateth hem, as I gesse ;
 For chinche and feloun is Richesse,
 That so can chase hem and dispysse,
 And hem defoule in sondry wyse. 6000
 They loven ful bet, so god me spede,
 Than doth the riche, chinchy +gnede,
 And been, in good feith, more stable
 And trewer, and more serviable ;
 And therfore it suffyseth me 6005
 Hir goode herte, and hir tleautee.
 They han on me set al hir thought,
 And therfore I forgete hem nought.
 I twolde hem bringe in greet noblesse,
 If that I were god of Richesse, 6010
 As I am god of Love, soothly,
 Such routlie upon hir pleynt have I.
 Therfore I must his socour be,
 That peyneth him to serven me ;
 For if he deyde for love of this, 6015
 Than semeth in me no love ther is.'
 ' Sir,' seide they, ' sooth is, every del,
 That ye reherce, and we wot wel
 Thilk oth to holde is resonable ;
 For it is good and covenable, 6020
 That ye on riche men han sworn.
 For, sir, this wot we wel biforn ;
 If riche men doon you homage,
 That is as fooles doon outrage ;
 But ye shul not forsworen be, 6025
 Ne let therfore to drinke clarree,
 Or piment maked fresh and newe.
 Ladyses shulle hem such pepir brewe,
 If that they falie into hir laas,
 That they for wo mowe seyn ' Allas ! ' 6030
 Ladyses shuln ever so curteis be,
 That they shal quyte your oth al free.
 Ne seketh never other vicaire,
 For they shal speke with hem so faire
 That ye shal holde you payed ful wel, 6035
 Though ye you medle never a del.
 Lat ladies worche with hir thinges,
 They shal hem telle so fele tydinges,
 And moeve hem eke so many requestis

By flattery, that not honest is, 6040
 And therto yeve hem such thankinges,
 What with kissing, and with talkinges,
 That certes, if they trowed be,
 Shal never leve hem lond ne fee
 That it nil as the moeble fare, 6045
 Of which they first delivered are.
 Now may ye telle us al your wille,
 And we your hestes shal fulfille.

'But Fals-Semblant dar not, for drede
 Of you, sir, medle him of this dede, 6050
 For he seith that ye been his fo ;
 He not, if ye wol worche him wo.
 Wherfore we pray you alle, beau-sire,
 That ye forgive him now your ire,
 And that he may dwelle, as your man,
 With Abstinence, his dere leman; 6055
 This our accord and our wil now.'

'Parfay,' seide Love, 'I graunte it yow;
 I wol wel holde him for my man; 6059
 Now lat him come:' and he forth ran.
 'Fals-Semblant,' quod Love, 'in this wyse
 I take thee here to my servyse,
 That thou our frendis helpe alway,
 And þhindre hem neither night ne day,
 But do thy might hem to releve, 6065
 And eek our enemies that thou greve.
 Thyn be this might, I graunt it thee,
 My king of harlotes shalt thou be :
 We wol that thou have such honour.
 Certeyn, thou art a fals traitour, 6070
 And eek a theef; sith thou were born,
 A thousand tyme thou art forsworn.
 But, nathenes, in our hering.
 To putte our folk out of douting,
 I bid thee teche hem, wostow how? 6075
 By somme general signe now,
 In what place thou shalt founden be,
 If that men had mister of thee;
 And how men shal thee best espye,
 For thee to knowe is greet maistrye; 6080
 Tel in what place is thyn haunting.'

F. Sem. 'Sir, I have fele dyvers woning,
 That I kepe not rehersed be,
 So that ye wolde respyten me.
 For if that I telle you the sothe, 6085
 I may have harm and shame bothe.
 If that my felowes wisten it,
 My tales shulden me be quit;
 For certeyn, they wolde hate me,
 If ever I knewehir cruelte; 6090

For they wolde over-al holde hem stille
 Of trouthe that is ageyn hir wille;
 Suche tales kepen they not here.
 I might eftsonne bye it ful dere,
 If I seide of hem any thing, 6095
 That ought displeseth to hir hering.
 For what word that hem prikke or byteth,
 In that word noon of hem delyteth,
 Al were it gospel, the evangyle,
 That wolde reprove hem of hir gyle, 6100
 For they are cruel and hauteyn.
 And this thing wot I wel, certeyn,
 If I speke ought to peire hir loos,
 Your court shal not so wel be cloos,
 That they ne shal wite it atte last. 6105
 Of good men am I nouȝt agast,
 For they wol taken on hem no-thing.
 Whan that they knowe al my mening;
 But he that wol it on him take,
 He wol himselfe suspicious make, 6110
 That he his lyf let covertly,
 In Gyle and in Ipoerisy,
 That me engendred and yaf fostring.'

'They made a ful good engendring.'
 Quod Love, 'for who-so soothly telle, 6115
 They engendred the devel of helle!

'But nedely, how-so-ever it be,'
 Quod Love, 'I wol and charge thee,
 To telle anonoon thy woning-places,
 Hering ech wight that in this place is;
 And what lyf that thou livest also, 6121
 Hyde it no lenger now; wherto?
 Thou most discover al thy wurching,
 How thou servest, and of what thing,
 Though that thou shuldest for thy soth-
 sawe' 6125

Ben al to-beten and to-drawe;
 And yit art thou not wont, pardee.
 But nathenes, though thou beten be,
 Thou shalt not be the first, that so
 Hath for soth-sawe suffred wo.' 6130

F. Sem. 'Sir, sith that it may lyken
 you,

Though that I shulde be slain right now,
 I shal don your comaundement,
 For therto have I gret talent.' 6134

Withouten wordes mo, right than,
 Fals-Semblant his sermon bigan,
 And seide hem thus in audience :—
 'Barouns, tak hede of my sentence!
 That wight that list to have knowing

Of Fals-Semblant, ful of flatering,	6140	It is not worth a crooked brere ;
He must in worldly folk him seke,		Habit ne maketh †monk ne frere,
And, certes, in the cloistres eke ;		But clene lyf and devocion
I wone no-where but in hem tweye ;		Maketh gode men of religioum.
But not lyk even, sooth to seye ;		Nathelesse, ther can noon answer,
Shortly, I wol herberwe me	6145	How high that ever his heed he shere
There I hope best to hulstred be ;		With rasour whetted never so kene,
And certeynly, sikerest hyding		That Gyle in branche cut thrittene ;
Is underneth humblest clothing.		Ther can no wight distinete it so,
‘ Religious folk ben ful covert ;		That he dar say a word thereto.
Seculer folk ben more appert.	6150	‘ But what herberwe that ever I take,
But natholes, I wol not blame		Or what semblant that ever I make,
Religious folk, ne hem diffame,		I mene but gyle, and folowe that ;
In what habit that ever they go :		For right no mo than Gibbe our cat
Religioun humble, and trewe also,		[†Fro myee and ratten went his wyle],
Wol I not blame, ne dispysse,	6155	Ne entende I [not] but to †begyde ;
But I nil love it, in no wyse.		Ne no wight may, by my clothing,
I mene of fals religious,		Wite with what folk is my dwelling,
That stoute ben, and malicious ;		No by my wordis yet, pardie,
That wolen in an abit go,		So softe and so plesaunt they be.
And setten not hir herte thereto.	6160	Bihold the dedes that I do ;
‘ Religious folk ben al pitous ;		But thou be blind, thou oughtest so ;
Thou shalt not seen oon dispitous.		For, varie hir wordis fro hir dede,
They loven no prude, ne no stryf,		They thenke on gyle, without[en] drede,
But humbly they wol lede hir lyf ;		What maner clothing that they were,
With †swich folk wol I never be.		Or what estat that ever they bere,
And if I dwelle, I feyne me	6165	Lered or lewd, lord or lady,
I may wel in her abit go ;		Knight, squier, burgeis, or bayly.’
But me were lover my nekke atwo,		Right thus whyl Fals-Semblant ser-
Than †lete a purpose that I take,		moneth,
What covenauant that ever I make,	6170	Eftsones Love him aresoneth,
I dwelle with hem that proude be,		And brak his tale in the speking
And fulle of wyles and subtelte ;		As though he had him told lesing ;
That worship of this world coveyten,		And seide : ‘ What, devel, is that I here ?
And grete †nedes cunne espleyen ;	6174	What folk hast thou us nempned here ?
And goon and gadren greet pitaunces,		May men finde religioum
And purchace hem the aqueyntaunces		6225
Of men that mighty lyf may ledien ;		In worldly habitacioun ?’
And feyne hem pore, and hem-self feden		F. Sem. ‘ Ye, sir ; it foloweth not that
With gode morcels delicious,		they
And drinken good wyn preeious,	6180	Shulde lede a wikked lyf, parfey,
And preche us povert and distresse,		Ne not therfore her soules lese,
And fisshen hem-self greet richesse		That hem to worldly clothes chese ;
With wyly nettis that they caste :		6230
It wol come foul out at the laste.		For, certes, it were gret pitee.
They ben fro clene religioum went ;	6185	Men may in seculer clothes see
They make the world an argument		Florishen holy religioum.
That hath a foul conclusioun.		Ful many a seynt in feeld and toun,
“ I have a robe of religioum,		With many a virgin glorious,
Than am I al religious : ”		6235
This argument is al roignous ;	6190	Devout, and ful religious,

Ye, wel nigh alle these holy wimmen,
That men in chirches herie and seke, 6241
Bothe maydens, and these wyves eke,
That baren þmany a fair child here,
Wered alwey clothis seculere,
And in the same dyden they, 6245
That seyntes weren, and been alwey.
The eleven thousand maydens dere,
That beren in heven hir eierges clere,
Of which men rede in chirche, and singe,
Were take in seculer clothing, 6250
Whan they resseyved martirdom,
And wonnen heven unto her hoom.
Good herte maketh the gode thought ;
The clothing yeveth ne reveth nouȝt.
The gode thought and the worching, 6255
That maketh þreligionn florwing,
Ther lyth the good religiouȝ
After the right entenciouȝ.

' Who-so toke a wethers skin,
And wrapped a gredy wolf therin, 6260
For he shalde go with lambes whyte,
Wenest thou not he wolde hem byte ?
Yis ! never-the-las, as he were wood,
He wolde hem wery, and drinke the
blood ;
And wel the rather hem disceyva, 6265
For, sith they coude not perceyve
His treget and his crueltee,
They wolde him folowe, al wolde he flee.
' If ther be wolves of sich hewe
Amonges these apostlis newe, 6270
Thou, holy chirche, thou mayst be wayled !
Sith that thy citee is assayled
Thourgh knighting of thyn owne table,
God wot thy lordship is doutable !
If they enforce [hem] it to winne, 6275
That shulde defende it fro withinne,
Who might defence ayens hem make ?
Without[en] stroke it mot be take
Of trepeget or mangonel ;
Without displaying of pensel. 6280
And if god nil don it socour,
But lat [hem] renne in this colour,
Thou moost thyn heestes laten be,
Than is ther nouȝt, but yelde thee,
Or yeve hem tribute, doutelees, 6285
And holde it of hem to have pees :
But gretter harm bityde thee,
That they al maister of it be.
Wel conne they scorne thee withal ;

By day stufien they the wal, 6290
And al the night they mynen there.
Nay, thou þmost planten elleswhere
Thyn imps, if thou wolt fruyt have ;
Abyd not there thy-self to save.
' But now pees ! here I turne ageyn ;
I wol no more of this thing þseyn, 6295
If I may passen me herby ;
I mighete maken you wery,
But I wol heten you alway
To helpe your freendes what I may, 6300
So they wullen my company ;
For they be shent al-outerly
But-if so falle, that I be
Oft with hem, and they with me.
And eek my leman mot they serve, 6305
Or they shul not my love deserve.
Forsothe, I am a fals traitour ;
God jugged me for a theef trichour ;
Forsworn I am, but wel nygh non
Wot of my gyle, til it be don. 6310
' Thourgh me hath many oon deth
resseyved,
That my treget never aperceyved ;
And yit resseyveth, and shal resseyve,
That my falsnesse þnever aperceyve :
But who-so doth, if he wys be, 6315
Him is right good be war of me.
But so sligh is the [þ]deceyving
That to hard is the] aperceyving.
For Protheus, that coude him chaunge
In every shap, hoonly and straunge, 6320
Coude never sich gyle ne tresoun
As I ; for I com never in toun
Ther-as I mighete knownen be,
Though men me bothe might here and see.
Ful wel I can my clothes chaunge, 6325
Take oon, and make another straunge.
Now am I knight, now chasteleyn ;
Now prelat, and now chapeleyn ;
Now prest, now clerk, and now forstere ;
Now am I maister, now scolere ; 6330
Now monk, now chanoun, now baily ;
What-ever mister man am I.
Now am I prince, now am I page,
And can by herte every langage.
Som-tyme am I hoor and old ; 6335
Now am I yong, [and] stout, and bold ;
Now am I Robert, now Robyn ;
Now frere Menour, now Iacobyn ;
And with me folweth my loteby,

- To don me solas and company, 6340
 That hight dame †Abstinence-Streyned,
 In many a queynt array [y]-tayned.
 Right as it cometh to hir lyking,
 I fulfille al hir desiring.
 Somtyme a wommans cloth take I ; 6345
 Now am I mayde, now lady.
 Somtyme I am religious :
 Now lyk an anker in an hous.
 Somtyme am I prioresse,
 And now a nonne, and now abbesse ; 6350
 And go thurgh alle regions,
 Seking alle religions.
 But to what ordre that I am sworn,
 I take the strawe, and †lete the corn ;
 To †blynde folk [ther] I inhabite, 6355
 I axe no-more but hir abite.
 What wol ye more ? in every wyse,
 Right as me list, I me disgysse.
 Wel can I bere me under weed ;
 Unlyk is my word to my deed. 6360
 Thus make I in my trappes falle,
 Thurgh my prvyileges, alle
 That ben in Cristendom alyve.
 I may assoile, and I may shryve,
 That no prelat may lette me, 6365
 Al folk, wher-ever they founde be :
 I noot no prelat may don so.
 But it the pope be, and no mo,
 That made think establisshing.
 Now is not this a propre thing ? 6370
 But, were my sleigtes aperceyved,
 [†Ne shulde I more been receyved]
 As I was wont ; and wostow why ?
 For I dide hem a tregetry ;
 But therof yeve I litel tale, 6375
 I have the silver and the male ;
 So have I preached and eek shryven,
 So have I take, so have †me yiven,
 Thurgh hir foly, husbond and wyt,
 That I lede right a joly lyf, 6380
 Thurgh simplesse of the prelacye ;
 They know not al my tregetrye.
 "But for as moche as man and wyt
 Shuld shewe hir paroche-prest hir lyf
 Ones a yeer, as seith the book, 6385
 Er any wight his housel took,
 Than have I prvyileges large,
 That may of moche thing discharge ;
 For he may seye right thus, pardee :—
 "Sir Preest, in shrift I telle it thee, 6390
- That he, to whom that I am shryven,
 Hath me assoiled, and me yiven
 Penaunce soothly, for my sinne,
 Which that I fond me gilty inne ;
 Ne I ne have never entencioune 6395
 To make double confessioune,
 Ne reherce eft my shrift to thee ;
 O shrift is right y-nough to me.
 This oughte thee suffyee wel,
 Ne be not rebel never-a-del ; 6400
 For certes, though thou haddest it sworn,
 I wot no prest ne prelat born
 That may to shrift eft me constreyne.
 And if they don, I wol me pleyne ;
 For I wot where to pleyne wel, 6405
 Thou shalt not streyne me a del,
 Ne enforce me, ne †yt me trouble,
 To make my confessioune double.
 Ne I have none affeccioun
 To have double absolucioun. 6410
 The firste is right y-nough to me,
 This latter assoiling quyte I theo.
 I am unbounde ; what mayst thou finde
 More of my sinnes me to unbinde ?
 For he, that might hath in his hond, 6415
 Of alle my sinnes me unbond.
 And if thou wolt me thus constreyne,
 That me mot nedis on thee pleyne,
 There shal no jugge imperial,
 Ne bisshop, ne official, 6420
 Don jugement on me ; for I
 Shal gon and pleyne me openly
 Unto my shrift-fader newe,
 (That hight not Frere Wolf' untrew !)
 And he shal †chevise him for me, 6425
 For I trowe he can hampre thee.
 But, lord ! he wolde be wrooth withalle,
 If men him wolde Frere Wolf calle !
 For he wolde have no pacience,
 But don al cruel vengeaunce ! 6430
 He wolde his might don at the leest,
 [Ne] no-thing spare for goddes heest.
 And, god so wis be my socour,
 But thou yeve me my Saviour
 At Ester, whan it lyketh me, 6435
 Withoute presing more on thee,
 I wol forth, and to him goon,
 And he shal housel me anoon,
 For I am out of thy grueching ;
 I kepe not dele with thee no-thing." 6440
 Thus may he shryve him. that forsaketh

His paroche-prest, and to me taketh.
And if the prest wol him refuse,
I am ful redy him to accuse,
And him punisshē and hampre so, 6445
That he his chirche shal forgo.

' But who-so hath in his feling
The consequence of such shyvying,
Shal seen that prest may never have might
To knowe the conscience aright 6450
Of him that is under his cure.
And this ageyns holy scripture,
That biddeth every herde honeste
Have verry knowing of his beste.
But pore folk that goon by strete, 6455
That have no gold, ne sommes grete,
Hem wolde I lete to hir prelates,
Or lete hir prestes knowe hir states,
For to me right nought yeve they.'

Amour. ' And why þis is it ? '

F. Sem. ' For they ne may. 6460
They ben so bare, I take no keep ;
But I wol have the fatte sheep :—
Lat parish prestes have the lene,
I yeve not of hir harm a bene !
And if that prelat斯 gruechen it, 6465
That oughten þwroth be in hir wit,
To lese her fatte bestes so.
I shal yeve hem a stroke or two,
That they shal lesen with [the] force,
Ye, bothe hir mytre and hir croce. 6470
Thus jape I hem, and have do longe,
My priveleges been so stronge.'

Fals-Semblant wolde have stinted here,
But Love ne made him no such chere
That he was wary of his sawe ; 6475
But for to make him glad and fawne,
He seide :—' Tel on more specialy,
How that thou servest untrewly.
Tel forth, and shame thee never a del ;
For as thyn abit shewith wel, 6480
Thou þsemest an holy heremyte.'

F. Sem. ' Soth is, but I am an ypoeryte.'
Amour. ' Thou gost and prechest pover-
tee ? '

F. Sem. ' Ye, sir ; but richesse hath
pousteē.'

Amour. ' Thou prechest abstinenee
also ? '

F. Sem. ' Sir, I wol fillen, so mote I go,
My paunche of gode mete and wyne,
As shulde a maister of divyne ;

For how that I me pover feyne,
Yit alle pore folk I disdeyne. 6490

' I love þbet the acqueynauunce
Ten tymes, of the king of Fraunce,
Than of þpore man of mylde mode,
Though that his soule be also gode.
For whan I see beggers quaking, 6495
Naked on mixens al stinking,
For hungre crye, and eek for care,
I entremete not of hir fare.
They been so pore, and ful of pyne,
They might not ones yeve me þdyne, 6500
For they have ne-thing but hir lyf ;
What shulde he yeve that likketh his
knyf ?

It is but foly to entremete,
To seke in houndes nest fat mete.
Let bere hem to the spitel anoon, 6505
But, for me, comfort gete they noon.
But a riche sike usurero
Wolde I visyte and drawe nere ;
Him wol I conforte and rehete,
For I hope of his gold to gete. 6510
And if that wikked deth him have,
I wol go with him to his grave.
And if ther any reprove me,
Why that I lete the pore be,
Wostow how I þmot ascape ? 6515
I sey, and swerē him ful rape,

That riche men han more tecches
Of sinne, than han pore wreches,
And han of counseil more mister ;
And therfore I wol drawe hem ner. 6520
But as gret hurt, it may so be,
Hath þsoul in right gret povertie,
As soul in gret richesse, forsothe,
Al-be-it that they hurten bothe.

For richesse and mendicitees 6525
Ben cleped two extremeties ;
The mene is cleped suffisaunce,
Ther lyth of vertu the aboundaunce.
For Salomon, ful wel I woot,
In his Parables us wroot, 6530
As it is knowe of many a wight,
In his þthrittethe chapitre right :

" God, thou me kepe, for thy pousteē,
Fro richesse and mendicitee ;
For if a riche man him dresse 6535
To thenke to moche on [his] richesse,
His herte on that so fer is set,
That he his creatour foryet ;

And him, that þbegging wol ay greve,
How shulde I by his word him leve? 6540
Unneth that he nis a micher.
Forsworn, or elies þgod is lyer."
Thus seith Salamon[es] sawes:
Ne we finde written in no lawes,
And namely in our Cristen lay— 6545
(Who seith 'ye,' I dar sey 'nay')—
That Crist, ne his apostles dere,
Whyl that they walkede in erthe here,
Were never seen her bred beggynge,
For they nolde beggen for no-thing. 6550
And right thus were men wont to teche;
And in this wyse wolde it preche
The maistres of divinitie
Somtyme in Paris the citee.

' And if men wolde ther-geyn appose
The naked text, and lete the glose, 6556
It mighte sone assoiled be;
For men may wel the sothe see,
That, parde, they mighte axe a thing
Pleyntly forth, without beggynge. 6560
For they weren goddes herdes dere,
And cure of soules hadden here,
They nolde no-thing begge hir fode;
For after Crist was don on rode,
With þhir propre hondes they wrought,
And with travel, and elles nought, 6566
They wonnen all hir sustenaunce,
And liveden forth in hir penaunce,
And the remenaunt þyeve awey
To other pore þfolk alwey. 6570
They neither bilden tour ne halle,
But þfeye in houses smale withalle.
A mighty man, that can and may,
Shulde with his honde and body alway
Winne him his food in laboring, 6575
If he ne have rent or sich a thing,
Although he be religious,
And god to serven curious.
Thus mote he don, or do trespass,
But-if it be in certeyn cas, 6580
That I can reherce, if mister be,
Right wel, whan the tyme I see.
' Seke the book of Seynt Austin,
Be it in paper or perchemin, 6584
There-as he writ of these worchinges,
Thou shalt seen that non excusinges
A parfit man ne shulde seke
By wordes, ne by dedes eke,
Although he be religious,

And god to serven curious, 6590
That he ne shal, so mote I go,
With propre hondes and body also,
Gete his food in laboring,
If he ne have propretie of thing.
Yit shulde he selle al his substaunce, 6595
And with his swink have sustenaunce.
If he be parfit in bountee.
Thus han tho booke tolde me:
For he that wol gon ydilly, 6600
And useth it ay besily,
To haunten other mennes table,
He is a trechour, ful of fable;
Ne he ne may, by gode resoun,
Excuse him by his orisoun.
For men bihoveth, in som gyse, 6605
þSom-tyme leven goddes servyse
To gon and purchasen her nede.
Men mote eten, that is no drede,
And slepe, and eek do other thing;
So longe may they leve praying. 6610
So may they eek hir prayer blinne,
While that they werke, hir mete to winne.
Seynt Austin wol therto accorde,
In thilke book that I recordre.
Justinian eek, that made lawes, 6615
Hath thus forboden, by olde dawes,
" No man, up peyne to be deed,
Mighty of body, to begge his breed,
If he may swinke, it for to gete;
Men shulde him rather mayme or bete, 6621
Or doon of him apert justice,
Than suffren him in such malice."
They don not wel, so mote I go,
That taken such almesse so, 6625
But if they have som privelege,
That of the peyne hem wol allege.
But how that is, can I not see,
But-if the prince disseyved be;
Ne I ne wene not, sikerly, 6630
That they may have it rightfully.
But I wol not determinye
Of princes power, ne defyne,
Ne by my word comprehendre, y-wis,
If it so fer may strecche in this.
I wol not entremete a del; 6635
But I trowe that the book seith wel,
Who that taketh almesses, that be
Dewe to folk that men may see
Lame, feble, wery, and bare,
Pore, or in such maner care, 6640

(That conne winne hem nevermo,
For they have no power therto),
He eteth his owne damping,
But-if he lye, that made al thing.
And if ye such a truaunt finde,
Chastise him wel, if ye be kinde.
But they wolde hate you, percas,
And, if ye fillen in hir haas,
They wolde eftsones do you seathe,
If that they mighthe, late or rathe ; 6645
For they be not ful pacient,
That han the world thus foule blent.
And witeth wel, [wher] that god had
The good man selle al that he had,
And folowe him, and to pore it yive, 6655
He wolde not therfore that he live
To serven him in mendience.
For it was never his sentence ;
But he bad wirken whan that nede is,
And folwe him in goode dedes. 6660
Seynt Poule, that loved al holy chirche,
He bade th'apostles for to wirche,
And winnen hir lyfode in that wyse,
And hem defended truaundyse, 6664
And seide, "Wirketh with your honden ;"
Thus shulde the thing be understanden.
He nolde, y-wis, †bidde hem begging,
Ne sellen gospel, ne preaching,
Lest they berafte, with hir asking,
Folk of hir catel or of hir thing. 6670
For in this world is many a man
That yeveth his good, for he ne can
Werne it for shame, or elles he
Wolde of the asker delivered be ;
And, for he him encombreth so, 6675
He yeveth him good to late him go :
But it can him no-thing profyte,
They lese the yift and the meryte.
The goode folk, that Poule to preached,
Profred him ofte, whan he hem tecched,
Som of hir good in charite ; 6681
But therof right no-thing took he ;
But of his hondwerk wolde he geto
Clothes to wryen him, and his mete.

Amour. 'Tel me than how a man may
liven, 6685
That al his good to pore hath yiven,
And wol but only bidde his bedes,
And never with †hond laboure his nedes:
May he do so ?'

F Sem. 'Ye, sir.'

Amour. ' And how ?'
F. Sem. 'Sir, I wol gladly telle yow :—
Seynt Austin seith, a man may be 6691
In houses that han propretees,
As templers and hospiteler,
And as these chanouns regulers,
Or whyte monkes, or these blake— 6695
(I wole no mo ensamples make)—
And take therof his sustening,
For therinne lyth no begging ;
But other-weyes not, y-wis,
†Yif Austin gabbeth not of this. 6700
And yit ful many a monk laboureth,
That god in holy chirche honoureth ;
For whan hir swinking is agoon,
They rede and singe in chirche anoon.
And for ther hath ben greet discord,
As many a wight may bere record, 6706
Upon the estate of †mendience,
I wol shortly, in your presence,
Telle how a man may begge at nede,
That hath not wherwith him to fede, 6710
Maugre his felonies jangelinges,
For sothfastnesse wol non hidinges ;
And yit, percas, I may abeye
That I to yow sothly thus seye,
' Lo, here the caas especial : 6715
If a man be so bestial
That he of no craft hath science,
And nought desyreth ignorance,
Than may he go a-begging yerne,
Til he som maner craft can lerne, 6720
Thurgh which, without[e] truaunding,
He may in trouthe have his living.
Or if he may don no labour,
For elde, or syknesse, or langour,
Or for his tendre age also, 6725
Than may he yit a-begging go.
' Or if he have, peraventure,
Thurgh usage of his noriture,
Lived over deliciously,
Than oughten good folk comunly 6730
Han of his mischeef som pitee,
And suffren him also, that he
May gon aboute and begge his breed,
That he be not for hungur deed,
Or if he have of craft cunning, 6735
And strengthe also, and desiring
To wirken, as he hadde what,
But he finde neither this ne that,
Than may he begge, til that he

Have geten his necessitee.	6740	For labour might me never plesse, I have more wil to been at ese ; And have wel lever, sooth to sey, Bifore the puple patre and prey,
Or if his winning be so lyte, That his labour wol not acquyte Sufficiently al his living, Yit may he go his breed beggynge ;	6745	6795 Fro dore to dore he may go trace, Til he the remenaunt may purchase.
Or if a man wolde undertake Any emprysye for to make, In the rescous of our lay, And it defenden as he may,	6750	6800 Be it with armes or lettrure, Or other covenable cure, If it be so he pore be, Than may he begge, til that he
May finde in trouthe for to swinke,	6755	6805 And gete him clothe[s], mete, and drinke. Swinke he with hondes corporel, And not with hondes espirituvel.
In al this[e] caas, and in semblables, If that ther ben mo resonablaes,	6760	6810 He may begge, as I telle you here, And elles nought, in no manere ; As William Seynt Amour wolde preche, And ofte wolde dispute and teche
Of this matere alle openly	6765	6815 At Paris ful solemp[ne]ly.
And al-so god my soule blesse, As he had, in this stedfastnesse, The accord of the universitee, And of the puple, as semeth me.	6770	6820 No good man oughte it to refuse, Ne oughte him therof to excuse, Be wrooth or blythe who-so be ; For I wol speke, and telle it thee,
Al shulde I dye, and be put down,	6775	6825 As was seynt Poul, in derk prisoun ; Or be exiled in this caas With wrong, as maister William was, That my moder Ypocrisye
Banished for hir greet envye.	6780	6830 My moder flamed him, Seynt Amour : This noble dide such labour To susteyne ever the loyaltee, That he to moche agilte me.
He made a book, and leet it wryte,	6785	6835 Wherin his lyf he dide al wryte, And wolde ich reneyd beggynge, And lived by my traveyling, If I ne had rent ne other good.
What wened he that I were wood ?	6790	For though I shulde beten be,
		For labour might me never plesse, I have more wil to been at ese ; And have wel lever, sooth to sey, Bifore the puple patre and prey,
		Under a cope of papelardye.'
		Quod Love, 'What devel is this I here ? What wordes teldest thou me here ?'
		F. Sem. 'What, sir ?'
		Amour. 'Falsnesse, that apert is ; Than dredest thou not god ?'
		F. Sem. No, certes : 6800 For selde in greet thing shal he spede In this world, that god wol drede. For folk that hem to vertu yiven, And truly on her owne liven,
		And hem in goodnesse ay contene, 6805 On hem is litel thrift y-sene ; Such folk drunken gret misese ; That lyf [ne] may me never plesse. But see what gold han usurers,
		And silver eek in [hir] garners, 6810 Taylagiers, and these monyours, Bailifs, bedels, provost, countours ; These liven wel nygh by ravyne ; The smale puple hem mote enclyne,
		And they as wolves wol hem eten. 6815 Upon the pore folk they geten Ful moche of that they spende or kepe ; Nis none of hem that he nil strepe, And twryen him-self wel atte fulle ; Without[e] scalding they hem pulle. 6820 The stronge the feble overgoth ; But I, that were my simple cloth, Robbe bothe twrobed and robbours, And gyle twyaled and gyloours.
		By my treget, I gadre and threste 6825 The greet tresour into my cheste, That lyth with me so faste bounde. Myn highe paleys do I founde, And my delytes I fulfile
		With wyne at feestes at my wille, 6830 And tables fulle of entremees ; I wol no lyf, but ese and pees, And winne gold to spende also. For whan the grete bagge is go,
		It cometh right [eft] with my japes. 6835 Make I not wel tumble myn apes ? To winne is alwey myn entent ; My purchas is better than my rent ; For though I shulde beten be,

Over-al I entremete me ;	6840	Thus is it glosed, douteles :	6890
Without[e] me may no wight dure.		That is the olde testament,	
I walke soules for to cure.		For therby is the chaire ment-	
Of al the woride cure have I		Sitte Scribes and Pharis[i]en ;—	
In breda and lengthe ; boldely		That is to seyn, the cursed men	
I wol bothe preche and eek counceilen ;		Whiche that we ypocrites calle —	6895
With hondes wille I not traveilen,	6846	Doth that they preche, I rede you alle,	
For of the pope I have the bulle ;		But doth not as they don a del,	
I ne holde not my wittes dulle.		That been not wery to seye wel,	
I wol not stinten, in my lyve,		But to do wel, no wille have they ;	
These emperoures for to shryve,	6850	And they woldes binde on folk alwey,	
Or kynges, dukes, and lordes grete ;		That ben to [be] begyled able,	6901
But pore folk al quyte I lete.		+ Burdens that ben importable ;	
I love no such shryving, pardee,		On folkes shuldres thinges they couchen	
But it for other cause be.		That they nil with her fingres touchen.'	
I recke not of pore men,	6855	<i>Amour.</i> ‘ And why wol they not touche it ? ’	
Hir astate is not worth an hen.		<i>F. Sem.</i> ‘ Why ?	6905
Where fyndest thou a swinker of labour		For hem ne list not, sikerly ;	
Have me unto his confessour ?		For sadde + burdens that men taken	
But emperesses, and duchesses,		Make folkes shuldres aken.	
Thise quenes, and eek [thise] countesses,		And if they do ought that good be,	
Thise abbesses, and eek Bigyns,	6861	That is for folk it shulde see : 6910	
These grete ladyes palasyns,		Her + borders larger maken they,	
These joly knighthes, and bailyves,		And make hir hemmes wyde alwey,	
These nonnes, and these burgeis wyves,		And loven setes at the table,	
That riche been, and eek plesing,	6865	The firste and most honourable ;	
And thise maidens welfaring,		And for to han the first chairees 6915	
Wher-so they clad or naked be,		In synagoges, to hem ful dere is ;	
Uncunceiled goth ther noon fro me.		And willen that folk hem loue and grete,	
And, for her soules savetee,		Whan that they passen thurgh the strete,	
At lord and lady, and hir meynnee,	6870	And wolen be cleped ‘ Maister ’ also,	
I axe, whan they hem to me shryve,		But they ne shulde not willen so ; 6920	
The propretree of al hir lyve,		The gospel is ther-ageyns, I gesse :	
And make hem trowe, bothe meest and		That sheweth wel hir wikkidnesse.	
leest,		‘ Another custom use we :—	
Hir paroch-prest nis but a beest		Of hem that wol ayens us be,	
Ayens me and my company,	6875	We hate + them deadly everichoon,	6925
That shrewes been as greet as I ;		And we wol worry + them, as oon.	
For whiche I wol not lyde in hold		Him that oon hateth, hate we alle,	
No privatree that me is told,		And conjecte how to doon him falle.	
That I by word or signe, y-wis,		And if we seen him winne honour,	
+ Nil make hem knowe what it is,	6880	Richesse or preys, thurgh his valour,	6930
And they wolen also tellen me ;		Provende, rent, or dignitee,	
They hele fro me no privitee.		Ful fast, y-wis, compassen we	
And for to make yow hem perceyven,		By what ladder he is elomben so ;	
That usen folk thus to disceyven,		And for to maken him doun to go,	
I wol you seyn, withouten drede,	6885	With traïsoun we wole hir defame,	6935
What men may in the gospel rede		And doon him lesse his gode name.	
Of Seynt Matheu, the gospelere,		Thus from his ladder we him take,	
That seith, as I shal you sey here.		And thus his freendes foes we make ;	
‘ Upon the chaire of Moyses—			

But word me wite shal he noon,
Til alle his frendes been his foon. 6940
For if we dide it openly,
We might have blame redily ;
For hadde he wist of our malyee,
He hadde him kept, but he were nyce.
' Another is this, that, if so fille 6945
That ther be oon among us alle
That doth a good turn, out of drede,
We seyn it is our alder dede.
Ye, sikerly, though he it feyned,
Or that him list, or that him deyned 6950
A man thurgh him avaunced be ;
Therof alle parceners be we,
And tellen folk, wher-so we go,
That man thurgh us is sprogen so.
And for to have of men preysing, 6955
We purchace, thurgh our flatering,
Of riche men, of gret poustee,
Lettres, to witnessse our bountee ;
So that man weneth, that may us see,
That alle vertu in us be. 6960
And alwey pore we us feyne ;
But how so that we begge or pleyne,
We ben the folk, without lesing,
That al thing have without having.
Thus be we dred of the puple, y-wis. 6965
And gladly my purpos is this :—
I dele with no wight, but he
Have gold and tresour gret plentee ;
Hir acqueyntaunce wel love I ;
This is moche my desyr, shortly. 6970
I entremete me of brocages,
I make pees and mariages,
I am gladly executour,
And many tymes procuratour ;
I am somtyme messager ; 6975
That fulleth not to my mister.
And many tymes I make enquestes ;
For me that office not honest is ;
To dele with other mennes thing,
That is to me a gret lyking.
And if that ye have ought to do 6980
In place that I repeire to,
I shal it speden thurgh my wit,
As sone as ye have told me it.
So that ye serve me to pay,
My servise shal be your alway.
But who-so wol chastysse me,
Anoon my love lost hath he ;
For I love no man in no gyse,

That wol me repreve or chastysse ; 6990
But I wolde al folk undertake,
And of no wight no teching take ;
For I, that other folk chastysse,
Wol not be taught fro my folye.
' I love noon hermitage more ; 6995
Alle deserthes, and holtes hore,
And grete wodes everichoon,
I lete hem to the Baptist Iohan.
I quethe him quyte, and him releesse
Of Egipt al the wildernes ; 7000
To fer were alle my mansions
Fro alle citees and goode tounes.
My paleis and myn hous make I
There men may renne in openly,
And say that I the world forsake. 7005
But al amidde I bilde and make
My hous, and swimme and pley therinne
Bet than a fish doth with his finne.
' Of Antecristes men am I,
Of whiche that Crist seith openly, 7010
They have abit of holinesse,
And liven in such wikkednesse.
Outward, lambren semen we,
Fulle of goodnessse and of pitee,
And inward we, withouten fable, 7015
Ben gredy wolves ravisble.
We enviroun bothe londe and see ;
With al the world twerreyen we ;
We wol ordeyne of alle thing,
Of folkes good, and her living. 7020
' If ther be castel or citee
Wherin that any bougerons be,
Although that they of Milayne were,
For ther-of ben they blamed there :
Or if a wight, out of mesure. 7025
Wolde lene his gold, and take usure,
For that he is so coveitous :
Or if he be to lecherous,
Or tweffe, or haunte simonye ;
Or provost, ful of trecherye, 7030
Or prelat, living jolily,
Or prest that halt his quene him by ;
Or olde hores hostilers,
Or other bawdes or bordillers,
Or elles blamed of any vyce, 7035
Of whiche men shulden doon justyce.
By alle the seyntes that we pray,
But they defende them with lamprey,
With luce, with eles, with samouns,
With tendre gees, and with capouns. 7040

With tartes, or with þeses fat,
With deynye flawnes, brode and flat,
With caleweys, or with pullaile,
With coninges, or with iyn vitaille,
That we, under our clothes wyde, 7045
Maken thurgh our golet glyde :
Or but he wol do come in haste
Roo-venisoun, [y]-bake in paste :
Whether so that he loure or groine,
He shal have of a corde a loigne, 7050
With whiche men shal him binde and
lede,
To brenne him for his sinful dede,
That men shulle here him crye and rore
A myle-wey aboute, and more.
Or elles he shal in prisoun dye, 7055
But-if he wol [our] friendship bye,
Or smerten that that he hath do,
More than his gilt amounteth to.
But, and he couthe thurgh his sleight
Do maken up a tour of height, 7060
Noughtroughte I whether of stone or tree,
Or erthe, or turves though it be,
Though it were of no wounde stone
Wrought with squyre and scantilone,
So that the tour were stufed wel 7065
With alle richesse temporel ;
And thanne, that he wolde updresse
Engyns, bothe more and lesse,
To caste at us, by every syde—
To bere his goode name wyde— 7070
Such sleigtes [as] I shal yow nevene,
Barelles of wyne, by sixe or sevene,
Or gold in sakkes gret plente,
He shulde sone delivered be
And if he have noon sich pitaunces, 7075
Late him study in equipolences,
And lete lyes and fallaces,
If that he wolde deserve our graces ;
Or we shal bere him such witnesse
Of sinne, and of his wrecchidnesse, 7080
And doon his loos so wyde renne,
That al quik we shulde him brenne,
Or elles yeve him suche penaunce,
That is wel wors than the pitaunce.
‘ For thou shalt never, for no-thing,
Con knownen aright by her clothing 7085
The traitours fulle of trecherye,
But thou her werkes can aspye.
And ne hadde the good keping be
Whylom of the universitee,

7090

That kepereth the key of Cristendome,
þThey had been turmented, alle and some.
Suche been the stinking [fals] prophetis ;
Nis non of hem, that good prophete is ;
For they, thurgh wikked entencioun, 7095
The yeer of the incarnacioun
A thousand and two hundred yeer,
Fyve and fifty, ferther ne ner,
Broughten a book, with sory grace,
To even ensample in comune place, 7100
That scide thus, though it were fable :—
“ This is the Gospel Perdurabile,
That fro the Holy Goost is sent.”
Wel were it worth to ben [y]-brent !
Entitled was in such manere 7105
This book, of which I telle here.
Ther nas no wight in al Parys,
Biforn Our Lady, at parvys,
þThat [he] ne mighte bye the book,
þTo copy, if him talent took. 7110
Ther might he see, by greet tresoun,
Ful many fals comparisoun :—
“ As moche as, thurgh his grete might,
Be it of hete, or of light,
The sunne surmounteth the mone, 7115
That troubler is, and chaungeth sone,
And the note-kernel the shelle—
(I scorne nat that I yow telle)—
Right so, withouten any gyle,
Surmounteth this noble Evangyle 7120
The word of any evangelist.”
And to her title they token Christ ;
And many such comparisoun,
Of which I make no mencion,
Might men in that boke finde, 7125
Who-so coude of hem have minde.
‘ Th’ universitee, that tho was aslepe,
Gan for to braide, and taken kepe ;
And at the noys the heed up-caste,
Ne never sithen slepte it faste, 7130
But up it sterte, and armes took
Ayens this fals horrible book,
Al redy batail for to make,
And to the juge the book to take.
But they that broughten the book there 7135
Hente it anoon away, for fere ;
They nolde shewe it more a del,
But thenne it kepte, and kepen wil,
Til such a tyme that they may see
That they so stronge woxen be, 7140
That no wight may hem wel withstande ;

For by that book they durst not stonde.
 Away they gonre it for to bere,
 For they ne durste not answere
 By exposicioun þne glose 7145
 To that that clerkes wole appose
 Ayens the cursednesse, y-wis,
 That in that boke writhen is.
 Now wot I not, ne I can not see
 What maner ende that there shal be 7150
 Of al this [boke] that they hyde ;
 But yit algate they shal abyde
 Til that they may it bet defende ;
 This trowe I best, wol be hir ende.
 'Thus Antecrist abyden we, 7155
 For we ben alle of his meynee ;
 And what man that wol not be so,
 Right sone he shal his lyf forgo.
 We wol a puple þon him areyse,
 And thurgh our gyle doon him seise, 7160
 And him on sharpe speres ryve,
 Or other-veyes bringe him fro lyve,
 But-if that he wol folowe, y-wis,
 That in our boke writhen is.
 Thus moche wol our book signyfe, 7165
 That whyl [that] Peter hath maistrye,
 May never Johan shewe wel his might.
 'Now have I you declared right
 The mening of the bark and rinde
 That maketh the entencions blinde. 7170
 But now at erst I wol biginne
 To expowne you the pith withinne :—
 [þAnd first, by Peter, as I wene,
 The Pope himself we wolden mene,]
 And [eek] the seculers comprehendē, 7175
 That Cristes lawe wol defende,
 And shulde it kepen and mayntenen
 Ayeines hem that al sustenen,
 And falsly to the puple techen.
 þAnd Johan bitokeneth hem þat pre-
 chen, 7180
 That ther nis lawe covenable
 But thilke Gospel Perdurable,
 That fro the Holy Gost was sent
 To turne folk that been miswent.
 The strengthe of Johan they undirstonde
 The grace in which, they seye, they
 stonde, 7186
 That doth the sinful folk converte,
 And hem to Jesus Crist reverte.
 'Ful many another horrible
 May men in that boke see,

That ben comaundered, douteles,
 Ayens the lawe of Rome expres ;
 And alle with Antecrist they holden,
 As men may in the book biholden.
 And than comaunderen they to sleep 7193
 Alle tho that with Peter been ;
 But they shal nevere have that myght,
 And, god toforn, for stryf to fight,
 That they ne shal y-nough [men] finde
 That Peters lawe shal have in minde, 7200
 And ever holde, and so mayntene,
 That at the last it shal be sene,
 That they shal alle come thereto,
 For ought that they can speke or do.
 And thilke lawe shal not stonde, 7205
 That they by Johan have undirstonde ;
 But, maugre hem, it shal adoun,
 And been brought to confusione.
 But I wol stinte of this matere,
 For it is wonder long to here ; 7210
 But hadde that ilke book endured,
 Of better estate I were ensured ;
 And freendes have I yit, pardree,
 That han me set in greet degree.
 'Of al this world is emperor 7215
 Gyle my fader, the trechour,
 And emp[er]esse my moder is,
 Maugre the Holy Gost, y-wis.
 Our mighty linage and our route
 Regneth in every regne aboue ; 7220
 And wel is þworth we maistres be,
 For al this world governe we,
 And can the folk so wel disceyve,
 That noon our gyle can perceyve ;
 And though they doon, they dar not
 saye ; 7225
 The sothe dar no wight biwreye.
 But he in Cristis wrath him ledeth,
 That more than Crist my bretheren dre-
 deth.
 He nis no ful good champioun,
 That dredeth such similacioun ; 7230
 Nor that for peyne wole refusen
 Us to correcten and accusen.
 He wol not entremete by right,
 Ne have god in his eye-sight,
 And therfore god shal him punyce ; 7235
 But me ne rekkeheth of no vyce,
 Sithen men us loven comunably,
 And holden us for so worthy,
 That we may folk repreve echoon,

And we nil have repreff of noon.
Whom shulden folk worshipen so
But us, that stinten never mo
To patren whyl that folk us see,
Though it not so bihind hem be?
 And where is more wood folye,
Than to enhaunce chivalrye,
And love noble men and gay,
That joly clothes weren alway?
If they be sich folk as they semen,
So clene, as men her clothes demen, 7250
And that her wordes folowe her dede,
It is gret pite, out of dreede,
For they wol be noon ypcocries!
Of hem, me thinketh [it] gret spite is;
I can not love hem on no syde. 7255
But Beggers with these hodes wyde,
With sleighē and pale faces lene,
And greye clothes not ful clene,
But fretted ful of tatarwagges,
And highe shoes, knopped with dagges,
That frouncen lyke a quaille-pype, 7261
Or botes riveleng as a gype;
To such folk as I you devyse
Shulde princes and these lordes wyse
Take alle her londes and her thinges, 7265
Bothe werre and pees, in governinges;
To such folk shulde a prince him yive,
That wolde his lyf in honour live.
And if they be not as they seme,
That serven thus the world to queme, 7270
There wolde I dwelle, to disceyve
The folk, for they shal not perceyve.
 But I ne speke in no such wyse,
That men shulde humble abit dispysse,
So that no prydē ther-under be. 7275
No man shulde hate, as thinketh me,
The pore man in sich clothing.
But god ne preiseth him no-thing,
That seith he hath the world forsake,
And hath to worldly glorie him take, 7280
And wol of siche delyces use;
Who may that Begger wel excuse?
That papelard, that him yeldeth so,
And wol to worldly ese go,
And seith that he the world hath left, 7286
And gredily it grypeth eft,
He is the hound, shame is to seyn,
That to his casting goth ageyn.
 But unto you dar I not lye:
But mighte I fele[n] or aspye

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That ye perceyved it no-thing,
Ye shulde[n] have a stark lesing
Right in your hond thus, to beginne,
I nolde it lette for no sinne.'
 The god lough at the wonder tho, 7295
And every wight gan laughe also,
And seide:—' Lo here a man aright
For to be trusty to every wight!'
 ' Fals Semblant,' quod Love, 'sey to me,
Sith I thus have avaunced thee, 7300
That in my court is thy dwelling,
And of ribaudes shalt be my king,
Wolt thou wel holden my forwardes?'
 F. Sem. ' Ye, sir, from hennes fore-
wardes;
Haddē never your fader here-bifore 7305
Servaunt so trewe, sith he was born.'
 Amour. ' That is ayeines al nature.'
 F. Sem. ' Sir, put you in that aven-
ture;
For though ye borowes take of me,
The sikerer shal ye never be 7310
For ostages, ne sikirnesse,
Or chartres, for to bere witnesse.
I take your-self to record here,
That men ne may, in no manere,
Teren the wolf out of his hyde, 7315
Til he be flayn, bak and syde,
Though men him bete and al defyle;
What? wene ye that I wole bigyle?
For I am clothed mekely,
Ther-under is al my treachery; 7320
Myn herte chaungeth never the mo
For noon abit, in which I go.
Though I have chere of simplicenesse,
I am not wery of shrewdnesse.
My leman, Streyned-Abstinence, 7325
Huth mister of my purveaunce;
She hadde ful longe ago be deed,
Nere my councel and my reed;
Lete hir allone, and you and me.'

 And Love answerde, ' I truste thee 7330
Without[e] borowе, for I wol noon.'
 And Fals-Semblant, the theef, anoon,
Right in that ilke same place,
That hadde of tresoun al his face 7334
Right blak withinne, and whyt withoute,
Thanketh him, gan on his knees loute.
 Than was ther nouȝt, but ' Every man
Now to assaut, that sailen can,'
Quod Love, ' and that ful hardily.'

Than armed they hem communly 7340
 Of sich armour as to hem fel.
 Whan they were armed, fers and fel,
 They wente hem forth, alle in a route,
 And sette the castel al aboute ;
 They wil nougat away, for no drede, 7345
 Til it so be that they ben dede,
 Or til they have the castel take.
 And fourre batels they gan make,
 And parted hem in fourre anoon,
 And toke her way, and forth they goon,
 The fourre gates for to assaile, 7351
 Of whiche the kepers wol not faile ;
 For they ben neither syke ne dede,
 But hardy folk, and stronge in dede.
 Now wole I seyn the countenaunce 7355
 Of Fals-Semblant, and Abstinaunce,
 That ben to Wikkid-Tonge went.
 But first they helde her parlement,
 Whether it to done were
 To maken hem be knownen there, 7360
 Or elles walken forth disgysed.
 But at the laste they devysed,
 That they wold goon in tapinage,
 As it were in a pilgrimage,
 Lyk good and holy folk unfeyned 7365
 And Dame Abstinence-Streyned
 Took on a robe of camelyne,
 And gan hir †graithe as a Begyne.
 A large coverchief of thredo
 She wrapped al aboute hir hede, 7370
 But she forgat not hir sautere ;
 A peire of bedes eek she bere
 Upon a lace, al of whyt thred,
 On which that she hir bedes bede ;
 But she ne boughte hem never a del, 7375
 For they were geven her, I wot wel,
 God wot, of a ful holy frero,
 That seide he was hir fader dere,
 To whom she hadde ofter went
 Than any frere of his covent. 7380
 And he visyted hir also,
 And many a sermoun seide hir to ;
 He noldes lette, for man on lyve,
 That he ne wolde hir ofte shryve
 And with so gret devocion 7385
 They made[n] her confession,
 That they had ofte, for the nones,
 Two hedes in one hood at ones.
 Of fair shape I †devyse her thee,
 But pale of face somtyme was she : 7390

That false traitouresse untrewe
 Was lyk that salowe hors of hewe,
 That in the Apocalips is shewed,
 That signifieth †the folk beshrewed,
 That been al ful of trecherye, 7395
 And pale, thurgh hypocrisye ;
 For on that hors no colour is,
 But only deed and pale, y-wis.
 Of suche a colour enlangoured
 Was Abstinence, y-wis, coloured ; 7400
 Of her estat she her repented,
 As her visage represented.
 She had a burdoun al of Thefte,
 That Gyle had yeve her of his yeste ;
 And a scrippe of Fainte Distresse, 7405
 That ful was of elengenesse,
 And forth she walked soberly :
 And False-Semblant saynt, *ie vous dy*,
 †Had, as it were for such mistere,
 Don on the cope of a frere, 7410
 With chere simple, and ful pitous ;
 His looking was not disdeinous,
 Ne proud, but meke and ful plesible.
 About his nekke he bar a bible,
 And squierly forth gan he gon ; 7415
 And, for to reste his limmes upon,
 He had of Treson a potente ;
 As he were feble, his way he wente.
 But in his sleve he gan to thringo
 A rasour sharp, and wel bytinge, 7420
 That was forged in a forge,
 Which that men clepen Coupe-gorge.
 So longe forth hir way they nomen,
 Til they to Wicked-Tonge comen,
 That at his gate was sitting, 7425
 And saw folk in the way passing.
 The pilgrimes saw he faste by,
 That beren hem ful mekely.
 And †humblely they with him mette.
 Dame Abstinence first him grette, 7430
 And sith him False-Semblant salued,
 And he hem : but he not †remued,
 For he ne dredde hem not a-del.
 For when he saw hir faces wal,
 Alway in herte him thoughte so, 7435
 He shulde knowe hem bothe two ;
 For wel he knew Dame Abstinaunce,
 But he ne knew not Constreynaunce.
 He knew nat that she was constrainyd,
 Ne of her theves lyfe feyned, 7440
 But wende shc com of wil al free .

But she com in another degree ;
 And if of good wil she began,
 That wil was failed her [as] than.
 And Fals-Semblant had he seyn als,
 But he knew nat that he was fals. 7446
 Yet fals was he, but his falsnesse
 Ne coude he not espye, nor gesse ;
 For Semblant was so slye wrought,
 That falsnesse he ne espedyed nought. 7450
 But haddest thou knownen him beforne,
 Thou woldest on a boke have sworn,
 Whan thou him saugh in thilke array
 That he, that whylom was so gay,
 And of the daunce Joly Robin, 7455
 Was tho become a Jacobin.
 But sothely, what so men him calle,
 Frere[s] Prechours been good men alle ;
 Hir orier wickedly they beren,
 Suche minstrelles if[that] they weren.
 So been Augustins and Cordileres, 7461
 And Carmes, and eek Sakked Freres,
 And alle freres, shodde and bare,
 (Though some of hem ben grete and
 square)
 Ful holy men, as I hem deme ; 7465
 Everich of hem wolde good man seme.
 But shalt thou never of apparence
 Seen conclude good consequence
 In none argument, y-wis,
 If existence al failed is. 7470
 For men may finde awaly sophyme
 The consequence to envenyme,
 Who-so that þath the subteltee
 The double sentence for to see.
 Whan the pilgrymes commen were 7475
 To Wicked-Tonge, that dwelled there,
 Hir harneis nigh hem was algate ;
 By Wicked-Tonge adoun they sate,
 That bad hem ner him for to come,
 And of tydinges telle him some, 7480
 And sayde hem :—' What cas maketh
 yow
 To come into this place now ?'
 'Sir,' seyde Strained-Abstinaunce,
 'We, for to drye our penaunce,
 With hertes pitous and devoute, 7485
 Are commen, as pilgrimes gon abouthe ;
 Wel nigh on fote alway we go ;
 Ful þusty been our heles two ;
 And thus bothe we ben sent
 Thurghout this world that is miswent,

To yeve ensampie, and preche also. 7491
 To fisshen sinful men we go,
 For other fisshing ne fisshe we.
 And, sir, for that charitee,
 As we be wont, herberwe we crave, 7495
 Your lyf to amende ; Crist it save !
 And, so it shulde you nat dispiese,
 We wolden, if it were your ese,
 A short sermoun unto you seyn.
 And Wikked-Tonge answerde ageyn,
 'The hous,' quod he, 'such as ye see, 7501
 Shal nat be warned you for me,
 Sey what you list, and I wol here.'
 'Graunt mercy, swete sire dere !'
 Quod alderfirst Dame Abstinence, 7505
 And thus began she hir sentencce :
Const. Abstinence. 'Sir, the first vertue,
 certeyn,
 The gretest, and most sovereyn
 That may be founde in any man,
 For having, or for wit he can, 7510
 That is, his tonge to refreyne ;
 Therto ought every wight him peyne.
 For it is better stille be
 Than for to speken harm, pardee !
 And he that herkeneth it gladly, 7515
 He is no good man, sikerly.
 And, sir, aboven al other sinne,
 In that art thou most guilty inne.
 Thou spake a jape not long ago,
 (And, sir, that was right yvel do) 7520
 Of a yong man that here repaired,
 And never yet this place apaide.
 Thou seydest he awaited nothing
 But to disceyve Fair-Welcoming.
 Ye seyde nothing sooth of that ; 7525
 But, sir, ye lye ; I tell you plat ;
 He ne cometh no more, ne goth, pardee !
 I trow ye shal him never see.
 Fair-Welcoming in prison is,
 That ofte hath pleyed with you, er this,
 The fairest games that he coude, 7531
 Withoute filthe, stille or loude ;
 Now dar þe nat himself solace.
 Ye han also the man do chace,
 That he dar neither come ne go. 7535
 What meveth you to hate him so
 But properly your wikked thought,
 That many a fals lesing hath thought ?
 That meveth your foole eloquence,
 That jangleth ever in audience, 7540

And on the folk areyseth blame,
 And doth hem dishonour and shame,
 For thing that may have no preying,
 But lyklinesse, and contriving.
 For I dar seyn, that Reson demeth, 7545
 It is not al sooth thing that semeth
 And it is sinne to controve
 Thing that is [for] to reprove ;
 This wot ye wel ; and, sir, therefore
 Ye arn to blame [wel] the more. 7550
 And, nathelesse, he reketh lyte ;
 He yeveth nat now thereof a myte ;
 For if he thoughte harm, parfay,
 He wolde come and gon al day ;
 He coude him-selfe nat abstene. 7555
 Now cometh he nat, and that is sene,
 For he ne taketh of it no cure,
 But-if it be through aventure,
 And lasse than other folk, algate.
 And thou here watchest at the gate, 7560
 With spere in thyne arest alway ;
 There muse, musard, al the day.
 Thou wakest night and day for thought ;
 Y-wis, thy traveyl is for nought.
 And Jelousye, withouten faile, 7565
 Shal never quyte thee thy travaile.
 And seathe is, that Fair-Welcoming,
 Without[en] any trespassing,
 Shal wrongfully in prison be,
 Ther wepeh and languisheth he. 7570
 And though thou never yet, y-wis,
 Agiltest man no more but this,
 (Take not a-grief) it were worthy
 To putte thee out of this baily,
 And afterward in prison lye, 7575
 And fettre thee til that thou dye ;
 For thou shalt for this sinne dwelle
 Right in the devils ers of helle,
 But-if that thou repente thee.' 7579
 ' Ma fay, thou lyest falsly !' quod he.
 ' What ? welcome with mischaunce now !
 Have I therfore herbered you
 To seye me shame, and eek reprove ?
 With sory happye, to your bihove,
 Am I to-day your herbergere ! 7585
 Go, herber you elleswhere than here,
 That han a lyer called me !
 Two tregetours art thou and he,
 That in myn hous do me this shame,
 And for my soth-sawe ye me blame. 7590
 Is this the sermoun that ye make ?

To alle the develles I me take,
 Or elles, god, thou me confounde :
 But er men diden this castel founde,
 It passeth not ten dayes or twelve, 7595
 But it was told right to my-selve,
 And as they seide, right so tolde I,
 He kiste the Rose privily !
 Thus seide I now, and have seid yore ;
 I not wher he dide any more. 7600
 Why shulde men sey me such a thing,
 If it hadde been gabbing ?
 Right so seide I, and wol seye yit ;
 I trowe, I lyed not of it ;
 And with my bemes I wol blowe 7605
 To alle neighboris a-rowe,
 How he hath bothe comen and gon !
 Tho spak Fals-Semblant right anon,
 ' Al is not gospel, out of doute,
 That men seyn in the toune aboute ; 7610
 Ley no deef ere to my speking ;
 I swere yow, sir, it is gabbing !
 I trowe ye wot wel certeynly,
 That no man loveth him tenderly
 That seith him harm, if he wot it, 7615
 Al be he never so pore of wit.
 And sooth is also sikerly
 (This knowe ye, sir, as wel as I),
 That lovers gladly wol visyten
 The places ther hir loves habytten. 7620
 This man you loveth and eek honoureth ;
 This man to serve you laboureth ;
 And clepeth you his freend so dere,
 And this man maketh you good chere,
 And every-when that [he] you meteth, 7625
 He you saleweth, and he you greteth.
 He preseth not so ofte, that ye
 Ought of his come encombred be ;
 Ther presen other folk on yow
 Ful ofter than [that] he doth now. 7630
 And if his herte him streyned so
 Unto the Rose for to go,
 Ye shulde him seen so ofte nede,
 That ye shulde take him with the dede.
 He coude his coming not forbere, 7635
 Though ye him thrilled with a spere ;
 It nere not thanne as it is now.
 But trusteth wel, I swere it yow,
 That it is clene out of his thought.
 Sir, certes, he ne thenketh it nought ;
 No more ne doth Fair-Welcoming, 7641
 That sore abyeth al this thing.

And if they were of oon assent,
 Ful sone were the Rose hent ;
 The maugre youres wolde be. 7645
 And sir, of o thing herkeneth me :—
 Sith ye this man, that loveth yow,
 Han seid such harm and shame now,
 Witeth wel, if he gessed it,
 Ye may wel demen in your wit, 7650
 He nolde no-thing love you so,
 Ne callen you his freend also,
 But night and day he twolde wake,
 The castel to destroye and take,
 If it were sooth as ye devyse ; 7655
 Or som man in som maner wyse
 Might it warne him everydel,
 Or by him-self perceyven wel ;
 For sith he might not come and gon
 As he was whylom wont to don, 7660
 He might it sone wite and see ;
 But now al other-wyse doth he.
 Than have þye, sir, al-outerly
 Deserved helle, and jolyly
 The deth of helle, douteles, 7665
 That thrallen folk so gilteles.'
 Fals-Semblant proverth so this thing
 That he can noon answering,
 And seeth alwey such apparaunce,
 That nygh he fel in repentaunce, 7670
 And seide him :—'Sir, it may wel be.

Semblant, a good man semen ye ;
 And, Abstinence, ful wyse ye seme ;
 Of o talent you bothe I deme. 7674
 What counceil wole ye to me yeven ?'
F. Sem. 'Right here anon thou shalt
 be shriven,
 And sey thy sinne withoute more ;
 Of this shalt thou repente sore ;
 For I am preest, and have poustee
 To shryve folk of most dignitee 7680
 That been, as wyde as world may dure.
 Of al this world I have the cure,
 And that had never yit persoun,
 No vicarie of no maner toun.
 And, god wot, I have of thee 7685
 A thousand tymes more pitee
 Than hath thy preest parochial,
 Though he thy freend be special.
 I have avaantage, in o wyse,
 That your prelates ben not so wyse 7690
 Ne half so lettered as am I.
 I am licenceed boldely
 In divinitie to rede,
 And to confessen, out of drede.
 If ye wol you now confesse, 7695
 And leve your sinnes more and lesse,
 Without abood, knele doun anon,
 And you shal have absolucion.'

Explicit.

THE MINOR POEMS.

I. AN A. B. C.

Incipit carmen secundum ordinem literarum Alphabeti.

ALMIGHTY and al merciable quene,
To whom that al this world fleeth for
socour,
To have relees of sinne, sorwe and tene,
Glorious virgine, of alle floures flour,
To thee I flee, confounded in error! 5
Help and releve, thou mighty debonaire,
Have mercy on my perilous langour!
Venquisshed m' hath my cruel adversaire.

Bountee so fix hath in thyn herte his
tente,
That wel I wot thou wolt my socour be, 10
Thou canst not warne him that, with
good entente,
Axeth thy help. Thyn herte is ay so free,
Thou art largesse of pleyn felicitee,
Haven of refut, of quiete and of reste.
Lo, how that theves seven chasen me! 15
Help, lady bright, er that my ship to
breste!

Comfort is noon, but in yow, lady dere;
For lo, my sinne and my confusioune,
Which oughten not in thy presence appere,
Han take on me a grevous acciour 20
Of verrey right and desperacioun;
And, as by right, they mighton wel sus-
tene
That I were worthy my dampnacioun,
Nere mercy of you, blisful hevene quene.

Doute is ther noon, thou queen of miser-
corde, 25
That thou n'art cause of grace and mercy
here;
God vouches sauf thurgh thee with us
t'acorde.
For certes, Cristes blisful moder dere,
Were now the bowe bent in swich manere,
As it was first, of justice and of yre, 30
The rightful God nolde of no mercy here;
But thurgh thee han we grace, as we
desyre.

Ever hath myn hope of refut been in thee,
For heer-bifore ful ofte, in many a wyse,
Hast thou to misericorde receyved me. 35
But mercy, lady, at the grete assyse,
Whan we shul come bifore the hye jus-
tyse!

So litel fruit shal thanne in me be founde,
That, but thou er that day me + wel
chastyse,
Of verrey right my werk me wol con-
founde. 40

Fleeing, I flee for socour to thy tente
Me for to hyde from tempest ful of drede,
Biseching you that ye you not absente,
Though I bewikke. Ohelp yit at this ned!
Al have I been a beste in wille and dede,
Yit, lady, thou me clothe with thy grace.
Thyn enemy and myn (lady, tak hede) 47
Un-to my deeth in poynyt is me to chace.

Glorious mayde and moder, which that never
Were bitter, neither in erthe nor in see, 50
But ful of swetnesse and of mercy ever,
Help that my fader be not wroth with me!
Spel thou, for I ne dar not him y-see,
So have I doon in erthe, allas ther-whyle!
That certes, but-if thou my socour be, 55
To stink eterne he wol my gost exyle.

He vouchyd sauf, tel him, as was his wille,
Become a man, to have our alliaunce,
And with his precious blood he wroot the
bille

Up-on the crois, as general acquitaunce,
To every penitent in ful creaunce; 61
And therfor, lady bright, thou for us
praye.
Than shalt thou bothe stinte al his graw-
aunce,
And make our foo to failen of his praye

I wot it wel, thou wolt ben our socour, 65
Thou art so ful of bountee, in certeyn.
For, whan a soule falleth in errour,
Thy pitee goth and haleth him ayeyn.
Than makest thou his pees with his
sovereyn,
And bringest him out of the crooked
strete. 70
Who-so thee loveth he shal not love in
veyn,
That shal he finde, as he the lyf shal lete.

Kalenderes enlumined ben they
That in this world ben lighted with thy
name,
And who-so goth to you the righte wey, 75
Him that not dредe iv soule to be lame.
Now, queen of comfort, sith thou art that
same
To whom I seche for my medicyne,
Lat not my foo no more my wounde en-
tame,
Myn hele in-to thyn hand al I resigne. 80
Lady, thy sorwe can I not portreye
Under the eros, ne his grevous penaunce.
But, for your bothes peynes, I you preye,
Lat not our alder foo make his bobaunce,
That he hath in his listes of mischaunce 85
Convict that ye bothe have bought so
dere.

As I seide erst, thou ground of our sub-
staunce,
Continue on us thy pitous eyen clere!

Moises, that saugh the bush with flaumes
rede
Brenninge, of which ther never a stikke
brende, 99
Was signe of thyn uwemmed maidene-
hede.
Thou art the bush on which ther gan
descende
The Holy Gost, the which that Moises
wende
Had ben a-fyr; and this was in figure.
Now lady, from the fyr thou us defende 95
Which that in helle eternally shal dure.

Noble princesse, that never haddest pere,
Certes, if any comfort in us be,
That cometh of thee, thou Cristes moder
dere,
We han non other melodye or glee 100
Us to rejoysen in our adversitee,
N'advocat noon that wol and dar so preyen
For us, and that for litel hyre as ye,
That helpen for an Ave-Marie or tweye.

O verrey light of eyen that ben blinde, 105
O verrey lust of labour and distresse,
O tresorere of bountee to mankinde,
Thee whom God chees to moder for
humblesse!
From his ancille he made thee maistresse
Of hevene and erthe, our bille up for to
bede. 110
This world awaiteth ever on thy good-
nesse,
For thou ne failest never wight at nede.

Purpos I have sum tyme for t'enquere,
Wherfore and why the Holy Gost thee
soughte,
Whan Gabrielles vois cam to thyn ere. 115
He not to werre us swich a wonder
wroughte,
But for to save us that he sithen boughte.
Than nedeth us no wepen us for to save,
But only ther we did not, as us oughte,
Do penitence, and mercy axe and have. 120
Queen of comfort, yit whan I me bithink
That I agilt have bothe, him and thee,

And that my soule is worthy for to sinke,
Allas, I, caitif, whider may I flee?
Who shal un-to thy sone my mene be? 125
Who, but thy-self, that art of pitee welle?
Thou hast more reuthe on our adversitee
Than in this world mighte any tungetelle.

Redresse me, moder, and me chastyse,
For, certeynly, my fadres chastisinge 130
That dar I nougnt abyden in no wyse:
So hidous is his rightful reckeninge.
Moder, of whom our mercy gan to springe,
Beth ye my juge and eek my soules leche;
For ever in you is pitee haboundinge 135
To ech that wol of pitee you biseche.

Soth is, that God ne graunteth no pitee
With-oute thee; for God, of his goodnesse,
Foryiveth noon, but it lyke un-to thee.
He hath thee maked viceaire and maistresse 140

Of al the world, and eek governeresse
Of hevene, and he represeth his justyse
After thy wille, and therefore in witnesse
He hath thee crouned in so ryal wyse.

Temple devout, ther god hath his won-
inge, 145

Fro which these misbileved prived been,
To you my soule penitent I bringe.
Receyve me! I can no ferther fleen!
With thornes venimous, O hevene queen,
For which the erthe acursed was ful yore,
I am so wounded, as ye may wel seen, 151
That I am lost almost;—it smert so sore.

Virgine, that art so noble of apparaile,
And ledest us in-to the hye tour 154

Of Paradys, thou me wisse and counsaile,
How I may have thy grace and thy socour;
Al have I been in filthe and in error.
Lady, un-to that court thou me ajourne
That cleped is thy bench, O fresshe flour!
Ther-as that mercy ever shal sojourne. 160

Xristus, thy sone, that in this world
alighte,

Up-on the cross to suffre his passioune.
And feek, that Longius his herte pighte,
And made his herte blood to renneadoun;
And al was this for my salvacion; 165
And I to him am fals and eek unkinde,
And yit he wol not my dampnacioun—
This thanke I you, socour of al mankinde.

Ysaac was figure of his deeth, certeyn,
That so fer-forth his fader wold obeye 170
That him ne roughte no-thing to be slain;
Right so thy sone list, as a lamb, to deye.
Now lady, ful of mercy, I you preye,
Sith he his mercy mesured so large,
Be ye not skant; for alle we singe and
seye 175

That ye ben from vengeaunce ay our targe.

Zacharie you clepeth the open welle
To wasshe sinful soule out of his gilt.
Therfore this lessoun oughte I wel to telle
That, nere thy tender herte, we weren
spilt. 180

Now lady brighte, sith thou canst and wilt
Ben to the seed of Adam merciable,
So bring us to that palais that is bilt
To penitents that ben to mercy able.
Amen. 184

Explicit carmen.

II. THE COMPLEYNTE UNTO PITE.

PITE, that I have sought so yore ago,
With herte sore, and ful of besy peyne,
That in this world was never wight so wo
With-oute dethe; and, if I shal not feyne,
My purpos was, to Pite to compleyne 5
Upon the crueltee and tirannyne
Of Love, that for my trouthe doth me dye.

And when that I, by lengthe of certeyn
yeres,
Had ever in oon a tyme sought to speke,
To Pite ran I, al bespreynt with teres, 10
To preyen hir on Crueltee m' awreke.
But, er I might with any worde out-
breke,

Or tellen any of my peynes smerte,
I sond hir deed, and buried in an herte.

Adoun I fel, when that I saugh the herse,
Deed as a stoon, whyl that the swogh me
laste; 16

But up I roos, with colour ful diverse,
And pitously on hir myn yēn caste,
And ner the corps I gan to presen faste,
And for the soule I shoop me for to
preye; 20
I þnas but lorn; ther þnas no more to
seye.

Thus am I slayn, sith that Pite is deed;
Allas! that day! that ever hit shalde
falle!

What maner man dar now holde up his
heed?

To whom shal any sorwful herte calle? 25
Now Crueltee hath cast to sleep us alle,
In ydel hope, folk redelees of peyne—
Sith she is deed—to whom shul we com-
pleyne?

But yet encreseth me this wonder newe,
That no wight woot that she is deed, but I;
So many men as in hir tyme hir knewe,
And yet she dyed not so sodeynly; 32
For I have sought hir ever ful besily
Sith first I hadde wit or mannes minde;
But she was deed, er that I coude hir
finde. 35

About hir herse ther stoden lustily,
Withouten any wo, as thoughte me,
Bountee parfit, wel armed and richely,
And fresshe Beatoe, Lust, and Jolitee,
Assured Maner, Youthe, and Honestee, 40
Wisdom, Estaat, [and] Dreed, and Go-
vernaunce,
Confedred bothe ly bonde and alliaunce.

A compleynt hadde I, writen, in myn
hond,

For to have put to Pite as a bille,
But whan I al this compayne ther fond,
That rather wolden al my cause spille 46
Than do me help, I held my pleynte stille;
For to that folk, withouten any faile,
Without Pite may no bille availe.

Then leve I al thise virtues, sauf Pite, 50
Keping the corps, as ye have herd me seyn,

Confedred alle by bonde of Crueltee,
And been assented that I shal be slyen.
And I have put my compleynt up ageyn;
For to my foos my bille I dar not shewe,
The effect of which seith thus, in wordes
fewe:— 56

The Bille.

¶ Humblest of herte, hyest of reverence,
Benigne flour, coroune of vertues alle,
Sheweth unto your rial excellencie
Your servaunt, if I durste me so calle, 60
His mortal harm, in which he is y-falle,
And nocht al only for his evel fare,
But for your renoun, as he shal declare.

¶ Hit stondeth thus: your contraire,
Crueltee,

Allyed is ageynst your regalye 65
Under colour of womanly Beautee,
For men [ne] shuld not knowe hir
tirannyne,
With Bountee, Gentilesse, and Curtesye,
And hath depryved you now of your place
That hight "Beautee, apertenant to
Grace." 70

¶ For kindly, by your heritage right,
Ye been annexed ever unto Bountee;
And verrayly ye oughte do your might
To helpe Trouthe in his adversuite.
Ye been also the coroune of Beautee; 75
And certes, if ye wanten in thise tweyne,
The world is lore; ther þnis no more to
seyne.

¶ Eek what availeth Maner and Gen-
tilesse

Without you, benigne creature?
Shal Crueltee be your governeresse? 80
Allas! what herte may hit longe endure?
Wherfor, but ye the rather take cure
To breke that perilous alliaunce,
Ye sleep hem that ben in your obeisaunce.

¶ And further over, if ye suffre this, 85
Your renoun is fordo than in a throwe;
Ther shal no man wite wel what Pite is.
Allas! that your renoun shuld be so lowe!
Ye be than fro your heritage y-throwe
By Crueltee, that occupieth your place; 90
And we despeired, that seken to your
grace

'Have mercy on me, thou Herenus quene,
That you have sought so tenderly and
yore ;'

Let som streem of your light on me be sene
That love and drede you, ay lenger the
more. 95

For, soothly for to seyne, I bere the sore.
And, though I be not cunning for to
pleyne,
For goddes love, have mercy on my peyne !

'My peyne is this, that what so I desire
That have I not, ne no-thing lyk thereto ;
And ever set Desire myn herte on fire ;
Eek on that other syde, wher-so I go, 102
What maner thing that may encress wo
That have I redy, unsought, everywhere ;
Me [ne] lakketh but my deth, and than
my bere. 105

'What nedeth to shewe parcel of my
peyne ?'

Sith every wo that herte may bethinke
I suffre, and yet I dar not to you pleyne :
For wel I woot, al-though I wake or
winke,

Ye rekke not whether I flete or sinke. 110
But natholes, my trouthe I shal sustene
Unto my deeth, and that shal wel be
sene.

'This is to seyne, I wol be yores ever ;
Though ye me slee by Crueltee, your fo,
Algate my spirit shal never dissever 115
Fro your servyse, for any peyne or wo.
Sith ye be deed—allas ! that hit is so !—
Thus for your deth I may wel wepe and
pleyne 118
With herte sore and ful of besy peyne.'

Here endeth the exclamacion of the Deth of Pyte.

III. THE BOOK OF THE DUCHESSE.

The Poem.

I HAVE gret wonder, by this lighte,
How that I live, for day ne nighte
I may nat slepe wel nigh noct ;
I have so many an ydel thoght
Purely for deaute of slepe, 5
That, by my trouthe, I take + kepe
Of no-thing, how hit cometh or goth,
Ne me nis no-thing leef nor loth.
Al is yliche good to me —
Joye or sorowe, wherso hit be — 10
For I have feling in no-thing,
But, as it were, a mased thing,
Alway in point to falle a-doun ;
For +sory imaginacioun
Is alway hooly in my minde. 15

And wel ye woot, agaynes kinda
Hit were to liven in this wyse ;
For nature wolde nat suffyse
To noon erthely creature
Not longe tyme to endure 20

Without slepe, and be[en] in sorwe ;
And I ne may, ne night ne morwe,
Slepe; and +thus melancolye,
And dred I have for to dye,
Defaute of slepe, and hevinesse 25
Hath sleyn my spirit of quiknesse,
That I have lost al lustihede.
Suche fantasyes ben in myn hede
So I not what is best to do.

But men mighte axe me, why so
I may not slepe, and what me is ?
But natholes, who aske this
Leseth his asking trewely.
My-selven can not telle why 30
The sooth ; but trewely, as I gesse,
I holdē hit be a siknesse
That I have suffered this eight yere,
And yet my bote is never the nere ;
For ther is phisicien but oon, 35
That may me hele ; but that is doon.
Passo we over until eft ;
That wil not be, moot nede be left ;

Our first matere is good to kepe.

So whan I saw I night not slepe,
Til now late, this other night, 45
Upon my bedde I sat upright,
And bad oon reche me a book,
A romaunce, and he hit me took
To rede and dryve the night away ;
For me thoughte it better play 50
Then playe[n] either at chesse or tables.

And in this boke were witten fables
That clerkes hadde, in olde tyme,
And other poets, put in ryme
To rede, and for to be in minde 55
Whyl men loved the lawe of kinde.
This book ne spak but of such thinges,
Of quenes lyves, and of kinges,
And many other thinges smale.
Amonge al this I fond a tale 60
That me thoughte a wonder thing.

This was the tale : Ther was a king
That highte Seys, and hadde a wyf,
The beste that mighte here lyf ;
And this quene highte Alecyone. 65
So hit befel, therafter sone,
This king wolde wenden over see.
To tellen shortly, whan that he
Was in the see, thus in this wyse,
Soche a tempest gan to ryse 70
That brak his mast, and made it falle,
And clefto his ship, and dreinte hem alle,
That never was founden, as it telles,
Bord ne man, ne nothing elles.
Right thus this king Seys loste his lyf. 75

Now þfor to spoken of his wyf :—
This lady, that was left at home,
Hath wonder, that the king ne come
Hoom, for hit was a longe terme.
Anon her herte þgan to erme ; 80
And for that his thoughte evermo
Hit was not wel þhe dwelte so,
She longed so after the king
That certes, hit were a pitous thing
To telle his hertely sorwful lyf 85
That þhadde, alas ! this noble wyf ;
For him she loved alderbest.
Anon she sente bothe eest and west
To seke him, but they founde nougnt.

'Alas!' quoth she, 'that I was wrought !
And wher my lord, my love, be deed ? 90
Certes, I nil never ete breed,
I make a-yowe to my god here,

But I mowe of my lorde here !'
Such sorwe this lady to her took 95
That trewely I, which made this book,
Had swich pite and swich rowthe
To rede hir sorwe, that, by my trowthe,
I ferde the worse al the morwe
After, to thenken on her sorwe. 100

So whan þshe coude here no word
That no man mighte finde his lord,
Ful oft she swooned, and seide 'alas !'
For sorwe ful nigh wood she was,
Ne she coude no reed but oon ; 105
But doun on knees she sat anon,
And þweep, that pite was to here.

'A ! mercy ! swete lady dere !'
Quod she to Juno, his goddesse ;
'Help me out of this distresse,
And yeve me grace my lord to see 110
Sone, or wite wher-so he be,
Or how he fareth, or in what wyse,
And I shal make you sacrifise,
And hoonly youres become I shal 115
With good wil, body, herte, and al ;
And but thou wilt this, lady swete,
Send me grace to slepe, and meto
In my slepe som certeyn sweven,
Wher-through that I may knownen even 120
Whether my lord be quik or deed.' 121
With that word she heng doun the heed,
And fil a-sown as cold as ston ;
His women caughte her up anon,
And brighten hir in bed al naked, 125
And she, forweped and forwaked,
Was wery, and thus the dede sleep
Fil on her, or she toke keep,
Through Juno, that had herd hir bone,
That made hir [for] to slepe sone ; 130

For as she prayde, þso was don,
In dede ; for Juno, right anon,
Called thus her messagere
To do her erande, and he com nere.
Whan he was come, she bad him thus : 135
'Go bet,' quod Juno, 'to Morpheus,
Thou knowest him wel, the god of sleep ;
Now understand wel, and tak keep.
Sey thus on my halfe, that he
Go faste into the grete see, 140
And bid him that, on alle thing,
He take up Seys body the king,
That lyth ful pale and no-thing rody.
Bid him crepe into the body,

And do it goon to Alcyone
 The quene, ther she lyth alone,
 And shewe hir shortly, hit is no nay,
 How hit was dreynt this other day ;
 And do the body speke †so
 Right as hit was wont to do,
 The whyles that hit was on lyve.
 Go now faste, and hy thee blyve !'

This messenger took leve and wente
 Upon his wey, and never ne stente
 Til he com to the derke valeye
 That stant bytwene roches tweye, 155
 Ther never yet grew corn ne gras,
 Ne tree, ne †nothing that ought was,
 Beste, ne man, ne †nothing elles,
 Save ther were a fewe welles
 Came renning fro the clifffes adoun,
 That made a deedly sleping soun,
 And ronnen doun right by a cave
 That was under a rokke y-grave
 Amid the valey, wonder depe. 165
 Ther thise goddes laye and slepe,
 Morpheus, and Eclypasteyre,
 That was the god of sleepes heyre,
 That slepe and did non other werk.

This cave was also as dark
 As helle pit over-al aboute ;
 They had good leysor for to route
 To envye, who might slepe beste ;
 Some henge hir chin upon hir breste
 And †slepe upright, hir heed y-hed, 175
 And some lay[e] naked in hir bed,
 And slepe whyles the dayes laste.

This messenger com flying faste,
 And cryed, 'O ho ! awak anon !' 179
 Hit was for noght ; ther herde him non.
 'Awak !' quod he, 'who is, lyth there ?'
 And blew his horn right in hir ere,
 And cryed 'awaketh !' wonder hyü.
 This god of slepe, with his oon yü
 Cast up, †taxed, 'who clepeth there ?' 185
 'Hit am I,' quod this messagere ;
 'Juno bad thou shuldest goon'—
 And tolde him what he shulde doon
 As I have told yow here-tofore ;
 Hit is no need reherse hit more ; 190
 And wente his wey, whan he had sayd.

Anon this god of slepe a-brayd
 Out of his slepe, and gan to goon,
 And did as he had bede him doon ;
 Took up the dreynte body sone, 195

145 And bar hit forth to Alcyone,
 His wyf the quene, ther-as she lay,
 Right even a quarter before day,
 And stood right at hir beddes fete,
 And called hir, right as she hete, 200
 By name, and seyde, 'my swete wyf,
 Awak ! let be your sorwful lyf !
 For in your sorwe ther lyth no reed ;
 For certes, swete, I †nam but deed ;
 Ye shul me never on lyve y-see. 205
 But good swete herte, [look] that ye
 Bury my body, †at whiche a tyde
 Ye mowe hit finde the see besyde ;
 And fur-wel, swete, my worldes blisse !
 I praye god your sorwe lissoe ; 210
 To litel whyl our blisse lasteth !'

With that hir eyen up she casteth,
 And saw noght ; '†A !' quod she, 'for
 sorwe !'

And deyed within the thridde morwe.
 But what she sayde more in that swow
 I may not telle yow as now, 215
 Hit were to longe for to dwelle ;
 My first matere I wil yow tellie,
 Wherfor I have told this thing
 Of Alcione and Seys the king. 220

For thus moche dar I say[e] wel,
 I had be dolven everydel,
 And deed, right through defaute of sleep,
 If I nad red and take[n] keep
 Of this tale next before : 225
 And I wol telle yow wherfore ;
 For I ne might, for bote ne bale,
 Slepe, or I had red this tale
 Of this dreynte Seys the king,
 And of the goddes of sleping. 230

Whan I had red this tale wel,
 And over-looked hit everydel,
 Me thoughte wonder if hit were so ;
 For I had never herd speke, or tho,
 Of no goddes that coude make 235
 Men [for] to slepe, ne for to wake ;
 For I ne knew never god but oon.
 And in my game I sayde anoon—
 And yet me list right evel to pleye—
 'Rather then that I shulde deye 240
 Through defaute of sleping thus,
 I wolde yive thilke Morpheus,
 Or his goddesse, dame Juno,
 Or som wight elles, I ne roghte who—
 To make me slepe and have som reste—

I wil yive him the alder-bestē 246
 Yift that ever he abood his lyve,
 And here on warde, right now, as blyve ;
 If he wol make me slepe a lyte,
 Of downe of pure dowvē whyte 250
 I wil yive him a fether-bed,
 Rayed with golde, and right wel cled
 In sfn blak satin dountremere,
 And many a pillow, and every bere
 Of clothe of Reynes, to slepe softe ; 255
 Him thar not nedē to turnen ofte.
 And I wol yive him al that falles
 To a chambre ; and al his halles
 I wol do peynte with pure golde,
 And tapite hem ful many folde 260
 Of oo sute ; this shal he have,
 If I wiste wher were his cave,
 If he can make me slepe sone,
 As did the goddesse Alcione.
 And thus this ilke god, Morpheus, 265
 May winne of me mo feēs thus
 Than ever he wan ; and to Juno,
 That is his goddesse, I shal so do,
 I trowe that she shal holde her payd.'

I hadde unneth that word y-sayd 270
 Right thus as I have told hit yow,
 That sodeynly, I niste how,
 Swich a lust anoon me took
 To slepe, that right upon my book
 I fil aslepe, and therwith even 275
 Me mette so inly swete a sweven,
 So wonderful, that never yit
 I trowe no man hadde the wit
 To conne wel my sweven rede ;
 No, not Joseph, withoute drede, 280
 Of Egyp̄e, he that redde so
 The kinges meting Pharaō,
 No more than coude the leste of us ;
 Ne nat scarsly Macrobeus,
 (He that wroot al th'avisoun 285
 That he mette, king Scipioun,
 The noble man, the African—
 Swiche mervayles fortuned than)
 I trowe, a-rede my dremes even.
 Lo, thus hit was, this was my sweven. 290

The Dream.

ME thoughte thus :—that hit was May,
 And in the dawning ther I lay,
 Me mette thus, in my bed al naked :—

+I loked forth, for I was waked
 With smale foules a gret hepe, 295
 That had affrayed me out of †slepe
 Through noyse and swetnesse of hir song ;
 And, as mo mette, they sate among,
 Upon my chambre-roof withoute,
 Upon the tyles, †al a-boute, 300
 And songen, everich in his wyse,
 The moste solempne servyse
 By note, that ever man, I trowe,
 Had herd ; for som of hem song lowe,
 Som hye, and al of oon acorde. 305
 To telle shortly, at oo worde,
 Was never y-herd so swete a steven,
 But hit had be a thing of heven ;—
 So mery a soun, so swete entunes,
 That certes, for the toune of Tewnes, 310
 I nolde but I had herd hem singe ;
 For al my chambre gan to ringe
 Through singing of hir armonye.
 For instrument nor melodye
 Was nowher herd yet half so swete, 315
 Nor of acorde half so mete ;
 For ther was noon of hem that feyned
 To singe, for ech of hem him peyned
 To finde out mery crafty notes ;
 They ne spared not hir throtes. 320
 And, sooth to seyn, my chambre was
 Ful wel depeynted, and with glas
 Were al the windowes wel y-glased,
 Ful clere, and nat an hole y-erasde,
 That to beholde hit was gret joye. 325
 For hooly al the storie of Troye
 Was in the glasing y-wroght thus,
 Of Ector and †king Priamus,
 Of Achilles and †Lamedon,
 Of †Medea and of Jason, 330
 Of Paris, Eleyne, and Lavyne.
 And †alle the walles with colours fyne
 Were peynted, bothe text and glose,
 †Of al the Romaunce of the Rose.
 My windowes weren shet echon, 335
 And through the glas the sunne shon
 Upon my bed with brighte bemes,
 With many glade gilden stremes ;
 And eck the welken was so fair,
 Blew, bright, clere was the air, 340
 And ful atempre, for sothe, hit was ;
 For nother †cold nor hoot hit nas,
 Ne in al the welken was a cloude.
 And as I lay thus, wonder loude

Me thoughte I herde an hunte blowe 345
 T' assaye his horn, and for to knowe
 Whether hit were clere or hors of sounē.
 †I herde goinge, up and dounē,
 Men, hors, houndes, and other thing ;
 And al men speken of hunting, 350
 How they wolde slee the hert with
 strengthe,
 And how the hert had, upon lengthe,
 So moche embosed, I not now what.
 Anon-right, whan I herde that,
 How that they wolde on hunting goon,
 I was right glad, and up anoon ; 356
 [I] took my hors, and forth I wente
 Out of my chambre ; I never stente
 Til I com to the feld withoute.
 Ther overtook I a gret route 360
 Of hentes and eek of foresteres,
 With many relayes and lymeres,
 And hyed hem to the forest faste,
 And I with hem :—so at the laste
 I asked oon, ladde a lymere :— 365
 ‘Say, felow, who shal hunte[n] here ?’
 Quod I ; and he awurde ageyn,
 ‘Sir, th’emperour Octovien,’
 Quod he, ‘and is heer faste by.’
 ‘A goddes halfe, in good tyme,’ quod I,
 ‘Go we faste !’ and gan to ryde. 371
 Whan we came to the forest-syde,
 Every man dide, right anoon,
 As to hunting fil to doon.
 The mayster-hunte anoon, fot-hoot, 375
 With a gret horne blew three moot
 At the uncoupling of his houndes.
 Within a whyl the hert [y]-founde is,
 Y-halowed, and rechased faste
 Longe tyme ; and †at the laste, 380
 This hert rused and stal away
 Fro alle the houndes a prevy way.
 The houndes had overshotem alle,
 And were on a defaute y-falle ;
 Therwith the hunte wonder faste 385
 Blew a forloyn at the laste.

I was go walked fro my tree,
 And as I wente, ther cam by me
 A whelp, that fauned me as I stood,
 That hadde y-folowed, and conde no good.
 Hit com and creep to me as lowe, 391
 Right as hit hadde me y-knowe,
 Hild doun his heed and joyned his eres,
 And leyde al smothe doun his heres.

I wolde han caught hit, and anoon 395
 Hit fledde, and was fro me goon ;
 And I him folwed, and hit forth wente
 Doun by a floury grene wente
 Ful thikke of gras, ful softe and swete,
 With floures fele, faire under fete, 400
 And litel used, hit seemed thus ;
 For bothe Flora and Zephirus,
 They two that make floures growe,
 Had mad hit dwelling ther, I trowe ;
 For hit was, on to beholde, 405
 As thogh the erthe envye wolde
 To be gayer than the heven,
 To have mo floures, swiche seven
 As in the welken sterres be.
 Hit had forgete the povertee 410
 That winter, through his colde morwes,
 Had mad hit suffre[n], and his sorwes ;
 Al was forgeten, and that was sene.
 For al the wode was waxen grene,
 Swetnesse of dewe had mad it waxe. 415
 Hit is no need eek for to axe
 Wher ther were many grene greves,
 Or thikke of trees, so ful of leve ;
 And every tree stood by him-selve
 Fro other wel ten foot or twelve. 420
 So grete trees, so huge of strengthe,
 Of fourty or fifty fadme lengthe,
 Clene withoute bough or stikke,
 With croppes brode, and eek as thikke—
 They were nat an inche a-sonder— 425
 That hit was shadwe over-al under ;
 And many an hert and many an hinde
 Was both before me and bihind.
 Of founes, soures, bukkes, doës
 Was ful the wode, and many roës, 430
 And many squirrelles, that sete
 Ful hyo upon the trees, and ete,
 And in hir maner made festes.
 Shortly, hit was so ful of bestes,
 That thogh Argus, the noble countour, 435
 Sete to rekene in his countour,
 And rekene[d] with his figures ten—
 For by tho figures mowe al ken,
 If they be crafty, rekene and noumbe,
 And telle of every thing the noumbe—
 Yet shulde he fayle to rekene even 441
 The wondres, me mette in my sweven.
 But forth they romed †wonder faste
 Doun the wode ; so at the laste
 I was war of a man in blak, 445

That sat and had y-turned his bak
To an oke, an huge tree.
'Lord,' thoghte I, 'who may that be?
What ayleth him to sitten here?'
Anoon-right I wente nere ; 450
Than fond I sitte even upright
A wonder wel-faringe knight—
By the maner me thoughte so—
Of good mochel, and †yong thereto,
Of the age of four and twenty yeer. 455
Upon his berde but litel heer,
And he was clothed al in blakke,
I stalked even unto his bakke,
And ther I stood as stille as ought,
That, sooth to saye, he saw me nought,
For-why he heng his heed adoune. 461
And with a deedly sorwful sounce
He made of ryme ten vers or twelve,
Of a compleynt to him-selfe,
The moste pite, the moste rowthe, 465
That ever I herde; for, by my trowthe,
Hit was gret wonder that nature
Might suffre[n] any creature
To have swich sorwe, and be not deed.
Ful pitous, pale, and nothing reed, 470
He sayde a lay, a maner song,
Withoutote, withoutote song,
And hit was this; for †wel I can
Reherse hit; right thus hit began.—
"I have of sorwe so gret woon, 475
That joye gete I never noon,
Now that I see my lady bright,
Which I have loved with al my might,
Is fro me deed, and is a-goon.† 479
"Allas, [o] deeth! what ayleth thee, 481
That thou noldest have taken me,
Whan that thou toke my lady swete?
That was so fayr, so fresh, so free,
So good, that men may wel [y]-see 485
Of al goodnessse she had no mete!—
Whan he had mad thus his complayne,
His sorwful herte gan faste faynte,
And his spirites wexen dede;
The blood was fled, for pure drede, 490
Doun to his herte, to make him warm—
For wel hit feled the herte had harm—
To wite eek why hit was a-drad
By kinde, and for to make hit glad;
For hit is membre principal 495
Of the body; and that made al
His hewe chaunge and wexe grene

And pale, for †no blood was sene
In no maner lime of his.
Anoon therwith whan I saw this, 500
He ferde thus evel ther he sete,
I wente and stood right at his fete,
And grettē him, but he spak noght,
But argued with his owne thought,
And in his witte disputed faste 505
Why and how his lyf might laste;
Him thoughte his sorwes were so smerte
And lay so colde upon his herte;
So, through his sorwe and hevy thought,
Made him that he ne herde me noght; 511
For he had wel nigh lost his minde,
Thogh Pan, that men clepe god of kinde,
Were for his sorwes never so wrooth.
But at the laste, to sayn right sooth,
He was war of me, how I stood 515
Before him, and diode of myn hood,
And †grettē him, as I best coude.
Debonairly, and no-thing loude,
He sayde, 'I prey thee, be not wrooth,
I herde thee not, to sayn the sooth, 520
Ne I saw thee not, sir, trowely.'
'A! goode sir, no fors,' quod I,
'I am right sory if I have ought
Destroubled yow out of your thought;
For-yive me if I have mis-take.' 525
'Yis, th' amendes is light to make,'
Quod he, 'for ther lyth noon ther-to;
Ther is no-thing missayd nor do,'
Lo! how goodly spak this knight,
As it had been another wight; 530
He made it nouther tough ne queynte.
And I saw that, and gan me aqueynte
With him, and fond him so tretable,
Right wonder skilful and resonable,
As me thoughte, for al his bale. 535
Anoon-right I gan finde a tale
To him, to loke wher I might ought
Have more knowing of his thought.
'Sir,' quod I, 'this game is doon;
I holde that this hert be goon; 540
These hunte conne him nowher see.'
'I do no fors therof,' quod he,
'My thought is ther-on never a del.'
'By our lord,' quod I, 'I trow yow wel,
Right so me thinketh by your chere. 545
But, sir, oo thing wol ye here?
Me thinketh, in gret sorwe I yow see
But certes, [good] sir, yif that ye

Wolde ought discure me your wo,
I wolde, as wis god helpe me so,
Amende hit, yif I can or may ;
Ye mowe preve hit by assay.

For, by my trouthe, to make yow hool,
I wol do al my power hool :
And telleth me of your sorwes smerte,
Paraventure hit may ese your herte. 556
That semeth ful seke under your syde.

With that he loked on me asyde.
As who sayth, ' nay, that wol not be.'
' Graunt mercy, gode frend,' quod he,
' I thanke thee that thou woldest so, 561
But hit may never the rather be do.
No man may my sorwe glade,
That maketh my hewe to falle and
fade,

And hath myn understanding lorn, 565
That me is wo that I was born !
May noght make my sorwes slyde,
Nought the remedies of Ovyde ;
Ne Orpheus, god of melodye,
Ne Dedalus, with þplayes slye ; 570
Ne hele me may þphisicien,
Noght Ipocras, ne Galien ;
Me is wo that I live houres twelve ;
But who so wol assayte him-selve
Whether his herte can have pite 575
Of any sorwe, lat him see me.
I wrecche, that deeth hath mad al naked
Of alle blisse that was ever maked,
Y-worthe worste of alle wightes,
That hate my dayes and my nightes ; 580
My lyf, my lustes be me lothe,
For al welfare and I be wrothe.

The pure deeth is so þmy fo,
þThogh I wolde deye, hit wolde not so ;
For whan I folwe hit, hit wol flee ; 585
I wolde have þhit, hit nil not me.
This is my peyne withoute reed,
Alway deying, and be not deed,
That þSesiphus, that lyth in helle,
May not of more sorwe telle. 590
And who so wiste al, by my trouthe,
My sorwe, but he hadde routhe
And pite of my sorwes smerte,
That man hath a feendly herte.
For who so seeth me first on morwe 595
May seyn, he hath [y]-met with sorwe ;
For I am sorwe and sorwe is I.

' Allas ! and I wol tellle the why ;

My þsong is turned to pleyning,
And al my laughter to weping,

600

My glade thoughtes to hevinesse,
In travale is myn ydelnesse
And eek my reste ; my wele is wo.

605

My good is harm, and ever-mo
In wrathe is turned my pleying,
And my delyt in-to sorwing.

610

Myn hele is turned into seeknesse,
In drede is al my sikernesse.

615

To derke is turned al my light,
My wit is foly, my day is night,

620

My love is hate, my sleep waking,
My mirthe and meles is fasting,
My countenaunce is nycte,
And al abaved wher-so I be,

625

My pees, in pleding and in werre ;
Allas ! how mighte I fare werre ?

' My boldnesse is turned to shame,
For fals Fortune hath pleyd a game

630

Atte ches with me, alas ! the whyle !
The trayteresse fals and ful of gyle,

635

That al behoteth and no-thing halt,
She goth upright and yet she halt,

640

That baggeth foule and loketh faire,
The disputos debonaire,

645

That scorneth many a creature !
An ydole of fals portraiture

650

Is she, for she wil sone wryen,
She is the monstres heed y-wryen,

655

As filth over y-strawed with floures ;
Hir moste worship and hir þflour is

660

To lyen, for that is hir nature ;
Withoute feyth, lawe, or mesure

665

She is fals ; and ever laughinge
With oon eye, and that other wepinge.

670

That is brought up, she set al doun.
I lykne hir to the scorpioun,

675

That is a fals flatering beste ;
For with his hede he maketh feste,

680

But al amid his flateringe
With his tayle he wol stinge,

685

And envenyme ; and so wol she.
She is th' envyous charite

690

That is ay fals, and semeth wele ;
So turneth she hir false whele

695

Aboute, for it is no-thing stable,
Now by the fyre, now at table ;

700

Ful many oon hath she thus y-blent,
She is pley of enchauntement,

705

That semeth oon and is nat so,

The false theef ! what hath she do,	650	And bethenke me every-del,
Trowest thou ? by our lord, I wol thee seye.		How that ther lyth in reckening,
Atte ches with me she gan to pleye :		In my sorwe, for no-thing ;
With hir false draughtes divers		700 And how ther leveth no gladnesse
She stal on me, and took my fers		May gladdie me of my distresse,
And whan I saw my fers aweye,	655	And how I have lost suffisance,
Alas ! I couthe no lenger pleye,		And therto I have no plesance,
But seyde, " farwel, swete, y-wis,		Than may I say, I have right noght. 705
And farwel al that ever ther is ! "		And whan al this falleth in my thoght,
Therwith Fortune seyde " chek here ! "		Allas ! than am I overcome !
And " mate !" in þmid pointe of the chekkere	660	For that is doon is not to come !
With a poune erraunt, allas !		I have more sorowe than Tantale.'
Ful craftier to pley she was		And whan I herde him telle this tale
Than Athalus, that made the game		Thus pitously, as I yow telle,
First of the ches : so was his name.		711 Unnethe mighta I lenger dwelle,
But god wolde I had ones or twytes	665	Hit dide myn herte so moche wo.
Y-kound and knowe the jeupardyes		' A ! good sir ! ' quod I, ' say not so !
That coude the Grek Pithagores !		Have som pite on your nature
I shulde have pleyd the bet at ches,		715 That formed yow to creature ;
And kept my fers the bet therby ;		Remembre yow of Socrates ;
And thogh wherto ? for trewely	670	For he ne counted nat three strees
I hold that wish nat worth a stree .		Of noght that Fortune coude do.'
Hit had be never the bet for me.		' No,' quod he, ' I can not so.' 720
For Fortune can so many a wyle,		' Why so ? good sir ! þparde ! ' quod I ;
Ther be but fewe can hir begyle,		' Ne say noght so, for trewely,
And eek she is the las to blame ;		Thogh ye had lost the ferses twelve,
My-self I wolde have do the same,	675	And ye for sorwe mordred your-selve,
Before god, hadde I been as she ;		Ye sholde be dampned in this cas
She oglite the more excused be.		725 By as good right as Medea was,
For this I say yet more therto,		That slow hir children for Jason ;
Hadde I be god and mighte have do	680	And Phyllis þals for Demophon
My wille, whan þmy fers she caughte,		Heng hir-self, so weylaway !
I wolde have drawe the same draughte.		For he had broke his terme-day
For, also wis god yive me reste,		730 To come to hir. Another rage
I dar wel swere she took the beste !		Had Dydo, þquene eek of Cartage,
' But through that draughte I have lorn	685	That slow hir-self, for Eneas
My blisse ; allas ! that I was born !		Was fals ; [a !] whiche a fool she was !
For evermore, I trowe trewely,		And Eequo dyed for Narcisus
For al my wil, my lust hoolly		735 Nolde nat love hir ; and right thus
Is turned ; but yet, what to done ?		Hath many another foly don.
By our lord, hit is to deye sone !	690	And for Dalida dyed Sampson,
For no-thing I [ne] leve it noght,		That slow him-self with a pilere.
But live and deye right in this thoght.		But ther is þnoon a-lyve here
þTher nis planetē in firmament,		740 Wold for a fers make[n] this wo !'
Ne in air, ne in erthe, noon element,		' Why so ? ' quod he ; ' hit is nat so ;
That they ne yive me a yift echoon	695	Thou wost ful litel what thou menest ;
Of weeping, whan I am aloon,		I have lost more than thou wenest.'
For whan that I avyse me wel,		' Lo, þsir, how may that be ? ' quod I ; 745
		' Good sir, tel me al hoolly
		In what wyse, how, why, and wherfore
		That ye have thus your blisse lore.'

'Blythly,' quod he, 'com sit adoun ;
I telle thee up condicoun' 750
That thou þholly, with al thy wit,
Do thyn entent to herkene hit.'
'Yis, sir.' 'Swere thy trouthe ther-to.'
'Gladly.' 'Do than holde her-to !'
'I shal right blythly, so god me save, 755
Hooly, with al the witte I have,
Here yow, as wel as I can.'
'A goddes half!' quod he, and began :—
'Sir,' quod he, 'sith first I couthe
Have any maner wit fro youthe, 760
Or kindely understanding
To comprehendē, in any thing,
What love was, in myn owne wit,
Dredes, I have ever yit
Be tributary, and yiven rente 765
To love hooly with gode entente,
And through plesaunce become his thral,
With good wil, body, herte, and al.
Al this I putte in his servage,
As to my lorde, and dide homage ; 770
And ful devoutly þprayde him to,
He shulde besette myn herte so,
That it plesaunce to him were,
And worship to my lady dere.
'And this was longe, and many a yeer
Or that myn herte was set o-wher, 776
That I did thus, and niste why ;
I trouwe hit cam me kindely.
Paraunter I was therto þable
As a whyt wal or a table ; 780
For hit is redy to cacche and take
Al that men wil therin make,
Wher-so men wol portreye or peynte,
Be the werkes never so queynte.
'And thilke tyme I ferde þso 785
I was able to have lerned tho,
And to have coud as wel or better,
Paraunter, other art or letter.
But for love cam first in my thought,
Therfore I forgot it nouȝt. 790
I chees love to my firste craft,
Therfor hit is with me [y]laft.
Forwhi I took hit of so yong age,
That malice hadde my corage
Nat that tyme turned to no-thing 795
Through to mochel knowleching.
For that tyme Youthe, my maistresse,
Governed me in ydelnesse ;
For hit was in my firste youthe,

And tho ful litel good I couthe ;
For al my werkes were flittinge,
þAnd al my thoghtes varyinge ;
Al were to me y-liche good,
That I knew tho ; but thus hit stood. 800
'Hit happed that I cam þa day 805
Into a place, ther þI say,
Trewly, the fayrest companye
Of ladies, that ever man with yé
Had seen to gedres in oo place.
Shal I clepe hit hap other grace 810
That broghte me ther ? nay, but Fortune,
That is to lyen ful comune,
The false trayteresse, pervers,
God wolde I coude clepe hir wers !
For now she worceth me ful wo, 815
And I wol telle sone why so.
'Among thise ladies thus echoon,
Soth to seyn, I saw [ther] oon
That was lyk noon of [al] the route ;
For I dar swere, withoute doute, 820
That as the someres sonne bright
Is fairer, clerer, and hath more light
Than any þplanete, [is] in heven,
The mone, or the sterres seven,
For al the worlde, so had she 825
Surmounted hem alle of beaute,
Of maner and of comlinesse,
Of stature and þwel set gladnesse,
Of goodlihede þso wel beseye—
Shortly, what shal I more seye ? 830
By god, and by his halwes twelve,
It was my swete, right as hir-selve !
She had so stedfast countenaunce,
So noble port and meyntenaunce.
And Love, that had herd my bone, 835
Had espyed me thus sone,
That she ful sone, in my thoght,
As helpe me god, so was y-caught
So sodenly, that I ne took
No maner þreed but at hir look 840
And at myn herte ; for-why hir eyen
So gladly, I trow, myn herte seyen,
That purely tho myn owne thoght
Seyde hit were þbet serve hir for noght
Than with another to be wel. 845
And hit was sooth, for, everydel,
I wil anoon-right telle thee why
'I saw hir daunce so comlyl,
Carole and singe so swetely,
Laughe and pleye so womanly,
850

And loke so debonairly,
So goodly speke and so frendly,
That certes, I trow, that evermore
Nas seyn so blisful a tresore.
For every heer [upon] hir hede,
Soth to seyn, hit was not rede,
Ne nouther yelw, ne broun hit nas ;
Me thoghite, most lyk gold hit was.
And whiche eyen my lady hadde !
Debonair, goode, glade, and saddle, 860
Simple, of good mochel, noght to wyde ;
Therto hir look nas not a-syde,
Ne overthwert, but beset so wel,
Hit drew and took up, everydel,
Alle that on hir gan beholde.
Hir eyen semed anoon she wolde
Have mercy ; fooles wenden so ;
But hit was never the rather do.
Hit nas no countrefeted thing,
It was hir owne pure loking, 870
That the goddesse, dame Nature,
Had made hem opene by mesure,
And close ; for, were she never so glad,
Hir loking was not foly sprad,
Ne wildely, thogh that she pleyde ; 875
But ever, me thoghte, hir eyen seyde,
" By god, my wratha is al for-yive ! "

' Therwith hir liste so wel to live,
That dulnesse was of hir a-drad.
She nas to sobre ne to glad ;
In alle thinges more mesure
Had never, I trowe, creature.
But many oon with hir loke she herte,
And that sat hir ful lyte at herte,
For she knew no-thing of hir thoght ; 885
But whether she knew, or knew hit noght,
Algatc she ne roghte of hem a stree !
To gete hir love no ner nas he
That woned at home, than he in Inde ;
The formest was alway behinde, 890
But gode folk, over al other,
She loved as man may do his brother ;
Of whiche love she was wonder large,
In skilful places that bere charge.

' +Which a visage had she ther-to ! 895
Allas ! myn herte is wonder wo
That I ne can discryven hit !
Me lakketh bothe English and wit
For to undo hit at the fulle ;
And eek my spirits be so dulle
So greet a thing for to devyse.

855

865

870

880

890

900

I have no wit that can suffysse
To comprehend[e]n] hir beaute ;
But thus moche dar I seyn, that she
Was †frody, fresh, and lyvely hewed ; 905
And every day hir beaute newed.
And negh hir face was alder-best ;
For certes, Nature had swich lest
To make that fair, that trewly she
Was hir cheef patron of beautee, 910
And cheef ensample of al hir werke,
And moustre ; for, be hit never so derke,
Me thinketh I see hir ever-mo.
And yet more-over, thogh alle tho
That ever lived were now a-lyve, 915
[They] ne sholde have founde to discryve
In al hir face a wikkid signe ;
For hit was sad, simple, and benigne.
' And which a goodly softe speche
Had that swete, my lyves leche ! 920
So frendly, and so wel y-grounded,
Up al resoun so wel y-founded,
And so tretable to alle gode,
That I dar swere †by the rode,
Of eloquence was never founde 925
So swete a sowninge facounde,
Ne trewe tonged, ne scorned lasse,
Ne bet coude helo ; that, by the masse
I durste swere, thogh the pope hit songe,
That ther was never †through hir tongue
Man ne woman gretly harmed ; 931
As for hir, [ther] was al harm hid ;
Ne lasse flatering in hir worde,
That purely, hir simple recorde
Was founde as trewe as any bonde, 935
Or trouthe of any mannes honde.
Ne chyde she coude never a del,
That knoweth al the world ful wel.
' But swich a fairnesse of a nekke
Had that swete, that boon nor brekke
Nas then non sene, that mis-sat. 941
Hit was whyt, smothe, streght, and †flat,
Withouten hole ; †and canel-boon,
As by seming, had she noon.
Hir throte, as I have now memoire, 945
Semed a round tour of yvoire,
Of good gretnesse, and noght to grete.
' And gode faire WYRE she hete,
That was my lady name right.
She was bothe fair and bright, 950
She hadde not hir name wrong.
Right faire shuldres, and body long

She hadde, and armes, every lith
Fattish, fleshy, not greet therwith ;
Right whyte handes, and nayles rede, 955
Rounde brestes ; and of good brede
Hir hippes were, a streight flat bak.
I knew on hir non other lak
That al hir limmes nere †sewing,
In as fer as I had knowing. 960

' Therto she coude so wel pleye,
Whan that hir liste, that I dar seye,
That she was lyk to torche bright,
That every man may take of light
Ynogh, and hit hath never the lesse. 965

' Of maner and of comlinesse
Right so ferde my lady dere ;
For every wight of hir manere
Might eache ynogh, if that he wolde,
If he had eyen hir to beholde. 970
For I dar †sweren, if that she
Had among ten thousand be,
She woldē have be, at the leste,
A cheef mirour of al the feste,
Thogh they had stonden in a rowe, 975
To mennes eyen that coude have knowe.
For wher-so men had pleyd or waked,
Me thoghte the felawship as naked
Withouten hir, that saw I ones,
As a coroune withoute stones. 980
Trewly she was, to myn yē,
The soleyn fenix of Arabye,
For ther liveth never but oon ;
Ne swich as she ne knew I noon.

' To speke of goodnessse ; trewly she 985
Had as moche debonaire
As ever had Hester in the bible,
And more, if more were possible.
And, sooth to seyne, therwith-al
She had a wit so general, 990
So hool enclyned to alle gode,
That al hir wit was set, by the rode,
Withoute malice, upon gladnesse ;
†Therto I saw never yet a lesse
Harmful, than she was in doing. 995
I sey nat that she ne had knowing
What †was harm ; or elles she
Had cond no good, so thinketh me.

' And trewly, for to speke of trouthe,
But she had had, hit had be routhe. 1000
Theroft she had so moche hir del—
And I dar seyn and swere hit wel—
That Trouthe him-self, over al and al,

Had chose his maner principal
In hir, that was his resting-place. 1005
Ther-to she hadde the moste grace,
To have stedfast perseveraunce,
And esy, atempre governaunce,
That ever I knew or wiste yit ;
So pure suffraunt was hir wit. 1010
And reson gladly she understood,
Hit folowed wel she coude good.
She used gladly to do wel ;
These were hir maners every-del.

' Therwith she loved so wel right, 1015
She wrong do wolde to no wight ;
No wight might do hir no shame,
She loved so wel hir owne name.
Hir luste to holde no wight in honde ;
Ne, be thou siker, she †nolde fonde 1020
To holde no wight in balauance,
By half word ne by countenaunce,
But-if men wolde upon hir lye ;
Ne sende men in-to Walakye,
To Pruyse and in-to Tartarye, 1025
To Alisaundre, ne in-to Turkye,
And bidde him faste, anon that he
Go hoodles †to the drye see,
And come hoom by the Carrenare ;
And seye, "Sir, be now right ware 1030
That I may of yow here seyn
Worship, or that ye come aegyn !"
She ne used no suche knakkes smale.

' But wherfor that I telle my tale ?
Right on this same, as I have seyd, 1035
Was hoolly al my love leyd ;
For certes, she was, that swete wyf,
My suffisaunce, my lust, my lyf,
Myn hap, myn hele, and al my blisse,
My worldes welfare and my lissee, 1040
And I hirs hoolly, everydel.'

' By our lord,' quod I, ' I trowe yow wel !
Hardely, your love was wel beset,
I not how ye mighte have do bet.'
' Bet? ne no wight so wel !' quod he. 1045
' I trowa hit, sir,' quod I, ' pard'e !'
' Nay, leve hit wel !' ' Sir, so do I ;
I leve yow wel, that trewely
Yow thoghte, that she was the beste,
And to beholde the alderfairste, 1050
Who so had loked †with your eyen.'
' With myn ? nay, alle that hir seyen
Seyde, and swore[n] hit was so.
And thogh they ne hadde, I wolde tho

Have loved best my lady fre,
Thogh I had had al the beautee
That ever had Alcipyades,
And al the strengthe of Ercules,
And thereto had the worthinessse
Of Alisaundre, and al the richesse
That ever was in Babiloyne,
In Cartage, or in Macedoyne,
Or in Rome, or in Ninive ;
And thereto also hardy be
As was Ector, so have I joye,
That Achilles slow at Troye—
And therfor was he slain also
In a temple, for bothe two
Were slain, he and Antilodus,
And so seyth Dares Frigius,
For love of [hir] Polixena—
Or been as wys as Minerva,
I wolde ever, withoute drede,
Have loved hir, for I moste nede !
“ Nede ! ” nay, †I gabbe now,
Noght “ nede,” and I wol telle how,
For of good wile myn herte hit wolde,
And eek to love hir I was holde
As for the fairest and the beste.

‘ She was as good, so have I reste, 1080
As ever was Penelope of Grece,
Or as the noble wyf Lucrece,
That was the beste—he telleth thus,
The Romain Tytus Livius—
She was as good, and no-thing lyke, 1085
Thogh hir stories be autentyke ;
Algat she was as trewe as she.

‘ But wherfor that I telle thee
Whan I first my ladysey ?
I was right yong, [the] sooth to say, 1090
And ful gret need I hadde to lerne ;
Whan my herte wolde yerne
To love, it was a greet emprysse.
But as my wit coude best suffysse,
After my yonge childly wit,
Withoute drede, I besette hit
To love hir in my beste wyse,
To do hir worship and servysse
That I †tho coude, by my trouthe,
Withoute feyning outher slouth ;
For wonder fayn I wolde hir see.
So mochel hit amended me,
That, whan I saw hir first a-morwe,
I was warished of al my sorwe
Of al day after, til hit were eve ;

- 1055 Me thoughte no-thing mighte me greve,
Were my sorwes never so smerte.
And yit she sit so in myn herte,
That, by my trouthe, I nolde noght,
For al this worlde, out of my thought 1110
Leve my lady ; no, trewly !’
‘ Now, by my trouthe, sir,’ quod I,
‘ Me thinketh ye have such a chaunce
As shrift withoute repentaunce.’
‘ Repentaunce ! nay fy,’ quod he ; 1115
‘ Shulde I now repente me
To love ? nay, certes, than were I wel
Wers than was Achitofel,
Or Anthenor, so have I joye,
The traytour that betraysed Troye, 1120
Or the false Genelon,
He that purchased the treson
Of Rowland and of Olivere.
Nay, whyl I am a-lyve here
I nil foryete hir never-mo.’ 1125
‘ Now, gode sir,’ quod I [right] tho,
‘ Ye han wel told me her-before.
It is no need reherse hit more
How ye sawe hir first, and where ;
But wolde ye telle me the manere, 1130
To hir which was your firste speche—
Theroft I wolde yow be-seche—
And how she knewē first your thought,
Whether ye loved hir or noght,
And telleth me eek what ye have lore ;
I herde yow telle her-before.’ 1135
‘ Ye,’ seyd he, ‘ thou nost what thou
menest ;
I have lost more than thou wenest.’
‘ What los is that, [sir] ? ’ quod I tho ;
‘ Nil she not love yow ? is hit so ? 1140
Or have ye ought [y-]doon amis,
That she hath left yow ? is hit this ?
For goddes love, tel me al.’
‘ Before god,’ quod he, ‘ and I shal.
I saye right as I have seyd,
On hir was al my love leyd ; 1145
And yet she niste hit †never a del
Noght longe tyme, levo hit wel.
For be right siker, I durste noght 1149
For al this worlde telle hir my thought,
Ne I wolde have wratthid hir, trewly.
For wostow why ? she was lady
Of the body ; she had the herte,
And who hath that, may not asterte.
‘ But, for to kepe me fro ydernesse, 1155

Trewly I did my besynes
To make songes, as I best coude,
And ofte tyme I song hem loude ;
And made songes a gret del,
Al-thogh I coude not make so wel
Songes, ne knowe the art al,
As coude Lamekes sone Tubal,
That founf out firste the art of songe ;
For, as his brothers hamers ronge
Upon his anvelt up and doun,
Therof he took the firsste soun ;
But Grekes seyn, Pictagoras,
That he the firsste finder was
Of the art ; Aurora telleth so,
But therof no fors, of hem two.
Algates songes thus I made
Of my feling, myn herte to glade ;
And lo ! this was [the] alther-firsste,
I not wher [that] hit were the werste.—
“Lord, hit maketh myn herte light,
Whan I thenke on that swete wight 1176

That is so semely on to see ;
And wisshe to god hit might so be,
That she wolde holde me for hir knight,
My lady, that is so fair and bright !”—
“Now have I told thee, sooth to saye,
My firsste song. Upon a daye 1182
I bethoghte me what wo
And sorwe that I suffred tho
For hir, and yet she wiste hit nocht, 1185
Ne telle hir durste I nat my thought.
“Allas !” thoghte I, “I can no reed ;
And, but I telle hir, I þnam but deed ;
And if I telle hir, to seye þsooth,
I am a-dred she wol be wrooth ; 1190
Allas ! what shal I thanne do ?”

“In this debat I was so wo,
Me thoghte myn herte braste a-tweyn !
So atte laste, soth to seyn,
I me bethoghte that nature 1195
Ne formed never in creature
So moche beaute, trewely,
And bounte, withouten mercy.

“In hope of that, my tale I tolde
With sorwe, as that I never sholde,
For nedes ; and, maugree my heed,
I moste have told hir or be deed,
I not wel how that I began,
Ful evel reherse[n] hit I can ;
And eek, as helpe me god with-al,
I trowe hit was in the dismal,

1160
1165
1170
1176
1182
1185
1190
1195
1200
1205

That was the ten woundes of Egypce :
For many a word I over-skipt
In my tale, for pure fere
Lest my wordes mis-set were. 1210

With sorweful herte, and woundes dede,
Softe and quaking for pure dredre
And shame, and stinting in my tale
For ferde, and myn hewe al pale,
Ful ofte I wex bothe pale and red ; 1215
Bowing to hir, I heng the heed ;
I durste nat ones loke hir on,
For wit, manere, and al was gon.
I seyde “mercy !” and no more ;
Hit nas no game, hit sat me sore 1220

“So atte laste, sooth to seyn,
Whan that myn herte was come ageyn,
To telle shortly al my speche,
With hool herte I gan hir beseche
That she wolde be my lady swete ; 1225
And swor, and gan hir hertely heto
Ever to be stedfast and trewe,
And love hir alwey freshly newe,
And never other lady have,
And al hir worship for to save 1230

As I best coude ; I swor hir this—
“For youres is al that ever ther is
For evermore, myn herte swete !
And never þfalse yow, but I mete,
I nil, as wis god helpe me so !” 1235

“And whan I had my tale y-do,
God wot, she accounted nat a stree
Of al my tale, so thoghte me.
To telle shortly þas hit is,
Trewly hir awnswere, hit was this ; 1240

I can not now wel counterfete
Hir wordes, but this was the grete
Of hir awnswere ; she sayde, “nay”
Al-outerly. Allas ! that day
The sorwe I suffred, and the wo ! 1245

That trewly Cassandra, that so
Bewayled the destruccioune
Of Troye and of Ilioun,
Had never swich sorwe as I tho.
I durste no more say thereto 1250

For pure fere, but stal away ;
And thus I lived ful many a day :
That trewely, I hadde no need
Ferther than my beddes heed
Never a day to seche sorwe ;

1255
1260

I fende hit redy every morwe,
For why I loved hir in no geref.

'So hit befel, another yere,
I thoughte ones I wolde fonde
To do hit knowe and understande
My wo ; and she wel understood
That I ne wilned thing but good,
And worship, and to kepe hit name.
Over þal thing, and drede hit shame,
And was so besy hit to serve ;—
And pite were I shulde sterfe,
Sith that I wilned noon harm, y-wis.
So whan my lady knew al this,
My lady yaf me al hooly.
The noble yift of hit mercy,
Saving hit worship, by al weyes ;
Dredles, I mene noon other weyes.
And therwith hit yaf me a ring ;
I trow hit was the firste thing ;
But if myn herte was y-waxe
Glad, that is no need to axe !
As helpe me god, I was as blyvo,
Reydes, as fro deth to lyve,
Of alle happens the alder-besté,
The gladdest and the moste at reste. 1280
For trewely, that swete wight,
Whan I had wrong and she the right,
She wolde alwey so goodely
For-yeve me so debonairly.
In alle my youthe, in alle chaunce, 1285
She took me in hit governaunce.

'Therwith hit was alway so trewe,
Our joye was ever y-liche newe ;
Our hertes wern so even a payre,
That never nas that oon contrayre 1290
To that other, for no wo.
For sothe, y-liche they suffred tho
Oo blisse and eek oo sorwe bothe ;
Y-liche they were bothe gladde and
wrothe ;
Al was us oon, withoute were. 1295
And thus we lived ful many a yere

1260 So wel, I can nat telle how.'
'Sir,' quod I, 'wher is she now ?'
'Now !' quod he, and stinte anoon.
Therwith he wex as deed as stoon. 1300
And seyde, 'allas ! that I was bore !
That was the los, that her-before
I tolde thee, that I had lorn.
Bethenk how I seyde her-beforn, 1304
"Thou wost ful litel what thou menest ;
I have lost more than thou wenest"—
God wot, allas ! right that was she !'
'Allas ! sir, how ? what may that be ?'
'She is deed !' 'Nay !' 'Yis, by my
trouthie !'
'Is that your los ? by god, hit is routhe !'
And with that worde, right anoon, 1311
They gan to strake forth ; al was doon,
For that tyme, the hert-hunting.
With that, me thoghte, that this king
Gan [quikly] hoomward for to ryde 1315
Unto a place þther besyde,
Which was from us but a lyte,
A long castel with walles whyte,
By seynt Johan ! on a riche hil,
As me mette ; but thus it fil. 1320
Right thus me mette, as I yow telle,
That in the castel þwas a belle,
As hit had smiten houres twelve.—

1325 Therwith I awook my-selve,
And fond me lying in my bed ;
And the book that I had red,
Of Alecyone and Seys the king,
And of the goddes of sleeping, 1330
I fond it in myn honde ful even.
Thoghte I, 'this is so queynt a sweven,
That I wol, by processe of tyme, 1331
Fonde to putte this sweven in ryme
As I can best ; and that anoon.'—
This was mysweven ; now hit is doon. 1334

Explicit the Boke of the Duchesse.

IV. THE COMPLEYNT OF MARS.

The Proem

'GLADETH, ye foules, of the morow gray,
Lo! Venus risen among yon rowes rede !
And floures fresshe, honoureth ye this
day ;
For when the sonne uprist, then wol ye
spredre.
But ye lovers, that lye in any dредe, 5
Fleāth, lest wikked tonges yow espye ;
Lo! yond the sonne, the candel of jelosye !
With teres blewe, and with a wounded
herte
Taketh your leve ; and, with seynt John
to borow,
Apeseth somewhat of your sorowes smerte,
Tyme cometh eft, that eese shal your
sorow ; 11
(Seynt Valentyne ! a foul thus herde I
singe
Upon thy day, er sonne gan up-springe).—
Yet sang this foul—'I rede yow al-a-wake,
And ye, that han not chosen in humble
wyse, 16
Without repenting cheseth yow your
make.
And ye, that han ful chosen as I devyse,
Yet at the leste renoveleth your servyse ;
Confermeth it perpetuely to dure, 20
And paciently taketh your aventure.
And for the worship of this hye feste,
Yet wol I, in my briddes wyse, singe
The sentence of the compleynt, at the
lest,
That woful Mars made atte departinge 25
Fro fresshe Venus in a morweninge,
Whan Phabus, with his fyry torches rede,
Ransaked every lover in his drede.

The Story.

¶ Whylom the thridde hevenes lord
above,
As wel by hevenish revolucioun 30

As by desert, hath wonne Venus his love,
And she hath take him in subjeccioun,
And as a maistresse taught him his
lessonn,
Comaunding him that never, in hir ser-
vyse,
He nere so bold no lover to despysye. 35

For she forbad him jelosye at alle,
And cruelte, and bost, and tirannye ;
She made him at hir lust so humble and
talle,
That when hir deyned caste on him hir yd,
He took in pacience to live or dye ; 40
And thus she brydeleth him in hir man-
ere,
With no-thing but with scourging of hir
chere.

Who regneth now in blisse but Venus,
That hath this worthy knight in govern-
aunce ?

Who singeth now but Mars, that serveth
thus 45
The faire Venus, causer of plesaunce ?
He bynt him to perpetual obeisaunce,
And she bynt hir to loven him for ever,
But so bo that his trespass hit dissever.

Thus be they knit, and regnen as in heven
By loking most ; til hit fil, on a tyde, 51
That by hir bothe assent was set a steven,
That Mars shal entre, as faste as he may
glyde,
Into hir nexte paleys, to abyde,
Walking his cours til she had him a-take,
And he preyde hir to haste hir for his
sake. 56

Then seyde he thus—“ myn hertes lady
swete,
Ye knowe wel my mischef in that place ;
For sikerly, til that I with yow mete, 59
My lyf stant ther in aventure and grace ;
But when I see the beaute of your face,
Ther is no dred of deeth may do me
smerte,
For al your lust is ese to myn herte ”

She hath sogret compassion of hir knight,
That dwelleth in solitude til she come ; 65
For hit stood so, that ilke tyme, no wight
Counseyled him, ne seyde to him welcome,
That nigh hir wit for wo was overcome ;
Wherfore she spedde hir as faste in hir
weye,

Almost in oon day, as he dide in tweye. 70

The grete joye that was betwix hem two,
Whan they be met, ther may no tungue
telle,

Ther is no more, but unto bed they go,
And thus in joye and blisse I lete hem
dwelle ;

This worthy Mars, that is of knighthod
welle, 75

The flour of fairnes lappeth in his armes,
And Venus kisseth Mars, the god of armes.

Sojourned hath this Mars, of which I rede,
In chambre amid the paleys prively
A certeyn tyme, til him fel a drede, 80
Through Phebus, that was comen hastily
Within the paleys-yates sturdely,
With torche in honde, of which the
stremes brighte

On Venus chambre knokkeden ful lighte.
The chambre, ther as lay this fresshe
quene, 85

Depeynted was with whyte boles grete,
And by the light she knew, that shoon
so shene,
That Phebus cam to brenne hem with his
hete;

This sely Venus, þdreynt in teres wete,
Enbraceth Mars, and seyde, "alas ! I dye !
The torch is come, that al this world wol
wrye." 91

Up sterte Mars, him liste not to slepe,
Whan he his lady herde so compleyne ;
But, for his nature was not for to wepe,
In stede of teres, fro his eyen tweyne 95
The fyry sparkes brosten out for peyne ;
And hente his hauberk, that lay him be-
syde ;

Flee wolde he not, ne mighte himselven
hyde.

He throweth on his helm of huge wighte,
And girt him with his swerde ; and in
his honde 100

His mighty spere, as he was wont to
fighte,

He shaketh so that almost it to-wonde ;
Ful hevy he was to walken over londe ;
He may not holde with Venus compayne,
But bad hir fleen, lest Phebus hir espye.

O woful Mars ! alas ! what mayst thou
seyn, 106

That in the paleys of thy disturbance
Art left behinde, in peril to be sleyn ?
And yet ther-to is double thy penaunce,
For she, that hath thyn herte in govern-
aunce, 110

Is passed halfe the stremes of thyn yēn ;
That thou nere swift, wel mayst thou
wepe and cryen.

Now fleeth Venus un-to Cylenius tour,
With voide cours, for fere of Phebus light.
Alas ! and ther ne hath she no socour, 115
For she ne fond ne saw no maner wight ;
And eek as ther she had but litil might ;
Wher-for, hir-selven for to hyde and save,
Within the gate she fledde into a cave.

Derk was this cave, and smoking as the
helle, 120

Not but two pas within the gate hit stood ;
A naturel day in derk I lete hir dwelle.
Now wol I speke of Mars, furious and
wood ;

For sorow he wolde have seen his herte
blood ;

Sith that he mighte þhir don no com-
panye, 125

He ne roghte not a myte for to dye.

So feble he wex, for hete and for his wo,
That nigh he swelt, he mighte unnethe
endure ;

He passeth but oo steyre in dayes two,
But ner the les, for al his hevy armure, 130
He foloweth hir that is his lyves cure ;
For whos departing he took gretter yre
Thanne for al his brenning in the fyre.

After he walketh softly a pas,
Compleyning, that hit pite was to here. 135
He seyde, "O lady bright, Venus ! alas !
That ever so wyde a compas is my spere !
Alas ! whan shal I mete yow, herte dere,
This twelte day of April I endure,
Through jelous Phebus, this misaventure."

Now þhelpe god sely Venus allone ! 141
 But, as god wolde, hit happed for to be,
 That, whyl that Venus weeping made hir
 mone,
 Cylenius, ryding in his chevauché, 144
 Fro Venus valance mighte his paleys see.
 And Venus he salueth, and maketh chere,
 And hir receyveth as his frend ful dere.
 Mars dwelleth forth in his aduersitee,
 Compleyning ever on hir departinge ;
 And what his compleynt was, remem-
 breth me ; 150
 And therfore, in this lusty morweninge,
 As I best can, I wol hit seyn and singe,
 And after that I wol my leve take ;
 And god yeve every wight joye of his
 make !

The Compleynt of Mars.

The Proem of the Compleynt.

¶ The ordre of compleynt requireth skil-
 fully, 155
 That if a wight shal pleyne pitously,
 Ther mot be cause wherfor that men
 pleyne ;
 Or men may deme he pleyneth folly
 And causeles ; alas ! that am not I !
 Wherfor the ground and cause of al
 my peyne, 160
 So as my troubled wit may hit ateyne,
 I wol reherse ; not for to have redresse,
 But to declare my ground of hevinesse.

Devotion.

¶ The firste tyme, alas ! that I was wroght,
 And for certeyn effectes hider broght 165
 By him that lordeth ech intelligence,
 I yaf my trewe servise and my thought,
 For evermore—how dere I have hit
 bocht !—
 To hir, that is of so gret excellencie,
 That what wight that first sheweth his
 presence, 170
 When she is wroth and taketh of him no
 cure,
 He may not longe in joye of love endure.
 This is no feyned mater that I telle ;
 My lady is the verrey sours and welle

Of beaute, lust, fredom, and gentil-
 nesse, 175
 Of riche aray—how dere men hit selle !—
 Of al dispot in which men frendly dwelle,
 Of love and pley, and of benigne hum-
 blesse,
 Of soun of instruments of al swetnesse ;
 And therto so wel fortuned and thewed,
 That through the world hir goodnesse is
 y-shewed. 181

What wonder is then, thogh that I be-
 sette
 My servise on suche oon, that may me
 knette
 To wele or wo, sith hit lyth in hir
 micht ? 184
 Therfor my herte for ever I to hir hette ;
 Ne trewly, for my dethe, I shal not lette
 To ben hir trewest seruaunt and hir
 knight.
 I flater noght, that may wite every
 wight ;
 For this day in hir servise shal I dye ;
 But grace be, I see hir never with yē. 190

A Lady in fear and woe.

¶ To whom shal I than pleyne of my dis-
 tresse ?
 Who may me helpe, who may my harm
 redressse ?
 Shal I compleyne unto my lady free ?
 Nay, certes ! for she hath such hevinesse,
 For fere and eek for wo, that, as I gesse,
 In litil tyme hit wol hir bane be. 195
 But were she sauf, hit wer no fors of mo.
 Alas ! that ever lovers mote endure,
 For love, so many a perilous aventur !

For thogh so be that lovers be as trewe 200
 As any metal that is forged newe,
 In many a cas hem tydeth ofte sorow.
 Somtyme hir ladies will not on hem rew,
 Somtyme, yif that jelosye hit knewe,
 They mighten lightly leye hir heed to
 borowe ; 205
 Somtyme envious folke with tunges
 horowe
 Depraven hem ; alas ! whom may they
 plese ?
 But he be fals, no lover hath his ese.

But what availeth such a long sermoun
Of aventures of lovë, up and doun? 210

I wol returne and speken of my peyne;
The point is this of my destruccioun,
My righte lady, my salvacioun,
Is in affray, and not to whom to pleyne.
O herte swete, O lady sovereyne! 215
For your disese, wel oghte I swoune and
swelte,
Thogh I non other harm ne drede felte.

Instability of Happiness.

To what fyn made the god that sit so
hye,

Benethen him, love other compayne,
And streyneth folk to love, malgre hir
hede? 220

And then hir joye, for oght I can espye,
Ne lasteth not the twinkeling of an yë,
And somme han never joye til they be
dede.

What meneth this? what is this misti-
hede?

Wherto constreyneth he his folk so faste
Thing to desyre, but hit shulde laste? 226

And thogh he made a lover love a thing,
And maketh hit seme stedfast and during,
Yet putteth he in hit such misaventure,
That reste nis ther noon in his yeving. 230

And that is wonder, that so just a king
Doth such hardnesse to his creature.

Thus, whether love breke or elles dure,
Algates he that hath with love to done
Hath ofter wo then changed is the mone.

Hit semeth he hath to lovers enmite, 236
And lyk a fissher, as men alday may see,
Baiteth his angle-hook with som ples-
aunce,

Til mony a fish is wood til that he be 239
Sesed ther-with; and then at erst hath he
Al his desyr, and ther-with al mis-
chaunce;

And thogh the lyne breke, he hath
penaunce;
For with the hoke he wounded is so sore,
That he his wages hath for ever-more.

The Brooch of Thebes.

The broche of Thebes was of such a
kinde, 245
So ful of rubies and of stones Inde,

That every wight, that sette on hit an
yë,

He wende anon to worthe out of his
minde;

So sore the beaute wolde his herte binde,
Til he hit hadde, him thoghte he moste
dye; 250

And whan that hit was his, than shulde
he drye

Such wo for drede, ay whyl that he hit
hadde,

That welnigh for the fere he shulde
madde.

And whan hit was fro his possessioune,
Than had he double wo and passioune 255

For he so fair a tresor had forgo;
But yet this broche, as in conclusioun,
Was not the cause of this confusioune;
But he that wroghte hit enfortuned hit
so,

That every wight that had hit shuld
have wo; 260

And therfor in the worcher was the vycé,
And in the covetour that was so nyce.

So fareth hit by lovers and by me;
For thogh my lady have so gret beaute,
That I was mad til I had gete hir
grace, 265

She was not cause of myn adversitee,
But he that wroghte hir, also mot I
thee,

That putte such a beaute in hir face,
That made me to covete and purchace
Myn owne deth; him wyte I that I
dye, 270

And myn unwit, that ever I clomb so
hye

An Appeal for Sympathy.

But to yow, hardy knighting of renoun,
Sin that ye be of my divisioun,

Al be I not worthy to grete a name,
Yet, seyn these clerkes, I am your pa-
troun; 275

Ther-for ye oghte have som compassioun
Of my disese, and take it noght a-game.

The proudest of yow may be mad ful
tame;

Wherfor I prey yow, of your gentillesse,
That ye compleyne for myn heviness. 280

And ye, my ladies, that ben trewe and
stable,
By way of kinde, ye oughten to be able
To have pite of folk that be in peyne :
Now have ye cause to clothe yow in sable ;
Sith that your emperice, the honorable,
Is desolat, wel oughte ye to pleyne ; 286
Now shuld your holy teres falle and
reyne.
Alas ! your honour and your emperice,
Nigh deed for drede, ne can hir not
chevise.

Compleyneth eek, ye lovers, al in-fere, 290
For hirthat, with unfeyned humble chere,
Was ever redy to do yow socour ;
Compleyneth hir that ever hath had yow
dere ;
Compleyneth beaute, fredom, and manere ;
Compleyneth hir that endeth your la-
bour ; 295
Compleyneth thilke ensample of al
honour,
That never dide but al gentillesse ; 297
Kytheth therfor on hir som kindenesse.'

V. THE PARLEMENT OF FOULES.

The Proem.

The lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne,
Th'assay so hard, so sharp the conquering,
The dredful joye, that alwey slit so yerne,
Al this mene I by love, that my feling 4
Astonyeth with his wonderful worching
So sore y-wis, that whan I on him thinke,
Nat wot I wel wher that I wake or winke.

For al be that I knowe not love in dede,
Ne wot how that he quyteth folk hir hyre,
Yet happeth me ful ofte in bokes rede 10
Of his miracles, and his cruel yre ;
Ther rede I wel he wol be lord and syre,
I dar not seyn, his strokes been so sore,
But god save swich a lord ! I can no
more.

Of usage, what for luste what for lore, 15
On bokes rede I ofte, as I yow tolde.
But wherfor that I speke al this? not yore
Agon, hit happed me for to beholde
Upon a boke, was write with lettres olde ;
And ther-upon, acerteyn thing to lerne, 20
The longe day ful faste I radde and yerne.
For out of olde feldes, as men seith,
Cometh al this newe corn fro yeer to yere ;
And out of olde bokes, in good feith,
Cometh al this newe science that men
lere. 25

But now to purpos as of this matere—
To rede forth hit gan me so delyte,
That al the day me thoughte but a lyte.

This book of which I make mencioune,
Entitled was al thus, as I shal telle, 30
'Tullius of the dreme of Scipioun' ;
Chapitres seven hit hadde, of hevene and
helle,
And erthe, and soules that therinne
dwelle,
Of whiche, as shortly as I can hit trete, 34
Of his sentence I wol you seyn the grete.

First telleth hit, whan Scipioun was come
In Afrik, how he mette Massinisse,
That him for joye in armes hath y-nome
Than telleth þhit hir speche and al the
blisse

That was betwix hem, til the day gan
misse ; 40
And how his auncestre, African so dere,
Gan in his slepe that night to him appere.

Than telleth hit that, fro a sterry place,
How African hath him Cartage shewed,
And warned him before of al his grace, 45
And seyd him, what man, lered other
lewed,

That loveth comun profit, wel y-thewed,
He shal unto a blisful place wende,
Ther as joye is that last withouten ende.

Than asked he, if folk that heer be dede
Have lyfand dwelling in another place; 51
And African seyde, 'ye, withoute drede,'
And that our present worldes lyses space
Nis but a maner deth, what wey we trace,
And rightful folk shal go, after they dye,
To heven; and shewed him the galaxye. 56

Than shewed he him the litel erthe, that
heer is,

At regard of the hevenes quantite;
And after shewed he him the nyne speres,
And after that the melodye herde he 60
That cometh of thilke speres thryes three,
That welle is of musyke and melodye
In this world heer, and cause of armonye.

Than bad he him, sin erthe was so lyte,
And ful of torment and of harde grace, 65
That he ne shulde him in the world
delyte.

Than tolde he him, in certeyn yeres space,
That every sterre shulde come into his
place

Ther hit was first; and al shulde out of
minde 69
That in this worlde is don of al mankinde.

Than prayde him Scipioun to telle him al
The wey to come un-to that hevene blisse;
And he seyde, 'know thy-self first im-
mortal,

And loke ay besily thou werke and wisse
To comun profit, and thou shalt nat misse
To comen swiftly to that place dere, 76
That ful of blisse is and of soules clere.

But breakers of the lawe, soth to seyne,
And lecherous folk, after that they be
dede, 79

Shul alweywhirle abouteth'erthe in peyne,
Til many a world be passed, out of drede,
And than, for-yeven alle hir wikked dede,
Than shul they come unto that blisful
place,

To which to comen god thee sende his
grace!'

The day gan failen, and the derke night,
That reveth bestes from hir besinesse, 86
Berafte me my book for lakke of light,
And to my bedde I gan me for to dresse,
Fulfilid of thought and besy hevinnesse;

For bothe I hadde thing which that I
nolde, 90
And eek I ne hadde that thing that I
wolde.

But fynally my spirit, at the laste,
For-wery of my labour al the day,
Took rest, that made me to slepe faste,
And in my slepe I mette, as I lay, 95
How African, right in that selfe array
That Scipioun him saw before that
tyde,
Was comen, and stood right at my beddes
syde.

The wery hunter, slepinge in his bed,
To wode ayein his minde goth anoon; 100
The juge dremeth how his plees ben
sped;

The carter dremeth how his cartes goon;
The riche, of gold; the knight fight with
his foon,

The seke met he drinketh of the tonne;
The lover met he hath his lady wonne. 105

Can I nat seyn if that the cause were
For I had red of African beforne,
That made me to mete that he stood
there;

But thus seyde he, 'thou hast thee so
wel born

In loking of myn olde book to-torn, 110
Of which Macrobie reghte nat a lyte,
That somdel of thy labour wolde
quyte!'—

Citherea! thou blisful lady swete,
That with thy fyr-brand dauntest whom
thee lest,

And madest me this sweven for to mete,
Be thou my help in this, for thou mayst
best; 116

As wisly as I saw thee north-north-west,
When I began my sweven for to wryte,
So yif me might to ryme hit and endyte!

The Story.

This forseid African me hente anoon, 120
And forth with him unto a gate broghte
Right of a parke, walled with grene stoon;
And over the gate, with lettres larg
y-wroghte,
Ther weren vers y-written, as me thoghte

On eyther halfe, of ful gret difference, 125
Of which I shal yow sey the pleyn sentence.

'Thorgh me men goon in-to that blissful place
Of hertes hele and delly woundes cure ;
Thorgh me men goon unto the welle of Grace,
Ther grene and lusty May shal ever endure ; 130
This is the wey to al good aventure ;
Be glad, thou reder, and thy sorwe of caste,
Al open am I ; passe in, and hy the faste !'

'Thorgh me men goon,' than spak that other syde,
'Unto the mortal strokes of the spere, 135
Of which Disdayn and Daunger is the gyde,
Ther tree shal never fruit ne leves bere.
This strem you ledeth to the sorwful were,
Ther as the fish in prison is al drye ;
Th'eschewing is only the remedye.' 140

This vers of gold and blak y-written were,
The whiche I gan a stounde to beholde,
For with that oon encresed ay my fere,
And with that other gan myn herte bolde ;
That oon me hette, that other did mo colde, 145
No wit had I, for errour, for to chese,

To entre or flee, or me to save or lese.

Right as, betwixen adamantes two
Of even might, a pece of iren y-set, 149
That hath no might to meve to ne fro —
For what that on may hale, that other let —

Ferde I, that niste whether me was bet,
To entre or leve, til African my gyde
Me hente, and shoof in at the gates wyde,

And seyde, 'hit stondeth writen in thy face,
Thyn errour, though thou telle it not to me ; 155
But dred thee nat to come in-to this place,

For this wryting is no-thing ment by thee,

Ne by noon, but he Loves servant be ;
For thou of love hast lost thy tast, I gesse, 160
As seek man hath of swete and bitterness.

But natheles, al-though that thou be dulle,

Yit that thou canst not do, yit mayst thou see ;

For many a man that may not stonde a pulle,

Yit lyketh him at the wrastling for to be, 165

And demeth yit wher he do bet or he ;
And if thou haddest cunning for t'endyte,
I shal thee shewen mater of to wryte.'

With that my hond in his he took anoon, 170
Of which I comfort caughte, and wente in faste ;

But lord ! so I was glad and wel begoon !
For over-al, wher that I myn eyen caste,
Were treēs clad with leves that ay shal laste,

Eche in his kinde, of colour fresh and grene

As emeraude, that joye was to sene. 175

The bilde oak, and eek the hardy asshe ;
The pilere elm, the cofre unto careyne ;
The boxtree piper ; holm to whippes lasshe ;

The sayling farr ; the cipres, deth to pleyne ; 179

The sheter ew, the asp for shaftes pleyne ;
The olyve of pees, and eek the drunken vyne,

The victor palm, the laurer to devyne.

A garden saw I, ful of blosmy bowes,
Upon a river, in a grene mede, 183
Ther as that swetnesse evermore y-now is,
With floures whyte, blewe, yelowe, and rede !

And colde welle-stremes, no-thing dede,
That swommen ful of smale fishes lighte,
With finnes rede and scales silver-brighte.

On every bough the briddes herde Isinge
With voys of aungel in my sonnye, 191

Som besyed hem hir briddes forth to
bringe ;
The litel conyes to hir pley gunne hye,
And further al aboute I gan espye
The dredful roo, the buk, the hert and
hinde, 195
Squerels, and bestes smale of gentil kinde.

Of instruments of strenges in acord
Herde I so pleye a ravisshing swetnesse,
That god, that maker is of al and lord,
Ne herde never better, as I gesse ; 200
Therwith a wind, unneth hit might be
lesse,

Made in the leves grene a noise softe
Acordant to the foulles songe on-lofte.

The air of that place so attempre was
That never was grevaunce of hoot ne
cold ; 205

Ther wex eek every holsom spyce and
gras,

Ne no man may ther wexe seek ne old ;
Yet was ther joye more a thousand fold
Then man can telle; ne never wolde it
nighte,

But ay clear day to any mannes sighte.

Under a tree, besyde a welle, I say 211
Cupyde our lord his arwes forge and fyle ;
And at his fete his bowe al redy lay,
And wel his daughter tempred al the whyle
The hedes in the welle, and with hir
wyle

She couched hem after as they shulde
serve,

Som for to slee, and som to wounde and
kerve.

Tho was I war of Plesaunce anon-right,
And of Aray, and Lust, and Curtesye ;
And of the Craft that can and hath the
mighty 220

To doon by force a wight to do folye—
Disfigurat was she, I nil not lye ;
And by him-self, under an oke, I gesse,
Sawe I Delyt, that stood with Gentil-
nesse.

I saw Beautee, withouten any atyr, 225
And Youthe, ful of game and Jolyte,
Fool-hardinesse, Flatery, and Desyr,
Messagerye, and Mede, and other three—
Hir names shul noght here be told for me—

And upon pilers grete of jasper longe 230
I saw a temple of bras y-founded stronge.

Aboute the temple daunceden alway
Wommen y-nowe, of whiche somme ther
were

Faire of hem-self, and somme of hem
were gay ;

In kirtels, al disshevele, wente they
there— 235

That was hir office alwey, yeer by yere—
And on the temple, of doves whyte and
faire

Saw I sittinge many a hundred paire

Before the temple-dore ful soberly
Dame Pees sat, with a curteyn in hir
hond : 240

And hir besyde, wonder discretly,
Dame Pacience sitting ther I fond
With face pale, upon an hille of sond ;
And alder-next, within and eek with-
oute, 244

Behest and Art, and of hir folke a route.

Within the temple, of syghes hote as fyre
I herde a swogh that gan aboute renne ;
Which syghes were engendred with desyr,
That maden every auter for to brenne
Of newe flaume ; and wel aspyed I thenne
That al the cause of sorwes that they
drye 251

Com of the bitter goddesse Jalousey.

The god Priapus saw I, as I wente,
Within the temple, in soverayn place
stonde,
In swich aray as whan the asse him
shente 255

With crye by night, and with his ceptre
in honde ;

Ful besily men gunne assaye and fonde
Upon his hede to sette, of sondry hewe,
Garlondes ful of fresshe floures newe.

And in a privee corner, in disporte, 260
Fond I Venus and hir porter Richesse,
That was ful noble and hauteyn of hir
porte ;

Derk was that place, but afterward light-
nesse

I saw a lyte, unneth hit might be lesse,
And on a bed of golde she lay to reste, 265
Til that the hote sonne gan to weste.

Hir gilte heres with a golden thred
Y-bouneden were, untressed as she lay,
And naked fro the breste unto the hede
Men might hir see; and, soothly for to
say, 270

The remenant wel kevered to my pay
Right with a subtil kerch of Valence,
Ther was no thikker cloth of no de-
fence.

The place yaf a thousand savours swote,
And Bachus, god of wyn, sat hir besyde,
And Ceres next, that doth of hunger
bote; 276

And, as I seide, amiddes lay Cipryde,
To whom on knees two yonge folkes
cryde
To ben hir help; but thus I leet hir lye,

And ferther in the temple I gan espye
That, in dispyte of Diane the chaste, 281

Ful many a bowe y-broke heng on the
wal

Of maydens, such as gunne hir tymes
waste

In hir servyse; and peynnted over al
Of many a story, of which I touche shal
A fewe, as of Calixte and Athalaunte, 286
And many a mayde, of which the name I
want;

Semyramus, Candace, and Ercules,
Biblis, Dido, Tisbe and Piramus,
Tristram, Isoude, Paris, and Achilles, 290
Eleyne, Cleopatre, and Troilus,
Silla, and eek the moder of Romulus—
Alle these were peynnted on that other
syde,

And al hir love, and in what plyte they
dyde.

Whan I was come ayen into the place 295
That I of spak, that was so swote and
grene,
Forth welk I tho, my-selven to solace.
Tho was I war wher that ther sat a

quene
That, as of light the somer-sonne shene
Passeth the sterre, right so over mesure
She fairer was than any creature. 301

And in a launde, upon an hille of floures,
Was set this noble goddesse Nature;

Of braunches were hir halles and hir
boures,

Y-wrought after hir craft and hirmesure;
Ne ther nas foul that cometh of en-
gendrure, 306

That they ne were prest in hir presence,
To take hir doom and yeve hir audience.

For this was on seynt Valentynes day,
Whan every foul cometh ther to chese
his make, 310

Of every kinde, that men thenke may;
And that so huge a noyse gan they
make,

That erthe and see, and tree, and every
lake

So ful was, that unnethe was ther space
For me to stonde, so ful was al the place.

And right as Aleyn, in the Pleynyt of
Kinde, 316

Devyseth Nature of aray and face,
In swich aray men mighte[n] hir ther
finde.

This noble emperesse, ful of grace,
Bad every foul to take his owne place, 320
As they were wont alwey fro yeer to
yere,

Seynt Valentynes day, to stonden there.

That is to sey, the foules of ravyne
Were hyest set; and than the foules
smale,

That eten as hem nature wolde enclyne,
As worm, or thing of whiche I telle no
tale; 326

But water-foul sat lowest in the dale;
And foul that liveth by seed sat on the
grene,

And that so fele, that wonder was to
sene.

Ther mighte men the royal egle finde,
That with his sharpe look perceith the
sonne; 331

And other egles of a lower kinde,
Of which that clerkes wel devysen conne,
Ther was the tyraunt with his fethres
donne

And greye, I mene the goshauk, that
doth pyne 335
To briddes for his outrageous ravyne.

The gentil faucon, that with his feet
distreyneh
The kinges hond; the hardy sperhawk
eke,
The quayles foo; the merlion that peyneth
Him-self ful ofte, the larke for to seke;
Ther was the douve, with his eyen
meke; 341
The jalous swan, ayens his deth that
singeth;
The oule eek, that of dethe the bode
bringeth;
The crane the geaunt, with his trompes
soun;

The theef, the chogh; and eek the jang-
ling pye; 345
The scorning jay; the eles foo, the
heroune;
The false lapwing, ful of trecherye;
The stare, that the counseyl can bewrye;
The tame ruddok; and the coward kyte;
The cok, that orloge is of thorpes lyte; 350

The sparow, Venus sone; the nightin-
gale,
That clepeth forth the fresshe leves newe;
The swallow, mordrer of the flys smale
That maken hony of floures fresshe of
hewe;
The wedded turtel, with his herte trewe;
The pecok, with his aungels fethres
brighte; 355
The fesaunt, scorner of the cok by nighte;
The waker goos; the cukkow ever un-
kinde;
The popinjay, ful of delicasye;
The drake, stroyer of his owne kinde; 360
The stork, the wreker of avouterye;
The hote cormeraunt of glotonye;
The raven wys, the crow with vois of
care;
The throstel olde; the frosty feldefare.
What shulde I seyn? of foules every
kinde 365
That in this worlde han fethres and
stature,
Men mighten in that place assembled
finde
Before the noble goddesse Nature.
And everich of hem did his besy cure

Benignely to chese or for to take, 370
By hir acord, his formel or his make.
But to the poynt—Nature held on hir
honde
A formel egle, of shap the gentileste
That ever she among hir werkes fonde,
The most benigne and the goodliest;
In hir was every vertu at his reste, 376
So ferforth, that Nature hir-self had
blisse
To loke on hir, and ofte hir bek to kisse.
Nature, the viceire of th'almyghty lorde,
That hoot, cold, hevy, light, [and] moist
and drye 380
Hath knit by even noumbre of acorde,
In esy vois began to speke and seye,
'Foules, tak hede of my sentence, I
preye,
And, for your ese, in furthering of your
nede, 384
As faste as I may speke, I wol me spedie.
Ye know wel how, seynt Valentynes day,
By my statut and through my gover-
naunce,
Ye come for to chese—and flee your way—
Your makes, as I prik yow with plesaunce.
But natheles, my rightful ordenaunce 390
May I not lete, for al this world to winne,
That he that most is worthy shal beginne.
The tercel egle, as that ye knownen wel,
The foul royal above yow in degree,
The wyse and worthy, secre, trewe as
stel, 395
The which I +formed have, as ye may see,
In every part as hit best lyketh me,
Hit nedeth noght his shap yow to devyse,
He shal first chese and speken in his
gyse.
And after him, by order shul ye chese, 400
After your kinde, everich as yow lyketh,
And, as your hap is, shul ye winne or
lese;
But which of yow that love most en-
tryketh,
God sende him hir that sorest for him
syketh,'
And therwith-al the tercel gan she calle,
And seyde, 'my sone, the choys is to
thee falle. 406

But natheles, in this condicoun
Mot be the choys of everich that is here,
That she agree to his eleccioun, 409
Who-so he be that shulde been hir fere ;
This is our usage alwey, fro yere to yere ;
And who so may at this time have his
grace,
In blisful tyme he com in-to this place.'
With hed enclyned and with ful humble
chere
This royal tercel spak and taried nougnt ;
'Unto my sovereyn lady, and noght my
fere, 416
I chese, and chese with wille and herte
and thought,
The formel on your hond so wel y-
wrought,
Whos I am al and ever wol hir serve,
Do what hir list, to do me live or sterue.
Beseching hir of mercy and of grace, 421
As she that is my lady sovereyne ;
Or let me dye present in this place.
For certes, long may I not live in peyne ;
For in myn herte is corven every veyne ;
Having reward[al]only to my trouthe, 426
My dere herte, have on my wo som
routhe.
And if that I to hir be founde untrewe,
Disobeysaunt, or wilful negligent,
Avauntour, or in proces love a newe, 430
I pray to you this be my jugement,
That with these foules I be al to-rent,
That ilke day that ever she me finde
To hir untrewe, or in my gilte unkinde.
And sin that noon loveth hir so wel as I,
Al be she never of love me behette, 436
Than oughte she be myn thourgh hir
mercy,
For other bond can I noon on hir knette.
For never, for no wo, ne shal I lette 439
To serven hir, how fer so that she wende ;
Sey what yow list, my tale is at an ende.'
Right as the fresshe, rede rose newe
Ayen the somer-sonne coloured is,
Right so for shame al wexen gan the
newe
Of this formel, whan she herde al this ;
She neyther answerde 'wel,' ne seyde
amis. 446

So sore abasshed was she, til that Nature
Seyde, 'doghter, drede yow noght, I yow
assure.'
Another tercel egle spak anon
Of lower kinde, and seyde, 'that shal
not be ; 450
I love hir bet than ye do, by seynt John,
Or atte leste I love hir as wel as ye ;
And lenger have served hir, in my deegree,
And if she shulde have loved for long
loving, 454
To me allone had been the guerdoninge.
I dar eek seye, if she me finde fals,
Unkinde, jangler, or rebel any wyse,
Or jalous, do me hongen by the hals !
And but I bere me in hir servyse
As wel as that my wit can me suffyse, 460
Fro poynt to poynt, hir honour for to
save,
Tak she my lyf, and al the good I have.'
The thridde tercel egle answerde tho,
'Now, sirs, ye seen the litel leyser here ;
For every foul cryeth out to been a-go 465
Forth with his make, or with his lady
dere ;
And eek Nature hir-self ne wol nougnt
here,
For taryng here, noght half that I wolde
seye ;
And but I speke, I mot for sorwe deye.
Of long servyse avaunte I me no-thing,
But as possible is me to dye to-day 471
For wo, as he that hath ben languishing
This twenty winter, and wel happen may
A man may serven bet and more to pay
In half a yere, al-though hit were no more,
Than som man doth that hath served ful
yore. 476
I ne say not this by me, for I ne can
Do no servyse that may my lady plesse ;
But I dar seyn, I am hir trewest man
As to my dome, and feynest wolde hir ese ;
At shorte wordes, til that deth me sese, 481
I wol ben hires, whether I wake or winke,
And trewe in al that herte may bethinke.'
Of al my lyf, sin that day I was born,
So gentil plee in love or other thing 485
Ne herde never no man me beforin,

Who[s]o] that hadde leyser and cunning
For to reherse hir chere and hir speking ;
And from the morwe gan this speche laste
Til downward drowthe sonnewonderfaste.

The noyse of foules for to b[ea]ndelivered 491
So loude rong, 'have doon and let us
wende !'

That wel wende I the wode had al to-
shivered.

'Come of !' they cryde, 'allas ! ye wil us
shende !'

Whan shal your cursed pleding have an
ende ? 495

How shulde a juge eyther party leve,
For yee or nay, with-outen any preve ?'

The goos, the cokkow, and the doke also
So cryden 'kek, kek !' 'kukkow !' 'quek,
quek !' hye,

That thorgh myn eresthe noyse wente tho.
The goos seyde, 'al this nis not worth a
flye !' 501

But I can shape hereof a remedye,
And I wol sey my verdit faire and swythe
For water-foul, who-so be wrooth or
blythe.'

'And I for worm-foul,' seyde the fool
cukkow, 505

'For I wol, of myn owne auctorite[te],
For comune sped, take the charge now,
For to delivere us is gret charite[te].'

'Ye may abyde a whyle yet, parde !'
Seide the turtel, 'if hit be your wille 510
A wight may speke, him were as good be
stille.

I am a seed-foul, oon the unworthieste,
That wot I wel, and litel of kunninge;
But bet is that a wightes tonge reste
Than entremeten him of such doinge 515
Of which he neyther rede can nor singe.
And who-so doth, ful foul himself acloy-
eth,

For office uncommitted ofte anoyeth.'

Nature, which that alway had an ere
To murmour of the lewednes behinde, 520
With facound voys seide, 'hold your
tonges there !'

And I shal sone, I hope, a counseyl finde
You to delivere, and fro this noyse un-
bind[e];

I juge, of every folk men shal oon calle
To seyn the verdict for you foules alle.' 525

Assented were to this conclusiou[n]
The briddes alle ; and foules of rayn[e]
Han chosen first, by pleyn elecciou[n],
The tercelet of the faucon, to diffyne 529
Al hir sentence, and as him list, termyn[e];
And to Nature him gommen to presente,
And she accepteth him with glad entente.

The tercelet seide than in this manere :
'Ful hard were hit to preve hit by resoun
Who loveth best this gentil formel here ;
For everich hath swich replicacioun, 536
That noon by skilles may be broght
a-doun ;

I can not seen that arguments avayle ;
Than semeth hit ther moste be batayle.'

'Al redy !' quod these egles terceels tho.
'Nay, sirs !' quod he, 'if that I dorste it
seye, 541

Ye doon me wrong, my tale is not y-do !
For sirs, ne taketh noght a-gref, I preye,
It may noght gon, as ye wolde, in this
weye ;

Oure is the voys that han the charge in
honde, 545

And to the juges dome ye moten stonde ;

And therfor pees ! I seye, as to my wit,
Me wolde thinke how that the worthieste
Of knighthode, and lengest hath used hit,
Mosto of estat, of blode the gentileste, 550
Were sittingest for hir, if that hir leste ;
And of these three shewot hir-solf, I trowe,
Which that he be, for hit is light to
knowe.'

The water-foules han her hedes leyd
Togeder, and of short avysement, 555

Whan everich had his large golee seyd,
They seyden soothly, al by oon assent,
How that 'the goos, with hir facounde
gent,

That so desyreth to pronounce our nede,
Shal telle our tale,' and preyde 'god hir
spede.' 560

And for these water-foules tho began
The goos to speke, and in hir cakelinge
She seyde, 'pees ! now tak kepe every
man,

And herkeneth which a reson I shal
bringe ;
My wit is sharp, I love no taryinge ; 565
I seye, I rede him, though he were my
brother,
But she wol love him, lat him love
another !'

'Lo here ! a parfit reson of a goos !'
Quod the sperhawk ; 'never mot she thee !
Lo, swich hit is to have a tonge loos ! 570
Now pard, fool, yet were hit bet for
thee

Have hilde thy pees, than shewed thy
nycete !
Hit lyth not in his wit nor in his wille,
But sooth is seyd, "a fool can noght be
stille."'

The laughter aroos of gentil foules alle,
And right anoon the seed-foul chosen
hadde 576

The turtel trewe, and gunne hir to hem
calle,

And preyden hir to seye the sothe sadde
Of this matere, and asked what she radde ;
And she answerde, that pleynlly hir entente 580

She wolde shewe, and sothly what she
mente.

'Nay, god forbide a lover shulde chaunge !'
The turtel seyde, and wex for shame al
reed ;

'Thogh that his lady ever-more be
straunge, 584

Yet let him serve hir ever, til he be deed ;
For sothe, I preyse noght the gooses reed ;
For thogh she deyed, I wolde non other
make,

I wol ben hires, til that the deth me take.'

'Wel bounded !' quod the doke, 'by my
hat ! 589

That men shulde alwey loven, causeles,
Who can a reson finde or wit in that ?

Daunceth he mury that is mirtheles ?
Who shulde recche of that is reccheles ?

Ye, quek !' yit quod the doke, ful wel and

faire, 595
'There been mo sterres, god wot, than a
paire !'

'Now fy, cherl !' quod the gentil tercelet,
'Out of the dunghil com that word ful
right,
Thou canst noght see which thing is wel
be-set :
Thou forset by love as oules doon by light,
The day hem blent, ful wel they see by
night ; 600
Thy kind is of so lowe a wretchednesse,
That what love is, thou canst nat see ne
gesse.'

Tho gan the cukkow putte him forth in
prees

For foul that eteth worm, and seide blyve,
'So I,' quod he, 'may have my make in
pees, 605

I recche not how longe that ye stryve ;
Lat ech of hem be soleyn al hir lyve,
This is my reed, sin they may not acorde ;
This shorte lesson nedeth noght recordre.'

'Ye ! have the glotoun fild ynoghi his
paunche, 610

Than are we wel !' seyde the merlioun ;
'Thou mordrer of the heysugge on the
braunche

That broghte thee forth, thou trewthelees
glotoun !

Live thou soleyn, wormes corrupcion !
For no fors is of lakke of thy nature ; 615
Go, lewed be thou, whyl the world may
dure !'

'Now pees,' quod Nature, 'I comaunde
here ;

For I have herd al your opinioun,
And in effect yet be we never the nere ;
But fynally, this is my conclusioun, 620
That she hir-self shal han the eleccioun
Of whom hir list, who-so be wrooth or
blythe,

Him that she cheest, he shal hir have as
swythe.

For sith hit may not here discussed be
Who loveth hir best, as seide the tercelet,
Than wol I doon hir this favour, that
she 626

Shal have right him on whom hir herte
is set,

And he hir that his herte hath on hir
knet.

This juge I, Nature, for I may not lyü ;
To noon estat I have non other yë. 630

But as for counseyl for to chese a make,
If hit were reson, certes, than wolde I
Counseyle yow the royal tercel take,
As seide the tercelet ful skilfully,
As for the gentilest and most worthy, 635
Which I have wrought so wel to my ples-
aunce ;

That to yow oughte been a suffisaunce.'

With dredful vois the formel hir an-
swerde,

' My rightful lady, goddesse of Nature,
Soth is that I am ever under your yerde,
Lyk as is everiche other creature, 641
And moot be youres whyl my lyf may
dure ;
And therfor graunteth me my firste bone,
And myn entente I wol yow sey right
sone.'

'I graunte it you,' quod she; and right
anoon 645

This formel egle spak in this degree,
' Almighty quene, unto this yeer be doon
I aske respit for to avysen me.
And after that to have my choys al
free ;

This al and som, that I wolde speke and
seye ; 650

Yegete no more, al-though ye do me deye.

I wol noght serven Venus ne Cupyde
For sothe as yet, by no manere wey.'

' Now sin it may non other wyse betydye,
Quod tho Nature, 'here is no more to
sey ; 655

Than wolde I that these foules were a-wey
Ech with his make, for taryng lenger
here —

And seyde hem thus, as ye shul after here.

' To you speke I, ye tercelets,' quod
Nature,
' Beth of good herte and serveth, alle
three ; 660

A yeer is not so longe to endure,
And ech of yow peyne him, in his degree,
For to do wel ; for, god wot, quit is she

Fro yow this yeer; what after so besalle,
This entremes is dressed for you alle.' 665

And whan this werk al broght was to an
ende,

To every foule Nature yaf his make
By even acorde, and on hir wey they
wende.

A ! lord ! the blisse and joye that they
make ! 669

For ech of hem gan other in winges take,
And with hir nekkes ech gan other winde,
Thanking alwey the noble goddesse of
kinde.

But first were chosen foules for to singe,
As yeer by yere was alwey hir usaunce
To singe a roundel at hir departinge, 675
To do Nature honour and plesaunce.
The note, I trowe, maked was in Fraunce;
The wordes were swich as ye may heer
finde,

The nexte vers, as I now have in minde.

Qui bien aime a tard oublie.

'Now welcom somer, with thy sonne
softé, 680
That hast this wintres weders over-shake,
And driven away the longe nightes blake!
Seynt Valentyn, that art ful hy on-
lofte ;—

Thus singen smale foules for thy sake—
Now welcom somer, with thy sonne softé, 685
That hast this wintres weders over-shake.

Wel han they cause for to gladen ofte,
Sith ech of hem recovered hath his make ;
Ful blissful may they singen whan they
wake ;

Now welcom somer, with thy sonne softé, 690
That hast this wintres weders over-shake,
And driven away the longe nightes blake.

And with the showting, whan hir song
was do,

That foules maden at hir flight a-way,
I wook, and other bokes took me to 695
To rede upon, and yet I rede alway ;
I hope, y-wis, to rede so som day
That I shal mete som thing for to fare 698
The bet ; and thus to rede I nil not spare.

VI. A COMPLEINT TO HIS LADY.

I. (*In seven-line stanzas.*)

THE longe night, whan every creature
Shulde have hir rest in somewhat, as by
kinde,
Or elles ne may hir lyf nat long endure,
Hit falleth most in-to my woful minde
How I so fer have broght my-self be-
hindē, 5
That, sauf the deeth, ther may no-thing
me lisſe,
So desesprired I am from alle blisse.

This same thought me lasteth til the
morwe,
And from the morwe forth til hit be eve;
Ther nedeth me no care for to borwe, 10
For bothe I have good leyser and good
leve ;
Ther is no wight that wol me wo bereve
To wepe y-nogh, and wailen al my fille ;
The sore spark of peyne †doth me spille.

II. (*In Terza Rima; imperfect.*)

[†The sore spark of peyne doth me spille ;]
This Love hath [eek] me set in swich a
place 16
That my desyr [he] never wol fulfille ;
For neither pitee, mercy, neither grace
Can I nat finde ; and †fro my sorwful
herte,
For to be deed, I can hit nat arace. 20
The more I love, the more she doth me
smerte ;
Through which I see, with-oute remedye,
That from the deeth I may no wyse
asterte ;
[†For this day in hir servise shal I dye].

III. (*In Terza Rima; imperfect.*)

[†Thus am I slain, with sorwes ful dy-
verse ; 25
Ful longe agoon I oughte have taken
hede].

Now soothly, what she hight I wol re-
herse ;
Hir name is Bountee, set in womanhede,
Sadnesse in youthe, and Beautee pryd-
lees,
And Plesaunce, under governaunce and
dredre ; 30
Hir surname eek is Faire Rewthelees,
The Wyse, y-knit un-to Good Aventure,
That, for I love hir, †sleeth me giltelees.
Hir love I best, and shal, whyl I may
dure,
Bet than my-self an hundred thousand
deel, 35
Than al this worldes richesse or crea-
ture.
Now hath nat Lovē me bestowed weel
To lovē, ther I never shal have part ?
Allas ! right thus is turned me the wheel,
Thus am I slayn with loves fyry dart. 40
I can but love hir best, my swete fo ;
Love hath me taught no more of his art
But serve alwey, and stinte for no wo.

IV. (*In ten-line stanzas.*)

[With]-in my trewe careful herte ther is
So moche wo, and [eek] so litel blis, 45
That wo is me that ever I was bore ;
For al that thing which I desyre I mis,
And al that ever I wolde nat, I-wis,
That finde I redy to me evermore ;
And of al this I not to whom me pleyne. 50
For she that mighte me out of this
bringe
Ne reccheth nat whether I wepe or
singē ;
So litel rewthe hath she upon my peyne.
Allas ! whan sleeping-time is, than I wake,
Whan I shulde daunce, for fere than I
quake ; 55
[†Yow rekcketh never wher I flete or
sinke ;]
This hevy lyf I lede for your sake,
Thogh ye ther-of in no wyse hede take,

†For on my wo yow deyneth not to
thinken.] 59

My hertes lady, and hool my lyves quene!
For trewly dorste I seye, as that I fele,
Me semeth that your swete herte of stèle
Is whetted now ageynes me to kene.

My dere herte, and best beloved fo,
Why lyketh yow to do me al this wo, 65
What have I doon that greveth yow, or
sayd,

But for I serve and love yow and no mo?
And whylst I live, I wol †do ever so;
And therfor, swete, ne beth nat evil
apayd.

For so good and so fair as [that] ye be, 70
Hit were [a] right gret wonder but ye
hadde

Of alle servants, bothe goode and badde;
And leest worthy of alle hem, I am he.

But never-the-less, my righte lady swete,
Thogh that I be unconning and unmete 75
To serve as I best coude ay your hy-
nesse,

Yit is ther fayner noon, that wolde I hete,
Than I, to do †yow ese, or elles bete
What-so I wiste were to †yow distresse.
And hadde I might as good as I have wille,
Than shulde ye fele wher it wer so or
noon; 81

For †in this worlde living is ther noon
That fayner wolde your hertes wil fulfille.

For bothe I love, and eek dred yow so
sore,

And algates moot, and have doon yow,
ful yore, 85
That bet loved is noon, ne never shal;
And yit I wolde beseche yow of no more
But leveth wel, and be nat wrooth ther-
fore,

And lat me serve yow forth; lo! this
is al.

For I am nat so hardy ne so wood 90
For to desire that ye shulde love me;
For wel I wot, alas! that may nat be;
I am so litel worthy, and ye so good.

For ye be oon the worthiest on-lyve,
And I the most unlykly for to thryve; 95
Yit, for al this, [now] witeth ye right
wele,

That ye ne shul me from your service
dryve

That I nil ay, with alle my wittes fyve,
Serve yow trewly, what wo so that I fele.
For I am set on yow in swich manere 100
That, thogh ye never wil upon me rewe,
I moste yow love, and †ever been as
trewe

As any can or may on-lyve [here].

†The more that I love yow, goodly free,
The lasse finde I that ye loven me; 105
Alas! whan shal that harde wit a-
mende?

Wher is now al your wommanly pitee,
Your gentillesse and your debonairee,
Wil ye no thing ther-of upon me
spende?

And so hool, swete, as I am yores al, 110
And so gret wil as I have yow to serve,
Now, certes, and ye lete me thus sterue,
Yit have ye wonne ther-on but a smal.

For, at my knowing, I do †no-thing
why,

And this I wol beseche yow hertely, 115
That, ther ever ye finde, whyl ye live,
A trewer servant to yow than am I,
Leveth [me] thanne, and sleeth me
hardely,

And I my deeth to you wol al forgive.
And if ye finde no trewer †man than me,
[Why] will ye suffre than that I thus
spille, 121

And for no maner gilt but my good
wille?

As good wer thanne untrewe as trewe
to be.

But I, my lyf and deeth, to yow obeye,
And with right buxom herte hoolly I
preye, 125

As[is]your moste plesure, so doth by me;
†Wel lever is me lyken yow and deye
Than for to any thing or thinke or seye
That †michtye yow offende in any tyme.
And therfor, swete, rewe on my peynes
smerte, 130

And of your grace granteth me som
drope;

For elles may me laste †blis ne hope,
Ne †dwellen in my trouble careful herte

VII. ANELIDA AND ARCITE.

The Compleynt of feire Anelida
and fals Arcite.

Proem.

Thou ferse god of armes, Mars the rede,
That in the frosty country called Trace,
Within thy grisly temple ful of drede
Honoured art, as patroun of that place!
With thy Bellona, Pallas, ful of grace, 5
Be present, and my song continue and
gye;

At my beginning thus to thee I crye.
For hit ful depe is sonken in my minde,
With pitous herte in English for t'endytte
This olde storie, in Latin which I finde, 10
Of quene Anelida and fals Arcite,
That elde, which that al can frete and
byte,
As hit hath freten mony a noble storie,
Hath nigh devoured out of our memorie.
Be favorable eek, thou Polymnia, 15
On Parnaso that, with thy sustres glade,
By Elicon, not fer from Cirrea,
Singest with vois memorial in the shade,
Under the laurer which that may not
fade,
And do that I my ship to haven winne; 20
First folow I Stace, and after him
Corinne.

The Story.

Iamque domos patrias, &c.; Statii Thebais,
xii. 519.
Whan Theseus, with werres longe and
grete,
The aspre folk of Cithe had over-come,
With laurer crouned, in his char gold-
bete,
Hoom to his contre-houses is y-come;— 25
For which the peple blisful, al and somme,
So cryden, that unto the sterres hit wente,
And him to honouren dide al hir en-
tente;—

Beforn this duk, in signe of hy victorie,
The trompes come, and in his baner large
The image of Mars; and, in token of
glorie, 31
Men mighten seen of tresor many a
charge,
Many a bright helm, and many a spere
and targe,
Many a fresh knight, and many a blisful
route,
On hors, on fote, in al the felde aboute. 35

Ipolita his wyf, the hardy quene
Of Cithia, that he conquered hadde,
With Emelye, hir yonge suster shene,
Faire in a char of golde he with him laddé,
That al the ground aboute hir char she
spradde 40
With brightnessse of the beautee in hir
face,
Fulfil'd of largesse and of alle grace.

With his triumphe and laurer-crouned
thus,
In al the floure of fortunes yevinge,
Lete I this noble prince Theseus 45
Toward Athenes in his wey rydinge,
And founde I wol in shortly for to bringe
The slye wey of that I gan to wryte,
Of quene Anelida and fals Arcite.

Mars, which that through his furious
course of yre, 50
The olde wrath of Juno to fulfillé,
Hath set the peples hertes bothe on fyre
Of Thebes and Grece, everich other to
kille
With blody speres, ne rested never stille,
But throng now her, now ther, among
hem bothe, 55
That everich other slough, so wer they
wrothe.

For whan Amphiorax and Tydeus,
Ipomedon, Parthonopee also
Were dede, and slain [was] proud Cam-
paneus,

And whan the wrecches Thebans, bretheren two, 60
 Were slayn, and king Adrastus hoom a-go,
 So desolat stood Thebes and so bare,
 That no wight coude remedie of his care.

And whan the olde Creon gan espye
 How that the blood roial was broght adoun, 65

He held the cite by his tirannyne,
 And did the gentils of that regioune
 To been his frendes, and dwellen in the toun.

So what for love of him, and what for awe,
 The noble folk wer to the toune y-drawe.

Among al these, Anelida the quene 71
 Of Ermony was in that toun dwellinge,
 That fairer was then is the sonne shene;
 Through-out the world so gan hir name
 springe,
 That hir to seen had every wight lykinge;
 For, as of trouthe, is ther noon hir liche, 76
 Of al the women in this worlde riche.

Yong was this quene, of twenty yeer of elde,
 Of midel stature, and of swich fairnesse,
 That nature had a joye hir to behelde; So
 And for to speken of hir stedfastnesse,
 She passed hath Penelope and Lucresse,
 And shortly, if she shal be comprehended,
 In hir ne mighte no-thing been amended.

This Theban knight [Arcite] eek, sooth to seyn, 85
 Was yong, and ther-with-a a lusty knight,
 But he was double in love and no-thing
 pleyn,

And subtil in that crafte over any wight,
 And with his cunning wan this lady bright;

For so ferforth he gan hir trouthe assure,
 That she him trust over any creature. 91

What shuld I seyn? she loved Arcite so,
 That, whan that he was absent any throwe,
 Anon hir thoghte hir herte brast a-two;
 For in hir sight to hir he bar him lowe, 95
 So that she wende have al his herte
 y-knowe;

But he was fals; it nas but feyned chere,
 As nedeth not to men such craft to lere

But never-the-less ful mikel besinesse
 Had he, er that he mighte his lady winne,
 And swoor he wolde dyen for distresse, 101
 Or from his wit he seyde he wolde twinne.
 Alas, the whyle! for hit was routhe and sinne,

That she upon his sorowes wolde rewre,
 But no-thing thenketh the fals as doth
 the trewe. 105

Hir fredom fond Arcite in swich manere,
 That al was his that she hath, moche or lyte,

Ne to no creature made she chere
 Ferther than that hit lyked to Arcite;
 Ther was no lak with which he mighte
 hir wyte, 110

She was so ferforth yeven him to plesse,
 That al that lyked him, hit did hir ese.

Ther nas to hir no maner lettred y-sent
 That touched love, from any maner
 wight,

That she ne shewed hit him, er hit was
 brent; 115

So pleyn she was, and did hir fulle might,
 That she nil hyden nothing from hir
 knight,
 Lest he of any untrouth hir upbreyde;

Withouten bode his heste she obeyde.

And eek he made him jelons over here, 120
 That, what that any man had to hir seyd,
 Anoon he wolde preyen hir to swere
 What was that word, or make him evel
 apayd;

Than wende she out of hir wit have brayd;
 But al this nas but sleight and flaterye,
 Withouten love he feyned jelosye. 126

And al this took she so debonerly,
 That al his wille, hir thoghte hit skilfu:
 thing,

And ever the lenger he loved him tenderly,
 And did him honour as he were a king. 130
 Hir herte was wedded to him with a ring;
 So ferforth upon trouthe is hir entente,
 That wher he goth, hir herte with him
 wente.

Whan she shal ete, on him is so hir
 thoght, 134
 That wel unnethe of mete took she keep;

And whan that she was to hir reste
brought,
On him she thoghte alwey til that she
sleep ;
Whan he was absent, prevely she weep ;
Thus liveth fair Anelida the quene 139
For fals Arcite, that did hir al this tene.
This fals Arcite, of his new-fangelnesse,
For she to him so lowly was and trewe,
Took lesse deyntee for hir stedfastnesse,
And saw another lady, proud and newe,
And right anon he cladde him in hir
newe— 145
Wot I not whether in whyte, rede, or
grene—
And falsof fair Anelida the quene.
But never-the-less, gret wonder was hit
noon
Thogh he wer fals, for hit is kinde of
man, 149
Sith Lamek was, that is so longe agoon,
To been in love as fals as ever he can ;
He was the firste fader that began
To loven two, and was in bigamye ;
And he found tentes first, but-if men lye.
This fals Arcite sumwhat moste he feyne,
Whan he wex fals, to covere his tra-
torye, 156
Right as an hors, that can both byte and
pleyne ;
For he bar hir on honde of trecherye,
And swoor he coude hir doublenesse
espye,
And al was falsnes that she to him mente ;
Thus swoor this theef, and forth his way
he wente. 161
Alas ! what herte might enduren hit,
For routhe or wo, hir sorow for to telle ?
Or what man hath the cunning or the
wit ?
Or what man might with-in the chambre
dwelle, 165
If I to him reherson shal the helle,
That suffreth fair Anelida the quene
For fals Arcite, that did hir al this tene ?
She wepeth, waileth, swowneth pitously,
To grounde deed she falleth as a stoon ;
Al crampissheth hir limes crokedly, 171
She speketh as hir wit were al agoon ;

Other colour then ashen hath she noon,
Noon other word þshe speketh moche or
lyte,
But 'mercy, cruel herte myn, Arcite !' 175
And thus endureth, til that she was so
mate
That she ne hath foot on which she may
sustene ;
But forth languisshing ever in this estate,
Of which Arcite hath nother routhe ne
tene ;
His herte was elles-where, newe and
grene, 180
That on hir wo ne deyneth him not to
thinke,
Him rekketh never wher she flete or
sinke.
His newe lady holdeth him so narowe
Up by the brydel, at the staves ende,
That every word, he dradde hit as an
arowe ; 185
Hir daunger made him bothe bowe and
bende,
And as hir liste, made him turne or
wende ;
For she ne graunted him in hir livinge
No grace, why that he hath lust to singe ;
But drof him forth, unnethe liste hir
knowe 190
That he was seruaunt þto hir ladyshippe,
But lest that he wer proude, she held
him lowe ;
Thus serveth he, withouten fee or shipe,
She sent him now to londe, now to
shippe ; 194
And for she yaf him daunger al his fille,
Therfor she had him at hir owne wille.
Ensample of this, ye thrifte wimmen alle,
Take here Anelida and fals Arcite,
That for hir liste him 'dere herte' calle,
And was so meek, therfor he loved hir
lyte ; 200
The kinde of mannes herte is to delyte
In thing that straunge is, also god me
save !
For what he may not gete, that wolde he
have.
Now turne we to Anelida ageyn,
That pyneth day by day in languisshing ;

But whan she saw that hir ne gat no
geyn,
Upon a day, ful sorowfully weping,
She caste hir for to make a compleyning,
And with hir owne honde she gan hit
wryte;
And sente hit to hir Theban knight
Arcite.
210

The Compleynt of Anelida the quene
upon fals Arcite.

Proem.

So thirleth with the poynt of remem-
braunce,
The swerd of sorowe, y-whet with fals
plesaunce,
Myn herte, bare of blis and blak of
hewe,
That turned is in quaking al my daunce,
Mysuretee in a-whaped countenaunce;
Sith hit availeth not for to ben trewe;
For who-so trewest is, hit shal hir
rewē,
That serveth love and doth hir observ-
aunce
Alwey to oon, and chaungeth for no
newe.

(*Strophe.*)

1.

I wot my-self as wel as any wight;
For I loved oon with al my herte and
micht
More then my-self, an hundred thou-
sand sythe,
And called him my hertes lyf, my knight,
And was al his, as fer as hit was right;
And whan that he was glad, than was
I blythe,
And his diseise was my deeth as swythe;
And he ayein his trouthe me had plight
For ever-more, his lady me to kythe.

2.

Now is he fals, alas! and causeles,
And of my wo he is so routholes,
That with a worde him list not ones
deyne
To bring ayein my sorowful herte in pees,
For he is caught up in a-other lees.

Right as him list, he laugheth at my
peyne,
234
And I ne can myn herte not restreyne,
That I ne love him alwey, never-the-les;
And of al this I not to whom me pleyne.

3.

And shal I pleyne—alas! the harde
stounde—
Un-to my foo that yaf my herte a wounde,
And yet desyreth that myn harm be
more?
240

Nay, certes! ferther wol I never þfounde
Non other help, my sores for to sounde.
My destinee hath shapen it ful yore;
I wil non other medecyne ne lore;
I wil ben ay ther I was ones bounde,
245
That I have seid, be seid for ever-more!

4.

Alas! wher is become your gentilesse!
Your wordes fulle of plesaunce and hum-
blesse?

Your observaunces in so low manere,
And your awyting and your besinesse
Upon me, that ye calden your maistresse,
Your sovereyn lady in this worlde here?
Alas! and is ther nother word ne chere
Ye vouchesauf upon myn hevinessse?
Alas! your love, I bye hit al to dere.
255

5.

Now certes, swete, thogh that ye
Thus causeles the cause be
Of my dedly adversitee,
Your manly reson oghte it to respyte
To slee your frend, and namely me,
260
That never yet in no degree
Offended yow, as wisly he,
That al wot, out of wo my soule quyte!
¶ But for I shewed yow, Arcite,
Al that men wolde to mo wryte,
265
And was so besy, yow to delyte—
My honour save—meke, kinde, and free,
Therfor ye putte on me the wytte,
And of me recche not a myte,
Thogh that the swerd of sorow byte
270
My woful herte through your crueltee.

6.

My swete foo, why do ye so, for shame?
And thenke ye that furthered be your
name,

VII. Anelida and Arcite.

To love a newe, and been untrewe ?
nay !
And putte yow in sclaunder now and
blame, 275
And do to me adversitee and grame,
That love yow most, god, wel thou
wost ! alway ?
Yet turn ayeyn, and be al pleyn som
day,
And than shal this that now is mis be
game, 279
And al for-yive, whyl that I live may.

(Antistrophe.)

1.
Lo ! herte myn, al this is for to seyne,
As whether shal I preye or elles pleyne ?
Whiche is the wey to doon yow to be
trewe ?
For either mot I have yow in my cheyne,
Or with the dethye mot departe us
tweyne ; 285
Ther ben non other mene weyes newe ;
For god so wisly on my soule rewe,
As verily ye sleen me with the peyne ;
That may ye see unfeyned of myn hewe.

2.
For thus ferforth have I my deth [y]-
soght, 290
My-self I mordre with my prevy thought ;
For sorow and routhe of your unkinde-
nesse
I wepe, I wake, I faste ; al helpeth noght ;
I weyve joye that is to speke of oght,
I voyde compayne, I flee gladnesse ; 295
Who may avaunte hir bet of heviness
Then I ? and to this plyte have yo me
brought,
Withoute gilt ; me nedeth no witnessesse.

3.
And shold I preye, and weyve woman-
hede ?
Nay ! rather deth then do so foul a dede,
And axe mercy gilteles ! what nede ? 301
And if I pleyne what lyf that I lede,
Yow rekkest not ; that know I, out of
dredre ;
And if I unto yow myn othes bede

For myn excuse, a scorn shal be
mede ;
Your chere floureth, but hit wol not se
Ful longe agoon I oughte have take he

4.
For thogh I hadde yow to-morow agey
I might as wel holde Averill fro reyn,
As holde yow, to make yow stedfast,
Almighty god, of trouthe sovereyn,
Wher is the trouthe of man ? who ha
hit sleyn ?

Who that hem loveth shal hem fynd
as fast
As in a tempest is a roten mast.
Is that a tame best that is ay feyn 3
To renne away, when he is leest agast

5.
Now mercy, swete, if I misseye,
Have I seyd oght amis, I preye ?
I not; my wit is al aweye.
I fare as doth the song of Chaunte-pleure,
For now I pleyne, and now I pleye, 32
I am so mased that I deye,
Arcite hath born awey the keye
Of al my worlde, and my good aventur

¶ For in this worlde nis creature 32
Wakinge, in more discomfiture
Then I, ne more sorow endure ;
And if I slepe a furlong wey or tweye,
Than thinketh me, that your figure
Before me stant, clad in asure, 330
To profren eft a newe assure
For to be trewe, and mercy me to prey.

6.
The longe night this wonder sight I
drye,
And on the day for this afrai I dye, 334
And of al this right noght, y-wis, ye
recche.

Ne never mo myn yen two be drye,
And to your routhe and to your trouthe
I crye.

But welawey ! to fer be they to fecche ;
Thus holdeth me my destinee a
wrecche. 339

But me to rede out of this drede or gye
Ne may my wit, so weyk is hit, not
strecche.

Conclusion.

Than ende I thus, sith I may do no more,
I yeve hit up for now and ever-more;
For I shal never est putten in balaunce
My sekernes, ne lerne of love the lore. 345
But as the swan, I have herd seyd ful yore,
Ayeins his deth shal singe in his penaunce,
So singe I here my destiny or chaunce,

How that Arcite Anelida so sore
Hath thirled with the poynt of remembraunce! 350

The story continued.

Whan that Anelida this woful quene
Hath of hir hande writen in this wyse,
With face deed, betwixe pale and grene,
She fel a-swove; and sith she gan to ryse, 355
And unto Mars avoweth sacrificyse
With-in the temple, with a sorrowful chere,
That shapen was as ye shal after here. 357

(*Unfinished.*)

VIII. CHAUCERS WORDES UNTO ADAM, HIS OWNE SCRIVEYN.

ADAM scriveyn, if ever it thee bifalle
Boece or Troilus to wryten newe,
Under thy lokkes thou most have the scalle,
But after my making thou wryte trewe.

So ofte a daye I mot thy werk renewe, 5
Hit to correcte and eek to rubbe and scrape;
And al is through thy negligence and rape.

IX. THE FORMER AGE.

A BLISFUL lyf, a paisible and a swete
Ldden the peples in the former age;
They helde hem payed †of fruities, that they etc,
Which that the feldes yave hem by usage; 5
They ne were nat forpumped with outrage;
Unknownen was the quern and eek the melle;
They eten mast, hawes, and swich poungage,
And dronken water of the colde welle.

Yit nas the ground nat wounded with the plough,
But corn up-sprong, unsowe of mannes lond, 10
The which they †gniden, and eete nat half y-nough.
No man yit knew the forwes of his lond;
No man the fyre out of the flint yit fond;
Un-korven and un-grobbed lay the vyne;
No man yit in the morter spyces grond 15
To clarre, ne to sause of galantyne.

No mader, welde, or wood no litestere
Ne knew; the flees was of his former
hewe;
No flesh ne wiste offence of egge or spere;
No coyn ne knew man which was fals or
trewe; 20
No ship yit karf the wawes grene and
blewe;
No marchaunt yit ne fette outlandish
ware;
No †trompes for the werres folk ne knewe,
No toures heye, and walles rounde or
square.

What sholde it han avayled to werreye? 25
Ther lay no profit, ther was no richesse,
But cursed was the tyme, I dar wel seye,
That men first dide hir swety bysinesse
To grobbe up metal, lurkinge in dark-
nesse,
And in the riveres first gemmes soghthe. 30
Allas! than spong up al the cursednesse
Of covetyse, that first our sorwe broghte!
Thise tyraunts putte hem gladly nat in
pres,
No †wildnesse, ne no busshes for to winne
Ther poverte is, as seith Diogenes, 35
Ther as vitaile is eek so skars and thinne
That nocht but mast or apples is ther-
inne.
But, ther as bagges been and fat vitaile,
Ther wol they gon, and spare for no sinne
With al hir ost the cite for t'assaile. 40

Yit were no paleis-chaumbres, ne non
halles;
In caves and [in] wodes softe and swete
Slepten this blissed folk with-oute walles,
On gras or leves in parfit †quiete.
No doun of fetheres, ne no bleched
shete 45
Was kid to hem, but in seurtee they
slepte;
Hir hertes were al oon, with-oute galles,
Everich of hem his feith to other kepte.
Unforged was the hauberk and the plate;
The lambish peple, voyd of alle vyce, 50
Hadden no fantasye to debate,
But ech of hem wolde other wel cheryee;
No prude, non envye, non avarycie,
No lord, no taylage by no tyramnye;
Humblessoe and pees, good feith, the em-
perice, 55
[†Fulfilled erthe of olde curtesye.]

Yit was not Jupiter the likerous,
That first was fader of delicacye,
Come in this world; ne Nembrot, de-
sirous
To reynen, had nat maad his toures
hye. 60
Allas, allas! now may men wepe and
crye!
For in our dayes nis but covetyse
[And] doublenesse, and tresoun and envye,
Poysoun, manslauhtre, and mordre in
sondry wyse. 64

Finit Etas prima. Chaucers.

X. FORTUNE.

Balades de visage sanz peinture.

I. Le Pleintif countre Fortune.

THIS wrecched worldes transmutacionn,
As wele or wo, now povre and now
honour,
With-outen ordre or wys discreciooun
Governed is by Fortunes errorr;
But natheles, the lak of hir favour 5

Ne may nat don me singen, though I dye
'Iay tout perlu mon temps et mon labour:'
For fynally, Fortune, I thee defye!

Yit is me left the light of my resoun,
To knownen frend fro fo in thy mirour. 10
So muche hath yit thy whirling up and
doun

Y-taught me for to knownen in an hour,
But trewely, no force of thy reddour

To him that over him-self hath the mays-
trye!

My suffisaunce shal be my socour : 15
For fynally, Fortune, I thee defye !

O Socrates, thou stedfast champiouin,
She never mighte be thy tormentour ;
Thou never dreddest hir oppresoun,
Ne in hir chere founde thou no savour. 20
Thou knewe wel deceit of hir colour,
And that hir moste worshiphe is to lye.
I knowe hir eek a fals dissimulour :
For fynally, Fortune, I thee defye !

II. La respounse de Fortune au Pleintif.

No man is wretched, but him-self hit
wene, 25
And he that hath him-self hath suf-
fisaunce.

Why seystow thanne I am to thee so
kene,
That hast thy-self out of my governaunce?
Sey thus : ' Graunt mercy of thyn ha-
boundaunce

That thou hast lent or this.' Why wolt
thou stryve? 30
What wostow yit, how I thee wol-
avaunce?

And eek thou hast thy beste frend alyve !

I have thee taught divisoun bi-twene
Frend of effect, and frend of counten-
aunce;

Thee nedeth nat the galle of noon
hyene, 35

That cureth eyen derke fro hir penaunce ;
Now seestow clearer, that were in ignor-
aunce.

Yit halt thy nancr, and yit thou mayst
arryve

Ther bountee berth the keye of my sub-
staunce : 39

And eek thou hast thy beste frend alyve.

How many have I refused to sustene,
Sin I thee fostred have in thy plesaunce !
Woltow than make a statut on thy quene
That I shal been ay at thyn ordinaunce ?
Thou born art in my regne of variaunce,

Aboute the wheel with other most thou
dryve. 40

My lore is bet than wikkis thy grev-
aunce,
And eek thou hast thy beste frend alyve.

III. La respounse du Pleintif contre Fortune.

Thy lore I dampne, hit is adversitee.
My frend maystow nat reven, blind god-
desse ! 50
That I thy frendes knowe, I thanke hit
thee.
Tak hem agayn, lat hem go lye on pressa !
The negardye in keping hir richesse,
Prenostil is thou wolt hir tour assayle,
Wikke appetyt comth ay before seknesse :
In general, this reule may nat fayle. 55

La respounse de Fortune contre le Pleintif.

Thou pinchest at my mutabilitee,
For I thee lente a drope of my richesse,
And now me lyketh to with-drawe me.
Why sholdestow my realtee oppresse ? 60
The see may elbe and flower more or lesse ;
The welke hath might to shyne, reyne,
or hayle ;

Right so mot I kythen my brotelnesse.
In general, this reule may nat fayle.

Lo, th'execucion of the magestee 65
That al purveyeth of his rightwisnesse,
That same thing ' Fortune ' clepen ye,
Ye blinde bestes, ful of lewednesse !
The hevene hath propretie of sikernessee,
This world hath ever restes travayle ; 70
Thy laste day is ende of myn intresse :
In general, this reule may nat fayle.

Lenvoi de Fortune.

Princes, I prey you of your gentilesse,
Lat nat this man on me thus crye and
pleyne,

And I shal quyte you your bisinesse 75
At my requeste, as three of you or tweyne ;
And, but you list releve him of his peyne,
Preyeth his beste frend, of his noblesse,
That to som beter estat he mayatteyne. 79

XI. MERCILES BEAUTE: A TRIPLE ROUNDEL.

I. Captivity.

Your yēn two wol slee me sodenly,
I may the beautē of hem not sustene,
So woundeth hit through-out my herte
kene.

And but your word wol helen hastily
My hertes wounde, whyl that hit is grene,
Your yēn two wol slee me sodenly, 6
I may the beautē of hem not sustene.

Upon my trouthe I sey yow feithfully,
That ye ben of my lyf and deeth the quene;
Forwith my deeth the trouthe shal besene.
Your yēn two wol slee me sodenly, 11
I may the beautē of hem not sustene,
So woundeth hit through-out my herte kene.

II. Rejection.

So hath your beautē fro your herte chaced
Pitee, that me ne availeth not to pleyne;
For Daunger halt your mercy in his
cheyne. 16

Giltles my deeth thus han ye me pur-
chased;
I sey yow sooth, me nedeth not to feyne;

*So hath your beautē fro your herte chaced
Pitee, that me ne availeth not to pleyne.* 20

Allas! that nature hath in yow com-
passed

So greet beautē, that no man may atteyne
To mercy, though he steruo for the peyne.

*So hath your beautē fro your herte chaced
Pitee, that me ne availeth not to pleyne;* 25
For Daunger halt your mercy in his cheyne.

III. Escape.

Sin I fro Love escaped am so fat,
I never think to ben in his prison lene;
Sin I am free, I counte him not a bene.

He may awerse, and seye this or that; 30
I do no fors, I speke right as I mene.

*Sin I fro Love escaped am so fat,
I never think to ben in his prison lene.*

Love hath my name y-strike out of his
sclat,

And he is strike out of my bokes clene 35
For ever-mo; þther is non other mene.

*Sin I fro Love escaped am so fat,
I never think to ben in his prison lene;*
Sin I am free, I counte him not a bene. 39

Explicit.

XII. TO ROSEMOUNDE. A BALADE.

MADAME, ye ben of al beautē shyne
As fer as cercled is the mappemounde;
For as the cristal glorious ye shyne,
And lyke ruby ben your chekes rounde.
Therwith ye ben so mery and so jocounde,
That at a revel whan that I see you
daunce, 6
It is an oynement unto my wounde,
Thogh ye to me ne do no daliaunce.

For thogh I wepe of teres ful a tyne,
Yet may that wo myn herte nat con-
founde; 10

Your þseemly voys that ye so þsmal out-
twyne

Maketh my thought in joye and blis
habounde.

So curteisly I go, with lovē bounde,
That to my-self I sey, in my penaunce,

Suffyseth me to love you, Rosemounde, 15
Thogh ye to me ne do no daliaunce.

Nas never pyk walwed in galauntyne
As I in love am walwed and y-wounde;
For which ful ofte I of my-self divyne

Tregentil.

That I am trewe Tristam the secounde. 20
My love may not refreyd be nor afounde;
I brenne ay in an amorous plesaunce.
Do what you list, I wil your thral be
founde,
Thogh ye to me ne do no daliaunce. 24

Chaucer.

XIII. TRUTH.

Balade de bon conseyl.

FLEE fro the prees, and dwelle with soth-
fastnesse,
Suffyce unto thy good, though hit be
smal;
For hord hath hate, and climbing tikel-
nesse,
Prees hath envy, and wele blent overal;
Savour no more than thee bihove shal; 5
Werk wel thy-self, that other folk canst
rede;
And trouthe shal delivere, hit is no drede.

Tempest thee noght al croked to redresse,
In trust of hir that turneth as a bal:
Gret reste stant in litel besinesse; 10
And eek be war to sporne ageyn an al;
Stryve noght, as doth the crokke with
the wal.
Daunte thy-self, that dauntest otheres
dede;
And trouthe shal delivere, hit is no drede.

Explicit Le bon counsell de G. Chaucer.

XIV. GENTILESSSE.

Moral Balade of Chaucer.

THE firste stok, fader of gentilesse—
What man that claymeth gentil for to be,
Must folowe his trace, and alle his wittes
dresse
Vertu to sewe, and vyces for to flee.
For unto vertu longeth dignitee,

And noght the revers, saufly dar I deme,
Al were he mytre, croune, or diademe.
This firste stok was ful of rightwinesse,
Trewre of his word, sobre, pitous, and
free,
Clene of his geste, and loved besinesse, 10
Againts the vyce of slouth, in honestee;

And, but his heir love vertu, as dide he,
He is noght gentil, thogh he riche seme,
Al were he mytre, croune, or diademe.

Vyce may wel be heir to old richesse ; 15
But ther may no man, as men may wel see,

Bequethe his heir his vertuous noblesse
That is appropred unto no degree,
But to the firste fader in magestee,
That †maketh him his heir, that can him
queme, 20
Al were he mytre, croune, or diademe.

XV. LAK OF STEDFASTNESSE.

Balade.

Som tyme this world was so stedfast and
stable,
That mannes word was obligacioun,
And now hit is so fals and deceivable,
That word and deed, as in conclusioun,
Ben no-thing lyk, for turned up so doun 5
Is al this world for mede and wilfulness,
That al is lost for lak of stedfastnesse.

What maketh this world to be so variable,
But lust that folk have in dissensioun ?
Among us now a man is holde unable, 10
But-if he can, by som collusioun,
Don his neighbour wrong or oppressioun.
What causeth this, but wilful wrecched-
nesses,
That al is lost, for lak of stedfastnesse ?

Trouthe is put doun, resoun is holden
fable; 15
Vertu hath now no dominacioun,
Pitee exyled, no man is merciable.
Through covetyse is blent discrecioun ;
The world hath mad a permutacioun
Fro right to wrong, fro trouthe to fikel-
nesse, 20
That al is lost, for lak of stedfastnesse.

Envoy to King Richard.

O prince, desyre to be honourable,
Cherish thy folk and hate extorcioun !
Suffre no thing, that may be reprevable
To thyn estat, don in thy regiouon. 25
Shew forth thy swerd of castigacioun,
Dred God, dolaw, love trouthe and worthi-
nesse, 27
And wed thy folk agein to stedfastnesse.

Explicit.

XVI. LENVOY DE CHAUCER A SCOGAN.

To-BROKEN been the statuts hye in hevene
That creat were eternally to dure,
Sith that I see the brighte goddes sevene
Mow wepe and wayle, and passioun en-
dure,
As may in erthe a mortal creature. 5
Allas, fro whennes may this thing pro-
cede?
Of whiche errorr I deye almost for drede.

By worde eterne whylom was hit shape
That fro the fiste cercle, in no manere,
Ne mighte a drop of teres doun es-
cape. 10
But now so wepeth Venus in hir spere,
That with hir teres she wol drenche us
here.
Allas, Scogan ! this is for thyn offence !
Thou causest this deluge of pestilence.

Hast thou not seyd, in blasphemie of this
goddes, 15
Through prude, or through thy grete
rakelnesse,
Swich thing as in the lawe of love for-
bode is?
That, for thy lady saw nat thy distresse,
Therfor thou yave hir up at Michelmesse!
Allas, Scogan! of olde folk ne yonge 20
Was never erst Scogan blamed for his
tonge!

Thou drowe in scorn Cupyde eek to record
Of thilke rebel word that thou hast spoken,
For which he wol no lenger be thy lord.
And, Scogan, thogh his bowe be nat
broken, 25
He wol nat with his arwes been y-wroken
On thee, ne me, ne noon of our figure;
Weshul of him have neyther hurt ne cure.
Now certes, frend, I drede of thyn un-
happe,
Lest for thy gilt the wreche of Love pro-
cede 30
On alle hem that ben hore and rounde of
shape,

That ben so lykly folk in love to spede.
Than shul we for our labour han no mede;
But wel I wot, thou wilt awnswere and seye:
'Lo! olde Grisel list to ryme and pleye!'

Nay, Seogan, sey not so, for I m'excuse, 36
God help me so! in no rym, doutelees,
Ne thinke I never of slepe wak my muse,
That rusteth in my shethe stille in pees.
Whyl I was yong, I putte hir forth in
prees, 40
But al shal passe that men prose or ryme;
Take every man his turn, as for his tyme.

Envoy.

Scogan, that knelest at the stremes heed¹
Of grace, of alle honour and worthinesse,
In th'ende of which streme² I am dul as
deed, 45
Forgete in solitarie wildernesse;
Yet, Scogan, thenke on Tullius kinde-
nesse,
Minne thy frend, ther it may fructifye!
Far-wel, and lok thou never eft Love
defye! 49

¹ I.e. Windesore.

² I.e. Grenewich.

XVII. LENVOY DE CHAUCER A BUKTON.

The counsell of Chaucer touching
Mariage, which was sent to Bukton.
My maister Bukton, whan of Criste our
kinge
Was axed, what is trouthe or sothfast-
nesse,
He nat a word awnswere to that axinge,
As who saith: 'no man is al trewe,'
I gesse.
And therfor, thogh I highte to expresse
The sorwe and we that is in mariage, 6
I dar not wryte of hit no wikkednesse,
Lest I my-self falle eft in swich dotage.
I wol nat seyn, how that hit is the cheyne
Of Sathanas, on which he gnaweth ever, 10

But I dar seyn, were he out of his peyne,
As by his wille, he wolde be bounde
never.
But thilke doted fool that eft hath lever
Y-cheyned be than out of prisoun crepe,
God lete him never fro his wo dissever, 15
Ne no man him bewayle, though he wepe.
But yit, lest thou do worse, tak a wyf;
Bet is to wedde, than brenne in worse
wyse.
But thou shalt have sorwe on thy flesh,
thy lyf,
And been thy wyves thral, as seyn these
wyse; 20
And if that holy writ may nat suffysse,
Experience shal thee teche, so may happe;

That thee were lever to be take in Fryse
Than eft to falle of wedding in the trappe.

Envoy.

This litel writ, proverbes, or figure
I sende you, tak kepe of hit, I rede : 25

Unwys is he that can no wele endure.
If thou be siker, put thee nat in drede.
The Wyf of Bathe I pray you that ye rede
Of this matere that we have on honde. 30
God graunte you your lyf frely to lede
In fredom; for ful hard is to be bonde.

Explicit.

XVIII. THE COMPLEYNT OF VENUS.

I. (*The Lover's worthiness.*)

THER nis so hy comfort to my plesaunce,
Whan that I am in any lievinesse,
As for to have leyser of remembraunce
Upon the manhod and the worthiness,
Upon the trouthe, and on the stedfastnesse
Of him whos I am al, whyl I may dure ; 6
Ther oughte blame me no creature,
For every wight preiseth his gentilesse.
In him is bountee, wisdom, governaunce
Wel more then any mannes wit can gesse;
For grace hath wold so ferforth him
avaunce 11
That of knighthode he is parfit richesse.
Honour honoureth him for his noblesse;
Therto so wel hath formed him Nature,
That I am his for ever, I him assure, 15
For every wight preiseth his gentilesse.

And notwithstanding al his suffisaunce,
His gentil herte is of so greet humblesse
To me in worde, in werke, in contenaunce,
And me to serve is al his besinesse, 20
That I am set in verrey sikernesse.
Thus oughte I blesse wel myn aventure,
Sith that him list me serven and honoure;
For every wight preiseth his gentilesse.

II. (*Disquietude caused by Jealousy.*)

Now certes, Love, hit is right covenable
That men ful dere bye thy noble thing, 26
As wake a-bedde, and fasten at the table,
Weping to laughie, and singe in com-
pleyning,
And doun to caste visage and loking.

Often to chaungen hewe and contenaunce,
†Pleyne in sleping, and dremen at the
daunce, 31
Al the revers of any glad feling.

Jalousye be hanged by a cable !
She wolde al knowe through hir espyng;
Ther doth no wight no-thing so resonable,
That al nis harm in hir imagening. 36
Thus dere abought is lovē, in yeving,
Which ofte he yiveth with-oute ordin-
aunce,

As sorow ynogh, and litel of plesaunce,
Al the revers of any glad feling. 40

A litel tyme his yift is agreeable,
But ful encomberous is the using ;
For sotel Jalousye, the deceyvable,
Ful often-tyme causeth destourbing,
Thus be we ever in drede and suffering,
In nouncerteyn we languishe in pen-
aunce, 46
And han ful often many an hard mes-
chaunce,
Al the revers of any glad feling.

III. (*Satisfaction in Constancy.*)

But certes, Love, I sey nat in such wyse
That for t'escape out of your lace I mente;
For Iso longe have been in your servyse 51
That for to lete of wol I never assente ;
No force thogh Jalousye me tormente ;
Suffyceth me to see him whan I may, 54
And therfore certes, to myn ending-day
To love him best ne shal I never repente
And certes, Love, whan I me wel avyse
On any estat that man may represente.

Than have ye maked me, through your
franchyse,
Chese the best that ever on erthe wente.
Now love wel, herte, and look thou never
stente ; 61
And let the jelous putte hit in assay
That, for no peyne wol I nat sey nay ;
To love him best ne shal I never repente.

Herte, to thee hit oughte y-nogh suffyse 65
That Love so hy a grace to thee sente,
To chese the worthiest in alle wyse
And most agreeable unto myn entente.
Seche no ferther, neyther wey ne wente,
Sith I have suffisaunce unto my pay. 70
Thus wol I ende this compleynt or lay ;
To love him best ne shal I never repente.

Lenvoy.

Princess, receyveth this compleynt in
gree,
Unto your excellent benignitee
Direct after my litel suffisaunce. 75
For eld, that in my spirit dulleth me,
Hath of endyting al the soteltee
Wel ny bereft out of my remem-
braunce ;
And eek to me hit is a greet pen-
aunce,
Sith rym in English hath swich scarsitee.
To folowe word by word the curiositee 81
Of Graunson, flour of hem that make
in Fraunce.

XIX. THE COMPLEINT OF CHAUCER TO HIS EMPTY PURSE.

To you, my purse, and to non other wight
Compleyne I, for ye be my lady dere !
I am so sory, now that ye be light ;
For certes, but ye make me hevy chere,
Me were as leef be leyd up-on my bere ; 5
For whiche un-to your mercy thus I erye :
Beth hevy ageyn, or elles mot I dye !

Now voucheth sauf this day, or hit be
night,
That I of you the blisful soun may here,
Or see your colour lyk the sonne bright,
That of yelownesse hadde never pere. 11
Ye be my lyf, ye be myn hertes stere,
Quene of comfort and of good companye :
Beth hevy ageyn, or elles mot I dye !

Now purs, that be to me my lyves light, 15
And saveour, as doun in this worlde here,
Out of this toune help me through your
micht,
Sin that ye wole nat been my tresorere ;
For I am shave as nye as any frere.
But yit I pray un-to your curtesye : 20
Beth hevy ageyn, or elles mot I dye !

Lenvoy de Chaucer.

O conquerour of Brutes Albioun !
Which that by lyne and free eleccioune
Ben verray king, this song to you I sende ;
And ye, that mowen al our harm amende,
Have minde up-on my supplicacioun ! 26

XX. PROVERBS.

Proverbe of Chaucer.

I.

WHAT shul thise clothes þmany-fold,
Lo ! this hote somers day ?—
After greet heet cometh cold ;
No man caste his pilche away.

II.

Of al this world the wyde compas
Hit wol not in myn armes tweyne.—
Who-so mochel wol embrase
Litel therof he shal distreyne.

APPENDIX.

[*The following Poems are also probably genuine; but are placed here for lack of external evidence.*]

XXI. AGAINST WOMEN UNCONSTANT.

Balade.

MADAME, for your newe-fanghelnesse,
Many a servaunt have ye put out of grace,
I take my leve of your unstedfastnesse,
For wel I wot, whyl ye have lyves space,
Ye can not love ful half yeer in a place ; 5
To newe thing your lust is ever kene ;
In stede of blew, thus may ye were al
grene.

Right as a mirour nothing may empresse,
But, lightly as it cometh, so mot it pace,
So fareth your love, your werkes bereth
witnesse. 10
Ther is no feith that may your herte en-
brace ;

But, as a wedercok, that turneth his face
With every wind, ye fare, and that is
sene ;
In stede of blew, thus may ye were al
grene.

Ye might be shryned, for your brotelnesse,
Bet than Dalyda, Cresseide or Candace ; 16
For ever in chaunging tstant your siker-
nesse,

That tache may no wight fro your herte
arace ;

If ye lese oon, ye can wel tweyn purchace ;
Al light for somer, ye woot wel what I
mene, 20
In stede of blew, thus may ye were al
grene.

Explicit.

XXII. AN AMOROUS COMPLEINT. (COMPLEINT
DAMOURS.)

An amorous Compleint, made at
Windsor.

I, which that am the sorwefulleste
man
That in this world was ever yit livinge,
And leest recoverer of him-selven can,
Beginne thus my deedly compleininge
On hir, that may to lyf and deeth me
bringe, 5

Which hath on me no mercy ne no rewthe
That love hir best, but sleeth me for my
trewthe.

Can I noght doon ne seye that may yow
lyke,

+For certes, now, allas! allas! the whyle!
Your plesaunce is to laughen whan I
syke, 10

And thus ye me from al my blisse exyle.

Ye han me cast in thilke spitous yle
Ther never man on lyve mighete asterte ;
This have I for I lovë you, swete herte !

Sooth is, that wel I woot, by lyklinesse,
If that it were thing possible to do 16
T'acompte youre beutee and goodnesse,
I have no wonder thogh ye do me wo ;
Sith I, th'unworthiest that may ryde or go,
Durste ever thinken in so ly a place, 20
What wonder is, thogh ye do me no grace ?

Allas ! thus is my lyf brought to an ende,
My deeth, I see, is my conclusioun ;
I may wel singe, 'in sory tyme I spende
My lyf ;' that song may have confusioun !
For mercy, pitee, and deep affeccioun, 26
I sey for me, for al my deedly chere,
Alle thise diden, in that, me love yow dere.
And in this wyse and in dispayre I live
In lovë ; nay, but in dispayre I dye ! 30
But shal I thus [to] yow my deeth for-give,
That causeles doth me this sorow drye ?
Ye, certes, I ! For she of my folye
Hath nought to done, although she do me
sterve ;
Hit is nat with hir wil that I hir serve ! 35
Than sith I am of my sorowe the cause
And sith that I have this, withoute hir
reed,

Than may I seyn, right shortly in a clause,
It is no blame unto hir womanheed
Though swich a wrecche as I be for hir
deed ; 40
[And] yet alwey two thinges doon me dyë,
That is to seyn, hir beutee and myn yë.
So that, algates, she is the verray rote
Of my diseise, and of my deth also ;
For with oon word she mighete be my bote,
If that she vouchd sauft for to do so. 46
But [why] than is hir gladnesse at my wo ?
It is hir wone plesaunce for to take,
To seen hir servaunts dyen for hir sake !
But certes, than is al my wonderinge, 50
Sithen she is the fayrest creature
As to my dome, that ever was livinge,
The benignest and beste eek that nature
Hath wrought or shal, whyl that the
world may dure,

Why that she lefte pite so behinde ? 55
It was, y-wis, a greet defaute in kinde.

Yit is al this no lak to hir, pardee,
But god or nature sore wolde I blame ;
For, though she shewe no pite unto me,
Sithen that she doth othere men the same,
I ne oughte to despysē my ladies game ; 61
It is hir pley to laughen whan men syketh.
And I assente, al that hir list and lyketh !

Yit wolde I, as I dar, with sorweful herte
Biseche un-to your meke womanhede 65
That I now dorste my sharpe sorwes
smerte
Shewe by worde, that ye wolde ones rede
The pleynte of me, the which ful sore
drede
That I have seid here, through myn un-
conninge,
In any worde to your displesing. 70

Lohest of anything that ever was loth
Were me, as wisly god my soule save !
To seyn a thing through which ye might
be wroth ;
And, to that day that I be leyd in grave,
A trewer servaunt shulle ye never have ;
And, though that I on yow have pleyned
here, 76
Forgiveth it me, myn owne lady dere !

Ever have I been, and shal, how-so I
wende,
Outher to live or dye, your humble trewe ;
Ye been to me my ginning and myn ende,
Sonne of the sterre bright and clere of
hewe, 81
Alwey in oon to love yow freshly newe,
By god and by my trouthe, is myn entente ;
To live or dye, I wol it never repente !

This compleynt on saint Valentynes day,
Whan every foul [ther] chesen shal his
make, 86
To hir, whos I am hool, and shal alwey,
This woful song and this compleynt I
make,
That never yit wolde me to mercy take ;
And yit wol I [for] evermore her serve 90
And love hir best, although she do me
sterve.

XXIII. A BALADE OF COMPLEYNT.

[This is added as being a good example of a Compleynt in Chaucer's style.]

COMPLEYNE ne coude, ne might myn herte
never
My peynes halve, ne what torment I have,
Though that I sholde in your presence
ben ever,
My hertes lady, as wisly he me save
That bountee made, and beutee list to
grave 5
In your persone, and bad hem bothe infere
Ever t'awayte, and ay be wher ye were.
As wisly he gye alle my joyes here
As I am youres, and to yow sad and trewe,
And ye, my lyf and cause of my good
chere, 10

And deeth also, whan ye my peynes newe,
My worldes joye, whom I wol serve and
sewe,
My heven hool, and al my suffisaunce,
Whom for to serve is set al my plesaunce.
Beseching yow in my most humble wyse
T'accepte in worth this litel povre dyte, 15
And for my trouthe my service nat de-
spye,
Myn observaunce eek have nat in despyte,
Ne yit to long to suffren in this plyte;
I yow beseche, myn hertes lady, here, 20
Sith I yow serve, and so wil yeer by
yere.

XXIV. WOMANLY NOBLESSE.

[This genuine poem was first printed in June, 1894.]

Balade that Chaucier made.
So hath my herte caught in remembraunce
Your beaute hool, and stedfast govern-
aunce,
Your vertues allè, and your hy noblesse,
That you to serve is set al my plesaunce;
So wel me lykth your womanly conten-
aunce, 5
Your fresshe fetures and your com-
linesse,
That, whyl I live, my herte to his
maistresse,
You hath ful chose, in trew perséveraunce,
Never to chaunge, for no maner dis-
tresse.

And sith I [you] shal do this ob-
servaunce 10
Al my lyf, withouten displesaunce,
You for to serve with al my besinnesse,
[Taketh me, lady, in your obeisaunce]
And have me somewhat in your souven-
aunce.
My woful herte suffreth greet duresse; 15
And [loke] how humbl[ely], with al
simplesse,

My wil I conforme to your ordenaunce,
As you best list, my peynes † to redresse
Considering eek how I hange in balaunce
In your servycè; swich, lo! is my
chaunce, 20
Abyding grace, whan that your gentil-
nesse
Of my gret wo list doon allegeaunce,
And with your pitè me som wyse avaunce,
In ful rebating of my heviness;
And think †resoun, that wommanly
noblesse 25
Shuld nat desyre † for to doon outrance
Ther-asshe findeth noon unbuxumnesse

Lenvoie.

Auctour of norture, lady of plesaunce,
Soveraine of beaute, flour of womman-
hede,
Take ye non hede unto myn ignorauance, 30
But this receyveth of your goodlihede,
Thinking that I have caught in re-
membraunce
Your beaute hool, your stedfast govern-
aunce.

BOETHIUS DE CONSOLATIONE PHILOSOPHIE.

BOOK I.

METRE I. *Carmina qui quondam studio florente peregri.*

ALLAS ! I, weping, am constreined to biginnen vers of sorrowful matere, that whylom in florisching studie made delitable ditees. For lo ! rendinge Muses of 5 poetes endyten to me things to be writen ; and drery vers of wrecchednesse weten my face with verray teres. At the leeste, no drede ne mighte overcomen tho Muses, that they ne weren 10 felawes, and folweden my wey, *that is to seyn, whan I was exyded* ; they that weren glorie of my youthe, whylom weleful and grene, conforten now the sorrowful werdes of me, olde man. For elde 15 is comen unwarily upon me, hasted by the harmes that I have, and sorow hath comaunded his age to be in me. Heres hore ben shad overtymeliche upon myn heved, and the slake skin trembleth upon 20 myn emptied body. Thilke deeth of men is weleful that ne cometh not in yeres that ben swete, but cometh to wrecches, often y-cleped. Allas ! allas ! with how deep an ere deeth, cruel, torneth away 25 fro wrecches, and naith to closen wepinge eyen ! Whyl Fortune, unfeithful, favorede me with lighte goodes, the sorowful houre, *that is to seyn, the deeth,* hadde almost dreynt myn heved. But 30 now, for Fortune cloudy hath chaunged

hir deceyvable chere to me-ward, myn unpitous lyf draweth a-long unagreable dwellinges *in me*. O ye, my frendes, what or whertoavaunteded ye me to ben weleful ? for he that hath fallen stood nat in 35 stedefast degreο.

PROSE I. *Hec dum cum tacitus ipse reputarem.*

Whyle that I stille recordede thise thinges with my-self, and markede my weeply compleynty with office of pointel, I saw, stondinge aboven the heightes of myn heved, a woman of ful greet reverence by semblaunt, hir eyen brenninge and clear-seinge over the comuno might of men ; with a lyfly colour, and with swich vigour and strengthe that it ne mighte nat ben emptied ; al were it 10 so that she was ful of so greet age, that men ne wolde nat trownen, in no manere, that she were of oure elde. The stature of hir was of a doutous jugement ; for som-tyme she constreinede and shronk 15 hir-selven lyk to the comune mesure of men, and sum-tyme it semede that she touchede the hevene with the heightes of hir heved ; and whan she heef hir heved hyer, she percede the selve hevene, so 20 that the sighte of men looking was in ydel. Hir clothes weren maked of right delye thredes and subtil crafte, of per-durable matere ; the whiche clothes she

25 hadde woven with her owene hondes, as
 I knew wel after by hir-self, declaringe
 and shewinge to me the beaute; the
 whiche clothes a darknesse of a forleten
 and dispysed elde hadde dusked and
 30 derked, as it is wont to derken bi-
 smokede images. In the nethereste
 hem or bordure of thise clothes men
 reddan, y-woven in, a Grekissh P, that
 35 signifhyth the lyf Actif; and aboven that
 lettore, in the heyeste bordure, a Grekissh
 T, that signifhyth the lyf Contemplatif.
 And bi-twixen these two lettore ther
 weren seyn degrees, nobly y-wroght in
 40 manere of laddres; by whiche degrees
 men mighten climben fro the nethereste
 lettore to the uppereste. Natholes, handes
 of some men hadde corven that cloth
 by violence and by strengthe; and
 45 everiche man of hem hadde born awey
 swiche peces as he myghte geten. And
 forsothe, this forseide woman bar smale
 bokes in hir right hand, and in hir left
 hand she bar a ceptre. And whan she
 50 say thise poetical Muses aprochen aboute
 my bed, and endytinge wordes to my
 wepinges, she was a litel amoved, and
 glowede with cruel eyen. 'Who,' quod
 she, 'hath suffred aprochen to this syke
 55 man thise commone strompetes of swich
 a place that men clepen the theatre?
 The whiche nat only ne asswagen nat
 hise sorwes with none remedies, but they
 wolden feden and norisshen hem with
 60 swete venim. Forsothe, thise ben tho
 that with thornes and prikkinges of
 talents or affecciouns, whiche that ne
 ben no-thing fructefyng nor profitable,
 destroyen the corn plentevous of frutes
 65 of resoun; for they holden the hertes
 of men in usage, but they ne delivere
 nat folk fro maladye. But if ye Muses
 hadden withdrawnen fro me, with your
 flateryes, any uncurling and unprofita-
 ble man, as men ben wont to finde
 70 comonly amonges the poeple, I wolde
 wene suffre the lasse grevously; for why,
 in swiche an unprofitable man, myn
 ententes ne weren no-thing endamaged.
 But ye withdrawnen from me this man,
 75 that hath be norisshed in the studies or

scoles of Eleaticis and of Achademicis in
 Grece. But goth now rather awey, ye
 mermaidenes, whiche that ben swete til
 it be at the laste, and suffreth this man
 to be cured and heled by myne Muses, s
 that is to sayn, by noteful sciences. And
 thus this compayne of Muses y-blamed
 casten wrorthy the chere deunward to
 the erthe; and, shewinge by reednesse
 hir shame, they passeden sorowfully the 8
 threshfold. And I, of whom the sighte,
 ploughed in teres, was derked so that
 I ne myghte not knownen what that
 womman was, of so imperial auctoritee,
 I wex al abaisshed and astoned, and caste 9
 my sighte down to the erthe, and bigan
 stille for to abyde what she wolde don
 afterward. Tho com she ner, and sette
 hir doun up-on the uttereste corner of
 my bed; and she, biholdinge my chere, 9
 that was cast to the erthe, hevy and
 grevous of wepinge, compleinede, with
 thise wordes that I shal seyen, the per-
 turbacioun of my thought.

METRE II. *Heu quam precipiti mersa profundo.*

'Allas! how the thought of man, dreint
 in over-throwinge deepnesse, dulleth, and
 forlethet his propre cleernesse, mintinge
 to goon in-to foreine darknesses, as ofte
 as his anoyous bisinesse wexeth with-
 5 oute mesure, that is driven to and fro
 with worldly windes! This man, that
 whylom was free, to whom the hevne
 was open and knownen, and was wont
 to goon in heveneliche pathes, and saugh
 the lightnesse of the rede sonne, and
 saugh the sterres of the colde mone, and
 whiche sterre in hevne useth wandering
 recourses, y-flit by dyverse speres—this
 man, overcomer, hadde comprehended
 al this by noumbe of *accountinge in astro-*
nomye. And over this, he was wont to
 seken the causes whennes the sounding
 windes moeven and bisien the smothe
 water of the see; and what spirit torneth
 the stable hevne; and why the sterre
 aryseth out of the rede eest, to fallen in
 the westrene wawes; and what atempreth

the lusty houres of the firste somer
 25 sesoun, that highteth and apparaileth
 the erthe with rosene flowres; and who
 maketh that plentevousse autompne, in
 fulle yeres, fleteth with hevy grapes.
 And eek this man was wont to telle the
 30 dyverse causes of nature that weren
 y-hidde. Allas! now lyeth he empted of
 light of his thought; and his nekke is
 pressed with hevy cheynes; and bereth
 35 his chere enclyned adoun for the grete
 weighte, and is constreined to looken on
 the fool erthe!

PROSE II. *Set medicina, inquit, tempus est.*

But tyme is now,' quod she, 'of medicine more than of compleinte.' Forsothe than she, entendinge to me-ward with alle the lookinges of hir eyen, seide:—'Art
 5 nat thou he,' quod she, 'that whylom y-norished with my milk, and fostered with myne metes, were escaped and comen to corage of a parfit man? Certes, I yaf thee swiche armures that, yif thou
 10 thyself ne haddest first cast hem a-wey, they shulden han defended thee in siker-nesse that may nat ben over-comen. Knowest thou me nat? Why art thou
 stille? Is it for shame or for astoninge?
 15 It were me lever that it were for shame; but it semeth me that astoninge hath oppressed thee.' And whan she say me
 nat only stille, but with-outen office of tunge and al doumb, she leide hir hand
 20 softly upon my brest, and seide: 'Here nis no peril,' quod she; 'he is fallen into a litargie, whiche that is a comune sykenes to hertes that ben deceived. He hath a litel foryeten him-self, but certes
 25 he shal lightly remembren him-self, yif so be that he hath knownen me or now; and that he may so don, I wil wypen a litel his eyen, that ben derked by the
 30 cloude of mortal things.' These wordes seide she, and with the lappe of hir garment, y-plyted in a frounce, she dryede myn eyen, that weren fulle of the wawes of my wepinges.

METRE III. *Tunc me discussa liquerunt nocte tenebre.*

Thus, whan that night was discussed and chased a-wey, derknesses forleften me, and to myn eyen repeiredo ayein hir firste strengthe. And, right by ensaumple as the sonne is hid whan the sterres ben 5 clusted (*that is to seyn, whan sterres ben covered with cloudes*) by a swifte winde that highte Chorus, and that the firma-ment stant derked by wete ploungy cloudes, and that the sterres nat apperen 10 up-on hevene, so that the night semeth sprad up-on erthe: yif thanne the wind that highte Borias, y-sent out of the caves of the contree of Trace, beteth this night (*that is to seyn, chaseth it a-wey*), and 15 discovereth the closed day: than shyneth Phebus y-shaken with sodein light, and smyteth with his bemes in marvelinge eyen.

PROSE III. *Haud aliter tristicie nebulis dissolutis.*

Right so, and non other wyse, the cloudes of sorwe dissolved and don a-wey, I took hevene, and receivede minde to knownen the face of my fysicien; so that I sette myn eyen on hir, and fastnede my 5 lookinge. I beholde my norice Philosophie, in whos houses I hadde conversed and haunted fro my youthe; and I seide thus. 'O thou maistresse of alle vertues, descended from the soverein sete, why 10 artow comen in-to this solitarie place of myn exil? Artow comen for thou art maked coupable with me of false blames?'
Phil. 'O,' quod she, 'my norry, sholde I forsaken thee now, and sholde I nat 15 parten with thee, by comune travaille, the charge that thou hast suffred for envie of my name? Certes, it nere not leveful no sittinge thing to Philosophie, to leten with-outen compayne the wey of him that 20 is innocent. Sholde I thanne redoute my blame, and agrysen as though ther were bifallen a newe thing? *quasi diceret, non.* For trowestow that Philosophie be now alderfirst assailed in perils by folk of 25 wilkkede maneres? Have I nat striven

with ful greet stryf, in olde tyme, bifore
the age of my Plato, ayeines the foolhardi-
nesse of folye? And eek, the same Plato
20 livinge, his maister Socrates deservede
victorie of unrightful deeth in my pre-
sence. The heritage of which Socrates—
*the heritage is to seyn the doctrine of the
whiche Socrates in his opinoun of Felicitee,
that I clepe welefulnessse*—whan that the
35 poeple of Epicuriens and Stoiciens and
many oþre enforceden hem to go ravisshe
everich man for his part—that is to seyn,
that everich of hem wolde drawen to the
40 defence of his opinoun the wordes of
Socrates—they, as in partie of hir preye,
to-drownen me, cryinge and debatinge
ther-ayeins, and corven and to-renten my
45 clothes that I hadde woven with myn
handes; and with tho cloutes that they
hadden araced out of my clothes they
wenten away, weninge that I hadde gon
with hem everydel. In whiche *Epi-*
50 *curiens and Stoiciens*, for as moche as ther
semede some traces or steppes of myn
habite, the folye of men, weninge tho *Epi-*
curiens and Stoiciens my famuleres, per-
verted (sc. *persequendo*) some through the
55 errour of the wikkede or uncunninge
multitude of hem. *This is to seyn that,*
for they semede philosophres, they weren
pursued to the deeth and slain. So yif thou
hast nat knownen the exilinge of Anaxo-
gore, ne the enpoysoninge of Socrates, ne
60 the tourments of Zeno, for they weren
straungeres: yit mightestow han knownen
the Senecciens and the Canios and the
†Soranos, of whiche folk the renoun is
neither over-old ne unsolempe. The
65 whiche men, no-thing elles ne broughte
hem to the deeth but only for they weren
enfoured of myne maneres, and semed
most unlyke to the studies of wikkede
folk. And forthy thou oughtest nat
70 to wondren though that I, in the bitter
see of this lyf, be fordriven with tem-
pestes blowinge aboute, in the whiche
tempestes this is my most purpos, *that is
to seyn, to displesen to wikkede men.* Of
75 whiche shrewes, al be the ost never so
greet, it is to dispysye; for it nis governed
with no leder of resoun, but it is ravished

only by fletinge errorr folyly and lightly.
And if they som-tyme, makeinge an ost
ayeines us, assaile us as strenger, our leder 80
draweth to-gidere hisse richesses in-to his
tour, and they ben ententif aboute sar-
pulres or sachels unprofitable for to taken.
But we that ben heye aboven, siker fro
alle tumulte and wode noise, warnestored 85
and enclosed in swich a palis, whider as
that chateringe or anoyinge folye ne may
nat atayne, we scorne swiche ravinere, and
henteres of foulest things.

METRE IV. *Quisquis composito serenus euo.*

Who-so it be that is clear of vertu, sad,
and wel ordinat of livinge, that hath put
under foot the proude werdes and looketh
upright up-on either fortune, he may
holde his chere undiscomfited. The rage 5
ne the manaces of the see, commoevinge
or chasinge upward hete fro the botme,
ne shal not moeve that man; ne the
unstable mountaigne that highte Vesevus,
that wrytheth out through his brokene 10
chiminees smokinge fyres. Ne the wey
of þunder-leyt, that is wont to smyten
heye toures, ne shal nat moeve that man.
Wher-to thanne, o wrecches, drede ye
tirauntes that ben wode and felonous 15
with-oute any strengthe? Hope after
no-thing, ne drede nat; and so shaltow
desarmen the ire of thilke unmighty
tiraunt. But who-so that, quakinge,
dredeth or desireth thing that nis nat 20
stable of his right, that man that so doth
hath cast away his shield and is remooved
fro his place, and enlaceth him in the
cheyne with the which he may ben
drawen. 25

PROSE IV. *Sentisne, inquit, hec.*

Felestow,' quod she, 'thise thinges,
and entren they aught in thy corage?
Artow lyke an asse to the harpe? Why
wepestow, why spilles tow teres? Yif
thou abydest after help of thy leche, thee 5
bihoveth discouere thy wounde.' Tho
I, that hadde gadered strengthe in my
corage, answerede and seide: 'And
nedeth it yit,' quod I, 'of rehersinge or
of amonicion; and sheweth it nat 10

y-nough by him-self the sharpnesse of Fortune, that wexeth wood ayeins me? Ne moeveth it nat thee to seen the face or the manere of this place (*i. prisoun*)?
 15 Is this the librarie whiche that thou haddest chosen for a right certaine sete to thee in myn hous, ther-as thou desputedest ofte with me of the sciences of thinges touchinge divinitete and touchinge man-kinde? Was thanne myn habite swich as it is now? Was than my face or my chere swiche as now (*quasi diceret, non,* whan I soughte with thee secrets of nature, whan thou enformedest my maneres and the resoun of alle my lyf to the ensaumple of the ordre of hevene? Is nat this the guerdoun that I referte to thee, to whom I have be obeisaunt? Certes, thou confermedest, by the mouth of Plato,
 30 this sentence, *that is to seyn*, that comune thinges or communalites weren blisful, yif they that hadden studied al fully to wisdom governened thilke thinges, or elles yif it so biffle that the governournes of
 35 communalites studieden to geten wisdom. Thou seidest eek, by the mouth of the same Plato, that it was a necessarie cause, wyse men to taken and desire the governaunce of comune thinges, for that
 40 the governemens of citees, y-left in the handes of felonous tormentours citizenes, ne sholde nat bringe in pestilence and destruccioun to gode folk. And therfor I, folwinge thilke auctoritee (*sc. Platonis*),
 45 desired to putten forth in execucioun and in acte of comune administracioun thilke things that I hadde lerned of thee among my secreet resting-whyles. Thou, and god that putte thee in the thoughtes of wyse
 50 folk, ben knowinge with me, that nothing ne broughte me to maistrie or dignitee, but the comune studie of alle goodnesse. And ther-of comth it that bi-twixen wikked folk and me han ben
 55 grevous discordes, that ne mighten ben releseyd by preyeres; for this libertee hath the freedom of conscience, that the wratthe of more mighty folk hath alwey ben despysed of me for savacioun of right. How
 60 ofte have I resisted and withstande thilke man that highte Conigaste, that made

alwey assautes ayeins the prospere fortunes of pore feble folk? How ofte eek have I put of or cast out him, Trigwillie, provost of the kinges hous, bothe of the wronges that he hadde bigunne to don, and eek fully performed? How ofte have I covered and defended by the auctoritee of me, put ayeins perils—*that is to seyn*, put myn auctoritee in peril for—the wrecched pore folk, that the covetyse of straungres unpunished tourmenteden alwey with miscyses and grevaunces out of noumbre? Never man ne drow me yit fro right to wronge. Whan I say the fortunes and the richesses of the poeple of the provinces ben harmed or amenused, outher by privee ravynes or by comune tributes or carriages, as sory was I as they that suffreden the harm.—*Glossa.*
Whan that Theodoric, the king of Gothes, in a dere yere, hadde hise gernerres ful of corn, and comaundered that no man ne sholde byen no corn til his corn were sold, and that at a grevous dere prys, Boecc withstood that ordinaunce, and over-com it, knowinge al this the king him-self.—*Textus.* Whan it was in the soure hungry tyme, ther was establisshed or cryed grevous and inplitable coempcioun, that men sayen wel it sholde greetly turmenten and endamagen al the province of Campaigne, I took stryf ayeins the provost of the pretorie for comune profit. And, the king knowinge of it, I overcom it, so that the coempcioun ne was not axed ne took effect.—*[Glossa.] +Coempcioun, that is to seyn, comune achat or bying to-gidere, that were establisshed up-on the poeple by swiche a manere imposicioun, as who-so boughte a busshel corn, he moste yeve the king the fift part.*—*[Textus.] Paulin, a counseiller of Rome, the richesses of the whiche Paulin the houndes of the palays, that is to seyn, the officers, wolden han devoured by hope and covetise, yit drew I him out of the jowes (*sc. faucibus*) of hem that gapeden. And for as moche as the peyne of the accusacioun ajuged biforn ne sholde nat sodeinly henten ne punisshen wrongfully Albin, a counseiller of Rome, I putte me ayeins the hates and indig-*

naciouns of the accusor Ciprian. Is it nat
 thanne y-nough y-seyn, that I have pur-
 115 chased grete discordes ayeins my-self?
 But I oughte be the more assured ayeins
 alle othre folk (*s. Romayns*), that for the
 love of rightrightwesesse I ne reserved never
 no-thing to my-self to hemward of the
 120 kinges halle, *sc. officers*, by the whiche
 I were the more siker. But thorugh tho
 same accusors accusinge, I am con-
 demned. Of the noumbir of the whiche
 125 accusors oon Basilius, that whylom was
 chased out of the kinges service, is now
 compelled in accusinge of my name, for
 nede of foreine moneye. Also Opilion and
 Gaudencius han accused me, al be it so
 130 that the justice regal hadde whylom
 demed hem bothe to go in-to exil for hir
 trecheryes and fraudes withoute noumbir.
 To whiche jugement they nolden nat
 obeye, but defendeden hem by the siker-
 135 nesse of holy houses, *that is to seyn, fledden*
into sanctuaries; and whan this was aper-
 ceived to the king, he comaundede, that
 but they voidede the citee of Ravenne by
 certain day assigned, that men sholde
 140 merken hem on the forheved with an hoot
 yren and chasen hem out of the toune.
 Now what thing, semeth thee, mighte ben
 lykned to this crueltee? For certes, thilke
 same day was received the accusinge of
 145 my name by thilke same accusors. What
 may ben seid her-to? (*quasi diceret, nichil*).
 Hath my studie and my cunninge de-
 served thus; or elles the forside damp-
 nacioun of me, made that hem rightful
 150 accusors or no? (*quasi diceret, non*). Was
 not Fortune ashamed of this? Certes, al
 hadde nat Fortune ben ashamed that
 innocence was accused, yit oughte she
 han had shame of the filthe of myne
 155 accusours.

But, axestow in somme, of what gilt
 I am accused, men seyn that I wolde save
 the compayne of the senatours. And
 desirest thou to heren in what manere?
 I am accused that I sholde han des-
 160 turbed the accusor to beren lettres, by
 whiche he sholde han maked the sena-
 toures gilty ayeins the kinges real ma-
 jestee. O maistresse, what demestow of

this? Shal I forsake this blame, that I ne
 be no shame to thee? (*quasi diceret, non*). 165
 Certes, I have wold it, *that is to seyn, the*
savacioun of the senat, ne I shal never
 leten to wilne it, and that I confesse and
 am aknowe; but the entente of the
 accusor to be destourbed shal cese. For 170
 shal I clepe it thanne a felonie or a sinne
 that I have desired the savacioun of the
 ordre of the senat? (*quasi diceret, dubito*
quid). And certes yit hadde thilke same
 senat don by me, thorugh hir decrets and 175
 hir jugements, as though it were a sinne
 on a felonie; *that is to seyn, to wilne the*
savacioun of hem (*sc. senatus*). But folye,
 that lyeth alwey to him-self, may not
 chaunge the merite of thinges. Ne I trowe 180
 nat, by the jugement of Socrates, that it
 were leveful to me to hyde the sothe,
 ne assente to lesinges. But certes, how
 so ever it be of this, I putte it to gessen or
 preisen to the jugement of thee and of 185
 wyse folk. Of whiche thing al the ordi-
 naunce and the sothe, for as moche as
 folk that ben to comen after our dayes
 shullen knownen it, I have put it in scrip-
 ture and in remembraunce. For touching 190
 the lettres falsly maked, by whiche lettres
 I am accused to han hoped the fredom of
 Rome, what aperteneth me to speke ther-
 of? Of whiche lettres the fraude hadde
 ben shewed apertly, yif I hadde had 195
 libertee for to han used and been at the
 confessioun of myne accusours, the
 whiche thing in alle nedes hath greet
 strengthe. For what other fredom may
 men hopen? Certes, I wolde that som 200
 other fredom mighte ben hoped. I wolde
 thanne han answered by the wordes
 of a man that highte Canius; for whan
 he was accused by Gaius Cesar, Ger-
 meynes sone, that he (*Canius*) was know- 205
 inge and consentinge of a conjuracioun
 y-maked ayeins him (*sc. Gaius*), this
 Canius answerede thus: "Yif I hadde
 wist it, thou haddest nat wist it." In
 which thing sorwe hath nat so dulled my 210
 wit, that I pleyne only that shrewede folk
 aparailen felonies ayeins vertu; but I
 wondre greetly how that they may per-
 forme thinges that they hadde hoped for to

215 don. For-why, to wilne shrewednesse, that comth peraventure of oure defaute; but it is lyk a monstre and a mervaille, how that, in the present sightes of god, may ben achieved and performed swiche
 220 things as every felonous man hath conceived in his thought ayeins innocents. For which thing oon of thy famileres nat unskilfully axed thus: "Yif god is, whennes comen wikkede things? And
 225 yif god ne is, whennes comen gode things?" But al hadde it ben leveful that felonous folk, that now desiren the blood and the deeth of alle gode men and eek of alle the senat, han wilned to gon
 230 destroyen me, whom they han seyen alwey batailen and defenden gode men and eek al the senat, yit had I nat desserved of the faderes, *that is to seyn, of the senatoures*, that they sholden wilne my
 235 destruccioun.

Thou remembrest wel, as I gesse, that whan I wolde doon or seyen any thing, thou thyself, alwey present, rewledest me. At the city of Verone, whan that the
 240 king, gredy of comune slaughter, caste him to transporten up al the ordre of the senat the gilt of his real majestee, of the whiche gilt that Albin was accused, with how gret sikernessee of peril to me de-
 245 fendede I al the senat! Thou wost wel that I seye sooth, ne I ne avaunte me never in preysinge of my-self. For alwey, whan any wight receiveth precious renoun in avauntinge him-self of his werkes, he
 250 amenuseth the secre of his conscience. But now thou mayst wel seen to what endo I am comen for myne innocence; I receive peyne of fals felonye for guerdon of verray vertu. And what open con-
 255 fessioun of felonye hadde ever juges so acordaunt in crueltee, *that is to seyn, as myn accusinge hath*, that either error of mannes wit or elles condicioun of Fortune, that is uncertain to alle mortal
 260 folk, ne submittedde some of hem, *that is to seyn, that it ne enclynede som juge to han pitee or compassioun?* For al-thogh I hadde ben accused that I wolde brenne holy houses, and strangle preestes with
 265 wikkede swerde, or that I hadde greythed

deeth to al gode men, algates the sentence sholde han punisched me, present, confessed, or convict. But now I am remewed fro the citee of Rome almost fyve hundred thousand pas, I am with-oute defence dampned to proscripcoun and to the deeth, for the studie and bountees that I have doon to the senat. But O, wel ben they worthy of merite (*as who seith, nay*), ther mighte never yit non of hem be
 270 convict of swiche a blame as myne is! Of whiche trespass, myne accusours sayen ful wel the dignitee; the whiche dignitee, for they wolden derken it with medeling of som felonye, they baren me on hand,
 275 and lyeden, that I hadde polut and defouled my conscience with sacrileg, for coveitise of dignitee. And certes, thou thyself, that art plauted in me, chacedest out of the sege of my corage al coveitise of
 280 mortal things; ne sacrileg hadde no leve to han a place in me biforn thyne eyen. For thou droppedest every day in myne eres and in my thought thilke comaundement of Pictagoras, *that is to seyn*, men shal serve to godde, and not to
 285 goddes. Ne it was nat convenient, ne no nede, to taken help of the foulest spirites; I, that thou hast ordeined and set in swiche excellence that thou makedest me
 290 lyk to god. And over this, the right clene scoree chaumbre of myne hous, *that is to seyn, my wyf*, and the compayne of myn honest freendes, and my wyves fader, as
 295 wel holy as worthy to ben reverenced thorugh his owne dedes, defenden me from alle suspectioun of swich blame. But O malice! For they that accusen me
 300 taken of thee, *Philosophie*, feith of so gret blame! For they trowen that I have had affinitee to malefice or *enchauntement*, by-cause that I am replenished and fulfilled with thy techinges, and enformed of thy maneres. And thus it suffiseth not
 305 only, that thy reverence ne availe me not, but-yif that thou, of thy free wille, rather be blemished with myn offencioun. But certes, to the harmes that I have, ther
 310 bitydeth yit this encrees of harm, that the gessinge and the jugement of moche
 315 folk ne looken no-thing to the deserthes of

thinges, but only to the aventure of fortune; and jugen that only swiche thinges ben purveyed of god, whiche that
320 temporel welefulness commendeth.—

Glose. As thus: that, yif a wight have prosperitee, he is a good man and worthy to han that prosperitee; and who-so hath adversitee, he is a wikked man, and god hath forsake him, and he is worthy to han that adversitee. This is the opinoun of some folk.—And ther-of comth that good gessinge, first of alle thing, forsaketh wreches: certes, it greveth me to thinke
330 right now the dyverse sentences that the poeple seith of me. And thus moche I seye, that the laste charge of contrarious fortune is this: that, whan that any blame is leyd upon a caitif, men wenēn that he hath deserved that he suffreth. And I, that am put away fro gode men, and despoiled of dignitees, and defouled of my name by gessinge, have suffred torment for my gode dedes. Certes, me
340 semeth that I see the felonous covines of wikked men habounden in joye and in gladnesse. And I see that every loral shapeth him to finde out newe fraudes for to accuse gode folk. And I see that gode men beth overthrown for drede of my peril; and every luxurios tourmentour dar doon alle felonye unpunished and ben excited thereto by yiftes; and innocents ne ben not only despoiled of siker-
350 nesse but of defence; and therfore me list to cryen to god in this wyse:—

METRE V. *O stelliferi conditor orbis.*

O thou maker of the whele that bereth the sterres, which that art y-fastned to thy perdurable chayer, and tornest the hevene with a ravisshing sweigh, and constreinest the sterres to suffren thy lawe; so that the mone som-tyme shyning with hir ful hornes, meting with alle the bemes of the sonne hir brother, hydeth the sterres that ben lesse; and somtyme,
5 whan the mone, pale with hir derke hornes, approcheth the sonne, leseth hir lightes; and that the eve-sterro Hesperus, whiche that in the firste tyme of the night

bringeth forth hir colde arysinges, cometh aft ayein hir used cours, and is pale by the morwe at therysing of the sonne, and is thanne cleped Lucifer. Thou restreinest the day by shorter dwelling, in the tymē of colde winter that maketh the leves to falle. Thou dividest the swifte tydes of the night, whan the hote somer is comen. Thy might atempreth the variaunts sesons of the yere; so that Zephyrus the deboneir wind bringeth ayein, in the first somer sesoun, the leves that the wind that highte Boreas hath reft away in autumpne, that is to seyn, in the laste ende of somer; and the sedes that the sterre that highte Arcturus saw, ben waxen heye cornes whan the sterre Sirius eschaufeth hem. Ther nis no-thing unbounde from his olde lawe, ne forfeiteth the werke of his propre estat. O thou governour, governinge alle thinges by certein ende, why refusestow only to governe the werkes of men by dewe manere? Why suffrest thou that slydinge fortune torneth so grete entrechaunginges of thinges, so that anoyous peyne, that sholde dewely punisshē felouns, punissheth innocents? And folk of wikkede maneres sitten in heye chayres, and anoyinge folk treden, and that unrightfully, on the nekkes of holy men? And vertu, cler-shyninge naturally, is hid in derke derkenesses, and the rightful man bereth the blame and the peyne of the feloun. Ne forsweringe ne the fraude, covered and kembd with a fals colour, ne anoyeth nat to shrewes; the whiche shrewes, whan hem list to usen hir strengthe, they rejoysen hem to putten under hem the sovereyne kinges, whiche that poeple with-outen noumbrē dreden. O thou, what so ever thou be that knittest alle bondes of thinges, loke on thisē wrecchede erthes; we men that ben nat a foule party, but a fayr party of so grete a werk, we ben tormented in this see of fortune. Thou governour, withdraw and restreyne the ravisshinge flodes, and fastne and ferme thisē erthes stable with thilke bonde, with whiche thou governest the hevene that is so large.'

PROSE V. *Hic ubi continuato dolore
delatraui.*

Whan I hadde, with a continual sorwe,
sobbed or borken out thise thinges, she
with hir chere pesible, and no-thing
amoeved with my compleintes, seide thus:
5 'Whan I say thee,' quod she, 'sorwful
and wepinge, I wiste anon that thou were
a wreche and exiled; but I wiste never
how fer thyne exile was, yif thy tale ne
hadde shewed it to me. But certes, al be
10 thou fer fro thy contree, thou nart nat
put out of it; but thou hast failed of thy
weye and gon amis. And yif thou hast
lever for to wene that thou be put out of
thy contree, than hast thou put out thy-
15 self rather than any other wight hath. For
no wight but thy-self ne mighte never
han don that to thee. For yif thou remembre
of what contree thou art born, it
nis nat governed by emperours, ne by
20 governement of multitude, as weren the
contrees of hem of Athenes; but oo lord
and oo king, *and that is god, that is lord of
thy contree*, whiche that rejoyseth him
of the dwelling of hisc citezenes, and nat
25 for to putte hem in exil; of the whiche
lorde it is a soverayne fredom to be
governed by the brydel of him and obeye
to his justice. Hastow foryeten thilke
right olde lawe of thy citee, in the whiche
30 citee it is ordeined and establisshed, that
for what wight that hath lever founden
ther-in his sete or his hous than elles-
wher, he may nat be exiled by no right
from that place? For who-so that is
35 contened in-with the palis and the clos
of thilke citee, ther nis no drede that he
may deserve to ben exiled. But who-so
that leteth the wil for to enhabite there,
he forleteth also to deserve to ben citezein
40 of thilke citee. So that I sey, that the
face of this place ne moveth me nat so
mochel as thyne owne face. Ne I axe nat
rather the walles of thy librarie, apar-
ayled and wrought with yvory and with
45 glas, than after the sete of thy thought.
In whiche I putte nat whylom bokes, but
I putte that that maketh bokes worthy of
prys or precious, that is to seyn, the

sentence of my bokes. And certeinly of
thy desernes, bistowed in comune good, 50
thou hast seid sooth, but after the multi-
tude of thy gode dedes, thou hast seid
fewe; and of the honestee or of the fals-
nesse of things that ben aposed ayeins
thee, thou hast remembred things that 55
ben knownen to alle folk. And of the
felonyes and fraudes of thyne accusours,
it semeth thee have y-touched it forsothe
rightfully and shortly, al mightien the
same things betere and more plenti-
60 vously ben couth in the mouthe of the
poepole that knoweth al this. Thou hast
eek blamed gretly and compleined of the
wrongful dede of the senat. And thou
hast sorwed for my blame, and thou hast 65
wopen for the damage of thy renoun that
is apayred; and thy laste sorwe eschaufede
ayeins fortune, and compleinest that
gerdouns ne ben nat evenliche yolden to
the desernes of folk. And in the latere 70
ende of thy wode Muse, thou preydest
that thilke pees that governeth the hevene
sholde governe the erthe. But for that
manye tribulaciouns of affecciouns han
assailed thee, and sorwe and ire and 75
weepinge to-drawen thee dyversely; as
thou art now feble of thought, mightier
remedies ne shullen nat yit touchen thee,
for whiche we wol usen somdel lighter
medicines: so that thilke passiouns that 80
ben woxen harde in swellinge, by pertur-
baciouns flowing in-to thy thought,
mowen wexen esy and softe, to receiven
the strengthe of a more mighty and more
egre medicine, by an esier touchinge. 85

METRE VI.

*Cum Phebi radiis graue
Cancri sidus inestuat.*

Whan that the hevy sterre of the
Cancre eschaufeth by the bemes of Phe-
bus, *that is to seyn, whan that Phebus the
sonne is in the signe of the Cancre*, who-so
yeveth thanne largely hise sedes to the 5
feldes that refusen to receiven hem, lat
him gon, bigyled of trust that he hadde
to his corn, to acorns of okes. Yif thou
wolt gadre violettes, ne go thou not to

10 the purpur wode whan the feld, chirkinge, agryseth of colde by the felnesse of the winde that highte Aquilon. Yif thou desirest or wolt usen grapes, ne seke thou nat, with a glotonous hond, to streyne 15 and presse the stalkes of the vine in the first somer sesoun; for Bachus, the god of wyne, hath rather yeven hisse yiftes to autumpne, *the later ende of somer*. God tokneth and assigneth the tymes, ablinge 20 hem to hir propres officis; ne he ne suffreth nat the stoundes whiche that him-self hath devyded and constreyned to ben y-medled to-gidere. And forthy he that forleth certein ordinaunce of 25 doinge by over-throwinge wey, he ne hath no glade issue or ende of his werkes.

PROSE VI. *Primum igitur paternis me pauculis rogacionibus.*

First woltow suffre me to touche and assay the estat of thy thought by a fewe demaundes, so that I may understande what be the manere of thy curacioun? 5 Boece. 'Axe me,' quod I, 'at thy wille, what thou wolt, and I shal answer.'

Tho seide she thus: 'Whether wenestow,' quod she, 'that this world be governed by foolish happenes and fortunous, or elles that there be in it any governement of resoun?' 'Certes,' quod I, 'I ne trowe nat in no manere, that so certaine thinges sholde be moeved by fortunous fortune; but I wot wel that 15 god, maker and mayster, is governour of his werk. Ne never nas yit day that mighte putte me out of the sothnesse of that sentence.'

'So is it,' quod she; 'for the same 20 thing songe thou a litel her-biforn, and biweyledest and biweptest, that only men weren put out of the cure of god. For of alle other thinges thou ne doutest nat that they nere governed by resoun. But 25 owh! (*i. pape!*) I wondre gretly, certes, why that thou art syk, sin that thou art put in so holsom a sentence. But lat us seken depper; I conjecte that ther laketh I not nere what. But sey me this. 30 sin that thou ne doutest nat that this

world be governed by god, with whiche governailes takestow hede that it is governed?' 'Unnethe,' quod I, 'knowe I the sentence of thy questioun; so that I ne may nat yit answeren to thy de- 35 maundes.'

'I nas nat deceived,' quod she, 'that ther ne faileth somewhat, by whiche the maladye of thy perturbacion is crept in-to thy thought, so as the strengthe of 40 the palis chyning is open. But sey me this: remembrest thou what is the ende of thinges, and whider that the entencioun of alle kinde tendeth?' 'I have herd it told som-tyme,' quod I; 'but 45 dreriness hath dulled my memorie.'

'Certes,' quod she, 'thou wost wel whennes that alle thinges ben comen and procedeth?' 'I wot wel,' quod I, and answerede, that 'god is beginning of al.' 50

'And how may this be,' quod she, 'that, sin thou knowest the beginning of thinges, that thou ne knowest nat what is the ende of thinges? But swiche ben the customes of perturbacions, and this 55 power they han, that they may moeve a man out of his place, *that is to seyn, from the stableness and perfeccioun of his knowinge*; but, certes, they may nat al arace him, ne aliene him in al. But I wolde 60 that thou woldest answer to this: remembrestow that thou art a man?' 'Why sholde I nat remembre that?' quod I.

'Maystow nat telle me thanne,' quod 65 she, 'what thing is a man?' 'Axestow me nat,' quod I, 'whether that I be a resonable mortal beest? I woot wel, and I confess wel that I am it.'

'Wistestow never yit that thou were 70 any other thing?' quod she. 'No,' quod I.

'Now woot I,' quod she, 'other cause of thy maladye, and that right grete. Thou hast left for to knownen thy-self, what thou art; thorugh whiche I have pleynly founden the cause of thy maladye, or elles the entree of recoveringe of thy hele. For-why, for thou art confounded with foryeting of thy-self, for-thy sorwestow 75 that thou art exiled of thy propre goodes.

And for thou ne wost what is the ende of things, for-thy demestow that felonous and wikked men ben mighty and weleful.

85 And for thou hast foryeten by whiche governemens the world is governed, for-thy wenestow that thise mutacions of fortune fleten with-oute governour. Thise ben grete causes not only to maladye, 90 but, certes, grete causes to deeth. But I thanke the auctor and the maker of hele, that nature hath not al forleten thee. I have grete norisshinges of thyne hele, and that is, the sothe sentence of 95 governaunce of the worlde; that thou bilevest that the governinge of it nis nat subject ne underput to the folie of thise hapes aventurous, but to the resoun of god. And ther-for doute thee no-thing; 100 for of this litel spark thyne hete of lyf shal shyne. But for as moche as it is nat tyme yit of faster remedies, and the nature of thoughtes deceived is this, that as ofte as they casten away sothe 105 opiniouns, they clothen hem in false opiniouns, of which false opiniouns the derkenesse of perturbacioun wexeth up, that confoundeth the verray insighte: and that derkenesse shal I assaye som- 110 what to maken thinne and wayk by lighte and meneliche remedies; so that,

after that the derkenesse of deceivinge desiringes is don awey, thou mowe knowe the shyninge of verray light.

METRE VII. *Nubibus atris.*

The sterres, covered with blake cloudes, ne mowen yeten a-doun no light. Yif the trouble wind that hight Auster, turning and walwinge the see, medleth the hete, *that is to seyn, the boyling up from the botme;* the wawes, that whylom weren clere as glas and lyke to the faire clere dayes, withstande anon the sightes of men by the filthe and ordure that is resolved. And the fletinge stream, that royleth 10 doun dyversly fro heye mountaignes, is arrested and resisted ofte tyme by the encoutringe of a stoon that is departed and fallen from som roche. And for-thy, yif thou wolt loken and demen 15 sooth with cleer light, and holden the wey with a right path, weyve thou joye, dryf fro thee drede, fleme thou hope, ne lat no sorwe aproche; *that is to seyn, lat non of thise four passiouons over-comen thee* 20 *or blonde thee.* For cloudy and derke is thilke thought, and bounde with brydles, where-as thise thinges regnen.'

Explicit Liber Primus.

BOOK II.

PROSE I. *Postea paulisper conticuit.*

After this she stinte a litel; and, after that she hadde gadered by atempre stillenesse myn attencioun, she seide thus: (*As who mighte seyn thus: After thise 5 thinges she stinte a litel; and whan she aperceived by atempre stillenesse that I was ententif to herkene hir, she began to speke in this wyse:*) 'Yif I,' quod she, 'have understanden and knownen oultrely the causes 10 and the habit of thy maladye, thou languisest and art defeted for desyr and talent of thy rather fortune. She, that

ilke Fortune only, that is chaunged, as thou feynest, to thee-ward, hath perverted the cleernesse and the estat of thy corage. 15 I understande the fele-foldre colours and deceites of thilke merveilous monstre Fortune, and how she useth ful flateringe familiaritee with hem that she enforceth to bigyle; so longe, til that she confounde with unsufferable sorwe hem that she hath left in despeyr unpurveyed. And yif thou remembrest wel the kinde, the maneres, and the desert of thilke Fortune, 20 thou shalt wel knowe that, as in hir, thou never ne haddest ne hast y-lost any fair thing. But, as I trowe, I shal nat

gretly travailen to do thee remembren on
 30 these things. For thou were wont to
 hurtelen and despysen hir, with manly
 wordes, whan she was blaundissinge and
 present, and pursewedest hir with
 sentences that were drawen out of myn
 35 entree, *that is to seyn, out of myn informa-*
coun. But no sodein mutacioun ne
 bitydeth nat with-oute a manere chaung-
 inge of corages; and so is it befallen that
 thou art a litel departed fro the pees of
 thy thought.

40 But now is tyme that thou drinke and
 ataste some softe and delitable thinges;
 so that, whan they ben entred with-in
 thee, it mowe maken wey to strengere
 drinkes of medicynes. Com now forth
 45 therfore the suasioun of swetenesse re-
 thorien, whiche that goth only the right
 wey, whyl she forsaketh nat myne
 estatuts. And with Rhetorice com forth
 Musice, a damisel of our houn, that
 50 singeth nowlighter moodes *or prolaciouns*,
 now hevyer. What eyleth thee, man?
 What is it that hath cast thee in-to
 morninge and in-to wepinge? I trowe
 that thou hast seyn som newe thing and
 55 uncouth. Thou wenest that Fortune be
 chaunged ayein thee; but thou wenest
 wrong, yif thou that wene. Alwey tho
 ben hir maneres; she hath rather kept,
 60 as to thee-ward, hir propre stablenesse in
 the chaunginge of hir-self. Right swich
 was she whan she flattered thee, and
 deceived thee with unleueful lykinges of
 fals welefulnessse. Thou hast now knownen
 65 and ataynt the doutous or double visage
 of thilke blinde goddesse Fortune. She,
 that yit covereth hir and wimbleth hir
 to other folk, hath shewed hir every-
 del to thee. Yif thou aprovest hir and
 70 thenkest that she is good, use hir maneres
 and pleyne thee nat. And yif thou
 agrysest hir false trecherye, despysse and
 cast away hir that pleyeth so harmfully;
 for she, that is now cause of so muche
 75 sorwe to thee, sholde ben cause to thee of
 pees and of joye. She hath forsaken thee,
 forsothe; the whiche that never man
 may ben siker that she ne shal forsake
 him.—*Glose. But natholes, some bokes*

han the text thus: For sothe, she hath
 forsaken thee, ne ther nis no man siker 80
 that she ne hath nat forsaken.—

Holdestow than thilke welefulnessse
 precious to thee that shal passen? And
 is present Fortune dereworthe to thee,
 which that nis nat feithful for to dwelle; 85
 and, whan she goth awey, that she
 bringeth a wight in sorwe? For sin she
 may nat ben with-holden at a mannes
 wille, she maketh him a wreche whan
 she departeth fro him. What other thing 90
 is flittinge Fortune but a maner shewinge
 of wrecchednesse that is to comen? Ne
 it ne suffyseth nat only to loken on thinge
 that is present biforn the eyen of a man.
 But wisdom loketh and amesureth the 95
 ende of thinges; and the same chaung-
 inge from oon in-to an-other, *that is to*
seyn, from adversites in-to prosperitee,
 maketh that the manaces of Fortune ne
 ben nat for to dreden, ne the flateringes 100
 of hir to ben desired. Thus, at the laste,
 it bihoveth thee to suffren with evene
 wille in pacience al that is don in-with the
 floor of Fortune, *that is to seyn, in this*
world, sin thou hast ones put thy nekke 105
 under the yok of hir. For yif thou wolt
 wryten a lawe of wendinge and of dwell-
 inge to Fortune, whiche that thou hast
 chosen freely to ben thy lady, artow nat
 wrongful in that, and makest Fortune 110
 wroth and aspere by thyн inpatience,
 and yit thou mayst nat chaunge hir?
 Yit thou committest and bitakest thy
 sailes to the winde, thou shalt be shoven,
 not thider that thou woldest, but whider 115
 that the wind shoveth thee. Yif thou
 castest thy sedes in-to the feldes, thou
 sholdest han in minde that the yeres ben,
 amonges, other-whyle plentevous and
 other-whyle bareyne. Thou hast bitaken 120
 thy-self to the governaunce of Fortune,
 and for-thy it bihoveth thee to ben
 obeisaunt to the maneres of thy lady.
 Enforcest thou thee to aresten or with-
 holden the swiftnesse and the sweigh of 125
 hir turninge whele? O thou fool of alle
 mortal fooles, if Fortune bigan to dwelle
 stable, she ceseid thanne to ben For-
 tune!

METRE I. *Hec cum superba uerterit uices dextra.*

Whan Fortune with a proud right hand hath torned hir chaunginge stoundes, she fareth lyk the maneres of the boilinge Eurype.—*Glosa.* *Eurype* 5 is an arm of the see that ebbeth and floweth; and som-tyme the stream is on o syde, and som-tyme on the other.—*Text.* She, cruel Fortune, casteth adoun kinges that whylom weren y-drad; and 10 she, deceivable, enhaunseth up the humble chere of him that is discomfited. Ne she neither hereth ne rekkest of wrecchede wepinges; and she is so hard that she laugheth and scorneth the wepinges of hem, the whiche she hath maked wepe with hir free wille. Thus she 15 pleyeth, and thus she proeveth hir strengthes; and sheweth a greet wonder to alle hir servautes, yif that a wight 20 is seyn weleful, and overthrowe in an houre.

PROSE II. *Vellem autem pauca tecum.*

Certes, I wolde pleten with thee a fewe thinges, usinge the wordes of Fortune; tak hede now thy-self, yif that she axeth right. “O thou man, wher-fore makest thou me gilty by thyne every-dayes pleyninges? What wrong have I don thee? What goodes have I bireft thee that weren thyne? Stryf or plete with me, before what juge that thou wolt, of the 5 possessioun of richesses or of dignitez. And yif thou mayst shewen me that ever any mortal man hath received any of tho thinges to ben hise in propre, than wol I graunte freely that alle thilke things 10 weren thyne whiche that thou axest. Whan that nature broughte thee forth out of thy moder wombe, I receyved thee naked and nedy of alle thinges, and I norisshede thee with my richesses, 15 and was redy and ententif through my favour to susteyne thee; and that maketh thee now impacient ayeins me; and I envirounde thee with alle the aboun-

dance and shyninge of alle goodes that ben in my right. Now it lyketh me to 25 withdrawen my hand; thou hast had grace as he that hath used of foreine goodes; thou hast no right to pleyne thee, as though thou haddest outrely forlorn alle thy thinges. Why pleynest thou 30 thanne? I have done thee no wrong. Richesses, honours, and swiche other thinges ben of my right. My servautes knownen me for hir lady; they comen with me, and departen whan I wende. 35 I dar wel affermen hardily, that yif tho thinges, of which thou pleynest that thou hast forlorn, hadde ben thyne, thou ne haddest not lorn hem. Shal I thanne only ben defended to usen my right? 40 Certes, it is leueful to the hevene to make clere dayes, and, after that, to coveren tho same dayes with derke nightes. The yeer hath eek leve to apparailen the visage of the erthe, now with floures and 45 now with fruit, and to confounden hem som-tyme with reynes and with coldes. The see hath eek his right to ben som-tyme calme and blaundishing with smothe water, and som-tyme to ben hor- 50 rible with wawes and with tempestes. But the covetise of men, that may nat ben stanched, shal it binde me to ben stedefast, sin that stedefastnesse is uncouth to my maneres? Swich is my 55 strengthe, and this pley I pleye continually. I torne the whirlinge wheel with the torning cercle; I am glad to chaungen the lowest to the heyst, and the heyst to the lowest. Worth up, if 60 thou wolt, so it be by this lawe, that thou ne holde nat that I do thee wronge though thou descende adoun, whan the resoun of my pley axeth it. Wistest thou nat how Cresus, the king of Lydiens, of 65 whiche king Cyrus was ful sore agast a litel biforn, that this rewliche Cresus was caught of Cyrus and lad to the fyr to ben brent, but that a rayn descendede down fro hevene that rescowede him? 70 And is it out of thy minde how that Paulus, consul of Rome, whan he hadde taken the king of Perciens, weep pitously for the captivitee of the self king?

75 What other thing biwailen the crynges
of tragedies but only the dedes of Fortune,
that with an unwar stroke overneth
realmes of grete nobley?—**Glose.** *Tra-
gedie is to seyn, a ditee of a prosperitee for
so a tyme, that endeth in wrecchednesse.*

Lernedest nat thou *in Greke*, whan thou
were yonge, that in the entree, or *in the
celere*, of Jupiter, ther ben couched two
tonnes; that on is ful of good, that other
85 is ful of harm? What right hast thou to
pleyne, yif thou hast taken more plente-
uously of the gode syde, *that is to seyn, of
my richesses and prosperites*; and what
eek if I ne be nat al departed fro thee?

90 What eek yif my mutabilitee yiveth thee
rightful cause of hope to han yit beter
things? Natholes dismaye thee nat in
thy thought; and thou that art put in
the comune realme of alle, ne desyre nat
95 to liven by thy only propre right.

METRE II. *Si quantas rapidis flatibus incitus.*

Though Plentee, *that is goddesse of
richesses*, hielde adoun with ful horn, and
withdraweth nat hir hand, as many
richesses as the see torneth upward
5 sandes whan it is moeved with ravissh-
inge blastes, or elles as many richesses
as ther shynen brighte sterres on hevene
on the sterry nightes; yit, for al that,
mankinde nolde not cese to wepe wrecch-
10 ede pleyntes. And al be it so that god
receyveth gladly hir preyers, and yiveth
them (as fool-large) moche gold, and
aparaileth coveitous men with noble or
clere honours: yit semeth hem haven
15 y-geten no-thing, but alwey hir cruel
ravynge, devouringe al that they han
geten, sheweth other gapinges; *that is to
seyn, gaben and desyren yit after mo rich-
esses*. What brydles mighten withholden,
20 to any certein ende, the desordene cove-
tise of men, whan, ever the rather that it
fleteth in large yiftes, the more ay bren-
neth in hem the thurst of havinge?
25 Certes he that, quakinge and dredful,
weneth him-selven nedy, he ne liveth
never-more riche.”

PROSE III. *Hiiis igitur si pro se tecum Fortuna loqueretur.*

Therfor, yif that Fortune spake with
thee for hir-self in this manere, for-sothe
thou ne haddest nat what thou mightest
answere. And, if thou hast any-thing
wherwith thou mayest rightfully de- 5
fenden thy compleint, it behoveth thee
to shewen it; and I wol yeven thee space
to tellen it.’ **Boece.** ‘Certeynly,’ quod
I thanne, ‘these beth faire thinges,
and enoointed with hony swetenesse of
rethorike and musike; and only whyl
they ben herd they ben delicious. But to
wreiches is a deeper felinge of harm; *this
is to seyn, that wreiches felen the
harmes that they suffren more greviously 15
than the remedies or the delites of these
wordes mouen gladen or comforten hem*; so
that, whan these thinges stinten for to
sounre in eres, the sorwe that is inset
greveth the thought.’

Phil. ‘Right so is it,’ quod she. ‘For
thise ne ben yit none remedies of thy
maladye; but they ben a maner noriss-
hinges of thy sorwe, yit rebel ayen thy
curacioun. For whan that tyme is, I 25
shal moeve swiche thinges that percen
hem-self depe. But natholes, that thou
shalt not wilne toleten thy-self a wrecche,
hast thou foryeten the noumber and the
manere of thy welefulnessse? I holde me 30
stille, how that the soverayne men of the
citeme token thee in cure and kepinge,
whan thou were orphelin of fader and
moder, and were chosen in affinitee of
princes of the citeme; and thou bigunne 35
rather to be leef and dere than forto ben
a neighbour; the whiche thing is the
most precious kinde of any propinquitee
or alyaunce that may ben. Who is it
that ne seide tho that thou were right 40
weleful, with so grete a nobleye of thy
fadres-in-lawe, and with the chastilee of
thy wyf, and with the oportunitee and
noblesse of thy masculin children, *that is
to seyn, thy soncs?* And over al this—me 45
list to passen the comune thinges—how
thou haddest in thy youthe dignitees that

weren werned to olde men. But it de-
lyteth me to comen now to the singular
50 uphepinge of thy welefulnesse. Yif any
fruit of mortal things may han any
weighte or prys of welefulnesse, mightest
thou ever foryeten, for any charge of
harm that mighte bifalle, the remem-
55 braunce of thilke day that thou saye thy
two sones maked conseileres, and y-lad
to-gedere fro thyn house under so greet
assemblée of senatoures and under the
blythenesse of poeple; and whan thou
60 saye hem set in the courtin herechayeres
of dignitees? Thou, rethorien or pro-
nouncere of kingespreysinges, deservedest
glorie of wit and of eloquence, whan thou
sittinge bitwene thy two sones, con-
65 seileres, in the place that highte Circo,
†fuldest the abydinge of the mul-
titude of poeple that was sprad abouten
thee, with so large preysinge and laude,
as men singen in victories. Tho yave
70 thou wordes to Fortune, as I trowe,
that is to seyn, tho feffedest thou Fortune
with glosinge wordes and deceivedest her,
whan she acoyede thee and norisshede
thee as hir owne delyces. Thou bere
75 away of Fortune a yifte, *that is to seyn,*
swiche guerdoun, that she never yaf to
privie man. Wilt thou therfor leye
a rekeninge with Fortune? She hath
now twinkled first upon thee with a wikk-
80 kede eye. Yif thou considere the noum-
bre and the manere of thy blisses and of
thy sorwes, thou mayst nat forsaken that
thou art yit blisful. For if thou therfor
wenest thy-self nat weleful, for things
85 that tho semeden joyful ben passed, ther
nis nat why thou sholdest wene thy-self
a wrecche; for things that semen now
sorye passen also. Art thou now comen
first, a sodein gest, in-to the shadwe or
90 tabernacle of this lyf; or trowest thou
that any stedefastnesse be in mannes
things, whan ofte a swift houre dis-
solveth the same man; *that is to seyn,*
when the soule departeth fro the body?

95 For, al-though that selde is ther any feith
that fortunous things wolen dwellen, yit
natholes the laste day of a mannes lyf is
a manere deeth to Fortune, and also to

thilke that hath dwelt. And therfor,
what, wenestow, thar [thee] recche, yif 10
thou forlete hir in deyinge, or elles that
she, *Fortune,* forlete thee in fleeinge
away?

METRE III. *Cum polo Phabus*
roseis quadrigis.

Whan Phabus, the sonne, biginneth to
spreden his cleernesse with rosene char-
lettes, thanne the sterre, y-dimmed, paleteth
hir whyte cheres, by the flambes of the
sonne that overcometh the sterre-light. 5
This is to seyn, when the sonne is risen,
the dey-sterre waxeth pale, and lesseth her
light for the grete brightnesse of the sonne.
Whan the wode waxeth rody of rosene
floures, in the first somer sesoun, thorough
the brethe of the winde Zephirus that
waxeth warm, yif the cloudy wind Auster
blowe felliche, than goth away the faire-
nesse of thornes. Ofte the see is clear
and calm withoute moevingo flobes; and 15
ofte the horrible wind Aquilon moeveth
boilinge tempestes and over-whelveth the
see. Yif the forme of this worlde is so
seldo stable, and yif it turneth by so
many entrechaunginges, wolt thou thanne 20
trusten in the tomblinge fortunes of
men? Wolt thou trowen on flittinge
goodes? It is certain and establisshed
by lawe perdurable, that no-thing that is
engendred nis stedfast ne stable.'

PROSE IV. *Tunc ego, uera,*
inquam, commemoras.

Thanne seide I thus: 'O norice of alle
vertues, thou seist ful sooth; ne I ne may
nat forsake the right swifte cours of my
prosperitee; *that is to seyn, that prosperitee*
ne be comen to me wonder swiftly and sone. 5
But this is a thing that greetly smorteth
me whan it remembreth me. For in alle
adversitee of fortune, the most uncsly
kinde of contrarious fortune is to han
ben weleful.'

Phil. 'But that thou,' quod she, 'abyest
thus the torment of thy false opinioun,
that mayst thou nat rightfully blamen
ne aretten to things: *as who seith, for*

15 thou hast yit many habundaunces of things.
 —Text. For al be it so that the ydel name of aventurous welefulness moeveth thee now, it is leveful that thou rekne with me of how manye grete things
 20 thou hast yit plentee. And therfor, yif that thilke thing that thou haddest for most precious in al thy richesse of fortune be kept to thee yit, by the grace of god, unwemmed and undefouled, mayst
 25 thou thanne pleyne rightfully upon the meschef of Fortune, sin thou hast yit thy beste thinges? Certes, yit liveth in good point thilke precious honour of mankinde, Symacus, thy wyves fader, which
 30 that is a man maked alle of sapience and of vertu; the whiche man thou woldest byen redely with the prys of thyn owne lyf. He biwyleth the wronges that men don to thee, and nat for him-self; for he
 35 liveth in sikernessee of any sentences put ayens him. And yit liveth thy wif, that is atempre of wit, and passinge other wimmen in clennesse of chastetee; and for I wol closen shortlye hir bountees, she
 40 is lyk to hir fader. I telle thee wel, that she liveth looth of this lyf, and kepereth to thee only hir goost; and is al maat and overcomen by wepinge and sorwe for desyr of thee, in the whiche thing only
 45 I moot graunten that thy welefulness is amenused. What shal I seyn eek of thy two sones, conseilours, of whiche, as of children of hir age, ther shyneth the lyknesse of the wit of hir fader or of hir
 50 elder fader? And sin the sovereyn cure of alle mortel folk is to saven hir owen lyves, O how weleful art thou, yif thou knowe thy goodes! For yit ben ther thinges dwelled to thee-ward, that no
 55 man douteth that they ne ben more dederworthe to thee than thyn owen lyf. And for thy drye thy teres, for yit nis nat everich fortune al hateful to thee-ward, ne over greet tempest hath nat yit fallen upon thee, whan that thyn ancles cleven faste, that neither wolen suffren the counfort of this tym present ne the hope of tym cominge to passen ne to faylen.' Boece, 'And I preye,' quod I,
 60 'that faste moten they halden; for
 65

whyles that they halden, how-so-ever that thinges ben, I shal wel fleten forth and escapan; but thou mayst wel seen how grete aparayles and aray that me lakketh, that ben passed away fro me.'

Phil. 'I have som-what avauised and forthered thee,' quod she, 'yif that thou anoye nat or forthinke nat of al thy fortune: as who seith, *I have som-what comforted thee, so that thou tempest thee nat thus with al thy fortune, sin thou hast yit thy beste things.* But I may nat suffren thy delices, that pleynest so weepinge and anguissous, for that ther lakketh somwhat to thy welefulness. For what man is so sad or of so parfit welefulness, that he ne stryveth and pleyneth on som halva ayen the qualitee of his estat? For-why ful anguissous thing is the condicoun of mannes goodes; for either it cometh nat al-togider to a wight, or elles it last nat perpetuel. For sum man hath grete richesses, but he is ashamed of his ungentle linage; and som is renowned of noblesse of kinrede, but he is enclosed in so grete anguisshe of nede of thinges, that him were lever that he were unknowe. And som man haboundeth both in richesse and noblesse, but yit he bewaileth his chaste lyf, for he ne hath no wif. And som man is wel and selly y-maried, but he hath no children, and norisshesth his richesses to the eyres of strange folkes. And som man is gladed with children, but he wepereth ful sory for the trespass of his sone or of his daughter. And for this ther ne acordeth no wight lightly to the condicoun of his fortune; for alwey to every man ther is in somwhat that, unassayed, he ne wot nat; or elles he dredeth that he hath assayed. And adde this also, that every weleful man hath a ful delicate felinge; so that, but-yif alle thinges bifalle at his owne wil, for he is impacient, or is nat used to han non adversitee, anon he is thrown adoun for every litel thing. And ful litel things ben tho that withdrawnen the somme or the perfeccioun of blisfulnessse fro hem that ben most fortunat. How many men, trowest thou, wolden demen

hem-self to ben almost in hevene, yif they mighten atayne to the leest party of the remnaunt of thy fortune? This same
 120 place that thou clepest exil, is contree to hem that inhabiten heer, and forthy nothing [is] wrecched but whan thou wenest it: *as who seith, thou thy-self, ne no wight elles, nis a wrecche, but whan he*
125 weneth him-self a wrecche by reputacioun of his corage. And ayeinward, alle fortune is blisful to a man by the agreeabletee or by the egalitee of him that suffreth it. What man is that, that is so weleful,
 130 that nolde changen his estat whan he hath lost pacience? The swetnesse of mannes welefulnessse is sprayned with many biternesses; the whiche welefulnessse, al-though it seme swete and joyful
 135 to hem that useth it, yit may it nat ben with-holden that it ne goth away whan it wole. Thanne is it wel sene, how wrecched is the blisfulnessse of mortal thinges, that neither it dureth perpetuel with hem
 140 that every fortune receiven agreeabley or egaly, ne it delyteth nat in al to hem that ben anguissous. O ye mortal folk, what seke ye thanne blisfulnessse out of your-self, whiche that is put in your-self?
 145 Errour and folye confoundeth yow.

I shal shewe thee shortlye the poynyt of sovereyne blisfulnessse. Is ther anything more preciouſ to thee than thyself? Thou wolt answe, "nay." Thanne,
 150 yif it so be that thou art mighty over thy-self, *that is to seyn, by tranquillitee of thy soule,* than hast thou thing in thy power that thou noldest never lesen, ne Fortune ne may nat beneme it thee.
 155 And that thou mayſt knowe that blisfulnessse ne may nat standen in thinges that ben fortunous and temporel, now understande and gader it to-gidere thus: Yif blisfulnessse be the sovereyn good of nature
 160 that liveth by resoun, ne thilke thing nis nat sovereyn good that may be taken away in any wyse, (for more worthy thing and more digne is thilke thing that may nat ben taken away); than sheweth
 165 it wel, that the unstablenessse of fortune may nat atayne to receiven verray blisfulnessse. And yit more-over: what man

that this tounbling welefulnessse ledeth, either he woot that it is chaungeable, or elles he woot it nat. And yif he woot it nat, what blisful fortune may ther be in the blindnesse of ignorance? And yif he woot that it is chaungeable, he moot alwey ben adrad that he ne lese that thing that he ne doubteth nat but that he may lesen it; *as who seith, he mot ben alwey agast, lest he lese that he wot wel he may lese it.* For which, the continual dred that he hath ne suffreth him nat to ben weleful. Or yif he lese it, he 18
 weneth to be dispysed and forletten. Certes eek, that is a ful litel good that is born with evene herte whan it is lost; *that is to seyn, that men do no more fors of the lost than of the havinge.* And for as moche as thou thy-self art he, to whom it hath ben shewed and proved by ful manye demonstracions, as I wot wel, that the sowles of men ne mowe nat deyen in no wyse; and eek sin it is cleer 19
 and certein, that fortunous welefulnessse endeth by the deeth of the body; it may nat ben doubted that, yif that deeth may take awey blisfulnessse, that alle the kinde of mortal thinges ne descendeth in-to wrecchednesse by the ende of the deeth. And sin we knownen wel, that many a man hath sought the fruit of blisfulnessse nat only with suffringe of deeth, but eek with suffringe of peynes and tormentes; 20
 how mighte than this present lyf maken men blisful, sin that, whan thilke selve lyf is ended, it ne maketh folk no wrecches?

METRE IV. *Quisquis uolet perennem.*

What maner man, stable and war, that wole founden him a perdurable sete, and ne wole nat ben cast down with the loude blastes of the wind Eurus; and wole despysse the see, manasinge with flodes; lat him eschewen to bilde on the cop of the mountaigne or in the moiste sandes. For the felle wind Auster tormenteth the cop of the mountaigne with all his strengthes; and the lause sandes refusen to beren the hevy wighte. And forthy,

if thou wolt flee the perilous aventure,
that is to seyn, of the worlde; have minde
 certeinly to fichen thyn hous of a merye
¹⁵ site in a lowe stoon. For al-though the
 wind, troubling the see, thondre with
 over-throwinges, thou that art put in
 quiete, and weleful by strengthe of thy
 palis, shalt leden a cleer age, scorninge
²⁰ the woodnesses and the ires of the eyr.

PROSE V. *Set cum rationum iam in te.*

But for as moche as the norisshinges
 of my resounes descenden now in-to thee,
 I trowe it were tyme to usen a litel
 strenger medycynes. Now understand
⁵ heer, al were it so that the yiftes of
 Fortune ne were nat brutel ne transitorie,
 what is ther in hem that may be thyn
 in any tyme, or elles that it nis foul, yif
 that it be considered and loket perfity?
¹⁰ Richesses, ben they precious by the nature
 of hem-self, or elles by the nature of
 thee? What is most worth of richesses?
 Is it nat gold or might of moneye
 assembled? Certes, thilke gold and
¹⁵ thilke moneye shyneth and yeveth betere
 renoun to hem that despenden it thanne
 to thilke folk that mokeren it; for avari-
 ice maketh alwey mokereres to ben hated,
 and largesse maketh folk cleer of renoun.
²⁰ For sin that swich thing as is transferred
 fram o man to another ne may nat
 dwellen with no man; certes, thanne is
 thilke moneye precious whan it is trans-
 lated into other folk and stenteth to ben
²⁵ had, by usage of large yevinge of him
that hath yeven it. And also: yif that al
 the moneye that is over-al in the worlde
 were gadered toward o man, it sholde
 maken alle other men to ben nedys as of
³⁰ that. And certes a voys al hool, *that*
is to seyn, with-oute amenusinge, fulfilleth
 to-gidere the hering of moche folk; but
 certes, youre richesses ne mowen nat
 passen in-to moche folke with-oute amen-
³⁵ usinge. And whan they ben apassed,
 nedes they maken hem pore that for-gon
 the richesses. O! streite and nedys clepe
 I this richesse, sin that many folk ne
 may nat han it al, ne al may it nat

comen to o man with-outen povertee of ⁴⁰
 alle other folk! And the shyninges of
 gemmes, *that I clepe precious stones,*
 draweth it nat the eyen of folk to hem-
 ward, *that is to seyn, for the beautee?* But
 certes, yif ther were beautee or bountee ⁴⁵
 in the shyninges of stones, thilke clear-
 ness is of the stones hem-self, and nat
 of men; for whiche I wondre gretly that
 men mervailen on swiche thinges. For-
 why, what thing is it, that yif it wanteth ⁵⁰
 moeveng and joynture of sowle and body,
 that by right mighte semen a fair crea-
 ture to him that hath a sowle of resoun?
 For al be it so that gemmes drawnen to
 hem-self a litel of the laste beautee of the ⁵⁵
 world, through the entente of hir creatour
 and through the distinccioune of hem-self;
 yit, for as mochel as they ben put under
 youre excellency, theyne han nat deserved
 by no wey that ye sholden mervailen on ⁶⁰
 hem. And the beautee of feldes, delyteth
 it nat mochel un-to yow?

Boece. 'Why sholde it nat delyten us,
 sin that it is a right fair porcione of the
 right faire werke, *that is to seyn, of this* ⁶⁵
world? And right so ben we gladed som-
 tyme of the face of the see whan it is
 cleer; and also mervailen we on the
 hevene and on the sterres, and on the
 sonne and on the mone.'

Philosophye. 'Aperteneth,' quod she,
 'any of thilke things to thee? Why
 darst thou glorifyen thee in the shyninges
 of any swiche things? Art thou dis-
 tingwed and embelised by the springinge ⁷⁵
 floures of the first somer sesoun, or
 swelleth thy plentee in the frutes of
 somer? Why art thou ravished with
 ydel joyes? Why embracest thou straunge
 goodes as they weren thyne? Fortune ne ⁸⁰
 shal never maken that swiche things
 ben thyne, that nature of thinges hath
 maked foreine fro thee. Sooth is that,
 with-outen doute, the frutes of the erthe
 Owen to ben to the norissinge of bestes. ⁸⁵
 And yif thou wolt fulfille thy nede after
 that it suffyseth to nature, than is it no
 nede that thou seke after the superfluitee
 of fortune. For with ful fewe things
 and with ful litel things nature halt hir ⁹⁰

apayed; and yif thou wolt achoken the fulfillinges of nature with superfluitees, certes, thilke thinges that thou wolt thresten or pouren in-to nature shullen ben unjoyful to thee, or elles anoyous.
 95 Wenest thou eek that it be a fair thing to shyne with dyverse clothinges? Of whiche clothinges yif the beautee be agreeable to loken up-on, I wol mervailen 100 on the nature of the matere of thilke clothes, or elles on the werkman that wroughte hem. But also a long route of meynee, maketh that a blisful man? The whiche servants, yif they ben vicious of 105 condicouns, it is a great charge and a distruccioun to the hous, and a greet enemy to the lord him-self. And yif they ben goode men, how shal straunge or foreine goodnesse ben put in the noumbre 110 of thy richesse? So that, by all these forscide thinges, it is clearly y-shewed, that never oon of thilke thinges that thou accountedest for thyne goodes nas nat thy good. In the whiche thinges, 115 yif ther be no beautee to ben desyred, why sholdest thou ben sory yif thou lese hem, or why sholdest thou rejoysen thee to holden hem? For yif they ben faire of hir owne kinde, what aperteneth that 120 to thee? For al so wel sholden they han ben faire by hem-selve, though they weren departed fram alle thyne richesses. For why faire ne precious ne weren they nat, for that they comen among thy richesses; 125 but, for they semeden faire and precious, ther-for thou haddest lever rekne hem amonges thy richesses. But what desirest thou of Fortune with so grete a noise, and with so grete a fare? I trowe 130 thou seke to dryve away nede with habundaunce of things; but certes, it torneth to you al in the contrarie. Forwhy certes, it nedeth of ful manye helpinges to kepen the diversitee of 135 precious ostelments. And sooth it is, that of manye thinges han they nede that manye thinges han; and ayeinward, of litel nedeth hem that mesuren hir fille after the nede of kinde, and nat after 140 the outrage of coveitise. Is it thanne so, that ye men ne han no proper good

y-set in you, for which ye moten seken outward youre goodes in foreine and subgit thinges? So is thanne the condicoun of thinges torned up-so-down, 145 that a man, that is a devyne beest by merite of his resoun, thinketh that himself nis neither faire ne noble, but-yif it be thorough possessioun of ostelments that ne han no sowles. And certes, al 150 other thinges ben apayed of hir owne beautee; but ye men, that ben semblable to god by your resonable thought, desiren to aparailen your excellent kinde of the lowest thinges; ne ye understanden nat 155 how greet a wrong ye don to your creatour. For he woldes that mankindre were most worthy and noble of any oþre ethely thinges; and ye threste adoun your dignitez benethe the lowest thinges. 160 For yif that al the good of every thinge be more precious than is thilke thing whos that the good is: sin ye demen that the foulest thinges ben youre goodes, thanne submitten ye and putten 165 your-selven under the foulest thinges by your estimacioun; and certes, this tydeth nat with-oute youre desertes. For certes, swiche is the condicoun of alle mankindre, that only whan it hath knowinge of it-selve, than passeth it in noblesse alle other thinges; and whan it forleteth the knowinge of it-self, than is it brought binethen alle beestes. For why al other livinges beestes han of kinde 170 to knowe nat hem-self; but whan that men leten the knowinge of hemself, it cometh hem of vice. But how brode sheweth the errour and the folye of yow men, that wenent that any thing may 175 ben aparailed with straunge aparailments! But for sothe that may nat ben doon. For yif a wight shyneth with thinges that ben put to him, as thus, if 180 *thilke things shynen with which a man is aparailed*, certes, thilke thinges ben comended and preyed with which he is aparailed; but natholes, the thing that is covered and wrapped under that dwelleth in his filthe. And I denye 185 that thilke thing be good that anoyeth him that hath it. Gabbe I of this?

Thou wolt seye "nay." Certes, richesses han anoyed ful ofte hem that han the 195 richesses; sin that every wikked shrewe, (and for his wikkednesse the more gredy after other folkes richesses, wher-so ever it be in any place, be it gold or precious stones), weneth him only most worthy that hath hem. Thou thanne, that so bisy dredest now the swerd and now the spere, yif thou haddest entred in the path of this lyf a voide wayferinge man, than woldest thou singe beforne the theef; 210 *as who seith, a pore man, that berth no richesse on him by the weye, may boldly singe biforn theves, for he hath nat wherof to ben robbed.* O precious and right clear is the blisfulnesse of mortal richesses, 215 that, whan thou hast geten it, than hast thou lorn thy sikernes!

METRE V. *Felix nimium prior etas.*

Blisful was the first age of men! They helden hem apayed with the metes that the trewe feldes broughten forth. They ne distroyede nor deceivede nat hem-self 5 with outrage. They weren wont lightly to slaken hir hunger at even with acornes of okes. They ne coude nat medly the yiste of Bachus to the cleer hony; *that is to seyn, they coude make no piment nor clarree;* ne they coude nat medle the brighte fleeses of the contree of Seriens with the venom of Tyrie; *this is to seyn, they coude nat deyen whyte fleeses of Serien contree with the blade of a maner shelfisshe 10 that men finden in Tyrie, with whiche blood men deyen purpur.* They slepen hoolsom slepes up-on the gras, and dronken of the renninge wateres; and layen under the shadwes of the heye pyn-trees. Ne no 15 gest ne straungere ne carf yit the heye see with ores or with shippes; ne they ne hadde seyn yit none newe strandes, to ledren marchaudysse in-to dyverse contrees. Tho weren the cruel clarions ful hust and ful stille, ne blood y-shad by egre hate ne hadde nat deyed yit armures. For wher-to or which woodnesse of enemys wolde first moeven armes, 20 whan they seyen cruel woundes, ne none

medes be of blood y-shad? I woldes 30 that oure tymes sholde torne ayen to the olde maneres! But the anguisous love of havinge brenneth in folk more cruelly than the fyr of the mountaigne Ethna, *that ay brenneth.* Allas! what 35 was he that first dalf up the gobetes or the weightes of gold covered under erthe, and the precious stones that wolden han ben hid? He dalf up precious perils. *That is to seyn, that he that hem first up dalf, he dalf up a precious peril; for why for the precioussesse of swiche thinge, hath many man ben in peril.*

PROSE VI. *Quid autem de dignitatibus.*

But what shal I seye of dignitees and of powers, the whiche ye men, that neither knownen verray dignitee ne verray power, areysen hem as heye as the hevne? The whiche dignitees and 5 powers, yif they comen to any wikked man, they don as grete damages and destrucciouns as doth the flaumbe of the mountaigne Ethna, whan the flaumbe walweth up; ne no deluge ne doth so 10 cruel harmes. Certes, thee remembreth wel, as I trowe, that thilke dignitee that men clepen the imperie of consulers, the whiche that whylom was biginninge of fredom, youre eldres coveiteden to han 15 don away that dignitee, for the prude of the consulers. And right for the same prude your eldres, biforn that tyme, hadden don awey, out of the citee of Rome, the kinges name; *that is to seyn, 20 they nolde han no lenger no king.* But now, yif so be that dignitees and powers be yeven to goode men, the whiche thing is ful selde, what agreeable thing is ther in the dignitees or powers but only the 25 goodnesse of folkes that usen hem? And therfor it is thus, that honour ne comth nat to vertu for cause of dignitee, but ayeinward honour comth to dignitee for cause of vertu. But whiche is thilke 30 youre dereworthe power, that is so cleer and so requerable? O ye ertheliche bestes, considere ye nat over which thinge that it semeth that ye han power?

35 Now yif thou saye a mous amonges other myns, that chalaunged to him-self-ward right and power over alle other myns, how greet scorn woldest thou han of it!

Glosa. So fareth it by men; the body hath

40 power over the body. For yif thou loke

wel up-on the body of a wight, what thing shalt thou finde more freele than is mankinde; the whiche men wel ofte ben slain with bytinge of smale flyes, or elles

45 with the entringe of crepinge wormes in-to the privatees of mannes body? But wher shal man finden any man that may

exercen or haunten any right up-on another man, but only up-on his body,

50 or elles up-on things that ben lowere than the body, the whiche I clepe for-

tunous possessiounes? Mayst thou ever have any comaundement over a free

corage? Mayst thou remuen fro the estat

55 of his propre reste a thought that is clyvinge to-gidere in him-self by stede-

fast resoun? As whylom a tyraunt wende to confounde a free man of corage,

and wende to constreyne him by torment,

60 to maken him discoveren and acusen folk that wisten of a coniuracioun, *which I clepe a confederacie*, that was cast ayeins this tyraunt; but this free man boote of his owne tonge and caste it in the visage

65 of thilke wode tyraunt; so that the tor-

ments that this tyraunt wende to han maked matere of crueltee, this wyse man

maked it matere of vertu.

But what thing is it that a man may

70 don to another man, that he ne may receyven the same thing of othre folk in him-self: or thus, what may a man don to folk, that folk ne may don him the same?

I have herd told of Busirides, that was

75 wont to sleen his gestes that herberweden in his hous; and he was sleyn him-self of Ercules that was his gest. Regulus

hadde taken in bataile many men of Afrike and cast hem in-to feteres; but

80 sone after he moste yeve his handes to ben bounde with the cheynes of hem that he hadde whylom overcomen. Wenest thou thanne that he be mighty, that hath no power to don a thing, that othre

85 ne may don in him that he doth in othre?

And yit more-over, yif it so were that thise dignitees or poweres hadden any propre or natural goodnesse in hem-self, never nolden they comen to shrewes. For contrarious thinges ne ben nat wont 90 to ben y-felawshiped to-gidere. Nature refuseth that contrarious thinges ben y-joined. And so, as I am in certein that right wikked folk han dignitees ofte tyme, than sheweth it wel that dignitees 95 and powers ne ben nat goode ofhir owne kinde; sin that they suffren hem-self to cleven or joinen hem to shrewes. And certes, the same thing may I most digneliche jugen and seyn of alle the 100 yiftes of fortune that most plentevously comen to shrewes; of the whiche yiftes, I trowe that it oughte ben considered, that no man douteth that he nis strong in whom he seeth strengthe; and in 105 whom that swiftnesse is, sooth it is that he is swift. Also musike maketh musiciens, and phisike maketh phisiciens, and rethorike rhetoriens. For why the nature of every thing maketh his pro- 110 pretee, ne it is nat entremedled with the effects of the contrarious thinges; and, as of wil, it chaseth out thinges that ben to it contrarie. But certes, richesse may not restreyne avarice unstaunched; ne 115 power ne maketh nat a man mighty over him-self, whiche that vicious lustes holden destreyned with cheynes that ne mowen nat be unbounden. And digni- 120 tees that ben yeven to shrewede folk nat only ne maketh hem nat digne, but it sheweth rather al openly that they ben unworthy and undigne. And why is it thus? Certes, for ye han joye to clepen things with false names that beren hem alle in the contrarie; the whiche names ben ful ofte reproeved by the effecte of the same things; so that thise ilke richesses ne oughten nat by right to ben 125 cleped richesses; ne swich power ne oughte nat ben cleped power; ne swich dignitee ne oughte nat ben cleped dignitee. And at the laste, I may con- 130 clude the same thing of alle the yiftes of Fortune, in which ther nis nothing to ben desired, ne that hath in him-self

naturel bountee, as it is ful wel y-sene. For neither they ne joignen hem nat alwey to goode men, ne maken hem 140 alwey goode to whom that they ben y-joigned.

METRE VI. *Nouimus quantas dederit ruinas.*

We han wel knownen how many grete harmes and destrucciouns weren don by the emperor Nero. He leet brenne the citee of Rome, and made sleen the 5 senatoures. And he, cruel, whylom slew his brother; and he was maked moist with the blood of his moder; *that is to seyn, ha leet sleen and slitten the body of his moder, to seen wher he was conceived;* 10 and he loked on every halve up-on her colde dede body, ne no tere ne wette his face, but *he was so hard-herted that he mighte ben domes-man or juge of hir dede beautee.* And natholes, yit govern- 15 ede this Nero by ceptre alle the poeplesthat Phebus the sonne may seen, cominge from his outereste arysinge til he hyde his bemes under the wavess; *that is to seyn, he governed alle the poeple by ceptre imperial that the sonne goth aboute, from est to west.* And eek this Nero governed by ceptre alle the poeplesthat ben under the colde sterres that highten 20 "septem triones"; *this is to seyn, he governed alle the poeplesthat ben under the party of the north.* And eek Nero governed alle the poeplesthat the violent wind Nothus scorkleth, and baketh the brenning sandes by his drye hete; *that is to seyn, alle the poeplesthat ben in the south.* But yit 25 ne mighte nat al his hye power torne the woodnesse of this wikked Nero. Allas! it is a grevous fortune, as ofte as wikked 30 swerd is joigned to cruel venim; *that is to seyn, venomous crueltee to lordshippe.'*

PROSE VII. *Tum ego, scis, inquam.*

Thanne seyde I thus: 'Thou wost wel thy-self that the coveitise of mortal things ne hadde never lordshipe of me; but I have wel desired matere of things 5 to done, as who seith, *I desire to han*

matere of governaunce over comunallitees, for vertu, stille, ne sholde nat elden; that is to seyn, that [him] leste that, or he wex olde, his vertu, that lay now ful stille, ne should nat perisse unexercised in governaunce of comune; for which men mighten speken or wryten of his goode governement.

Philosophye. 'For sothe,' quod she, 'and that is a thing that may drawen to governaunce swiche hertes as ben worthy and noble of hir nature; but natholes, it may nat drawen or tollen swiche hertes as ben y-brought to the fulle perfecciooun of vertu, that is to seyn, coveitise of glorie and renoun to han wel administred the comune thinges or don gode deserteis to profit of the comune. For see now and considere, how litel and how voide of alle prys is thilke glorie. 25 Certein thing is, as thou hast lerned by the demonstracioun of astronomye, that al the environinge of the erthe aboute ne halt nat but the resoun of a prikke at regard of the greetnesse of hevene; that is to seyn, that yif ther were maked comparisoun of the erthe to the greetnesse of hevene, men wolden jugen in al, that the erthe ne helde no space. Of the whiche litel regioune of this worlde, the 30 ferthe partie is inhabited with livinge bestes that we knownen, as thou thyself hast y-lerned by Tholomee that proveth it. And yif thou haddest with-drawen and abated in thy thought fro thilke 40 ferthe partie as moche space as the see and the mareys contenen and over-goon, and as moche space as the regioune of droughe over-streccheth, *that is to seyn, sandes and deserteis,* wel unnethe sholde ther dwellen a right streit place to the habitacioun of men. And ye thanne, that ben environed and closed with-in the leste prikke of thilke prikke, thinken ye to manifesten your renoun and don 45 youre name to ben born forth? But your glorie, that is so narwe and so streite y-throngen in-to so litel boundes, how mochel coveiteth it in largesse and in greet doinge? And also sette this there-to: that many a nacion, dyverse

of tonge and of maneres and eek of resoun of hir livinge, ben enhabited in the clos of thilke litel habitacle; to the
 60 whiche naciouns, what for difficultee of weyes and what for diversitee of languages, and what for defaute of unusage and entrecomuninge of marchaundise, nat only the names of singuler men ne
 65 may nat strecchen, but eek the fame of citees ne may nat strecchen. At the laste, certes, in the tyme of Marcus Tullius, as him-self writ in his book, that the renoun of the comune of Rome ne
 70 hadde nat yit passed ne cloumben over the mountaigne that highte Caucasus; and yit was, thilke tyme, Rome wel waxen and greetly redouted of the Parthes and eek of other folk inhabitinge aboute.
 75 Seestow nat thanne how streit and how compressed is thilke glorie that ye travailen aboute to shewe and to multiplye? May thanne the glorie of a singuler Romaine strecchen thider as the fame
 80 of the name of Rome may nat climben ne passen? And eek, seestow nat that the maneres of dyverse folk and eek hir lawes ben discordaunt among hem-self; so that thilke thing that som men jugen
 85 worthy of preysinge, other folk jugen that it is worthy of torment? And ther-of comth it that, though a man delyte him in preysinge of his renoun, he may nat in no wyse bringen forth ne spreden
 90 his name to many maner poeple. Therefor every man oughte to ben apayed of his glorie that is publisshed among his owne neighbours; and thilke noble renoun shal ben restreyned within the
 95 boundes of o manere folke. But how many a man, that was ful noble in his tyme, hath the wretched and nedy foryetinge of wryteres put out of minde and don awey! Al be it so that, certes,
 100 thilke wrytinges profiten litel; the whiche wrytinges long and derk elde doth awey, bothe hem and eek hir autours. But ye men semen to geten yow a perdurabletee, whan ye thenken that, in tyme to
 105 cominge, your fame shal lasten. But natheles, yif thou wolt maken comparisoun to the endeles spaces of eternitee,

what thing hast thou by whiche thou mayst rejoysen theo of long lastinge of thy name? For yif ther were maked ¹¹⁰ comparisoun of the abydinge of a moment to ten thousand winter, for as mochel as bothe the spaces ben ended, yit hath the moment som porcioun of it, al-though it litel be. But natheles, thilke selve noum-¹¹⁵ bre of yeres, and eek as many yeras as ther-to may be multiplied, ne may nat, certes, ben comparisoned to the perdurabletee that is endeles; for of thinges that han ende may be maked comparisoun, ¹²⁰ but of thinges that ben with-outen ende, to thinges that han ende, may be maked no comparisoun. And forthy is it that, al-though renoun, of as long tyme as ever thee list to thinken, were thought to the ¹²⁵ regard of eternitee, that is unstaunchable and infinit, it ne sholde nat only semen litel, but pleynliche right naught. But ye men, certes, ne conne don nothing a-right, but-yif it be for the audience ¹³⁰ of poeple and for ydel rumours; and ye forsaken the grete worthiness of conscience and of vertu, and ye seken your guerdouns of the smale wordes of straunge folk. Have now heer and ¹³⁵ understande, in the lightnesse of swich pryd and veine glorie, how a man scornede festivaly and merily swich vanitee. Whylom ther was a man that hadde assayed with stryvinge wordes ¹⁴⁰ another man, the whiche, nat for usage of verray vertu but for proud veine glorie, had taken up-on him falsly the name of a philosophre. This rather man ¹⁴⁵ that I spak of thoughte he wolde assaye, when he, thilke, were a philosophre or no; that is to seyn, yif that he wolde han suffred lightly in pacience the wronges that weren don un-to him. This feynede philosophre took pacience a litel ¹⁵⁰ whyle, and, whan he hadde received wordes of outrage, he, as in stryvinge ayein and rejoysinge of him-self, seyde at the laste right thus: "understondest thou nat that I am a philosophre?" That ¹⁵⁵ other man answerde ayein ful bytingly, and seyde: "I hadde wel understanden it, yif thou haddest holden thy tonge"

stille." But what is it to thise noble
 160 worthy men (for, certes, of swiche folke
 speke I) that seken glorie with vertu?
 What is it?' quod she; 'what atteyneth
 fame to swiche folk, whan the body is
 resolved by the deeth at the laste? For
 165 yif it so be that men dyen in al, *that
 is to seyn, body and soule*, the whiche
 thing our resoun defendeth us to bileven,
 thanne is ther no glorie in no wyse. *For
 what sholde thilke glorie ben*, whan he,
 170 of whom thilke glorie is seyd to be, nis
 right naught in no wyse? And yif the
 sowle, whiche that hath in it-self science
 of goode werkes, unbounden fro the
 prison of the erthe, wendeth frely to the
 175 hevene, despyseth it nat thanne alle
 ethely occupacioun; and, being in
 hevene, rejoyseth that it is exempt fro
 alle ethely things? *As who seith, thanne
 rekkest the soule of no glorie of renoun
 180 of this world.*

METRE VII. *Quicunque solam mente
 praecipiti petit.*

Who-so that, with overthrowinge
 thought, only seketh glorie of fame,
 and weneth that it be sovereyn good:
 lat him loken up-on the brode shewinge
 5 contrees of hevene, and up-on the streite
 site of this erthe; and he shal ben
 ashamed of the encrees of his name, that
 may nat fulfille the litel compas of the
 erthe. O! what coveiten proude folk to
 10 liften up hir nekkes in ydel in the dedly
 yok of this worlde? For al-though that
 renoun y-sprad, passinge to ferne poeple,
 goth by dyverse tonges; and al-though
 that grete houses or kinredes shynen
 15 with clere titles of honours; yit, natholes,
 deeth despyseth alle heye glorie of fame:
 and deeth wrappeth to-gidere the heye
 hevedes and the lowe, and maketh egal
 and evene the heyeste to the loweste.
 20 Wher wonen now the bones of trewe
 Fabricius? What is now Brutus, or
 stierne Catoun? The thinne fame, yit
 lastinge, of hir ydel names, is marked
 25 with a fewe lettres; but al-though that
 we han knownen the faire wordes of the

fames of hem, it is nat yeven to knowe
 hem that ben dede and consumpte. Lig-
 geth thanne stille, al ourely unknow-
 able; ne fame ne maketh yow nat knowe.
 And yif ye wene to liven the longer for 30
 winde of your mortal name, whan o
 cruel day shal ravissh yow, thanne is
 the seconde deeth dwellinge un-to yow.'
 Glose. *The first deeth he clepeth heer the
 departinge of the body and the soule; and
 the seconde deeth he clepeth, as heer, the
 stintinge of the renoun of fame.*

PROSE VIII. *Set ne me inexorabile contra
 fortunam.*

'But for as mochel as thou shalt nat
 wen'en,' quod she, 'that I bere untretable
 bataile ayeins fortune, yit som-tyme it
 bifalleth that she, deceyvable, deserveth
 to han right good thank of men; and 5
 that is, whan she hir-self opneth, and
 whan she discovereth hir frount, and
 sheweth hir maneres. Peraventure yit
 understandest thou nat that I shal seye.
 It is a wonder that I desire to telle, and 10
 forthy unnethe may I unpleyten my
 sentence with wordes; for I deme that
 contrarious Fortune profiteth more to
 men than Fortune debonaire. For al-
 wey, whan Fortune semeth debonaire, 15
 than she lyeth falsly in bihetinge the
 hope of welefulnessse; but forsothe con-
 trarious Fortune is alwey soothfast, whan
 she sheweth hir-self unstable thorough
 hir chaunginge. The amiable Fortune 20
 deceyveth folk; the contrarie Fortune
 techeth. The amiable Fortune bindeth
 with the beautes of false goodes the
 heretes of folk that usen hem; the con-
 trarie Fortune unbindeth hem by the 25
 knowinge of freele welefulnessse. The
 amiable Fortune mayst thou seen alwey
 + windy and flowinge, and ever mis-
 knowinge of hir-self; the contrarie For-
 tune is atempre and restreyned, and wys 30
 thorough exercise of hir adversitee. At
 the laste, amiable Fortune with hir
 flateringes draweth miswandrige men
 fro the sovereyne good; the contrarious
 Fortune ledeth ofte folk ayein to sooth- 35

fast goodes, and haleth hem ayein as with an hooke. Wenest thou thanne that thou oughtest to leten this a litel thing, that this aspre and horrible
 Fortune hath discovered to thee the thoughts of thy trewe freendes? For why this ilke Fortune hath departed and uncovered to thee bothe the certein visages and eek the doutous visages of thy felawes. Whan she departed awey fro thee, she took awey hir freendes, and lafte thee thyne freendes. Now whan thou were riche and weleful, as thee semede, with how mochel woldest thou
 han bought the fulle knowinge of this, *that is to seyn, the knowinge of thy verray freendes?* Now pleyne thee nat thanne of richesse y-lorn, sin thou hast founden the moste precious kinde of richesses,
 55 that is to seyn, thy verray freendes.

METRE VIII. *Quod mundus stabili fide.*

That the world with stable feith varieth accordable chaunginges; that the contrarious qualitee of elements holden

among hem-self aliaunce perdurable; that Phebus the sonne with his goldene chariet bringeth forth the rosene day; that the mone hath commaundement over the nightes, which nightes Hesperus the evesterre hath brought; that the see, greedy to flowen, constreyneth with a certein ende hise fodes, so that it is nat leveful to strecche hise brode termes or boundes up-on the erthes, *that is to seyn, to covere al the erthe:*—al this acordaunce of thinges is bounden with Love, that governeth erthe and see, and hath also commaundements to the hevenes. And yif this Love slakede the brydeles, alle things that now loven hem to-gederes wolden maken a bataile continuely, and stryven to fordon the fasoun of this worlde, the whiche they now leden in accordable feith by faire moevinges. This Love halt to-gideres poepleis joigned with an holy bond, and knitteth sacrament of mariages of chaste loves; and Love endyteth lawes to trewe felawes. O! weleful were mankinde, yif thilke Love that governeth hevene governed youre corages!

Explicit Liber secundus.

BOOK III.

PROSE I. *Iam cantum illa finierat.*

By this she hadde ended hir song, whan the sweetnesse of hir ditee hadde thorough-perced me that was desirous of herkninge, and I astoned hadde yit
 5 streighe myn eres, *that is to seyn, to herkne the bet what she wolde seye;* so that a litel here-after I seyde thus: ‘O thou that art sovereyn comfort of anguissoons corages, so thou hast remounted
 10 and norisshed me with the weighte of thy sentences and with delyt of thy singinge; so that I trowe nat now that I be unparigal to the strokes of Fortune:
as who seyth, I dar wel now suffren al the
 15 *assauates of Fortune, and wel defende me*

fro hir. And tho remedies whiche that thou seydest her-biforn weren right sharpe, nat only that I am nat a-grisen of hem now, but I, desirous of heringe, axe gretely to heren the remedies.’ Than seyde she thus: ‘That felede I ful wel,’ quod she, ‘whan that thou, ententif and stille, ravishedest my wordes; and I abood til that thou haddest swich habite of thy thought as thou hast now; or elles til that I my-self hadde maked to thee the same habit, which that is a more verray thing. And certes, the remenaunt of thinges that ben yit to seye ben swiche, that first whan men tasten hem they ben
 25 bytinge, but whan they ben receyved withinne a wight, than ben they swete.

But for thou seyst that thou art so
desirous to herkne hem, with how gret
35 brenninge woldest thou glownen, yif thou
wistest whider I wol ledene thee?
'Whider is that?' quod I.

'To thilke verray welefulnessesse,' quod
she, 'of welche thyn herte dremeth;
40 but for as moche as thy sighte is occupied
and distorbed by imaginacioun of *erthely*
thinges, thou mayst nat yit seen thilke
selve welefulnessesse.' 'Do,' quod I, 'and
shewe me what is thilke verray weleful-
45 nesse, I preye thee, with-oute taryinge.'

'That wole I gladly don,' quod she,
'for the cause of thee; but I wol first
marken thee by wordes and I wol en-
forceen me to enformen thee thilke *false*
50 cause of *blisfulnessesse* that thou more know-
est; so that, whan thou hast fully bi-
holden thilke false goodes, and torned
thyne eyen to that other syde, thou mowe
knowe the cleernessee of verray *blisful-*
55 *nesse*.

METRE I. *Qui serere ingenuum uolet agrum.*

Who-so wole sowe a feeld plentivous,
lat him first delivere it fro thornes, and
kerve asunder with his hook the busshes
and the fern, so that the corn may comen
5 hevy of eres and of greynes. Hony is
the more swete, yif mouthes han first
tasted savoures that ben wikkid. The
sterres shynen more agreably whan the
wind Nothus leteth his plounyng blastes;
10 and after that Lucifer the day-sterre
hath chased awey the derke night, the
day the fairere ledeth the rosene hors
of the sonne. And right so thou, bi-
holdinge first the false goodes, begin to
15 with-drawen thy nekke fro the yok of
erthely affecciouns; and after-ward the
verray goodes shollen entren in-to thy
corage.'

PROSE II. *Tunc defixo paullulum uisu.*

The fastnede she a litel the sighte of
hir eyen, and with-draw hir right as it
were in-to the streite sete of hir thought;

and bigan to speke right thus: 'Alle the
cures,' quod she, 'of mortal folk, whiche 5
that travaylen hem in many maner
studies, goon certes by diverse weyes,
but natheles they enforecen hem alle to
comen only to oon ende of blisfulnessesse.
And blisfulnessesse is swiche a good, that 10
who-so that hath geten it, he ne may,
over that, no-thing more desyre. And
this thing is forsothe the sovereyn good
that conteyneth in him-self alle maner
goodes; to the welche good yif ther 15
failede any thing, it mighte nat ben
cleped sovereyn good: for thanne were
ther som good, out of this ilke sovereyn
good, that mighte ben desired. Now is
it cleer and certein thanne, that blisful-
nessesse is a parfit estat by the congre-
gacioun of alle goodes; the welche 20
blisfulnessesse, as I have seyd, alle mortal
folk enforecen hem to geten by diverse
weyes. For-why the coveitise of verray
good is naturally y-plaunted in the hertes
of men; but the miswandrings error
mis-ledeth hem in-to false goodes. Of
the welche men, som of hem wenēn that
sovereyn good be to liven with-oute nedē
30 of any thing, and travaylen hem to be
haboundaunt of richesses. And som
other men demen that sovereyn good
be, for to ben right digne of reverence;
and enforecen hem to ben reverenced 35
among hir neighbours by the honours
that they han y-geten. And som folk
ther ben that holden, that right heigh
power be sovereyn good, and enforecen
hem for to regnen, or elles to joignen 40
hem to hem that regnen. And it semeth
to some other folk, that noblesse of re-
nown be the sovereyn good; and hasten
hem to geten glorious name by the arts
of werre and of pees. And many folk
mesuren and gessen that sovereyn good
be joye and gladnesse, and wenēn that
it be right blisful thing to plounen hem
in voluptuous delyt. And ther ben folk
that entrechaungen the causes and the
endes of thisse forseyde goodes, as they
that desiren richesses to han power and
delytes; or elles they desiren power for
to han moneye, or for cause of renoun.

55 In these thinges, and in swiche oþre thinges, is torned alle the entenciou[n] of desiringes and of werkes of men; as thus: noblesse and favour of people, whiche that yeveth to men, as it semeth
 60 hem, a maner cleernesse of renoun; and wyf and children, that men desiren for cause of delyt and of merinesse. But forsothe, frendes ne sholden nat be reckned a-mong the godes of fortune, but
 65 of vertu; for it is a ful holy maner thing. Alle these oþre thinges, forsothe, ben taken for cause of power or elles for cause of delyt. Certes, now am I redy to referren the goodes of the body to these
 70 forseide thinges aboven; for it semeth that strengthe and gretnesse of body yeven power and worthiness, and that beautee and swiftnesse yeven noblesses and glorie of renoun; and hele of body
 75 semeth yeven delyt. In alle these thinges it semeth only that blisfulness is desired. For why thilke thing that every man desireth most over alle thinges, he demeth that it be the sovereyn good;
 80 but I have defyned that blisfulness is the sovereyn good; for which every wight demeth, that thilke estat that he desireth over alle thinges, that it be blisfulness. Now hast thou thanne biforn thyн eyen
 85 almeſt al the purposed forme of the welefulnesses of man-kinde, that is to seyn, richesses, honours, power, and glorie, and delyts. The whiche delyt only considerede Epicurus, and juged and establisshed that
 90 delyt is the sovereyn good; for as moche as alle oþre thinges, as him thoughte, bi-reſte awaye joye and mirthe fram the herte. But I retorne ayein to the studies
 95 of men, of whiche men the corage alwey reherseth and seketh the sovereyn good, al be it so that it be with a derked memorie; but he not by whiche path,
 100 right as a dronken man not nat by whiche path he may retorne him to his hous. Semeth it thanne that folk folyen and erren that enforcen hem to have nede of nothing? Certes, ther nis non other thing that may so wel performe blisfulness, as an estat plentivous of alle
 105 goodes, that ne hath nede of non other

thing, but that is suffisaunt of himself unto him-self. And folyen swiche folk thanne, that weneth that thilke thing that is right good, that it be eek right worthy of honour and of reverence? ¹¹⁰ Certes, nay. For that thing nis neither foul ne worthy to ben despised, that wel neigh al the entenciou[n] of mortal folk travaylen for to geten it. And power, oughte nat that eek to ben reckened ¹¹⁵ amonges goodes? What elles? For it is nat to wene that thilke thing, that is most worthy of alle things, be feble and with-oute strengthe. And cleernesse of renoun, oughte that to ben despised? ¹²⁰ Certes, ther may no man forsake, that al thing that is right excellent and noble, that it ne semeth to ben right clear and renomed. For certes, it nedeth nat to seye, that blisfulness be [nat] anguisous ¹²⁵ ne drery, ne subgit to grevaunces ne to sorwes, sin that in right litel things folk seken to have and to usen that may delyten hem. Certes, thise ben the things that men wolen and desiren to ¹³⁰ geten. And for this cause desiren they richesses, dignitees, regnes, glorie, and delices. For therby weneth they to han suffisaunce, honour, power, renoun, and gladnesse. Than is it good, that men ¹³⁵ seken thus by so many diverse studies. In whiche desyr it may lightly ben shewed how gret is the strengthe of nature; for how so that men han diverse sentences and discordinge, algates men ¹⁴⁰ acorden alle in lovinge the ende of good.

METRE II. *Quantas rerum flectat habenas.*

It lyketh me to shewe, by subtil song, with slakke and delitabile soun of strenges, how that Nature, mighty, enclineth and flitteth the governements of thinges, and by whiche lawes she, purveyable, keþeth ⁵ the grete world; and how she, bindinge, restreyneth alle thinges by a bonde that may nat ben unbounde. Al be it so that the lyouns of the contre of Pene beren the faire chaynes, and taken metes of ¹⁰ the handes of folk that yeven it hem, and dreden hir sturdy maystres of whiche

they ben wont to suffren betinges: yif that *hir horrible mouthes* ben be-bled, *that is to seyn, of bestes devoured*, *hir corage of time passed*, that hath ben ydel and rested, *repeyreh ayein*; and they roren grevously and remembren on *hir nature*, and slaken *hir nekkes* fram *hir chaynes unbounde*; and *hir mayster*, first to-torn with blydy tooth, assayeth the wode wrathes of hem; *this is to seyn, they freten hir mayster*. And the janglings brid that singeth on the heye braunches, *that is to seyn, in the wode*, and after is enclosed in a streyt cage: al-though that the pleyinge bisnesse of men yeveth hem honiede drinkes and large metes with swete studie, yit natheles, yif thilke brid, skippings out of *hir streyte cage*, seeth the agreeables shadewes of the wodes, she defouleth with *hir feet* *hir metes y-shad*, and seketh mourninge only the wode; and twitereth, desiringe the wode, with *hir swete vois*. The yerde of a tree, that is haled a-doun by mighty strengthe, boweth redily the crop a-doun: but yif that the hand of him that it bente lat it gon ayein, anon the crop loketh up-right to hevene. The sonne Phebus, that falleth at even in the westrene wawes, retorneth ayein eftsones his carte, by privee path, ther-as it is wont aryse. Alle thinges seken ayein to *hir propre cours*, and alle thinges rejoysen hem of *hir retorninge ayein* to *hir nature*. Ne non ordinaunce nis bitaken to thinges, but that that hath joynd the endinges to the beginninge, and hath maked the cours of it-self stable, *that it chaungeth nat from his propre kinde*.

PROSE III. *Vos quoque, o terrena animalia.*

Certes also ye men, that ben ertheliche beestes, dremen alwey youre beginninge, al-though it be with a thinne imaginacioun; and by a maner thoughte, al be it nat clearly ne parfitly, ye loken fram a-fer to thilke verray fyn of blisfulness; and ther-fore naturel entencion ledeth you to thilke verray good, but many maner errors mis-torneth you ther-fro.

Consider now yif that by thilke thinges, 10 by whiche a man weneth to geten him blisfulness, yif that he may comen to thilke ende that he weneth to come by nature. For yif that moneye or honours, or this other forseyde thinges bringen 15 to men swich a thing that no good ne fayle hem no semeth fayle, certes than wole I graunte that they ben maked blisful by thilke thinges that they han gotten. But yif so be that thilke thinges 20 ne mowen nat performen that they bisheten, and that ther be defaute of manye goodes, sheweth it nat thanne clearly that fals beautee of blisfulness is knownen and ateint in thilke thinges? First and 25 forward thou thy-self, that haddest habundaunce of richesses nat long agon, I axe yif that, in the habundaunce of alle thilke richesses, thou were never anguisous or sory in thy corage of any 30 wrong or grevaunce that bi-tidde thee on any syde?' 'Certes,' quod I, 'it ne remembreth me nat that evere I was so free of my thought that I ne was alwey in anguish of som-what.'

'And was nat that,' quod she, 'for that thee lakked som-what that thou noldest nat han lakked, or elles thou haddest that thou noldest nat han had?' 'Right so is it,' quod I.

'Thanne desireddest thou the presence of that oon and the absence of that other?' 'I graunte wel,' quod I.

'Forsotho,' quod she, 'than nedeth ther som-what that every man desireth?' 'Ye, ther nedeth,' quod I.

'Certes,' quod she, 'and he that hath lakke or nede of aught nis nat in every wey suffisaunt to himself?' 'No,' quod I.

'And thou,' quod she, 'in al the plentee of thy richesses haddest thilke lakke of suffisaunse?' 'What elles?' quod I.

'Thanne may nat richesses maken that a man nis nedys, ne that he be suffisaunt to him-self; and that was it that they bi-highten, as it semeth. And eek certes I trowe, that this be gretly to considere, that moneye ne hath nat in his owne kinde that it ne may ben bi-nomen of 60

hem that han it, maugre hem?' 'I bi-
knowe it wel,' quod I.

'Why sholdest thou nat bi-knownen it,'
quod she, 'whan every day the strenger
folk bi-nemen it fro the febler, maugre
hem? For whennes comen elles alle thise
foreyne compleyntes or quereles of plet-
inges, but for that men axen ayein here
moneye that hath ben bi-nomen hem by
70 force or by gyle, and alwey maugre
hem?' 'Right so is it,' quod I.

'Than,' quod she, 'hath a man nede
to seken him foreyne helpe by whiche he
may defende his moneye?' 'Who may
75 sey nay?' quod I.

'Certes,' quod she; 'and him nedede
non help, yif he ne hadde no moneye that
he mighte lese?' 'That is douteles,'
quod I.

80 'Than is this thinge torned in-to the
contrarye,' quod she. 'For richesses,
that men wenē sholde make suffisaunce,
they maken a man rather han nede of
foreyne help! Which is the manere or
85 the gyse,' quod she, 'that richesse may
dryve awey nede? Riche folk, may they
neither han hunger ne thurst? Thise
riche men, may they fele no cold on hir
limes on winter? But thou wolt answeren,
90 that riche men han y-now wher-with they
may staunchen hir hunger, slaken hir
thurst, and don a-wey cold. In this wyse
may nede be counforted by richesses;
but certes, nede ne may nat al outrely
95 ben don a-wey. For though this nede,
that is alwey gapinge and gredy, be ful-
filld with richesses, and axe any thing,
yit dwelleth thanne a nede that mighte
be fulfilld. I holde me stille, and telle
100 nat how that litel thing suffiseth to
nature; but certes to avarice y-nough
ne suffiseth no-thing. For sin that rich-
esses ne may nat al don awey nede, but
richesses maken nede, what may it thanne
105 be, that ye wenē that richesses mowen
yeven you suffisaunce?

METRE III. *Quamvis fluente diues auri gurgite.*

Al were it so that a riche coveytous
man hadde a river fletinge al of gold, yit

sholde it never staunchen his coveitise;
and though he hadde his nekke y-
charged with precious stones of the rede 5
see, and though he do ere his feldes plen-
tivous with an hundred oxen, never ne
shal his bytinge bisinesse for-leten him
whyl he liveth, ne the lighte richesses ne
sholle nat beren him compayne whan he 10
is dead.

PROSE IV. *Set dignitates.*

But dignitees, to whom they ben comen,
makien they him honorable and reverent?
Han they nat so gret strengthe, that they
may putte vertues in the heretes of folk
that usen the lordships of hem? Or 5
elles may they don a-wey the vycses?
Certes, they ne be nat wont to don awey
wikkednesse, but they ben wont rather
to shewen wikkednesse. And ther-of
comth it that I have right grete desdeyn,
10 that dignitees ben yeven ofte to wikked
men; for which thing Catullus cleped
a consul of Rome, that highte Nonius,
"postum" or "boch"; as who seyth, he
cleped him *a congregacioun of vycses in his* 15
brest, as a postum is ful of corruptioun,
al were this Nonius set in a chayre of
dignitee. Seest thou nat thanne how
gret vilenye dignitees don to wikked
men? Certes, unworthiness of wikked 20
men sholde be the lasse y-sene, yif they
nere renomed of none honours. Certes,
thou thyself ne mightest nat ben brought
with as manye perils as thou mightest
suffren that thou woldest beren the 25
magistrat with Decorat; *that is to seyn,*
that for no peril that mighte befallen thee
by offence of the king Theodorike, thou
noldest nat be felawe in governaunce with
Decorat; whan thou saye that he hadde 30
wikked corage of a likerous shrewe and
of an accuser. Ne I ne may nat, for
swiche honours, jugen hem worthy of
reverence, that I deme and holde un-
worthy to han thilke same honours. Now 35
yif thou saye a man that were fulfilld of
wisdom, certes, thou ne mightest nat
deme that he were unworthy to the
honour, or elles to the wisdom of which

to he is fulfild?'—'No,' quod I.—'Certes, dignitees,' quod she, 'apertienen proprely to vertu; and vertu transporteth dignitee anon to thilke man to which she hir-self is conjoyned. And for as moche as honours of poeple ne may nat maken folk digne of honour, it is wel seyn cleerly that they ne han no propre beautee of dignitee. And yit men oughten taken more heed in this. For yif it so be that a wikked wight be so mochel the foulere and the more out-cast, that he is despysed of most folk, so as dignitee ne may nat maken shrewes digne of reverence, the which shrewes dignitee sheweth to moche folk, thanne maketh dignitee shrewes rather so moche more despysed than preyssed; and forsothe nat unpunished: *that is for to seyn, that shrewes revengen hem ayeinward up-on dignitees;* for they yilden ayein to dignitees as gret guerdoun, whan they bi-spotten and defoulen dignitees with hir vilenye. And for as mochel as thou mowe knowe that thilke verray reverence ne may nat comen by these shadowy transitorie dignitees, undirstond now thus: yif that a man hadde used and had many maner dignitees of consules, and were comen peraventure amoge straunge naciouns, sholde thilke honour maken him worshipful and redouted of straunge folk? Certes, yif that honour of poeple were a naturle yift to dignitees, it ne michtie never cesen nowher amonges no maner folk to don his office, right as fyrr in every con-tree ne stinteth nat to eschaufen and to ben hoot. But for as moche as for to ben holden honourable or reverent ne cometh nat to folk of hir propre strengthe of nature, but only of the false opinoun of folk, *that is to seyn, that wenēn that dignitees maken folk digne of honour;* anon therfore whan that they comen ther-as folk ne knownen nat thilke dignitees, hir honours vanisshen awey, and that anon. But that is amonges straunge folk, mayst thou seyn; but amonges hem ther they weren born, ne duren nat thilke dignitees alwey? Certes, the dignitee of the provostrie of Rome was

whylom a gret power; now is it nothing but an ydel name, and the rente of the senatorie a gret charge. And yif a wight whylom hadde the office to taken hede to the vitailes of the poeple, as of corn and other thinges, he was holden amonges grete; but what thing is now more out-cast thanne thilke provostrie? And, as I have seyd a litel her-biforn, that thilke thing that hath no propre beautee of him-self receiveth som-tyme prys and shyninge, and som-tyme leseth it by the opinioun of usaunces. Now yif that dignitees thanne ne mowen nat maken folk digne of reverence, and yif that dignitees waxen foule of hir wille by the filthe of shrewes, and yif that dignitees lesen hir shyninge by chaunginge of tymes, and yif they waxen foule by estimacioun of poeple: what is it that they han in hem-self of beautee that oughte ben desired? *as who seyth, non;* thanne ne mowen they even no beautee of dignitee to non other.

METRE IV. *Quamvis se, Tyrio superbus ostro.*

Al be it so that the proude Nero, with alle his wode luxurie, kembde him and aparailede him with faire purples of Tirie, and with whyte perles, algates yit throf he hateful to alle folk: *this is to seyn, that al was he behated of alle folk.* Yit this wikked Nero hadde gret lordship, and yaf whylom to the reverents senators the unworshipful setes of dignitees. *Unworshipful setes he clepeth here, for that Nero, that was so wikked, yaf tho dignitees.* Who-so wolde thanne resonably wenēn, that blisfulness were in swiche honours as ben even by vicious shrewes?

PROSE V. *An uero regna regumque familiaritas.*

But regnes and familiarites of kinges, may they maken a man to ben mighty? How elles, whan hir blisfulness dureth perpetuely? But certes, the olde age of tyme passed, and eek of present tyme now, is ful of ensamples how that

kinges ben chaunged in-to wrecchednesse
 out of hir welefulnesse. O! a noble thing
 and a clear thing is power, that is nat
 10 founden mighty to kepen it-self! And
 yif that power of reaumes be auctour and
 maker of blisfulnesse, yif thilke power
 lakketh on any syde, amenuseth it nat
 15 thilke blisfulnesse and bringeth in
 wrecchednesse? But yit, al be it so
 that the reaumes of mankinde strecchen
 brode, yit mot ther nede ben moche folk,
 over whiche that every king ne hath no
 20 lordshippe ne comaundement. And certes,
 up-on thilke syde that power faileth,
 which that maketh folk blisful, right
 on that same syde noun-power entreth
 under-nethe, that maketh hem wrecches;
 25 in this manere thanne moten kinges han
 more porcioun of wrecchednesse than of
 welefulnesse. A tyraunt, *that was king of Sisile*, that hadde assayed the peril
 of his estat, shewede by similitude the
 drees of reaumes by gastnesse of a swerd
 30 that heng over the heved of *his familier*.
 What thing is thanne this power, that
 may nat don awey the bytinges of bisi-
 nesse, ne eschewe the prilkies of drede?
 And certes, yit wolden they liven in
 35 sikernesse, but they may nat; and yit
 they glorifye hem in hir power. Holdest
 thou thanne that thilke man be mighty,
 that thou seest that he wolde don that
 he may nat don? And holdest thou
 40 thanne him a mighty man, that hath
 enviownede his sydes with men of armes
 or serjaunts, and dredeth more hem that
 he maketh agast than they dreden him,
 and that is put in the handes of his
 45 servaunts for he sholde seme mighty?
 But of familieres or servaunts of kinges
 what sholde I telle thee anything, sin
 that I myself have shewed thee that
 reaumes hem-self ben ful of gret feblesse?
 50 The whiche familieres, certes, the ryal
 power of kinges, in hool estat and in
 estat abated, ful ofte throweth adown.
 Nero constreynde Senek, his familiere
 and his mayster, to chesen on what deeth
 55 he wolde deyen. Antonius comaundede
 that knightes slowen with hir swerdes
 Papinian *his familier*, which Papinian

hadde ben longe tyme ful mighty
 amonges hem of the court. And yit,
 certes, they wolden bothe han renounced
 60 hir power; of whiche two Senek en-
 forcede him to yeven to Nero his rich-
 esses, and also to han gon in-to solitarie
 exil. But whan the grete weighte, *that*
is to seyn, of lordes power or of fortune,
 65 draweth hem that shullen falle, neither
 of hem ne mighte do that he wolde.
 What thing is thanne thilke power, that
 though men han it, yit they ben agast;
 and whanne thou woldest han it, thou
 70 nart nat siker; and yif thou woldest
 forleten it, thou mayst nat eschuen it?
 But whether swiche men ben frendes
 at nede, as ben conseyled by fortune and
 nat by vertu? Certes, swiche folk as
 75 weleful fortune maketh frendes, con-
 trarious fortune maketh hem enemys.
 And what pestilence is more mighty for
 to anoye a wight than a familier enemy?

METRE V. *Qui se uolet esse potentem.*

Who-so wol be mighty, he mot daunten
 his cruel corage, ne putte nat his nekke,
 overcomen, under the foule reynes of
 lecherye. For al-be-it so that thy lord-
 shipe strecche so fer, that the contree
 5 of Inde quaketh at thy comaundements
 or at thy lawes, and that the last *ile in*
the see, that hight Tyle, be thral to thee,
 yit, yif thou mayst nat putten awey thy
 foul derke desyrs, and dryven out fro
 10 thee wrecched complaintes, certes, it nis
 no power that thou hast.

PROSE VI. *Gloria uero quam fallax saep.*

But glorie, how deceivable and how
 foul is it ofte! For which thing nat
 unskilfully a tragedien, *that is to seyn,*
a maker of ditees that highten tragedies;
 cryde and seide: "O glorie, glorie," quod
 5 he, "thou art nothing elles to thousands
 of folkes but a greet sweller of eres!"
 For manye han had ful greet renoun by
 the false opiniou of the poeple, and what
 thing may ben thought fouler than swiche
 10 preysinge? For thilke folk that ben
 preyed falsly, they moten nedes han

shame of hir preysinges. And yif that folk han geten hem thonk or preysinge
¹⁵ by hir desertes, what thing hath thilke prys eched or encresed to the conscience of wyse folk, that mesuren hir good, nat by the rumour of the peopple, but by the soothfastnesse of conscience? And
²⁰ yif it seeme a fair thing, a man to han encresed and spred his name, than folweth it that it is demed to ben a foul thing, yif it ne be y-sprad and encresed. But, as I seyde a litel her-biforn that, sin
²⁵ ther mot nedes ben manye folk, to whiche folk the renoun of a man ne may nat comen, it befalleth that he, that thou wenest be glorious and renomed, semeth in the nexto partie of the erthes to ben
³⁰ with-oute glorie and with-oute renoun.

And certes, amonges these thinges I ne trowe nat that the prys and grace of the peopple nis neither worthy to ben remembred, ne cometh of wyse jugement, ne is ferme perdurably. But now, of this name of gentilesse, what man is it that ne may wel seen how veyn and how flittinge a thing it is? For yif the name of gentilesse be referred to renoun and cleernessee of linage, thanne is gentil name but a foreine thing, *that is to seyn, to hem that glorifyen hem of hir linage.* For it semeth that gentilesse be a maner preysinge that comth of the deserte of an cestres. And yif preysinge maketh gentilesse, thanne moten they nedes be gentil that ben preyded. For which thing it folweth, that yif thou ne have no gentilesse of thy-self, *that is to seyn, preysing to that comth of thy deserte,* foreine gentilesse nō maketh thee nat gentil. But certes, yif ther be any good in gentilesse, I trowe it be al-only this, that it semeth as that a maner necessitee be imposed to gentil men, for that they ne sholden nat outrayen or forliven fro the virtues of hir noble kinrede.

METRE VI. *Omne hominum genus in terris.*

Al the linage of men that ben in erthe ben of semblable birthe. On allone is fader of things. On allone ministreth

alle thinges. He yaf to the sonne hise bemes; he yaf to the mone his hornes. He yaf the men to the erthe; he yaf the sterres to the hevene. He encloseth with membres the soules that comen fro his hye sete. Thanne comen alle mortal folk of noble sede; why noisen ye or bosten of ¹⁰ youre eldres? For yif thou loke your biginninge, and god your auctor and your maker, thanne nis ther no forlived wight, but-yif he norisshe his corage un-to vyces, and forlete his propre burthe. ¹⁵

PROSE VII. *Quid autem de corporis voluptatibus.*

But what shal I seye of delices of body, of whiche delices the desiringes ben ful of anguiss, and the fulfillinges of hem ben ful of penaunce? How greet syknesse and how grete sorwes unsufferable, right as a maner fruit of wikkednesse, ben thilke delices wont to bringen to the bodies of folk that usen hem! Of whiche delices I not what joye may ben had of hir moevinge. But this wot I wel, that ¹⁰ who-so-ever wole remembren him of hise luxures, he shal wel understande that the issues of delices ben sorwful and sorye. And yif thilke delices mowen maken folk blisful, than by the same cause moten thise bestes ben cleped blisful; of whiche bestes al the entenciou hasteth to fulfille hir bodily jolitee. And the gladnesse of wyf and children were an honest thing, but it hath ben seyd ²⁰ that it is over muchel ayeins kinde, that children han ben founden tormentours to hir fadres, I not how manye: of whiche children how bytinge is every condicoun, it nedeth nat to tellen it thee, that hast ²⁵ or this tyme assayed it, and art yit now anguissous. In this approve I the sentence of my disciple Euripidis, that seyde, that "he that hath no children is weleful by infortune."

METRE VII. *Habet omnis hoc uoluptas.*

Every delythath this, that it anguissmeth hem with prikkes that usen it. It resembleth to thise flyinge flies that we

clepen been, that, after that he hath shad
hise agreeable honies, he fleeth away, and
stingeth the hertes, of hem that ben
y-smite, with bytinge overlonge holdinge.

PROSE VIII. *Nihil igitur dubium est.*

Now is it no doute thanne that these weyes ne ben a maner misledinges to blisfulnesse, ne that they ne mowe nat leden folk thider as they biheten to ledn hem. But with how grete harmes these forseyde weyes ben enlaced, I shal shewe thee shortly. For-why yif thou enforceest thee to asemble moneye, thou most bireven him his moneye that hath it. And yif thou wolt shynen with dignitees, thou most bisechen and supplien hem that yeven the dignitees. And yif thou coveitest by honour to gon biforn other folk, thou shalt defoule thy-self thorough humblesse of axinge. Yif thou desirdest power, thou shalt by awaytes of thy subgits anoyously ben cast under manye periles. Axest thou glorie? Thou shalt ben so destrat by aspre things that thou shalt forgoon sikernesse. And yif thou wolt leden thy lyf in delices, every wight shal despisen thee and forleten thee, as thou that art thral to thing that is right foul and brotel; that is to seyn, servaunt to thy body. Now is it thanne wel seen, how litel and how brotel possessioun they coveiten, that putten the goodes of the body aboven hir owne resoun. For mayst thou sormounten these olifaunts in gretnesse or weight of body? Or mayst thou ben stronger than the bole? Mayst thou ben swifter than the tygre? Bihold the spaces and the stablenesse and the swifte cours of the hevne, and stint som-tyme to wondren on foule things; the which hevne, certes, nis nat rather for these things to ben wondred up-on, than for the resoun by which it is governed. But the shyning of thy forme, *that is to seyn, the beautee of thy body,* how swiftly passinge is it, and how transitorie; certes, it is more flittinge than the mutabilitee of flowers of the somer-sesoun. For so Aristotle telleth, that yif that men hadden

eyen of a beest that highte lynx, so that 45 the lokinge of folk myghte percen thorugh the thinges that with-stonden it, who-so loked thanne in the entrailes of the body of Alcibiades, that was ful fayr in the superfice with-oute, it shold seme right 50 foul. And forthy, yif thou semest fayr, thy nature maketh nat that, but the desceivaunce of the feblesse of the eyen that loken. But preyse the goodes of the body as mochel as ever thee list; so that 55 thou knowe algates that, what-so it be, *that is to seyn, of the goodes of thy body,* which that thou wondrest up-on, may ben destroyed or dissolved by the hete of a fevere of three dayes. Of alle whiche 60 forseyde thinges I may reducen this shortly in a somme, that these worldly goodes, whiche that ne mowen nat yeven that they biheten, ne ben nat parfit by the congregacioun of alle goodes; that 65 they ne ben nat weyes ne pathes that bringen men to blisfulnesse, ne maken men to ben blisful.

METRE VIII. *Eheu! quae miseros
tramite deuios.*

Allas! which folye and which ignorance misleth wandringe wrecches fro the path of verray goode! Certes, ye ne seken no gold in grene trees, ne ye ne gaderen nat precious stones in the 5 vynes, ne ye ne hyden nat your ginnes in the hye mountaignes to eacchen fish of whiche ye may maken riche festes. And yif yow lyketh to hunte to roes, ye ne gon nat to the fordes of the water that 10 highte Tyrene. And over this, men knownen wel the crykes and the cavernes of the see y-hid in the flodes, and knownen eek which water is most plentivous of whyte perles, and knownen which water 15 haboundeth most of rede purple, *that is to seyn, of a maner shelle-fish with which men dyen purple;* and knownen which strandes habounden most with tendre fissaishes, or of sharpe fissaishes that highten echines. But 20 folk suffren hem-self to ben so blinde, that hem ne reecheth nat to knowe where thilke goodes ben y-hid whiche that they

coveiten, but ploungen hem in erthe and
25 seken there thilke good that sormounteth
the hevene that bereth the sterres. What
prevere may I maken that be digne to
the nyce thoughtes of men? But I preyed
30 so that, whan they han geten tho false
goodes with greet travaille, that ther-by
they mowe knownen the verray goodes.

Prose IX. *Hactenus mendacis formam.*

It suffyseth that I haveshewed hider-to
the forme of false welefulness, so that,
yif thou loke now cleerly, the order of
myn entencion requireth from hennes-
5 forth to shewen thee the verray weleful-
nesses.' 'For sothe,' quod I, 'I see wel
now that suffisaunce may nat comen by
richesses, ne power by reames, ne rever-
ence by dignitees, ne gentilesse by glorie,
10 ne joye by delices.'

'And hast thou wel knownen the causes,'
quod she, 'why it is?' 'Certes, me
semeth,' quod I, 'that I see hem right as
though it were thorough a litel clifte; but
15 me were lever knownen hem more openly
of thee.'

'Certes,' quod she, 'the reson is al
redy. For thilke thing that simply is
20 o thing, with-outen any devisioun, the
erroure and folye of mankindē departeth
and devydeth it, and misledeth it and
transporteth from verray and parfit good
to goodes that ben false and unparfit.
But sey me this. Wenest thou that he,
25 that hath nede of power, that him ne
lakketh no-thing?' 'Nay,' quod I.

'Certes,' quod she, 'thou seyst a-right.
For yif so be that ther is a thing, that in
any partye be febler of power, certes, as
30 in that, it mot nedes ben nedys of foreine
help.' 'Right so is it,' quod I.

'Suffisaunce and power ben thanne of
o kinde?' 'So semeth it,' quod I.

'And demest thou,' quod she, 'that
35 a thing that is of this manere, *that is to
seyn, suffisaunt and mighty,* oughte ben
despysed, or elles that it be right digne of
reverence aboven alle thinges?' 'Certes,'

quod I, 'it nis no doute, that it is right
worthy to ben reverence.'

'Lat us,' quod she, 'adden thanne
reverence to suffisaunce and to power, so
that we demen that this three things
ben al o thing.' 'Certes,' quod I, 'lat us
adden it, yif we wolen graunten the sothe.'

'What demest thou thanne?' quod
she; 'is that a dark thing and nat noble,
that is suffisaunt, reverent, and mighty, or
elles that it is right noble and right
cleer by celebritee of renoun? Consider
thanne,' quod she, 'as we han graunted
her-biforn, that he that ne hath nede of
no-thing, and is most mighty and most
digne of honour, yif him nedeth any
cleernessee of renoun, which cleernessee he
mightha nat graunten of him-self, so that,
for lakke of thilke cleernessee, he mightha
seme the febler on any syde or the more
out-cast?' *Glose. This is to seyn, nay;*
for who-so that is suffisaunt, mighty, and
reverent, cleernessee of renoun folweth of the
forseyde things; he hath it al redy of his
suffisaunce. Boece. 'I may nat,' quod
I, 'denye it; but I mot graunte as it is,
that this thing be right celebrable by
cleernessee of renoun and noblesse.'

'Thanne folweth it,' quod she, 'that we
adden cleernessee of renoun to the three
forseyde things, so that ther ne be
amonges hem no difference?' 'This is
a consequence,' quod I.

'This thing thanne,' quod she, 'that ne
hath nede of no foreine thing, and that
may don alle things by hise strengthes,
and that is noble and honourable, nis nat
that a mery thing and a joyful?' 'But
whennes,' quod I, 'that any sorwe mightha
comen to this thing that is swiche, certes,
I may nat thinke.'

'Thanne moten we graunte,' quod she,
'that this thing be ful of gladnesse, yif
the forseyde things ben sothe; and
certes, also mote we graunten that suffi-
saunce, power, noblesse, reverence, and
gladnesse ben only dyverse by names, but
hir substauance hath no diversitee.' 'It
mot needly been so,' quod I.

'Thilke thing thanne,' quod she, 'that
is oon and simple in his nature, the

90 wikkednesse of men departeth it and devydeth it; and whan they enforcen hem to geten partye of a thing that ne hath no part, they ne geten hem neither thilke partye that nis non, ne the thing
95 al hool that they ne desire nat.' 'In which manere?' quod I.

'Thilke man,' quod she, 'that secheth richesses to fleen povertee, he ne tra-vaileth him nat for to gete power; for he
100 hath lever ben derk and vyl; and eek withdraweth from him-self many naturel delyts, for he noldes lese the moneye that he hath assembled. But certes, in this manere he ne geteth him nat suffisaunce
105 that power forleteth, and that molestie prikketh, and that filthe maketh ont-cast, and that derkenesse hydeth. And certes, he that desireth only power, he wasteth and scatereth richesse, and despyseth
110 delyts, and eek honour that is with-oute power, ne he ne preyseth glorie no-thing. Certes, thus seest thou wel, that manye things faylen to him; for he hath somtyme defaute of many necessitees, and
115 many anguissches byten him; and whan he ne may nat don tho defautes a-vey, he forleteth to ben mighty, and that is the thing that he most desireth. And right thus may I maken semblable resounes of
120 honours, and of glorie, and of delyts. For so as every of these forseyde thinges is the same that thise other thinges ben,
that is to seyn, al oon thing, who-so that ever seketh to geten that oon of thise,
125 and nat that other, he ne geteth nat that he desireth.' Boece. 'What seyst thou thanne, yif that a man coveiteth to geten alle thise thinges to-gider?'

Philosophie. 'Certes,' quod she, 'I
130 wolde seye, that he wolde geten him sovereyn blisfulnesse; but that shal he nat finde in tho thinges that I have shewed, that ne mowen nat yeven that they beheten.' 'Certes, no,' quod I.

135 'Thanne,' quod she, 'ne sholden men nat by no wey seken blisfulnesse in swiche thinges as men wene that they ne mowen yeven but o thing senglye of alle that men seken.' 'I graunte wel,' quod I;
140 'ne no sother thing ne may ben sayd.'

'Now hast thou thanne,' quod she, 'the forme and the causes of false welefulness. Now torne and flitte the eyen of thy thought; for ther shalt thou seen anon thilke verray blisfulnesse that I have bihight thee.' 'Certes,' quod I, 'it is cleer and open, thogh it were to a blinde man; and that shewdest thou me ful wel a litel her-biforn, whan thou enforcedest thee to shewe me the causes
150 of the false blisfulnesse. For but-yif I be bigyled, thanne is thilke the verray blisfulnesse parfit, that parfitly maketh a man suffisaunt, mighty, honourable, noble, and ful of gladnesse. And, for
155 thou shalt wel knowe that I have wel understanden these thinges with-in my herte, I knowe wel that thilke blisfulnesse, that may verrayly yeven oon of the forseyde thinges, sin they ben al oon, I knowe, douteles, that thilke thing is
160 the fulle blisfulnesse.'

'O my norie,' quod she, 'by this opinioun I seye that thou art blisful, yif thou putte this ther-to that I shal seyn.'
165 'What is that?' quod I.

'Trowest thou that ther be any thing in thise erthely mortal toundling thinges that may bringen this estat?' 'Certes,' quod I, 'I trowe it naught; and thou
170 hast shewed me wel that over thilke good ther nis no-thing more to ben desired.'

'These thinges thanne,' quod she, 'that is to sey, erthely suffisaunce and power and swiche thinges, either they semen lykenesses of verray good, or elles it semeth that they yeve to mortal folk a maner of goodes that ne ben nat parfit; but thilke good that is verray and parfit, that may they nat yeven.' 'I acorde me wel,'
175 quod I.

'Thanne,' quod she, 'for as mochel as thou hast knownen which is thilke verray blisfulnesse, and eek whiche thilke thinges ben that lyen falsly blisfulnesse,
180 that is to seyn, that by deceite semen verray goodes, now behoveth thee to knowe whennes and where thou mowe seke thilke verray blisfulnesse.' 'Certes,' quod I, 'that desire I greetly, and have
185 abiden longe tyme to herknen it.'

'But for as moche,' quod she, 'as it lyketh to my disciple Plato, in his book of "in Timeo," that in right litel things men sholden bisechen the help of god, what jugest thou that be now to done, so that we may deserve to finde the sete of thilke verray good?' 'Certes,' quod I, 'I deme that we shollen clepen the fader of alle goodes; for with-outen him nis ther no-thing founden a-right.'

'Thou seyst a-right,' quod she; and bigan anon to singen right thus:—

METRE IX. *O qui perpetua mundum ratione gubernas.*

'O thou fader, creator of hevene and of erthes, that governest this world by perdurable resoun, that comaudest the tymes to gon from sin that age hadde 5 beginninge; thou that dwellest thy-self ay stedefast and stable, and yevest alle othere thinges to ben mooved; ne foreine causes necesseden thee never to compounre werk of floteringe matere, but only the forme of sovereign good y-set with-in thee with-oute envye, *that mooved thee freely.* Thou that art alder-fayrest, beringe the faire world in thy thought, formedest this world to the lyknesse semblable of 15 that faire world in thy thought. Thou drawest al thing of thy sovereign ensaumpler, and comaudest that this world, parfitliche y-maked, have freely and absolut his parfit parties. Thou bindest the elements by noumbres proporcionables, that the colde thinges mowen acorden with the hote thinges, and the drye thinges with the moiste thinges; that the fyr, that is purest, ne flee nat over hye, ne that the hevinesse ne drawe nat adoun over-lowre the erthes that ben plounched in the wateres. Thou knittest to-gider the mene sowle of treble kinde, moevingo alle thinges, and de- 25 vydest it by membres accordinge; and whan it is thus devyded, it hath asemblede a moevinge in-to two roundes; it goth to tornen ayein to him-self, and envirouneth a ful deep thought, and torneth the

hevene by semblable image. Thou by 35 evene-lyke causes enhankest the sowles and the lasse lyves, and, ablinge hem heye by lighte cartes, thou sowest hem in-to hevene and in-to erthe; and whan they ben converted to thee by thy benignye lawe, thou makest hem retorne ayein to thee by ayein-ledinge fyr. O fader, yive thou to the thought to styen up in-to thy streite sete, and graunte him to envirounre the welle of good; and, the 40 lighte y-founde, graunte him to fischen the clere sightes of his corage in thee. And scatter thou and to-breke thou the weightes and the cloudes of erthely hevinesse, and shyne thou by thy brightnesse. For thou 45 art cleernes; thou art peysible reste to debonaire folk; thou thy-self art beginninge, berer, leder, path, and terme; to loke on thee, that is our ende.

PROSE X. *Quoniam igitur quae sit imperfecti.*

For as moche thanne as thou hast seyn, which is the forme of good that nis nat parfit, and which is the forme of good that is parfit, now trowe I that it were good to shewe in what this perfeccioun of blisful-5 nesse is set. And in this thing, I trowe that we sholden first enquire for to witen, yif that any swiche maner good as thilke good that thou hast diffinished a litel heer-biforn, *that is to seyn, sovereign good,* 10 may ben founde in the nature of thinges; for that veyn imaginacioun of thought ne deceyve us nat, and putte us out of the sothfastnesse of thilke thing that is summitted unto us. But it may nat ben 15 deneyed that thilke good ne is, and that it nis right as welle of alle goodes. For al thing that is cleped inparfit is proveed inparfit by the amenusinge of perfeccioun or of thing that is parfit. And ther-of 20 comth it, that in every thing general, yif that men seen any-thing that is inparfit, certes, in thilke general ther mot ben som-thing that is parfit; for yif so be that perfeccioun is don awey, men may nat 25 thinke ne seye fro whennes thilke thing is that is cleped inparfit. For the nature

of thinges ne took nat hir beginninge of things amenused and inparfit, but it
 30 procedeth of thinges that ben al hoole and absolut, and descendeth so doun in-to outerest thinges, and in-to thinges empty and with-outen frut. But, as I have y-shewed a litel her-bifor, that yif ther
 35 be a blisfulnesse that be freele and veyn and inparfit, ther may no man doute that ther nis som blisfulnesse that is sad, stedefast, and parfit.' *Boece.* 'This is concluded,' quod I, 'fermely and soth-
 40 fastly.'

Philosophie. 'But considere also,' quod she, 'in wham this blisfulnesse en-habiteth. The comune accordaunce and conceite of the corages of men proevelth
 45 and graunteth, that god, prince of alle thinges, is good. For, so as nothing ne may ben thought bettre than god, it may nat ben doubted thanne that he, that nothing nis bettre, that he nis good.
 50 Certes, resoun sheweth that god is so good, that it proevelth by verray force that parfit good is in him. For yif god ne is swich, he ne may nat ben prince of alle thinges; for certes som-thing possessing
 55 in it-self parfit good, sholde ben more worthy than god, and it sholde semen that thilke thing were first, and elder than god. For we han shewed apertly that alle thinges that ben parfit ben first or
 60 things that ben unparfit; and for-thy, for as moche as that my resoun or my proces ne go nat a-wey with-oute an ende, we owen to graunten that the sovereign god is right ful of sovereign parfit good.
 65 And we han establisshed that the sovereign good is verray blisfulnesse: thanne mot it nedes be, that verray blisfulnesse is set in sovereign god.' 'This take I wel,' quod I, 'ne this ne may nat ben withseid in no
 70 manere.'

'But I preye,' quod she, 'see now how thou mayst proeven, holily and with-oute corupcioun, this that I have seyd, that the sovereign god is right ful of sovereign
 75 good.' 'In which manere?' quod I.

'Wenest thou aught,' quod she, 'that this prince of alle thinges have y-take thilke sovereign good any-wher out of him-

self, of which sovereign good men proevelth that he is ful, right as thou mightest & thinken that god, that hath blisfulnesse in him-self, and thilke blisfulnesse that is in him, weren dyvers in substaunce? For yif thou wene that god have received thilke good out of him-self, thou mayst 85 wene that he that yaf thilke good to god be more worthy than is god. But I am bi-knownen and confesse, and that right dignely, that god is right worthy aboven alle thinges; and, yif so be that this good 90 be in him by nature, but that it is dyvers fro him by weninge resoun, sin we speke of god prince of alle thinges: feigne who-so feigne may, who was he that hath conjoined thiese dyverse thinges to-gider? 95 And eek, at the laste, see wel that a thing that is dyvers from any thing, that thilke thing nis nat that same thing fro which it is understanden to ben dyvers. Thanne folweth it, that thilke thing that by his 100 nature is dyvers fro sovereign good, that that thing nis nat sovereign good; but certes, that were a felonous corsednesse to thinken that of him that nothing nis more worth. For alwey, of alle thinges, 105 the nature of hem ne may nat ben bettre than his beginning; for which I may concluden, by right verray resoun, that thilke that is beginning of alle thinges, thilke same thing is sovereign good in his 110 substaunce.' Thou hast seyd rightfully,' quod I

'But we han graunted,' quod she, 'that the sovereign good is blisfulnesse.' 'And that is sooth,' quod I.

'Thanne,' quod she, 'moten we nedes graunten and confessen that thilke same sovereign good be god.' 'Certes,' quod I, 'I ne may nat denye ne withstande the resouns purposed; and I see wel that it folweth by strengtho of the premisses.'

'Loke now,' quod she, 'yif this be proved yit more fermely thus: that ther ne mowen nat ben two sovereign goodes that ben dyverse amoung hem-self. For 120 certes, the goodes that ben dyverse amounges hem-self, that oon nis nat that that other is; thanne ne may neither of hem ben parfit, so as either of hem lak-

130 keth to other. But that that nis nat parfit, men may seen apertly that it nis nat sovereign. The thinges, thanne, that ben sovereignly goode, ne mowen by no wey ben dyverse. But I have wel con-
135 cluded that blisfulnesse and god ben the sovereign good; for whiche it mot nedes ben, that sovereign blisfulnesse is sovereign divinitie.' 'Nothing,' quod I, 'nis more soothfast than this, ne more ferme by resoun; ne a more worthy thing than god may nat ben concluded.'

'Up-on thise thinges thanne,' quod she, 'right as thise geometriens, whan they han shewed hir proposiciouns, ben wont 140 to bringen in thinges that they clepen porismes, or declaracions of forseide thinges, right so wole I yeve thee heer as a corollarie, or a mede of coroune. For why, for as moche as by the getinge of 145 blisfulnesse men ben maked blisful, and blisfulnesse is divinitie: thanne is it manifest and open, that by the getinge of divinitie men ben maked blisful. Right as by the getinge of justice [they ben maked just], and by the getinge of sa-
150 pience they ben maked wyse: right so, nedes, by the semblable resoun, whan they han geten divinitie, they ben maked goddes. Thanne is every blisful man god; but certes, by nature, ther nis but o god; but, by the participacioun of divinitie, ther ne let ne disturbeth nothing that ther ne ben manye goddes.'
155 'This is,' quod I, 'a fair thing and a precious, elepe it as thou wolt; be it porisme or corollarie, or mede of coroune or declaringes.'

'Certes,' quod she, 'nothing nis fayrer than is the thing that by resoun sholde ben added to thise forseide thinges.'

'What thing?' quod I.

'So,' quod she, 'as it semeth that blis-
160 fulnesse conteneþ many thinges, it were for to witen whether that alle thise thinges maken or conjoignen as a maner body of blisfulnessse, by dyversitee of parties or of membres; or elles, yif that any of alle thilke thinges be swich that it 165 accomplissheth by him-self the substaunce of blisfulnessse, so that alle thise oþre thinges

ben referred and brought to blisfulnessse,' that is to seyn, as to the cheef of hem. 'I wolde,' quod I, 'that thou makedest me cleerly to understande what thou seyst, and that thou recordedest me the 185 forseyde thinges.'

'Have I nat judged,' quod she, 'that blisfulnessse is good?' 'Yis, forsothe,' quod I; 'and that sovereign good.'

'Addē thanne,' quod she, 'thilke good, that is maked blisfulnessse, to alle the forseide thinges; for thilke same blisfulnessse that is demed to ben sovereign suffisaunce, thilke selve is sovereign power, sovereign reverence, sovereign cleernesse or 195 noblesse, and sovereign delyt. Conclusio. What seyst thou thanne of alle thise thinges, that is to seyn, suffisaunce, power, and this oþre thinges; ben they thanne as membres of blisfulnessse, or ben 200 they referred and brought to sovereign good, right as alle thinges that ben brought to the chief of hem?' 'I understande wel,' quod I, 'what thou purposest to seke; but I desire for to herkne 205 that thou shewe it me.'

'Tak now thus the discrecioun of this question,' quod she. 'Yif alle thise thinges,' quod she, 'weren membres to felicitee, than weren they dyverse that 210 oon from that other; and swich is the nature of parties or of membres, that dyverse membres compounen a body.' 'Certes,' quod I, 'it hath wel ben shewed heer-biforn, that alle thise thinges ben 215 alle oþer thing.'

'Thanne ben they none membres,' quod she; 'for elles it sholde seme that blisfulnessse were conioigned al of on membre alone; but that is a thing that may 220 nat be don.' 'This thing,' quod I, 'nis nat doutous; but I abyde to herknen the remnaunt of thy questioun.'

'This is open and clear,' quod she, 'that alle oþre thinges ben referred and 225 brought to good. For therefore is suffisaunce required, for it is demed to ben good; and forthy is power required, for men rowen also that it be good; and this same thing mowen we thinken and con- 230jecten of reverence, and of noblesse, and

of delyt. Thanne is sovereign good the somme and the cause of al that aughte ben desired; for-why thilke thing that

235 with-holdeth no good in it-self, ne semblaunce of good, it ne may nat wel in no manere be desired ne required. And the contrarie: for thogh that thinges by hir nature ne ben nat goode, algates, yif men

240 wene that ben goode, yit ben they desired as though that they weren verrayliche goode. And therfor is it that men oughten to wene by right, that bountee be the sovereign fyn, and the cause of alle

245 the things that ben to requeren. But certes, thilke that is cause for which men requeren any thing, it semeth that thilke same thing be most desired. As thus: yif that a wight wolde ryden for cause of

250 hele, he ne desireth nat so mochel the moevinge to ryden, as the effect of his hele. Now thanne, sin that alle thinges ben required for the grace of good, they ne ben nat desired of alle folk more

255 thanne the same good. But we han graunted that blisfulnesse is that thing, for whiche that alle thise oþre thinges ben desired; thanne is it thus: that,

260 certes, only blisfulnesse is required and desired. By whiche thing it sheweth clearly, that of good and of blisfulnesse is al oon and the same substaunce.' 'I see nat,' quod I, 'wherfore that men mighten discorden in this.'

265 'And we han shewed that god and verray blisfulnesse is al oo thing.' 'That is sooth,' quod I.

'Thanne mowen we conclude sikerly, that the substaunce of god is set in thilke

270 same good, and in non other place.

METRE X. *Huc omnes pariter uenite capti.*

O cometh alle to-gider now, ye that ben y-caught and y-bounde with wikkede cheynes, by the deceivable delyt of ertheley things enhabitinge in your thought!

5 Heer shal ben the reste of your labours, heer is the havene stable in peysible quiete; this alone is the open refut to wrecches. Glosa. *This is to seyn, that ye that ben combred and deceived with*

worldely affecciouns, cometh now to this sovereign good, that is god, that is refut to hem that wolen comen to him. Textus. Alle the thinges that the river Tagus yeveth yow with his goldene gravailes, or elles alle the thinges that the river Hermus yeveth with his rede brinke, or that Indus yeveth, that is next the hote party of the world, that medleth the grene stones with the whyte, ne sholde nat cleeren the lookinge of your thought, but hyden rather your blinde corages with-in hir derknesse. Al that lyketh yow heer, and excyteth and moeveth your thoughtes, the erthe hath norisshed it in hisse lowe caves. But the shyninge, by whiche the hevene is governed and whennes he hath his strengthie, that eschueth the derke overthrowings of the sowle; and who-so may knownen thilke light of blisfulnesse, he shal wel seyn, that the whyte bemes of the sonne ne ben nat clear.'

PROSE XI. Assentior, inquam.

Boece. 'I assente me,' quod I; 'for alle thise thinges ben strongly bounden with right ferme resounes.'

Philosophie. 'How mochel wilt thou preyse it,' quod she, 'yif that thou knowe what thilke good is?' 'I wol preyse it,' quod I, 'by prys with-outen ende, yif it shal bityde me to knowe also to-gider god that is good.'

'Certes,' quod she, 'that shal I do thea by verray resoun, yif that tho thinges that I have concluded a litel her-biforn dwellen only in hir first graunting.' 'They dwellen graunted to thee,' quod I; 'this is to seyn, as who seith: *I graunte thy forseide conclusiouns.*

'Have I nat shewed thee,' quod she, 'that the things that ben required of many folkes ne ben nat verray goodes ne parfite, for they ben dyverse that oon fro that oþre; and so as ech of hem is lakinge to other, they ne han no power to bringen a good that is ful and absolut? But thanne at erst ben they verray good, whanne they ben gadered to-gider alle

in-to o forme and in-to oon wirkinge, so that thilke thing that is suffisaunce, thilke same be power, and reverence, and noblesse, and mirthe; and forsothe, but yif alle thise thinges ben alle oon same thing, they ne han nat wherby that they mowen ben put in the noumber of thinges that oughten ben required or desired.' 'It is shewed,' quod I; 'ne her-of may 25 ther no man douten.'

'The thinges thanne,' quod she, 'that ne ben no goodes whanne they ben diverse, and whan they beginnen to ben alle oon thing thanne ben they goodes, 30 ne comth it hem nat thanne by the getinge of unitee, that they ben maked goodes?' 'So it semeth,' quod I.

'But al thing that is good,' quod she, 'grauntest thou that it be good by the 45 participacioun of good, or no?' 'I graunte it,' quod I.

'Thanne most thou graunten,' quod she, 'by semblable resoun, that oon and good be oo same thing. For of thinges, 50 of whiche that the effect nis nat naturally diverse, nedes the substance mot be oo same thing.' 'I ne may nat denye that,' quod I.

'Hast thou nat knownen wel,' quod she, 'that al thing that is hath so longe his dwellinge and his substaunce as longe as it is oon; but whan it forleteth to ben oon, it mot nedes dyen and corumpe to-gider?' 'In which manere?' quod I.

'Right as in bestes,' quod she, 'whan the sowle and the body ben conjoined in oon and dwellen to-gider, it is cleped a beest. And whan hir unitee is destroyed by the disseverance of that oon from 65 that other, than sheweth it wel that it is a ded thing, and that it nis no lenger no beest. And the body of a wight, whylt it dwelleth in oo forme by conjunczion of membres, it is wel seyn that it is a figure of man-kinde. And yif the parties of the body ben so devyded and dissevered, that oon fro that other, that they destroyen unitee, the body forleteth to ben that it was biforn. And, who-so 70 wolde renne in the same manere by alle thinges, he sholde seen that, with-oute

doute, every thing is in his substaunce as longe as it is oon; and whan it forleteth to ben oon, it dyeth and perisshest.' 'Whan I considere,' quod I, 'manye so thinges, I see non other.'

'Is ther any-thing thanne,' quod she, 'that, in as moche as it liveth naturally, that forleteth the talent or appetyt of his beinge, and desireth to come to deeth and 85 to corupcioun?' 'Yif I considere,' quod I, 'the beestes that han any maner nature of wilninge and of nillinge, I ne finde no beest, but-yif it be constrained fro with-oute forth, that forleteth or 90 despyseth the entencioune to liven and to duren, or that wole, his thankes, hasten him to dyen. For every beest trawaileth him to defende and kepe the savacioun of his lyf, and eschueth deeth 95 and destruccioun. But certes, I doute me of herbes and of trees, that is to seyn, that I am in a doute of swiche things as herbes or trees, that ne han no felinge sowles, ne no naturel wirkinges serwinge to 100 appetytas as bestes han, whether they han appetyt to dwellen and to duren.'

'Certes,' quod she, 'no ther-of than thee nat doute. Now loke up-on thise herbes and thise trees; they waxen first 105 in swiche places as ben covenable to hem, in whiche places they ne mowen nat sone dyen ne dryen, as longe as hir nature may defenden hem. For som of hem waxen in feeldes, and som in mountaignes, and othre waxen in mareys, and othre cleven on roches, and somme waxen plentivous in sondes; and yif that any wight enforce him to beren hem in-to othre places, they waxen drye. For 110 nature yeveth to every thing that that is convenient to him, and trawaileth that they ne dye nat, as longe as they han power to dwellen and to liven. What woltow seyn of this, that they drawen alle 115 hir norisshinges by hir rotess, right as they hadden hir mouthes y-ploughed with-in the erthes, and sheden by hir maryes hir wode and hir bark? And what woltow seyn of this, that thilke 120 thing that is right softe, as the marye is, that is alwey hid in the sete, al with-

inne, and that is defended fro with-oute by the stedefastnesse of wode; and that the uttereste bark is put ayeins the des-temporaunce of the hevene, as a defendour mighty to suffren harm? And thus, certes, maystow wel seen how greet is the diligence of nature; for alle thinges 135 renovelen and puplisshen hem with seed y-multiplied; ne ther nis no man that ne wot wel that they ne ben right as a foundement and edifice, for to duren nat only for a tyme, but right as for 140 to duren perdurable by generacioun. And the thinges eek that men wenēn ne haven none sowles, ne desire they nat ech of hem by semblable resoun to kepen that is hirs, *that is to seyn, that is acordinge to 145 hir nature in conservacioun of hir beinge and endaringe?* For wher-for elles bereth lightnesse the flaumbes up, and the weigthe presseth the erthe a-doun, but for as moche as thilke places and thilke 150 moevinges ben covenable to everich of hem? And forsothe every thing kepeth thilke that is acordinge and prope to him, right as things that ben contraries and enemys corompen hem. And yit the 155 harde things, as stones, clyven and holden hir parties-to-gider right faste and harde, and defenden hem in withstandinge that they ne departe nat lightly a-twinne. And the things that ben 160 softe and fletinge, as is water and eyr, they departen lightly, and yeven place to hem that breken or devyden hem; but natheles, they retornen sone ayein in-to the same thinges fro whennes they 165 ben arraced. But fyr fleeth and refuseth al devisioun. Ne I ne trete nat heer now of wilful moevinges of the sowle that is knowinge, but of the naturel entencioun of thinges, as thus: right as 170 we swolwe the mete that we receiven and ne thinko nat on it, and as we drawen our breath in slepinge that we wite it nat whyle we slepen. For certes, in the beestes, the love of hir livinges ne of hir 175 beings ne comth nat of the wilninges of the sowle, but of the biginninges of nature. For certes, thorugh constreininge causes, wil desireth and embraceth

ful ofte tyme the deeth that nature dredeth; *that is to seyn as thus: that a man may ben constreynd so, by som cause, that his wil desireth and taketh the deeth which that nature hateth and dredeth ful sore.* And somtyme we seeth the contrarye, as thus: that the wil of 185 a wight destorbeth and constreyneth that that nature desireth and requereth alwey, *that is to seyn, the werk of generacioun, by the whiche generacioun only dwelleth and is sustened the long dura- 190 bletee of mortal things.* And thus this charitee and this love, that every thing hath to him-self, ne comth nat of the moevinge of the sowle, but of the entencioun of nature. For the purviaunce 195 of god hath yeven to thinges that ben creat of him this, that is a ful gret cause to liven and to duren; for which they desiren naturally hir lyf as longe as ever they mowen. For which thou mayst nat 200 drede, by no manere, that alle the things that ben anywhere, that they ne requeren naturally the ferme stableness 205 of perdurable dwellinge, and eek the eschuinge of destruccioun.' 'Now confesse I wel,' quod I, 'that I see now wel certeinly, with-oute doutes, the thinges 210 that whylom semeden uncertain to me.'

'But,' quod she, 'thilke thing that 215 desireth to be and to dwellen perdurable, he desireth to ben oon; for yif that that oon were destroyed, certes, beinge ne shulde ther non dwellen to no wight.' 'That is sooth,' quod I.

'Thanne,' quod she, 'desiren alle 220 thinges oon?' 'I assente,' quod I.

'And I have shewed,' quod she, 'that thilke same oon is thilke that is good?' 'Ye, for sothe,' quod I.

'Alle thinges thanne,' quod she, 're- 225 quiren good; and thilke good thanne mayst thou descriyen right thus: good is thilke thing that every wight desireth.' 'Ther ne may be thought,' quod I, 'no more verray thing. For either alle 230 things ben referred and brought to nought, and floteren with-oute governour, despoiled of oon as of hir propre heved; or elles, yif ther be any thing to which

²³⁰ that alle thinges tenden and hyen, that thing moste ben the sovereign good of alle goodes.'

Thanne seyde she thus: 'O my nory,' quod she, 'I have gret gladnesse of thee; ²³⁵ for thou hast sicched in thy herte the middel soothfastnesse, *that is to seyn*, the prikke; but this thing hath ben discovered to thee, in that thou seydest that thou wistest nat a litel her-biforn.'

²⁴⁰ 'What was that?' quod I.

'That thou ne wistest nat,' quod she, 'which was the ende of things; and certes, that is the thing that every wight desirereth; and for as mochel as we han ²⁴⁵ gadered and comprehended that good is thilke thing that is desired of alle, thanne moten we nedes confessen, that good is the fyn of alle things.'

METRE XI. *Quisquis profunda mente uestigat uerum.*

Who-so that seketh sooth by a deep thought, and coveiteth nat to ben deceived by no mis-weyes, lat him rollen and trenden with-inne him-self the light of his inward sighte; and lat him gadere ayein, enclynings in-to a compas, the longe moevinges of *his thoughts*; and lat him techen his corage that he hath enclosed and hid in his tresors, al that he compasseth or seketh fro with-oute. And thanne thilke thinge, that the blake cloude of errour whylom hadde y-covered, shal lighten more clearly thanne Phebus him-self ne shyneth. *Glosa.* Who-so ¹⁵ wole seken the deep grounde of sooth in his thought, and wol nat be deceived by false proposiciounis that goon amis fro the trouthe, lat him wel examine and rolle with-inne himself the nature and the propreties of the thing; and lat him yit eftsones examine and rollen his thoughts by good deliberacioun, or that he deme; and lat him techen his soule that it hath, by natural principles kindeliche y-hid with-in it-self, alle the ²⁰ trouthe the which he imagineth to ben in thinges with-oute. And thanne alle the derknesse of his misknowinge shal seme more evidently to sighte of his understandinge

³⁰ thanne the sonne ne semeth to sighte without-forth. For certes the body, bringinge the weighte of foryetinge, ne hath nat chased out of your thoughte al the cleernessee of *your knowinge*; for certeinly the seed of sooth haldeth and clyveth with-in your corage, and it is awaked ³⁵ and excyted by the winde and by the blastes of doctrine. For wherfor elles demen ye of your owne wil the rightes, whan ye ben axed, but-yif so were that the norisshinge of *resoun* ne livede ⁴⁰ y-ploughed in the depthe of your herte? *this is to seyn, how sholden men demen the sooth of any thing that were axed, yif ther ne were a rote of soothfastnesse that were y-ploughed and hid in naturel principles, the 45 whiche soothfastnesse lived with-in the deepnesse of the thought.* And yif so be that the Muse and the doctrine of Plato singeth sooth, al that every wight lerneth, he ne doth no-thing elles thanne but recordeth, as men recorden thinges that ben foryeten.'

PROSE XII. *Tum ego, Platoni, inquam.*

Thanne seide I thus: 'I acorde me gretly to Plato, for thou remembrest and recordest me thise thinges yit the secounde tyme; *that is to seyn*, first whan I loste my memorie by the contagious ⁵ conjunciooun of the body with the sowle; and eftsones afterward, whan I loste it, confounded by the charge and by the burdene of my sorwe.'

And thanne seide she thus: 'yif thou loke,' quod she, 'first the thinges that thou hast graunted, it ne shal nat ben right fer that thou ne shalt remembren thilke thing that thou seydest that thou nistest nat.' 'What thing?' quod I. ¹⁵

'By welche governement,' quod she, 'that this world is governed.' 'Me remembreth it wel,' quod I; 'and I confesse wel that I ne wiste it naught. But al-be-it so that I see now from a-fer what thou purposest, algates, I desire yit to herkene it of thee more pleynly.'

'Thou ne wendest nat,' quod she, 'a litel her-biforn, that men sholden

25 doute that this world nis governed by god.' 'Certes,' quod I, 'ne yit ne doute I it naught, ne I nel never wene that it were to doute; *as who seith, but I wot wel that god governeth this world;* and 30 I shal shortly answeren thee by what resouns I am brought to this. This world,' quod I, 'of so manye dyverse and contrarious parties, ne mighte never han ben assembled in o forme, but-yif ther 35 nere oon that conjoynede so manye dyverse things; and the same dyversitee of hir natures, that so discorden that oon fro that other, moste departen and unjoynen the things that ben con- 40 joyned, yif ther ne were oon that contenede that he hath conjoined and y- bounde. Ne the certein ordre of nature ne sholde nat bringe forth so ordenee moevinges, by places, by tymes, by 45 doinges, by spaces, by qualitees, yif ther ne were oon that were ay stedefast dwellinge, that ordeynede and disponede thise dyversitees of moevinges. And thilke thing, what-so-ever it be, by which 50 that alle thinges ben y-maked and y-lad, I clepe him "god"; that is a word that is used to alle folk.'

Thanne seyde she: 'sin thou felest thus thise things,' quod she, 'I trowe 55 that I have litel more to done that thou, mighty of welefulnessse, hool and sounde, ne see eftsones thy contree. But lat us loken the things that we han purposed her-bifore. Have I nat noumbred and 60 seyd,' quod she, 'that suffisaunce is in blisfulnessse, and we han acorded that god is thilke same blisfulnessse?' 'Yis, forsothe,' quod I.

'And that, to governe this world,' 65 quod she, 'ne shal he never han nede of non help fro with-oute? For elles, yif he hadde nede of any help, he ne sholde nat have no ful suffisaunce?' 'Yis, thus it mot nedes be,' quod I.

70 'Thanne ordeineth he by him-self alone alle thinges?' quod she. 'That may nat be deneyed,' quod I.

'And I have shewed that god is the same good? 'It remembreth me wel,' 75 quod I.

'Thanne ordeineth he alle thinges by thilke good,' quod she; 'sin he, which that we han acorded to be good, governeth alle thinges by him-self; and he is as a keye and a stere by which that the 80 edifice of this world is y-kept stable and with-oute coroumpinge.' 'I acorde me greetly,' quod I; 'and I aperceivede a litel her-bifore that thou woldest seye thus; al-be-it so that it were by a thinne 85 suspiciooun.'

'I trowe it wel,' quod she; 'for, as I trowe, thou ledest now more ententify thyne eyen to loken the verray goodes. But natheles the thing that I shal telle 90 thee yit ne sheweth nat lasse to loken.' 'What is that?' quod I.

'So as men trowen,' quod she. 'and that rightfully, that god governeth alle things by the keye of his goodnesse, 95 and alle thise same things, as I have taught thee, hasten hem by naturel entencioun to comen to good: ther may no man douten that they ne be governed voluntariely, and that they ne converten 100 hem of hir owne wil to the wil of hir ordenour, as they that ben acordinge and enclyninge to hir governour and hir king.' 'It mot nedes be so,' quod I; 'for the reaume ne sholde nat semen 105 blisful yif ther were a yok of mis- drawinges in dyverse parties; ne the savings of obedient thinges ne sholde nat be.'

'Thanne is ther nothing,' quod she, 110 'that kepeth his nature, that enforceth him to goon ayein god?' 'No,' quod I.

'And yif that any-thing enforcede him to with-stonde god, mighte it availen at the laste ayeins him, that we han 115 graunted to ben almighty by the right of blisfulnessse?' 'Certes,' quod I, 'al- outrelyt it ne mighte nat availen him.'

'Thanne is ther no-thing,' quod she, 120 'that either wole or may with-stonden to this sovereign good?' 'I trowe nat,' quod I.

'Thanne is thilke the sovereign good,' quod she, 'that alle thinges governeth strongly, and ordeyneth hem softly,' 125 Thanne seyde I thus: 'I delyte me,

quod I, 'nat only in the endes or in the somme of the resouns that thou hast concluded and prooved, but thilke wordes
 130 that thou uses delyten me moche more; so, at the laste, fooles that sumtyme renden grete thinges oughten ben ashamed of hem-self; that is to seyn, that we fooles that reprehenden wikkedly the
 135 things that touchen goddes governaunce, we oughten ben ashamed of our-self: as I, that seyde that god refuseth only the werkes of men, and ne entremeteth nat of hem.'

140 'Thou hast wel herd,' quod she, 'the fables of the poetes, how the gaints assaileden the hevene *with the goddes*; but forsothe, the debonaire force of god deposide hem, as it was worthy; that is to seyn, destroyede the gaints, as it was worthy. But wilt thou that we joignen
 145 to-gider thilke same resouns? For peraventure, of swich conjuncioune may sterten up som fair sparkle of sooth.'

150 'Do,' quod I, 'as thee liste.'
 'Wenest thou,' quod she, 'that god ne be almighty? No man is in doute of it.'
 'Certes,' quod I, 'no wight ne douteth it, yif he be in his minde.'

155 'But he,' quod she, 'that is almighty, ther nis nothing that he ne may?'
 'That is sooth,' quod I.

160 'May god don yvel?' quod she. 'Nay, forsothe,' quod I.

165 'Thanne is yvel nothing,' quod she, 'sin that he ne may nat don yvel that may don alle thinges.' 'Scornest thou me?' quod I; 'or elles pleyest thou or deceivest thou me, that hast so woven me
 170 with thy resouns the hous of Dedalus, so entrelaced that it is unable to be unlaced; thou that other-whyle entrest ther thou issest, and other-whyle issest ther thou entrest, ne foldest thou nat
 175 to-gider, by replicacioun of wordes, a maner wonderful cercle or environinge of the simplicitee devyne? For certes, a litel her-bifore, whan thou bigunne at blisfulness, thou seydest that it is sovereign good; and seydest that it is set in sovereign god; and seydest that god him-self is sovereign good; and that god is the fulle

blisfulness; for which thou yave me as a covenable yift, that is to seyn, that no wight nis blisful but-yif he be god also ther-with. And seidest eek, that the forme of good is the substaunce of god and of blisfulness; and seidest, that thilke same oon is thilke same good, that is required and desired of alle the 185 kinde of thinges. And thou proovedest, in disputinge, that god governeth all the thinges of the world by the governemens of bountee, and seydest, that alle thinges wolen obeyen to him; and seydest, that the nature of yvel nis no-thing. And this thinges ne shewedest thou nat with none resouns y-taken fro with-oute, but by prooves in cercles and hoomlich knownen; the whiche prooves drawnen to hem-self 195 hir feith and hir acord, everich of hem of other.'

Thanne seyde she thus: 'I ne scorne thee nat, ne pleye, ne deceive thee; but I have shewed thee the thing that is 200 grettest over alle thinges by the yift of god, that we whylom preyeden. For this is the forme of the devyne substaunce, that is swich that it ne slydeth nat in-to outerest foreine thinges, ne ne receiveth 205 no straunge thinges in him; but right as Parmenides seyde in Greek of thilke devyne substaunce; he seyde thus: that "thilke devyne substaunce torneth the world and the moevable cercle of thinges, 210 whyl thilke devyne substaunce kepereth it-self with-oute moovinge;" that is to seyn, that it ne moeveth never-mo, and yit it moeveth alle othre thinges. But natheles, yif I have stired resouns that ne ben nat 215 taken fro with-oute the compas of thing of which we treten, but resouns that ben bestowed with-in that compas, ther nis nat why that thou sholdest merveilen; sin thou hast lerned by the sentence of 220 Plato, that "nedes the wordes moten be cosines to the thinges of which they speken."

METRE XII. *Felix, qui potuit boni.*

Blisful is that man that may seen the clere welle of good; blisful is he that

may unbinden him fro the bondes of the hevy erthe. The poete of Trace, *Orpheus*,
 5 that whylom hadde right greet sorwe
 for the deeth of his wif, after that he
 hadde maked, by his weeply songes, the
 wodes, moevable, to rennen; and hadde
 maked the riveres to stonden stille; and
 10 hadde maked the hertes and the hindes
 to joignen, dredèles, hir sydes to cruel
 lyouns, *for to herknen his songe*; and
 hadde maked that the hare was nat agast
 of the hounde, which that was plesed by
 15 his songe: so, whan the moste ardaunt
 love of his wif brende the entrailes of his
 brest, ne the songes that hadden over-
 comen alle thinges ne mighten nat as-
 swagen hir lord *Orpheus*, he pleynede
 20 him of the levene goddes that weren
 cruel to him; he wente him to the houses
 of helle. And there he tempredise hys
 blaundisshinge songes by resowninge
 strenges, and spak and song in weeping
 25 al that ever he hadde received and laved
 out of the noble welles of his moder
Calliope the goddesse; and he song with
 as mochel as he myghte of weeping, and
 with as moche as love, that doublede his
 30 sorwe, myghte yeve him and techen him;
 and he commoovede the helle, and re-
 querede and bisoughte by swete preyere
 the lordes of sowles in helle, of relesinge;
that is to seyn, to yilden him his wif.
 35 *Cerberus*, the porter of helle, with his
 three hevedes, was caught and al abayst
 for the newe song; and the three god-
 desses, *Furies*, and vengeresses of felonyes,
 that tormenten and agasten the sowles
 40 by annoy, woxen sorwful and sory, and

wepen teres for pitee. Tho ne was nat
 the heved of Ixion y-tormented by the
 overthrowinge wheel; and Tantalus, that
 was destroyed by the woodnesse of longe
 thurst, despyseth the fodes to drinke; 45
 the fowl that highte voltor, that eteth
 the stomak or the giser of Tityus, is so
 fulfilid of his song that it nil eten ne
 tyron no more. At the laste the lord
 and juge of sowles was mooved to miseri-
 cordes and cryde, "we ben overcomen,"
 quod he; "yive we to Orpheus his wif
 to bere him compayne; he hath wel y-
 bought hir by his song and his ditee;
 but we wol putte a lawe in this, and 55
 covaenant in the yifte: *that is to seyn*,
 that, til he be out of helle, yif he loke
 behinde him, that his wif shal comen
 ayein unto us." But what is he that
 may yive a lawe to loveres? Love is 60
 a gretter lawe and a strenger to him-self
 than any lawe that men may yeven. Alas!
 whan Orpheus and his wif weren almost
 at the termes of the night, *that is to seyn*,
 at the laste boundes of helle, Orpheus 65
 lokede abakward on Eurydice his wif,
 and loste hir, and was dead.

This fable aperteineth to yow alle, who-
 so-ever desireth or seketh to lede his
 thought in-to the soverein day, *that is to seyn*,
 to cleernesse of soverein good. For
 who-so that ever be so overcomen that
 he fieche his eyen into the putte of helle,
that is to seyn, who-so setteth his thoughts in
 erthely thinges, al that ever he hath 70
 drawnen of the noble good celestial, he
 leseth it whan he loketh the helles, *that*
is to seyn, in-to lowe things of the erthe

Explicit Liber tercius.

BOOK IV.

PROSE I. *Hec cum Philosophia, dignitate uultus.*

WHAN Philosophye hadde songen softly
 and delitabli the forseide thinges, kepinge
 the dignitee of hir chere and the weighte
 of hir wordes, I thanne, that ne hadde

nat al-outerly foryeten the weeping and 5
 the mourninge that was set in myn
 herte, forbrak the entencioun of hir that
 entendede yit to seyn some othre thinges.
 'O,' quod I, 'thou that art gyderesse of
 verrey light; the thinges that thou hast 10
 seid me hider-to ben so clere to me and

so shewinge by the devyne lookinge of hem, and by thy resouns, that they ne mowen ben overcomen. And thilke 15 thinges that thou toldest me, al-be-it so that I hadde whylom foryeten hem, for the sorwe of the wrong that hath ben don to me, yit natheles they ne weren nat al-outrely unknownen to me. But this 20 same is, namely, a right greet cause of my sorwe, so as the governour of thinges is good, yif that yveles mowen ben by any weyes; or elles yif that yveles passen with-oute punisshinge. The whiche thing 25 only, how worthy it is to ben wondred up-on, thou considerest it wel thy-self certeinly. But yit to this thing ther is yit another thing y-joyned, more to ben wondred up-on. For felonys is emperesse, 30 and floureth *ful of richesses*; and vertu nis nat al-only with-oute medes, but it is cast under and fortroden under the feet of felonous folk; and it abyeth the torments in stede of wikkede felonunes. 35 Of alle whiche thinges ther nis no wight that may merveylen y-nough, ne compleine, that swiche thinges ben doon in the regne of god, that alle thinges woot and alle thinges may, and no wole nat 40 but only gode things.'

Thanne seyde she thus: 'Certes,' quod she, 'that were a greet merveyle, and an embasshinge with-outer ende, and wel more horrible than alle monstres, yif it 45 were as thou wenest; *that is to seyn*, that in the right ordenee hous of so mochel a fader and an ordenour of meynee, that the vesseles that ben foule and vyle sholden ben honoured and heried, and 50 the precious vesseles sholden ben defouled and vyle; but it nis nat so. For yif tho thinges that I have concluded a litel her-liform ben kept hole and un-raced, thou shalt wel knowe by the 55 autorites of god, of the whos regne I speke, that certes the gode folk ben alwey mighty, and shrewes ben alwey out-cast and feble; ne the vyces ne ben never-mo with-oute peyne, ne the vertues 60 ne ben nat with-oute mede; and that blisfulnesses comen alwey to goode folk, and infortune comth alwey to wikked

folk. And thou shalt wel knowe many thinges of this kinde, that shollen cesen thy pleintes, and strengthen thee with 65 stedefast sadnessse. And for thou hast seyn the forme of the verray blisfulnesses by me, that have whylom shewed it thee, and thou hast knownen in whom blisfulnesses is y-set, alle thinges y-treted that 70 I trowe ben necessarie to putten forth, I shal shewe thee the wey that shal bringen thee ayein un-to thyng hous. And I shal sicchen fetheres in thy thought, by whiche it may arysen in heighth, so 75 that, alle tribulacioun y-don away, thou, by my gydinge and by my path and by my sledes, shalt mowe retorne hool and sound in-to thy contree.

METRE I. *Sunt etenim pennae volucres
mihi.*

I have, forsothe, swiffe fetheres that surmounten the heighth of hevene. Whan the swiffe thought hath clothed it-self in tho fetheres, it despyseth the hateful erthes, and surmounteth the roundnesse 5 of the grete ayr; and it seeth the cloudes behinde his bak; and passeth the heighth of the region of the fyr, that eschaufeth by the swiffe moevinge of the firmament, til that he areyseth him in-to the houses 10 that beren the sterres, and joyneth his weyes with the sonne Phebus, and felawshipeth the wey of the olde colde Saturnus; and he y-maked a knight of the cleere sterre; *that is to seyn*, that the 15 thought is maked goddes knight by the sekinge of trouthe to comen to the verray knolleche of god. And thilke thought renneth by the cercle of the sterres, in alle places ther-as the shyninge night is 20 peinted; *that is to seyn*, the night that is cloudeles; *or on nightes that ben cloudeles* it semeth as the hevene were peinted with diverse images of sterres. And whanne he hath y-doon ther y-nough, he shal 25 forletten the laste hevene, and he shal preschē and wenden on the bak of the swiffe firmament, and he shal ben named parfit of the worshipful light of god. Ther halt the lord of kings the centre 30

of his might, and atempreth the governments of the world, and the shyninge juge of thinges, stable in him-self, governeth the swifte cart or wayn, *that is to 35 seyn, the circuler moovinge of the sonne.* And yif thy wey ledeth thee ayein so that thou be brought thider, thanne wolt thou seye now that that is the contree that thou requerest, of which 40 thou ne haddest no minde: "but now it remembreth me wel, heer was I born, heer wol I fastne my degree, heer wole I dwelle." But yif thee lyketh thanne to loken on the derknesse of the erthe 45 that thou hast forleten, thanne shalt thou seen that thise felonous tyraunts, that the wrechede peple dredeth, now shollen ben exyled fro thilke fayre contree."

PROSE II. *Tum ego, Papae, inquam.*

Than seyde I thus: 'owh! I wondre me that thou bihetest me so grote things; ne I ne doute nat that thou ne mayst wel performe that thou bihetest. But 5 I preye thee only this, that thou ne tarye nat to tell me thilke thinges that thou hast mooved.'

'First,' quod she, 'thou most nedes knownen, that goode folk ben alwey 10 stronge and mighty, and the shrewes ben feble and desert and naked of alle strengthes. And of thiso thinges, certes, everich of hem is declared and shewed by other. For so as good and yvel ben 15 two contraries, yif so be that good be stedefast, than sheweth the feblesse of yvel al openly; and yif thou knowe clearly the frelenesse of yvel, the stedefastnesse of good is knownen. But for as 20 moche as the fey of my sentence shal be the more ferme and haboundant, I will gon by that oo wey and by that other; and I wole conferme the thinges that ben purposed, now on this syde and 25 now on that syde. Two thinges ther ben in whiche the effect of alle the dedes of mankinde standeth, that is to seyn, wil and power; and yif that oon of thise two fayleth, ther nis nothing that may be

don. For yif that wil lakketh, ther nis 30 no wight that undertaketh to don that he wol nat don; and yif power fayleth, the wil nis but in ydel and stant for naught. And ther-of cometh it, that yif thou see a wight that wolde geten that 35 he may nat geten, thou mayst nat douten that power ne fayleth him to haven that he wolde.' 'This is open and cleer,' quod I; 'ne it may nat ben deneyed in 40 no manere.'

'And yif thou see a wight,' quod she, 'that hath doon that he wolde doon, thou nilt nat douten that he ne hath had power to don it?' 'No,' quod I.

'And in that that every wight may, 45 in that men may holden him mighty; *as who seyth, in so moche as man is mighty to don a thing, in so mochel men halt him mighty;* and in that that he ne may, in that men demen him to be feble.' 'I 50 confesse it wel,' quod I.

'Remembreth thee,' quod she, 'that I have gadered and shewed by forseyde resouns that al the entencioun of the wil of mankinde, which that is lad by dyverse 55 studies, hasteth to comen to blisfulnesse?' 'It remembreth me wel,' quod I, 'that it hath ben shewed.'

'And recordeth thee nat thanne,' quod she, 'that blisfulnesse is thilke same good 60 that men requeren; so that, whan that blisfulnesse is required of alle, that good also is required and desired of alle?' 'It ne recordeth me nat,' quod I; 'for I have it gretly alwey sicched in my 65 memorie.'

'Alle folk thanne,' quod she, 'goode and eek badde, enforcen hem with-oute difference of entencioun to comen to good?' 'This is a verray conse- 70 quence,' quod I.

'And certein is,' quod she, 'that by the getinges of good ben men y-maked goode?' 'This is certein,' quod I.

'Thanne geten goode men that they 75 desiren?' 'So semeth it,' quod I.

'But wikkede folk,' quod she, 'yif they geten the good that they desiren, they ne 80 mowe nat be wikkede?' 'So is it,' quod I.

'Thanne, so as that oon and that other,' quod she, 'desiren good; and the gode folk geten good, and nat the wikkede folk; thanne nis it no doute that the 85 gode folk ne ben mighty and the wikkede folk ben feble?' 'Who-so that ever,' quod I, 'douteth of this, he ne may nat considere the nature of things ne the consequence of resounys.'

90 And over this quod she, 'Yif that ther be two thinges that han oo same purpose by kinde, and that oon of hem pursueth and parformeth thilke same thing by naturel office, and that other ne may nat 95 doon thilke naturel office, but folweth, by other manere thanne is convenable to nature, him that accomplissenth his purpos kindly, and yit he ne accomplissenth nat his owne purpos: whether of these 100 two demestow for more mighty?' 'Yif that I conjecte,' quod I, 'that thou wolt seye, algates yit I desire to herkne it more pleynly of thee.'

'Thou wilt nat thanne deneye,' quod 105 she, 'that the moevement of goinge nis in men by kinde?' 'No, forsothe,' quod I.

'Ne thou ne doutest nat,' quod she, 'that thilke naturel office of goinge ne be the office of feet?' 'I ne doute it 110 nat,' quod I.

'Thanne,' quod she, 'yif that a wight be mighty to moeve and goeth upon his feet, and another, to whom thilke naturel office of feet lakketh, enforcest him to 115 gon crepinge up-on his handes: whiche of these two oughte to ben holden the more mighty by right?' 'Knit forth the remenaunt,' quod I; 'for no wight ne douteth that he that may gon by naturel 120 office of feet ne be more mighty than he that ne may nat.'

'But the sovereign good,' quod she, 'that is eveneliche purposed to the gode folk and to badde, the gode folk seken it 125 by naturel office of vertues, and the shrewes enforcen hem to geten it by dyverse coveitise of erthely thinges, which that nis no naturel office to geten thilke same sovereign good. Trowestow that it 130 be any other wyse?' 'Nay,' quod I; 'for the consequence is open and shew-

inge of things that I have graunted; that nedes gode folk moten ben mighty, and shrewes feeble and unmighty.'

'Thou rennest a-right biforn me,' quod 135 she, 'and this is the judgement; *that is to seyn, I juge of thee* right as thise leches ben wont to hopen of syke folk, whan they aperceyven that nature is redressed and withstandeth to the maladye. But, 140 for I see thee now al redy to the understandinge, I shal shewe thee more thikke and continual resounys. For loke now how greetly sheweth the fablesse and infirmitie of wikkede folk, that ne mowen 145 nat comen to that hir naturel entenciou ledeth hem, and yit almost thilke naturel entenciou constreineth hem. And what were to demen thanne of shrewes, yif thilke naturel help hadde forleten hem, the 150 which naturel help of intencion goeth away biforn hem, and is so greet that unmethe it may ben overcome? Consider thanne how greet defaute of power and how greet fablesse ther is in wikkede 155 felonousfolk; as who seyth, the gretter thing that is coveited and the desire nat accomplished, of the lasse might is he that coveiteth it and may nat accomplisse. And forthy Philosophie seyth thus by sovereign 160 good: Ne shrewes ne requeren nat lighte medes ne veyne games, whiche they ne may folwen ne holden; but they failen of thilke somme and of the heigthe of things, that is to seyn, sovereign good; ne 165 thiss wrecches ne comen nat to the effect of sovereign good, the which they enforen hem only to geten, by nightes and by dayes; in the getinges of which good the strengthe of good folk is ful wel y-sene. 170 For right so as thou mightest demen him mighty of goinge, that gooth on his feet til he mighte come to thilke place, fro the whiche place ther ne laye no wey farther to ben gon; right so most thou nedes 175 demen him for right mighty, that geteth and ateyneth to the ende of alle thinges that ben to desire, biyonde the whiche ende ther nis nothing to desire. Of the which power of good folk men may conclude, that the wikked men semen to be baresine and naked of alle strengthe. For why for-

lethen they vertues and folwen vyses? Nis it nat for that they ne knownen nat
 185 the goodes? But what thing is more feble and more caitif thanne is the blindnesse of ignoraunce? Or elles they knownen ful wel whiche things that they oughten folwe, but lecherye and coveitise over-
 190 throweth hem mistorned; and certes, so doth distemperaunce to feble men, that no mowen nat wrastlen ayeins the vyses. Ne knownen they nat thanne wel that they forleten the good wilfully, and tornen
 195 hem wilfully to vyses? And in this wyse they ne forleten nat only to ben mighty, but they forleten al-outrely in any wyse for to ben. For they that forleten the comune fyn of alle things that ben, they
 200 forleten also therwith-al for to ben. And per-aventure it sholde semen to som folk that this were a merveile to seyen: that shrewes, whiche that contienen the more partye of men, ne ben nat ne han no
 205 beinge; but natholes, it is so, and thus stant this thing. For they that ben shrewes, I deneye nat that they ben shrewes; but I deneye, and seye simply and plainly, that they ne ben nat, ne han
 210 no beinge. For right as thou mightest seyen of the carayne of a man, that it were a deed man, but thou ne mightest nat simply calle it a man; so graunte I wel forsothe, that vicious folk ben wikk-
 215 ked, but I ne may nat graunten absolutly and simply that they ben. For thilke thing that with-holdeth ordre and kepeth nature, thilke thing is and hath beinge; but what thing that faileth of that, that
 220 is to seyn, that he forleth naturel ordre, he forleth thilke thing that is set in his nature. But thou wolt seyn, that shrewes mowen. Certes, that ne deneye I nat; but certes, hir power ne descendeth nat
 225 of strengthe, but of feblesse. For they mowen don wikkednesses; the whiche they ne mighte nat don, yif they mighten dwellen in the forme and in the doinge of good folk. And thilke power sheweth ful
 230 evidently that they ne mowen right naught. For so as I have gadered and prooved a litel her-biforn, that yvel is naught; and so as shrewes mowen only

but shrewednesses, this conclusioun is al clear, that shrewes ne mowen right naught, ne han no power. And for as moche as thou understande which is the strengthe of this power of shrewes, I have definisshed a litel her-biforn, that nothing is so mighty as sovereign good.' 'That
 240 is sooth,' quod I.

'And thilke same sovereign good may don non yvel?' 'Certes, no,' quod I.

'Is ther any wight thanne,' quod she, 'that weneth that men mowen doon alle 245 things?' 'No man,' quod I, 'but if he be out of his witte.'

'But, certes, shrewes mowen don yvel,' quod she. 'Ye, wolde god,' quod I, 'that they mighten don non!' 250

'Thanne,' quod she, 'so as he that is mighty to doon only but goode things may don alle things; and they that ben mighty to doon yvele things ne mowen nat alle things: thanne is it open thing 255 and manifest, that they that mowen don yvel ben of lasse power. And yit, to proove this conclusioun, ther helpeth me this, that I have y-shewed her-biforn, that alle power is to be noumbred among things that men oughten require. And I have shewed that alle things, that oughten ben desired, ben referred to good, right as to a maner heighte of hir nature. But for to mowen don yvel and felonye ne may nat ben referred to good. Thanne nis nat yvel of the noumbir of things that oughte ben desired. But alle power oughte ben desired and required. Than is it open and clear that the power ne the 260 mowinge of shrewes nis no power; and of alle thise things it sheweth wel, that the goode folke ben certeinly mighty, and the shrewes douteles ben unmighty. And it is clear and open that thilke opinioune of Plato is verray and sooth, that seith, that only wyse men may doon that they desiren; and shrewes mowen haunten that hem lyketh, but that they desiren, that is to seyn, to comen to sovereign good, 265 they ne han no power to accomplisshen that. For shrewes don that hem list, whan, by tho things in which they delyten, they wenen to ateine to thilke

²⁸⁵ good that they desieren ; but they ne geten
ne ateinen nat ther-to, for vyces ne comen
nat to blisfulnessesse.

METRE II. *Quos uides sedere celsos.*

Who-so that the covertoures of hir
veyne aparailles mighte strepen of thise
prude kinges, that thou seest sitten on
heigh in hir chaires gliteringe in shyninge
5 purple, environued with sorwful armures,
manasinge with cruel mouth, blowinge
by woodnesse of herte, he shulde seen
thanne that thilke lordes beren with-inne
hir corages ful streite cheines. For
10 lecherye tormenteth hem in that oon
syde with gredy venims; and troublable
ire, that araiseth in him the fodes of
troublinges, tormenteth up-on that other
syde hir thought; or sorwe halt hem wery
15 and y-caught; or slydinge and deceivinge
hope tormenteth hem. And therfore, sen
thou seest oon heed, *that is to seyn, oon*
tyraunt, beren so manye tyrranyes,
thanne ne doth thilke tyraunt nat that
20 he desireth, sin he is cast down with so
manye wikkede lordes; *that is to seyn,*
with so manye vyces, that han so wikkedly
lordships over him.

PROSE III. *Videsne igitur quanto in*
coeno.

Seestow nat thanne in how grete filthe
thise shrewes ben y-wrapped, and with
which cleernesso thise good folk shynen?
In this sheweth it wel, that to goode folk
5 ne lakketh never-mo hir medes, ne
shrewes lakkenn never-mo torments. For
of alle thinges that ben y-doon, thilke
thing, for which any-thing is don, it
semeth as by right that thilke thing be
10 the mede of that; as thus: yif a man
renneth in the stadie, *or in the forlong*,
for the corone, thanne lyth the mede in
the corone for which he renneth. And
I have shewed that blisfulnessesse is thilke
15 same good for which that alle thinges
ben doon. Thanne is thilke same good
purposed to the workes of mankindne
right as a comune mede; which mede no
may ben dissevered fro good folk. For no

wight as by right, fro thennes-forth that 20
him lakketh goodnesse, ne shal ben
cleped good. For which thing, folk of
goode maneres, hir medes ne forsaken hem
never-mo. For al-be-it so that shrewes
wexen as wode as hem list *aycins goode* 25
folk, yit never-the-lesse the corone of
wyse men shal nat fallen ne faden. For
foreine shrewednesse ne binimeth nat fro
the corages of goode folk hir propre
honour. But yif that any wight rejoyce 30
him of goodnesse that he hadde take fro
with-oute (*as who seith, yif that any wight*
hadde his goodnessse of any other man than
of him-self), certes, he that yaf him thilke
goodnesse, or elles som other wight, 35
michtie binime it him. But for as moche
as to every wight his owne propre bounde
yeveth him his mede, thanne at erst shal
he failen of mede when he forleteth to
ben good. And at the laste, so as alle 40
medes ben required for men wenens that
they ben goode, who is he that wolde
deme, that he that is right mighty of good
were part-les of mede? And of what
mede shal he be guerdoned? Certes, of 45
right faire mede and right grete aboven
alle medes. Remembre thee of thilke
noble corolarie that I yaf thee a litel
her-biforn; and gader it to-gider in this
manere:—so as good him-self is blisful- 50
nessesse, thanne is it cleer and certein, that
alle good folk ben maked blisful for they
ben goode; and thilke folk that ben blis-
ful, it acordeth and is covenable to ben
goddes. Thanne is the mede of goode 55
folk swich that no day shal enpeiren it,
ne no wikkednesse ne shal derken it, ne
power of no wight ne shal nat amenusen
it, *that is to seyn*, to ben maked goddes.
And sin it is thus, *that goode men ne failen* 60
never-mo of hir mede, certes, no wys man
ne may doute of undepartable peyne of
the shrewes; *that is to seyn*, *that the peyne*
of shrewes ne departeth nat from hem-self
never-mo. For so as goode and yvel, and 65
peyne and medes ben contrarye, it mot
nedes ben, that right as we seen bityden
in guerdoun of goode, that also mot the
peyne of yvel awryng, by the contrarye
party, to shrewes. Now thanne, so as 70

that don the grevaunces and the wronges;
 280 the whiche shrewes, it were a more
 covenable thing, that the accusours or
 advocats, nat wroth but pitous and de-
 bonair, ledden the shrewes that han don
 wrong to the jugement, right as men
 285 ledien syke folk to the leche, for that they
 sholde seken out the maladyes of sinne
 by torment. And by this covenauant,
 either the entente of defendours or adva-
 cates sholde faylen and cesen in al, or
 290 elles, yif the office of advocats wolde
 bettre profiten to men, it sholde ben
 torned in-to the habite of accusacioun;
that is to seyn, they sholden accuse shrewes,
and nat excuse hem. And eek the shrewes
 295 hem-self, yif hit were leveful to hem to
 seen at any clife the vertu that they han
 forleten, and sawen that they sholden
 putten adoun the filthes of hir vyses by
 the tormentes of peynes, they ne oughte
 300 nat, right for the recompensioun for to
 geten hem bountee and prowesse which
 that they han lost, demen ne holden that
 thilke peynes weren tormentes to hem;
 and eek they wolden refuse the attend-
 305 ance of hir advocats, and taken hem-self
 to hir juges and to hir accusors. For
 which it bitydeth that, as to the wyse
 folk, ther nis no place y-leten to hate;
that is to seyn, that ne hate hath no place
 310 *amonges wyse men.* For no wight nil
 haten goode men, but-yif he were over-
 mochel a fool; and for to haten shrewes,
 it nis no resoun. For right so as lan-
 guissinge is maladye of body, right so ben
 315 vyses and sinne maladye of corage. And
 so as we ne deme nat, that they that ben
 syke of hir body ben worthy to ben hated,
 but rather worthy of pitee: wel more
 worthy, nat to ben hated, but for to ben
 320 had in pitee, ben they of whiche the
 thoughtes ben constreined by felonous
 wikkednesse, that is more cruel than any
 languissinge of body.

METRE IV. *Quid tantos iuuat excitare motus.*

What delyteth you to excyten so grete
 moevinges of hateredes, and to hasten and

bisen the fatal dispositioun of your deeth
 with your propre handes? *that is to seyn,*
by batailes or by contek. For yif ye axen 5
 the deeth, it hasteth him of his owne wil;
 ne deeth ne tarieth nat his swiffe hors.
 And the men that the serpent and the
 lyoun and the tygre and the bere and the
 boor seken to sleen with hir teeth, yit 10
 thilke same men seken to sleen everich of
 hem other with swerd. Lo! for hir
 maneres ben dyverse and discordaunt,
 they moeven unrightful ostes and cruel
 batailes, and wilnen to perissie by entre- 15
 chaunginges of darteres. But the resoun of
 crueltee nis nat y-nough rightful. Wiltow
 thanne yelden a covenable guerdoun to
 the desertes of men? Love rightfully
 goode folk, and have pitee on shrewes.' 20

PROSE V. *Hic ego video inquam.*

'Thus see I wel,' quod I, 'either what
 blisfulness or elles what unselinesse is
 establisshed in the desertes of goode men
 and of shrewes. But in this ilke fortune
 of poeple I see somwhat of good and som- 5
 what of yvel. For no wyse man hath
 lever ben exyled, poore and nedye, and
 nameles, than for to dwellen in his citee
 and flouren of richesses, and be redoutable
 by honour, and strong of power. For in 10
 this wyse more clearly and more witnes-
 fully is the office of wyse men y-treted,
 whan the blisfulness and the pouste of
 governours is, as it were, y-shad amongst
 poeoples that be neighebours and subgits; 15
 sin that, namely, prisoun, lawe, and thise
 othre tormentes of laweful peynes ben
 rather owed to felonous citezeins, for the
 whiche felonous citezeins the peynes ben
 establisshed, *than for good folk.* Thanne 20
 I mervaille me greetly,' quod I, 'why that
 the thinges ben so mis entrechaunged,
 that tormentes of felonies pressen and
 confounden goode folk, and shrewes
 ravisshen medes of vertu, and *ben in* 25
 honours and in gret estats. And I desyre
 eek for to witen of thee, what semeth thee
 to ben the resoun of this so wrongful
 a conclusioun? For I wolde wonder wel
 the lasse, yif I trowede that al thise 30

thinges weren medled by fortunous happen; but now heþeth and encreseth myn astonyng god, governour of thinges, that, so as god yeveth ofte tynes to gode men 35 godes and mirthes, and to shrewes yveles and aspro thinges; and yeveth ayeinward to gode folk hardnesses, and to shrewes he graunteth hem hir wil and that they desyren: what difference thanne 40 may ther be bitwixen that that god doþ, and the happen of fortune, yif men ne knowe nat the cause why that it is?

'Ne it nis no mervaille,' quod she, 'though that men wenent that ther be 45 somewhat foliish and confuse, whan the resoun of the ordre is unknowe. But al-though that thou ne knowe nat the cause of so greet a disposicioun, natholes, for as moche as god, the gode governour, 50 attempreþ and governeth the world, ne doute thee nat that alle thinges ben doon a-right.'

METRE V. *Si quis Arcturi sidera nescit.*

Who-so that ne knowe nat the sterres of Arcture, y-torned neigh to the sovereign contre or point, *that is to seyn, y-torned neigh to the sovereign pool of the firmament,* 5 and wot nat why *the sterre* Bootes passeth or gadereth his weynes, and drencheth his late flambes in the see, and why that Bootes *the sterre* unfoldeth his over-swift arysinges, thanne shal he wondren of the 10 lawe of the heye eyr. *And eek, yif that he ne knowe nat why that the horns of the fulle mone waxen pale and infect by the boundes of the derke night;* and *how the mone, derk and confuse, discovereth the* 15 sterres that she hadde y-covered by her clere visage. The comune errorr moeveth folk, and maketh very hir basins of bras by thikke strokes; *that is to seyn, that ther is a maner of people that hight Coribantes, that wenent that, when the mone is in the eclipse, that it be enchaunted;* and therefore, *for to rescowe the mone, they beten hir basins with thikke strokes.* Ne no man ne wondreth whan the blastes of the 25 wind Chorus beten the strandes of the see by quakinge flobes; ne no man ne

wondreth whan the weighte of the snowe, y-harded by the colde, is resolved by the brenninge hete of Phebus the sonne; for heer seen men redely the causes. But 30 the causes y-hid, *that is to seyn, in hevene,* troublen the brestes of men; the moevable poeple is astoned of alle thinges that comen selde and sodeinly in our age. But yif the troublous errour of our ignoraunce departedede fro us, *so that we wisten the causes why that swiche things bi-tydyn,* certes, they sholden cese to seme wonders.

PROSE VI. *Ita est, inquam.*

'Thus is it,' quod I. 'But so as thou hast yeven or bi-hight me to unwrappen the hid causes of thinges, and to discouere me the resouns covered with darknesse, I prey thee that thou devyse and 5 juge me of this matere, and that thou do me to understanden it; for this miracle or this wonder troubleth me right gretly.'

And thanne she, a litel what smylinge, seyde: 'thou clepest me,' quod she, 'to 10 telle thing that is grettest of alle thinges that mowen ben axed, and to the whiche questioun unnethes is ther aught y-nough to laven it; *as who seylh, unnethes is ther suffisauntly anything to answer parfily to thy questioun.* For the matere of it is swich, that whan o doute is determined and cut away, ther waxen other doutes with-oute number; right as the hevedes waxen of Ydre, *the serpent that Ercules slowh.* Ne ther ne were no manere ne non ende, but-yif that a wight constreinede the doutes by a right lyfly and quik fyr of thought; *that is to seyn, by vigour and strengthe of wit.* For in this 25 manere men weren wont to maken questiones of the simplicitee of the purviaunce of god, and of the order of destinee, and of sodein happen, and of the knowinge and predestinacioun divyne, and of the libertee 30 of free wille; the whiche thinges thou thy-self aperceyvest wel, of what weight they ben. But for as mochel as the knowinge of thisse thinges is a maner porcione of the medicine of thee, al-be-35

so that I have litel tyme to don it, yit natheles I wol enforcen me to shewe somewhat of it. But al-thogh the noriss hinges of ditee of musike delyteth thee, thou most suffren and forberen a litel of thilke delyte, whyle that I weve to thee resouns y-knit by ordre.' 'As it lyketh to thee,' quod I, 'so do.'

The spak she right as by another biginninge, and seyde thus. 'The engendringes of alle thinges,' quod she, 'and alle the progressionis of muable nature, and al that moeveth in any manere, taketh his causes, his ordre, and his formes, of the stableness of the divyne thought; and thilke divyne thought, that is y-set and put in the tour, *that is to seyn, in the heighth*, of the simplicitee of god, stablisheth many maner gyses to things 55 that ben to done; the whiche maner, whan that men loken it in thilke pure cleannessse of the divyne intelligence, it is y-cleped purviaunce; but whan thilke maner is referred by men to things that 60 it moveth and disponeth, thanne of olde men it was cleped destinee. The whiche thinges, yif that any wight loketh wel in his thought the strengthe of that oon and of that other, he shal lightly mowen seen, 65 that thise two thinges ben dyverse. For purviaunce is thilke divyne reson that is established in the sovereign prince of things; the whiche purviaunce disponeth alle thinges. But destinee is the 70 dispositioun and ordinaunce clyvinge to moevable thinges, by the whiche dispositioun the purviaunce knitteth alle thinges in hir ordres; for purviaunce embraceth alle thinges to-hepe, al-thogh 75 that they ben dyverse, and al-thogh they ben infinite; but destinee departeth and ordeineth alle thinges singularly, and dyvdyd in moevinges, in places, in formes, in tymes, as thus: lat the un- 80 foldings of temporel ordinaunce, assembled and ooned in the lokinge of the divyne thought, be cleped purviaunce; and thilke same assemblinges and ooninge, dyvdyd and unfolden by tymes, lat 85 that ben called destinee. And al-be-it so that thise thinges ben dyverse, yit nathe-

les hangeth that oon on that other; for why the order destinal procedeth of the simplicitee of purviaunce. For right as a werkman, that aperceyveth in his 90 thought the forme of the thing that he wol make, and moeveth the effect of the werk, and ledeth that he hadde loked biforn in his thought simply and presently, by temporel ordinaunce: certes, 95 right so god disponeth in his purviaunce, singulerly and stably, the things that ben to done, but he aministreth in many maneres and in dyverse tymes, by destinee, thilke same things that he hath 100 disposed. Thanne, whether that destinee be exercysed outhir by some divyne spirits, servaunts to the divyne purviaunce, or elles by som sowle, or elles by alle nature servinges to god, or elles by 105 the celestial moevinges of sterres, or elles by the vertu of angeles, or elles by the dyverse subtilites of develes, or elles by any of hem, or elles by hem alle, the destinal ordinaunce is y-woven and accom- 110 plished. Certes, it is open thing, that the purviaunce is an unmoevable and simple forme of thinges to done; and the moveable bond and the temporel ordinaunce of thinges, whiche that the 115 divyne simplicitee of purviaunce hath ordeyned to done, that is destinee. For which it is, that alle thinges that ben put under destinee ben, certes, subgits to purviaunce, to whiche purviaunce destinee itself is subgit and under. But some thinges ben put under purviaunce, 120 that surmounten the ordinaunce of destinee; and tho ben thilke that stably ben y-sieched negh to the firste godded: they surmounten the ordre of destinal moev- 125 abletee. For right as of cercles that tornen a-boute a saine centre or a-boute a poynt, thilke cercle that is innerest or most with-inne joyneth to the simplesse 130 of the middel, and is, as it were, a centre or a poynt to that other cercles that tornen a-bouten him; and thilke that is outerest, compassed by larger envyrone- 135 ninge, is unfolden by larger spaces, in so moche as it is forthest fro the middel simplicitee of the poynt; and yif ther be

any-thing that knitteth and fellowship-peth him-self to thilke middel poynt, it
 140 is constreined in-to simplicitee, *that is to seyn, in-to unmoevabletee*, and it ceseth to be shad and to fleten dyversely: right so, by semblable resoun, thilke thing that departeth forthest fro the first thought of
 145 god, it is unfolden and summitted to gretter bondes of destince: and in so moche is the thing more free and laus fro destinee, as it axeth and holdeth him ner to thilke centre of things, *that is to 150 seyn, god*. And yif the thing clyveth to the stedefastnesse of the thought of god, and be with-oute moevinge, certes, it sor-mounteth the necessitee of destinee. Thanne right swich comparisoun as it is
 155 of skilinge to understandinge, and of thing that is engendred to thing that is, and of tyme to eternitee, and of the cercle to the centre, right so is the ordre of mœvable destinee to the stable sim-plicitee of purviaunce. Thilke ordi-naunce mœveth the hevene and the sterres, and atempreth the elements to-gider among hem-self, and transformeth hem by entrechaungeable mutacioun;
 160 and thilke same ordre neweth ayein alle things growinge and fallinge a-doun, by semblable progressions of sedes and of sexes, *that is to seyn, male and female*. And this ilke ordre constreineth the for-tunes and the dedes of men by a bond of causes, nat able to ben unbounde; the whiche destinall causes, when they passen out fro the biginninges of the unmoevable
 165 purviaunce, it mot nedes be that they ne be nat mutable. And thus ben the things ful wel y-governed, yif that the simplicitee dwellinge in the divyne thought sheweth forth the ordre of causes, unable to ben y-bowed; and this ordre con-streineth by his propre stabletee the mœvable things, or elles they sholden fleten folily. For which it is, that alle things semen to ben confus and trouble to us men, for we ne mowen nat consider
 170 180 thilke ordinance; natholes, the propre maner of every thinge, dressinge hem to goode, disponeth hem alle.
 For ther nis no-thing don for cause of

yvel; ne thilke thing that is don by wikkede folk *nis nat don for yvel*. The whiche shrewes, as I have shewed ful plentivously, seken good, but wikked errorr mistorneth hem, ne the ordre cominge fro the poynt of sovereign good ne de-clyneth nat fro his beginninge. But thou 195 mayst seyn, what unreste may ben a worse confusoun than that gode men han somtyme adversitee and somtyme prosperitee, and shrewes also now han things that they desiren, and now 200 things that they haten? Whether men liven now in swich hoolnesse of thought, *(as who seyth, ben men now so wyse)*, that swiche folk as they demen to ben gode folk or shrewes, that it moste nedes ben 205 that folk ben swiche as they wenē? But in this manere the domes of men discorden, that thilke men that some folk demen worthy of mede, other folk demen hem worthy of torment. But lat 210 us graunte, I pose that som man may wel demen or knownen the gode folk and the badle; may he thanne knownen and seen thilke innereste atempraunce of corages, as it hath ben wont to be seyd of bodies; 215 *as who seyth, may a man speken and determinen of atempraunces in corages, as men were wont to demen or spoken of complexions and atempraunces of bodies?* Ne it ne is nat an unlyk miracle, to hem 220 that ne knownen it nat, *(as who seith, but it is lyke a merveil or a miracle to hem that ne knownen it nat)*, why that swete things ben covenable to some bodies that ben hole, and to some bodies bittere things 225 ben covenable; and also, why that some syke folk ben holpen with lighte medicynes, and some folk ben holpen with sharpe medicynes. But natholes, the leche that knoweth the manere and the 230 atempraunce of hele and of maladye, ne morveileth of it no-thing. But what other thing semeth hele of corages but bountee and prowesse? And what other thing semeth maladye of corages but 235 vycses? Who is elles keperē of good or dryver awaye of yvel, but god, governour and lecher of thoughtes? The whiche god, whan he hath biholden from the heye

240 tour of his purvaunce, he knoweth what
 is covenable to every wight, and leneth
 hem that he wot that is covenable to
 hem. Lo, her-of comth and her-of is don
 this noble miracle of the ordre destinal,
 245 whan god, that al knoweth, doth swiche
 thing, of which thing that unknowinge
 folk ben astoned. But for to constreine,
 as who seyth, but for to comprehendre and
 telle a fewe thinges of the divyne deep-
 250 nesse, the whiche that mannes resoun
 may understande, thilke man that thou
 wenest to ben right juste and right kepinge
 of equitee, the contrarie of that
 semeth to the divyne purvaunce, that al
 255 wot. And Lucan, my familer, telleth
 that "the victorious cause lykede to the
 goddes, and the cause overcomen lykede
 to Catoun." Thanne, what-so-ever thou
 mayst seen that is don in this world
 260 unhoped or unwened, certes, it is the
 right ordre of things; but, as to thy
 wikkede opinoun, it is a confusoun. But
 I suppose that som man be so wel
 y-thewed, that the divyne judgement and
 265 the jugement of mankinde acorden hem
 to-gider of him; but he is so unstedefast
 of corage, that, yif any adversitee come
 to him, he wol forleten, par-aventure, to
 continue innocence, by the whiche he ne
 270 may nat with-holden fortune. Thanne
 the wyse dispensacioun of god sparcth
 him, the whiche man adversitee mighte
 enpeyren; for that god wol nat suffren
 him to travaille, to whom that travaille
 275 nis nat covenable. Another man is parfit
 in alle vertues, and is an holy man, and
 negh to god, so that the purviaunce of
 god wolde demen, that it were a felonye
 that he were touched with any adver-
 280 sites; so that he wol nat sufrie that
 swich a man be moeved with any bodily
 maladye. But so as seyde a philosophre,
 the more excellent by me: *he seyde in Grek*, that "vertues han edified the body
 285 of the holy man." And ofte tyme it
 bitydeth, that the somme of things that
 ben to done is taken to governe to gode
 folk, for that the malice haboundant of
 shrewes sholde ben abated. And god
 290 yeveth and departeth to oþre folk pros-

peritees and adversitees y-medled to-
 hepe, after the qualitee of hir corages, and
 remordeth som folk by *adversitee*, for they
 ne sholde nat wexen proude by longe
 welefulnesse. And other folk he suffreth
 295 to ben travailed with harde thinges, for
 that they sholden confermen the vertues
 of corage by the usage and exercitacion
 of pacience. And other folk dreden more
 than they oughten þthat whiche they
 300 mighten wel beren; and somme dispysē
 that they mowe nat beren; and thilke
 folk god ledeth in-to experiance of him-
 self by aspre and sorwful thinges. And
 many oþre folk han bought honourable
 305 renoun of this world by the prys of
 glorious deeth. And som men, that ne
 mowen nat ben overcomen by torments,
 have yeven ensaumple to oþre folk, that
 vertu may nat ben overcomen by adver-
 310 sites; and of alle thinges ther nis no
 doute, that they ne ben don rightfully
 and ordenely, to the profit of hem to
 whom we seen thise thinges bityde. For
 certes, that adversitee comth somtyme
 315 to shrewes, and somtyme that that they
 desiren, it comth of thise forseide causes.
 And of sorwful thinges *that bityden to shrewes*, certes, no man ne wondreth; for
 alle men wenēn that they han wel de-
 320 served it, and that they ben of wikkede
 merite; of whiche shrewes the torment
 somtyme agasteth oþre to don felonyes,
 and somtyme it amendeth hem that
 suffren the torments. And the pros-
 325 peritee *that is yeven to shrewes* sheweth
 a greet argument to gode folk, what thing
 they sholde demen of thilke welefulnesse,
 the whiche prosperitee men seen ofte
 seruen to shrewes. In the which thing
 330 I trouwe that god dispensemeth; for, per-
 aventure, the nature of som man is so
 overthrowinge to *yvel*, and so uncoven-
 able, that the nedy povertee of his
 household mighte rather egren him to don
 335 felonyes. And to the maladye of him god
 putteth remedie, to yeven him richesses.
 And som other man biholdeth his con-
 science defouled with sinnes, and maketh
 comparison of his fortune and of him-
 self; and dredeth, per-aventure, that his

blisfulnesse, of which the usage is joyful to him, that the lesinge of thilke blisfulness ne be nat sorwful to him; and therfor he wol chaunge his maneres, and, for he dredeth to lese his fortune, he forleteth his wikkednesse. To oþre folk is welefulness y-yeven unworthily, the whiche overthroweth hem in-to distruction that they han deserved. And to som oþre folk is yeven power to punisshen, for that it shal be cause of *continuacion and exercysinge to gode folk and cause of torment to shrewes.* For so as 350 ther nis non alyauance by-twixe gode folk and shrewes, ne shrewes ne mowen nat acorden amonges hem-self. And why nat? For shrewes discorden of hem-self by hir vyces, the whiche vyces al to renderen hir consciences; and don ofte tyme thinges, the whiche thinges, whan they han don hem, they demen that tho thinges ne sholden nat han ben don. For which thing thilke sovereign purviaunce 355 hath maked ofte tyme fair miracle; so that shrewes han maked shrewes to ben gode men. For whan that som shrewes seen that they suffren wrongfully felonyes of oþre shrewes, they wexen eschaufed in-to hate of hem that anoyeden hem, and returnen to the frut of vertu, whan they studien to ben unlyk to hem that they han hated. Certes, only this is the divyne might, to the whiche might yveles ben 370 thanne gode, whan it useth the yveles covenably, and draweth out the effect of any gode; *as who seyth, that yvel is good only to the might of god, for the might of god ordeyneth thilke yvel to good.* For oon ordre embraseth alle thinges, so that what wight that departeth fro the resoun of thilke ordre which that is assigned to him, algates yit he slydeth in-to another ordre, so that no-thing nis leveful to folye 375 in the reame of the divyne purviaunce; *as who seyth, nothing nis with-outer ordinaunce in the reame of the divyne purviaunce;* sin that the right stronge god governeth alle thinges in this world. For 380 it nis nat leveful to man to comprehendhen by wit, ne unfolden by word, alle the subtil ordinaunces and dispositiounes

of the divyne entente. For only it oughte suffice to han loked, that god him-self, maker of alle natures, ordeineth and 395 dresseth alle thinges to gode; whyl that he hasteth to with-holden the things that he hath maked in-to his semblaunce, *that is to seyn, for to with-holden things in-to good, for he him-self is good,* he 400 chaseth out al yvel fro the boundes of his communalitee by the ordre of necessitee destinable. For which it folweth, that yif thou loke the purviaunce ordeininge the things that men wenē ben out- 405 rageous or haboundant in erthes, thou ne shalt not seen in no place no-thing of yvel. But I see now that thou art charged with the weighte of the question, and wary with the lengthe of my 410 reson; and that thou abydest som sweetnesse of songe. Tak thanne this draught; and whan thou art wel refresched and refect, thou shal be more stedefast to stye in-to heyere questiouns. 415

METRE VI. *Si uis celsi iura tonantis.*

If thou, wys, wilt demen in thy pure thought the rightes or the lawes of the heye thonderer, *that is to seyn, of god,* loke thou and bihold the heightes of the sovereign hevne. There kepen the sterres, 5 by rightful alliaunce of thinges, hir olde pees. The sonne, y-moeved by his rody fyr, ne distorbeth nat the colde cercle of the mone. Ne the sterre y-cleped 'the Bere,' that enclyneth his ravishinge 10 courses abouten the sovereign heighte of the worlde, ne the same sterre Ursa nis never-mo wasshen in the depo westrene see, ne coveiteth nat to deyen his flaumbes in the see of the occian, al-thogh he see 15 oþre sterres y-ploughed in the see. And Hesperus *the sterre* bodeþ and tellþ alwey the late nightes; and Lucifer *the sterre* bringeth ayen the clere day. And thus maketh Love entrechaungeable the 20 perdurable courses; and thus is discordable bataile y-put out of the contree of the sterres. This accordaunce atempreheth by evenelyk maneres the elements, that the moiste thinges, stryvinge with the 25

drye thinges, yeven place by stoundes; and the colde thinges joynen hem by feyth to the hote thinges; and that the lighte fyr arysteth in-to heighth; and the 30 hevy erthes avalen by hir weightes. By thise same causes the floury yeer yldeth swote smelles in the firste somer-sesoun warminge; and the hote somer dryeth the cornes; and autumpne comth ayein, 35 hevy of apples; and the fletinge reyn bideweth the winter. This atempraunce norissenth and bringeth forth al thing that þ bretheth lyf in this world; and thilke same atempraunce, ravisshinge, 40 hydeth and binimeth, and drencheth under the laste deeth, alle things y-born. Amonges thise thinges sitteth the heye maker, king and lord, welle and beginnge, lawe and wys juge, to don equitee; 45 and governeth and enclyneth the brydles of thinges. And tho thinges that he stereth to gon by moevinge, he withdraweth and arresteth; and affermeth the moevable or wandringe thinges. For yif so that he ne clepedo ayein the right goinge 50 of thinges, and yif that he ne constreinede hem nat eft-sones in-to roundnesses enclynede, the thinges that ben now continued by stable ordinaunce, they 55 sholden departen from hir welle, *that is to seyn, from hir beginninge, and faylen, that is to seyn, torné in-to nought.* This is the comune Love to alle thinges; and alle thinges axen to ben holden by the syn of 60 good. For elles ne mighten they nat lasten; yif they ne come nat eft-sones ayein, by Love retorneid, to the cause that hath yeven hem beinge, *that is to seyn, to god.*

PROSE VII. *Iamne igitur uides.*

Seestow nat thanne what thing folweth alle the thinges that I have seyd? 'Boece. 'What thing?' quod I.

'Certes,' quod she, 'al-outrely, that alle 5 fortune is good.' 'And how may that be?' quod I.

'Now understand,' quod she, 'so as alle fortune, whether so it be joyful fortune or aspre fortune, is yeven either by cause

of guerdoning or elles of exercysinge of 10 good folk, or elles by cause to punisshen or elles chastysen shrewes; thanne is alle fortune good, the whiche fortune is certein that it be either rightful or elles profitable.' 'Forsythe, this is a ful 15 verray resoun,' quod I; 'and yif I consider the purviaunce and the destinee that thou taughtest me a litel her-biforn, this sentence is sustened by stedfast resouns. But yif it lyke unto thee, lat us 20 noumbren hem amonges thilke thinges, of whiche thou seydest a litel her-biforn, that they ne were nat able to ben wened to the poeple.'

'Why so?' quod she. 'For that the 25 comune word of men,' quod I, 'misuseth this maner speche of fortune, and seyn ofte tymes that the fortune of som wight is wikkede.'

'Wiltow thanne,' quod she, 'that I 30 aproche a litel to the wordes of the poeple, so that it seeme nat to hem that I be over-moche departed as fro the usage of man-kinde?' 'As thou wolt,' quod I.

'Demestow nat,' quod she, 'that al 35 thing that profiteth is good?' 'Yis,' quod I.

'And certes, thilke thing that exercesther or corigeth, profiteth?' 'I confessi it wel,' quod I.

'Thanne is it good?' quod she. 'Why nat?' quod I.

'But this is the fortune,' quod she, 'of hem that either ben put in vertu and batailen ayeins aspre thinges, or elles of 45 hem that eschuen and declynen fro vyses and taken the wey of vertu.' 'This ne may I nat denye,' quod I.

'But what seystow of the mery fortune that is yeven to good folk in guerdoun? 50 Demeth auight the poeple that it is wikked?' 'Nay, forsothe,' quod I; 'but they demen, as it sooth is, that it is right good.'

'And what seystow of that other fortune,' quod she, 'that, al-thogh that it be aspre, and restraineth the shrewes by rightel torment, weneth auight the poeple that it be good?' 'Nay,' quod I, 'but the poeple demeth that it is most 60

wretched of alle things that may ben thought.'

'War now, and loke wel,' quod she, 'lest that we, in folwinge the opinioune of 65 the people, have confessed and concluded thing that is unable to be wened *to the poeple.*' 'What is that,' quod I.

'Certes,' quod she, 'it folweth or comth of things that ben graunted, that alle 70 fortune, what-so-ever it be, of hem that ben either in possessioun of vertu, or in the encres of vertu, or elles in the pur-chasinge of vertu, that thilke fortune is good; and that alle fortune is right wi-kede to hem that dwellen in shrewed-nessse;' *as who seyth, and thus weneth nat the poeple.* 'That is sooth,' quod I, 'al-be-it so that no man dar confesse it ne bikenowen it.'

80 'Why so?' quod she; 'for right as the stronge man ne semeth nat to abissen or disdaignen as ofte tyme as he hereth the noise of the bataile, ne also it ne semeth nat, to the wyse man, to beren it gre-vously, as ofte as he is lad in-to the stryf of fortune. For bothe to that oon man and eek to that other thilke difficultee is the matere; to that oon man, of encres of his glorious renoun, and to that 90 other man, to confirme his sapience, *that is to seyn, to the asprenesse of his estat.* For therfore is it called "vertu," for that it susteneth and enforseth, by his strengthes, that it nis nat overcomen by 95 adversitees. Ne certes, thou that art put in the encres or in the heighe of vertu, ne hast nat comen to fleten with delices, and for to welken in bodily luste; thou sowest or plauntest a ful egre bataile *in thy corage* ayains every fortune: for that the sorwful fortune ne confounde thee nat, ne that the merye fortune ne corumpe thee nat, occupye the mene by stedefast strengthes. For al that ever is 100 under the mene, or elles al that over-passeth the mene, despyseth welefulnessse (*as who seyth, it is vicious*), and ne hath no mede of his travaile. For it is set in your hand (*as who seyth, it lyth in your power*) 110 what fortune yow is levest, *that is to seyn, good or yvel.* For alle fortune that semeth

sharp or aspre, yif it ne exercyse nat the gode folk ne chastyseth the wikked folk, it punisshesth.

METRE VII. *Bella bis quinis operatus annis.*

The wreker Atrides, *that is to seyn, Agamenon*, that wroughte and continuede the batailes by ten yeer, recovered and purgede *in wrekinge*, by the destruccioun of Troye, the loste chaumbres of mariage 5 of his brother; *this is to seyn, that he, Agamenon, wan ayein Eleyne, that was Menelaus wyf his brother.* In the mene whyle that thilke Agamenon desirede to yeven sayles to the Grekissh navye, and boughte ayein the windes by blood, he unclothede him of pitee of fader; and the sory preest yiveth in sacrificyng the wretched cuttinge of throte of the daughter; *that is to seyn, that Agamenon let cutten the throte of his daughter by the preest, to maken allyaunce with his goddes, and for to han wind with whiche he mighle wenden to Troye.* Itaeus, *that is to seyn, Ulixes*, biwepte his felawes y-lorn, the 20 whiche felawes the ferse Poliphemus, lingeinge in his grete cave, hadde freten and dreynt in his empty wombe. But natheles Poliphemus, wood for his blinde visage, yald to Ulixes joye by his sorwful teres; *that is to seyn, that Ulixes smoot out the eye of Poliphemus that stood in his forehead, for which Ulixes hadde joye, whan he say Poliphemus weeping and blinde.* Hercules is celebrable for his harde travailes; 30 he daunteude the proude Centaures, *half hors, half man;* and he birafte the dispoylinge fro the cruel lyoun, *that is to seyn, he slowh the lyoun and rafte him his skin.* He smoot the briddes that highten Arpyes with certain arwes. He ravishede apples fro the wakinge dragoun, and his hand was the more hevy for the goldene metal. He drew Cerberus, *the hound of helle,* by his treble cheyne. He, over-comer, as it is seyd, hath put an unmeke lord foddro to his cruel hors; *this is to seyn, that Hercules slowh Diomedes, and made his hors to freten him.* And he,

45 Hercules, slowh Ydra *the serpent*, and brende the venim. And Achelous the flood, defouled in his forhed, dreynte his shamefast visage in his strondes; *this is to seyn, that Achelous coude transfigur 50 him-self in-to dyverse lyknesses*; and, as he *faught with Hercules, at the laste he tornede him in-to a bole*; and Hercules brak ofoon of his hornes, and he, for shame, hidde him in his river. And he, Hercules, caste 55 adoun Antheus the gyaunt in the strondes of Libie; and Cacus apaysede the wrathes of Evander; *this is to seyn, that Hercules slowh the monstre Cacus, and apaysede with that deeth the wrath of 60 Evander*. And the bristledo boor markede with scomes the shuldres of Hercules, the

whiche shuldres the heye cercle of hevene sholde thriste. And the laste of his labours was, that he sustened the hevene up-on his nekke unbowed; and he de-servede eft-sones the hevene, to ben the prys of his laste travaile. Goth now thanne, ye stronge men, ther-as the heye wey of the grete ensaumple ledeth yow. O nyce men, why nake ye youre bakkes? *As who seyth: O ye slowe and delicat men, why flee ye adversiles, and ne fighten nat 75 ayeyns hem by vertu, to winnen the mede of the hevene?* For the erthe, overcomen, yeveth the sterres'; *this is to seyn, that, when that erthely lust is overcomen, a man 75 is maked worthy to the hevene.*

BOOK V.

PROSE I. *Dixerat, orationisque cursum.*

She hadde seyd, and torned the cours of hir resoun to some othre thinges to ben treted and to ben y-spred. Thanne seyde I, 'Certes, rightful is thyn amonestinges 5 and ful digne by auctoritee. But that thou seidest whylom, that the questioun of the divyne purviaunce is enlaced with many other questiouns, I understande wel and proeve it by the samething. But 10 I axe yif that thou wenest that hap be any thing in any weys; and, yif thou wenest that hap be anything, what is it?'

Thanne quod she, 'I haste me to yilden 15 and assoilen to thee the dette of my bihest, and to shewen and opnen the wey, by which wey thou mayst come ayein to thy contree. But al-be-it so that the things which that thou axest ben right 20 profitable to knowe, yit ben they diverse somewhat fro the path of my purpos; and it is to douten that thou ne be maked very by mis-weyes, so that thou ne mayst nat suffyce to mesuren the right wey.' 25 'Ne doute thee ther-of nothing,' quod I,

'For, for to knownen thilke thinges to-gedere, in the whichie thinges I delyte me greetly, that shal ben to me in stede of resto; sin it is nat to douten of the thinges folwinge, whan every syde of thy 30 disputacioun shal han be stedefast to me by undoutous feith.'

Thanne seyde she, 'That manere wol I don thee'; and bigan to speken right thus. 'Certes,' quod she, 'yif any wight 35 diffinisshe hap in this manere, that is to seyn, that "hap is bitydinge y-brought forth by foolish moevinge and by no knettinge of causes," I conferme that hap nis right naught in no wyse; and I deme 40 al-outrely that hap nis, ne dwelleth but a voice, *as who seith, but an ydel word,* with-outen any significacioun of thing submitted to that vois. For what place mighte ben left, or dwellinge, to folye 45 and to disordenaunce, sin that god ledeth and constreineth alle things by ordre? For this sentence is verray and sooth, that "nothing ne hath his beinge of naught"; to the whichie sentence none 50 of thisse olde folk ne withseyde never; al-be-it so that they ne understoden ne meneden it naught by god, prince and

beginnere of werkinge, but they casten
55 [it] as a manere foundement of subject
material, that is to seyn, of the nature of
alle resoun. And yif that any thing is
woxen or comen of no causes, than shal it
seme that thilke thing is comen or woxen

60 of naught; but yif this ne may nat ben
don, thanne is it nat possible, that hap
be any swich thing as I have diffinissched
a litel heer-biforn.' 'How shal it
thanne be?' quod I. 'Nis ther thanne
65 no-thing that by right may be cleped
either "hap" or elles "aventure of
fortune"; or is ther aught, al-be-it so that
it is hid fro the peple, to which these
wordes ben covenable?'

70 'Myn Aristotulis,' quod she, 'in the
book of his Phisik, diffinissbeth this thing
by short resoun, and neigh to the sothe.'
'In which manere?' quod I.

'As ofte,' quod she, 'as men doon any
75 thing for grace of any other thing, and
an-other thing than thilke thing that
men entenden to don bitydeth by some
causes, it is cleped "hap." Right as
a man dalf the erthe by cause of tilyinge
80 of the feedl, and founde ther a gobet of
gold bidolven, thanne wenien folk that it
is bifalle by fortunous bitydinge. But,
for sothe, it nis nat of naught, for it hath
his propre causes; of whiche causes the
85 cours unforeseyen and unwar semeth to
han maked hap. For yif the tilyere of
the feld ne dolve nat in the erthe, and yif
the hyder of the gold ne hadde hid the
gold in thilke place, the gold ne hadde
90 nat been founde. Thise ben thanne the
causes of the abreggings of fortuit hap,
the which abreggings of fortuit hap
comth of causes encountringe and flow-
inge to-gidere to hem-self, and nat by the
95 entencioun of the doer. For neither the
hyder of the gold ne the delver of the
feedl ne understanden nat that the gold
sholde han ben founde; but, as I sayde,
it bitiddes and ran to-gidere that he dalf
100 ther-as that other hadde hid the gold.
Now may I thus diffinisse "hap." Hap
is an unwar bitydinge of causes assem-
bled in thinges that ben don for som
other thing. But thilke ordre, proceedinge

by an uneschuable bindinge to-gidere, 105
which that descendeth fro the welle of
puryiaunce that ordeineth alle thinges in
hir places and in hir tymes, maketh that
the causes rennen and assemblen to-
gidere.

110

METRE I. *Rupis Achemenie scopulis,*
ubi uersa sequentum.

Tigris and Eufrates resolven and
springen of oo welle, in the cragges of the
roche of the contree of Achemenie, ther-as
the fleinge bataile fischeth hir darteres,
retorned in the brestes of hem that fol-
wen hem. And sone after the same
riveres, Tigris and Eufrates, unjoinen and
departen hir wateres. And yif they
comen to-gidres, and ben assembled and
cleped to-gidere into o cours, thanne 10
moten thilke thinges fleten to-gidere
which that the water of the entre-
chaunginge flood bringeth. The shippes
and the stokkes arraced with the flood
moten assemblen; and the wateres y- 15
medled wrappeth or implyeth many for-
tunel happes or maneres; the whiche
wandringe happes, natholes, thilke de-
clyninge lownesse of the erthe and the
flowinge ordre of the slydinge water 20
governeth. Right so Fortune, that semeth
as that it fleteth with slaked or un-
governede brydles, it suffereth brydles,
that is to seyn, to be governed, and passeth
by thilke lawe, *that is to seyn, by thilke 25*
divyne ordenaunce.'

PROSE II. *Animaduerto, inquam.*

'This understande I wel,' quod I, 'and
I acorde wel that it is right as thou
seyst. But I axe yif ther be any libertee
of free wil in this ordre of causes that
clyven thus to-gidere in hem-self; or 5
elles I wolde witen yif that the destinal
cheyne constreineth the movinges of the
corages of men?'

'Yis,' quod she; 'ther is libertee of
free wil. Ne ther ne was nevere no 10
nature of resoun that it ne hadde libertee

of free wil. For every thing that may naturally usen resoun, it hath doom by which it decerneth and demeth every 15 thing; thanne knoweth it, by it-self, thinges that ben to fleen and things that ben to desiren. And thilke thing that any wight demeth to ben desired, that axeth or desireth he; and fleeth 20 thilke thing that he troweth ben to fleen. Wherfore in alle thinges that resoun is, in hem also is libertee of willinge and of nillinge. But I ne ordeyne nat, *as who seyth, I ne graunte nat*, that this libertee 25 be evene-lyk in alle thinges. Forwhy in the sovereines devynes substancies, *that is to seyn, in spirits*, jugement is more clearer, and wil nat y-corumped, and might redy to speden thinges that ben desired.

30 But the soules of men moten nedes be more free whan they loken hem in the speculacioun or lokinge of the devyne thought, and lasse free whan they slyden in-to the bodies; and yit lasse free whan 35 they ben gadered to-gidere and comprehended in erthely membres. But the laste servage is whan that they ben yeven to vycses, and han y-falle from the possesioun of hir propre resoun. For after 40 that they han cast away hir eyen fro the light of the sovereyn soothfastnesse to lowe thinges and derke, anon they derken by the cloude of ignorauance and ben troubled by felonous talents; to the 45 whiche talents whan they aprochen and asenten, they hepen and encresen the servage which they han joynd to hemself; and in this manere they ben caitifs fro hir propre libertee. The whiche 50 thinges, nathlesse, the lokinges of the devyne purviaunce seeth, that alle thinges biliholteth and seeth fro eterne, and ordaineth hem everich in hir merites as they ben predestinat: and it is seyd in 55 Greek, that "alle things he seeth and alle things he hereth."

METRE II. *Puro clarum lumine Phebum.*

Homer with the hony mouth, *that is to seyn*, Homer with the suete ditees, singeth, that the sonne is clear by pure light;

natholes yit ne may it nat, by the infirm^e light of his bemes, breken or percen ^{the} 5 inwarde entrailes of the erthe, or elles of the see. So ne seeth nat god, maker of the grete world: to him, that loketh alle thinges from an heigh, ne withstandeth nat no thinges by heviness of erthe; ne the night ne withstandeth nat to him by the blake cloudes. *Thilke god* seeth, in oo strok of thought, alle thinges that ben, or weren, or sholle comen; and *thilke god*, for he loketh and seeth alle thinges 15 alone, thou mayst seyn that he is the verray sonne.'

PROSE III. *Tum ego, en, inquam.*

Thanne seyde I, 'now am I confounded by a more hard doute than I was.'

'What doute is that?' quod she. 'For certes, I conjecte now by whiche thinges thou art troubled.'

'It semeth,' quod I, 'to repugnen and to contrarien greetly, that god knoweth biforn alle thinges, and that ther is any freedom of libertee. For yif so be that god loketh alle thinges biforn, ne god ne 10 may nat ben desseived in no manere, than mot it nedes been, that alle thinges bityden the whiche that the purviaunce of god hath seyn biforn to comen. For which, yif that god knoweth biforn nat 15 only the werkes of men, but also hir conseiles and hir willes, thanne ne shal ther be no libertee of arbitre; ne, certes, ther ne may be noon other dede, ne no wil, but thilke which that the divyne 20 purviaunce, that may nat ben desseived, hath feled biforn. For yif that they mighthen wrythen away in othre manere than they ben purveyed, than sholde ther be no stedefast prescience of thing to comen, but rather an uncertain opinioun; the whiche thing to trowen of god, I deme it felonye and unleveful. Ne I ne proeve nat thilke same resoun, *as who seyth, I ne alowe nat, or I ne preyse nat, thilke same* 30 *resoun*, by which that som men wenēn that they mowen assoilen and unknitten the knotte of this questioun. For certes,

they seyn that thing nis nat to comen
 35 for that the purviaunce of god hath seyn
 it biforn that is to comen, but rather the
 contrarye, *and that is this*: that, for that
 the thing is to comen, therfore ne may it
 nat ben hid fro the purviaunce of god;
 40 and in this manere this necessitee slydeth
 ayein in-to the contrarye partye: ne it
 ne bihoveth nat, nedes, that thinges bityden
 that ben purveyed, but it bihoveth,
 nedes, that thinges that ben to comen
 45 ben y-purveyed: but as it were y-travailed,
as who seyth, that thilke answer procedeth right as though men travealeden, or weren busy to enqueren, the whiche thing is cause
 50 of the whiche thing:—as, whether the
 prescience is cause of the necessitee of
 thinges to comen, or elles that the
 necessitee of thinges to comen is cause
 55 of the purviaunce. But I ne enforce me
 nat now to shewen it, that the bitydinge
 of thinges y-wist biforn is necessarie, how
 so or in what manere that the ordre of
 causes hath it-self; al-thogh that it ne
 60 semet nat that the prescience bringe in
 necessitee of bitydinge to thinges to
 comen. For certes, yif that any wight
 sitteth, it bihoveth by necessitee that the
 opinioun be sooth of him that conjecteth
 65 that he sitteth; and ayeinward also is it
 of the contrarye: yif the opinioun be
 sooth of any wight for that he sitteth,
 it bihoveth by necessitee that he sitte.
 Thanne is heer necessitee in that oon
 70 and in that other: for in that oon is
 necessitee of sittinge, and, certes, in that
 other is necessitee of sooth. But therfore
 ne sitteth nat a wight, for that the
 opinioun of the sittinge is sooth; but the
 opinioun is rather sooth, for that a wight
 75 sitteth biforn. And thus, al-thogh that
 the cause of the sooth cometh of that
 other syde (*as who seyth, that al-thogh the cause of sooth cometh of the sitting, and nat of the trewe opinioun*), algates yit is ther
 80 comune necessitee in that oon and in
 that other. Thus sheweth it, that I may
 make semblable skiles of the purviaunce
 of god and of thinges to comen. For
 al-thogh that, for that thinges ben to
 comen, therfore ben they purveyed, nat,

certes, for that they ben purveyed, ther-
 fore ne bityde they nat. Yit natheles,
 bihoveth it by necessitee, that either the
 thinges to comen ben y-purveyed of god,
 or elles that the thinges that ben pur-
 veyed of god bityden. And this thing
 85 only suffiseth y-nough to destroyen the
 freedom of oure arbitre, *that is to seyn, of oure free wil.* But now, certes, sheweth it
 wel, *how fer fro the sothe and how up-so-*
 down is this thing that we seyn, that the
 90 bitydinge of temporel things is cause of
 the eterne prescience. But for to wenēn
 that god purveyeth the thinges to comen
 for they ben to comen, what other thing
 is it but for to wene that thilke things
 95 that bitidien whylom ben causes of thilke
 sovereign purviaunce *that is in god?* And
 hereto I adde yit this thing that, right
 as whan that I wot that a thing is, it
 bihoveth by necessitee that thilke selvo
 100 thing be; and eek, whan I have knowē
 that any thing shal bityden, so byhoveth
 it by necessitee that thilke thing bityde:
 —so folweth it thanne, that the bitydinge
 of the thing y-wist biforn ne may nat
 105 ben eschued. And at the laste, yif that
 any wight wene a thing to ben other
 weyes thanne it is, it is nat only un-
 science, but it is deceivable opinoun ful
 diverse and fer fro the sothe of science.
 110 Wherfore, yif any thing be so to comen,
 that the bitydinge of hit ne be nat cer-
 tain ne necessarie, who may weten biforn
 that thilke thing is to comen? For right
 as science ne may nat ben medled with
 115 falsnesse (*as who seyth, that yif I wot a thing, it ne may nat be false that I ne wot it*), right so thilke thing that is conceived
 by science ne may nat ben non other
 weyes than as it is conceived. For that is
 the cause why that science wanteth lesing
 120 (*as who seyth, why that witinge ne receiveth nat lesinge of that it wot*); for it bihoveth,
 by necessitee, that every thing be right
 as science comprehendeth it to be. What
 shal I thanne seyn? In whiche manere
 knowēth god biforn the thinges to comen,
 125 yif they ne be nat certain? For yif that
 he deme that they ben to comen un-
 eschewably, and so may be that it is

possible that they ne shollen nat comen, god is deceived. But nat only to trowen that god is deceived, but for to speke it with mouth, it is a felonous sinne. But
 140 yif that god wot that, right so as thinges ben to comen, so shullen they comen—so that he wite egaly, *as who seyth, indifferently*, that thinges mowen ben doon or ellesnaty-doon—what is thilke prescience
 145 that ne comprehendeth no certaine thing ne stable? Or elles what difference is ther bitwixe the prescience and thilke jape-worthy divyninge of Tiresie the divynour, *that seyde*: “Al that I seye,”
 150 quod he, “either it shal be, or elles it ne shal nat be?” Or elles how mochel is worth the devyne prescience more than the opinoun of mankinde, yif so be that it demeth the thinges uncertain, as
 155 men doon; of the whiche domes of men the bitydinge nis nat certain? But yif so be that non uncertain thing ne may ben in him that is right certain welle of alle thinges, thanne is the bitydinge
 160 certain of thilke thinges whiche he hath wist biforn fermely to comen. For which it folweth, that the freedom of the conseiles and of the werkes of mankind nis non, sin that the thought of god, that
 165 seeth alle things without error of falsnesse, bindeth and constreineth hem to a bitydinge by necessitee. And yif this thing be ones y-graunted and received, *that is to seyn, that ther nis no free wille*,
 170 than sheweth it wel, how greet destrucion and how grete damages ther folwen of thinges of mankind. For in ydel ben ther thanne purposed and bihight medes to gode folk, and peynes to badde folk,
 175 sin that no moevinge of free corage voluntarie ne hath nat deserved hem, *that is to seyn, neither mede ne peyne*; and it sholde seme thanne, that thilke thing is alderworst, which that is now demed
 180 for aldermost just and most rightful, *that is to seyn*, that shrewes ben punisched, or elles that gode folk ben y-gerdoned: the whiche folk, sin that hir propre wil ne sent hem nat to that oon ne to that
 185 other, *that is to seyn, neither to gode ne to harm*, but constreineth hem certain

necessitee of thinges to comen: thanne ne shollen ther nevere ben, ne nevere weren, vycce ne vertu, but it sholde rather ben confusoun of alle desertes medled
 190 with-outen discreciooun. And yit ther folweth an-other inconvenient, †than whiche ther ne may ben thought no more felonous ne more wilke; and that is this: that, so as the ordre of thinges is y-led and comth of the purviance of god, ne that no-thing nis leveful to the conseiles of mankinde *(as who seyth, that men han no power to doon no-thing, ne wilne no-thing)*, than folweth it, that ouro vyces ben referred to the maker of alle good *(as who seyth, than folweth it, that god oughte han the blame of oure ryces, sin he constreineth us by necessitee to doon vyces)*. Thanne is ther no reson to hopen in god, ne for to preyen to god; for what sholde any wight hopen to god, or why sholde he preyen to god, sin that the ordenaunce of destinee, which that ne may nat ben inclyned, knitteth and streineth alle things that men may
 200 desiren? Thanne sholde ther be doon awey thilke only alyaunce bitwixen god and men, that is to seyn, to hopen and to preyen. But by the prys of rightwisnesse and of verray mekenesse we deseruen the gerdoun of the divyne grace, which that is inestimable, *that is to seyn, that it is so greet, that it ne may nat ben ful y-preyed*. And this is only the manere, *that is to seyn, hope and preyeres*, for which it semeth that men mowen speke with god, and by reson of supplicacoun be conjoined to thilke cleernessee, that nis nat aproched no rather or that men beseken it and impetren it. And yif men wene nat that hope ne preyeres ne han no strengthes, by the necessitee of thinges to comen y-received, what thing is ther thanne by whiche we mowen ben conjoined and clyven to thilke sovereign prince of thinges? For which it bihoveth, by necessitee, that the linage of mankind, as thou songe a litel her-biforn, be departed and unjoined from his welle, and fallen of his biginninge, *that is to seyn, god*.

METRE III. Quenam discors federa rerum.

What discordable cause hath to-rent
and unjoined the bindinge, or the alliance,
of thinges, *that is to seyn, the conjuncion*
of god and man? Whiche god hath
5 established so greet bataile bitwixen
these two soothfast or verray thinges,
that is to seyn, bitwixen the purviaunce
of god and free wil, that they ben singuler
and devyded, ne that they ne wolen nat
10 be medeled no coupled to-gidere? But
ther nis no discord to the verray thinges,
but they clyven, certein, alwey to hem-
self. But the thought of man, confounded
15 and overthrown by the dirke membres
of the body, ne may nat, by fyr of his
derked looking, *that is to seyn, by the*
vigour of his insighte, whyl the soule is in
the body, knowe the thinnest subtil knitt-
inges of thinges. But wherfore enchaufeth
20 it so, by so greet love, to finden thilke
notes of sooth y-covered; *that is to seyn,*
wherfore enchaufeth the thought of man by
so greet desyr to knownen thilke notificacions
that ben y-hid under the covertours of
25 *sooth?* Wot it aught thilke thing that it,
anguissous, desireth to knowe? *As who*
seith, nay; for no man travaleth for to
witen thinges that he wot. And therfore
30 the texte seith thus: but who travaleth to
witen thinges y-knowe? And yif that he
ne knoweth hem nat, what seketh thilke
blinde thought? What is he that desireth
any thing of which he wot right naught?
35 *As who seith, who so desireth any thing,*
nedes, somewhat he knoweth of it; or elles,
he ne coude nat desire it. Or who may
folwen thinges that ne ben nat y-wist?
And thogh that he seke tho thinges, wher-
40 shal he finde hem? What wight, that is
al unconninge and ignoraunt, may
knowen the forme that is y-founde? But
whan the soule biholdeth and seeth the
heye thought, *that is to seyn, god,* than
45 knoweth it to-gidere the somme and the
singularitees, *that is to seyn, the principles*
and everich by him-self. But now, whyl
the soule is hid in the cloude and in the
derkenesse of the membres of the body,
it ne hath nat al for-yeten it-self, but

it with-holdeth the somme of thinges, 50
and leseth the singularitees. Thanne,
who-so that seeketh soothnesse, he nis in
neither nother habite; for he noot nat al,
ne he ne hath nat al for-yeten: but yit
him remembreth the somme of thinges 55
that he with-holdeth, and axeth conseil,
and retreteth deepliche thinges y-seyn
biforn, *that is to seyn, the grete somme in*
his minde: so that he mowe adden the
parties that he hath for-yeten to thilke 60
that he hath with-holden.'

PROSE IV. Tum illa: Vetus, inquit, hec est.

Thanne seide she: 'this is,' quod she,
'the olde question of the purviaunce of
god; and Marcus Tullius, whan he de-
vyded the divynaciouns, *that is to seyn, in*
his book that he wroot of divynaciouns, he 5
moevede gretly this questioun; and then
thy-self has y-sought it mochel, and
outrely, and longe; but yit ne hath it
nat ben determined ne y-sped fermely
and diligently of any of yow. And the 10
cause of this derkenesse and of this diffi-
cultee is, for that the moevinge of the
resoun of mankinde ne may nat moeven
to (*that is to seyn, applyen or joinen to*) the
simplicitee of the devyne prescience; the 15
whiche *simplicitee of the devyne prescience,*
yif that men mighten thinken it in any
maner, *that is to seyn, that yif men mighten*
thinken and comprehenden the things as
god seeth hem, thanne ne sholde ther 20
dwellen outrely no doute: the whiche
resoun and cause of difficultee I shal assayre
at the laste to shewe and to speden,
whan I have first y-spended and answered
to the resouns by which thou art y- 25
moeved. For I axe why thou wenest that
thilke resouns of hem that assulen this
questioun ne ben nat speedful y-nough
ne sufficient: the whiche *solucioun,* or
the *whiche resoun,* for that it demeth that 30
the prescience nis nat cause of necessitee
to thinges to comen, than ne weneth it
nat that freedom of wil be destorbed or
y-let by prescience. For ne drawestow
nat arguments from elles-where of the 35
necessitee of thinges to comen (as who

or of hir power than *they doon of the facultee or power* of things that ben y-knowne? Ne that nis nat wrong; for so as every judgement is the dede or doinge 245 of him that demeth, it bihoveth that every wight performe the werk and his entencioun, nat of foreine power, but of his propre power.

METRE IV. *Quondam porticus attulit.*

The Porche, *that is to seyn, a gate of the town of Athenes ther-as philosophres hadden hir congregacioun to desputen,* thilke Porche broughte som-tyme olde 5 men, ful derke in hir sentences, *that is to seyn, philosophres that highten Stoiciens,* that wenden that images and sensibilitees, *that is to seyn, sensible imaginacionis, or elles imaginacionis of sensible* 10 *thinges,* weren empreinted in-to sowles fro bodies withoute-forth; *as who seith, that thilke Stoiciens wenden that the sowle hadde ben naked of it-self, as a mirour or a clene parchemin, so that alle figures* 15 *mosten first comen fro thinges fro withoute-forth in-to soules, and ben empreinted in-to soules:* Text: right as we ben wont som-tyme, by a swifte pointel, to sicchen letters empreinted in the smothenesse or 20 in the pleinnesse of the table of wex *or in parchemin* that ne hath no figure ne note in it. Glose. But now argueth Boece ayeins that opinoun, and seith thus: But yif the thryvinge sowle ne un- 25 pleyteth no-thing, *that is to seyn, ne doth no-thing,* by his propre moevinges, but suffreth and lyth subgit to tho figures and to the notes of bodies withoute-forth, and yildeth images ydel and veyn in the 30 manere of a mirour, whennes thryveth thanne or whennes comth thilke knowinge in our sowle, that discerneth and biholdeth alle thinges? And whennes is thilke strengthe that biholdeth the singu- 35 ler thinges; or whennes is the strengthe that devydethe thinges y-knowe; and thilke strengthe that gadereth to-gidere the thinges devyded; and the strengthe that cheseth his entrechaunged wey?

For som-tyme it heveth up the heved, ⁴⁰ *that is to seyn, that it heveth up the entencioun to right heye thinges;* and som-tyme it descendeth in-to right lowe thinges. And whan it retorneth in-to him-self, it reproeveth and destroyeth the false ⁴⁵ thinges by the trewe thinges. Certes, this strengthe is cause more efficient, and mochel more mighty *to seen and to knowe thinges,* than thilke cause that suffreth and receiveth the notes and the ⁵⁰ figures impressed in maner of matere. Algates the passioune, *that is to seyn, the suffraunce or the wit,* in the quike body, goth biforn, excitinge and moevinge the strengthes of the thought. Right so as ⁵⁵ whan that cleernesse smyteth the eyen and moeveth hem to seen, or right so as vois or soun hurteleth to the eres and commoeveth hem to herkne, than is the strengthe of the thought y-moeved and ⁶⁰ excited, and clepeth forth, to semblable moevinges, the species that it halt withinne it-self; and addeth tho species to the notes and to the thinges withoute-forth, and medleth the images of thinges ⁶⁵ withoute-forth to tho formes y-hidde with-inne him-self.

PROSE V. *Quod si in corporibus sentiendis.*

But what yif that in bodies to ben feled, *that is to seyn, in the takinge of knowelechinge of bodily thinges,* and al-be-it so that the qualitees of bodies, that ben objecte fro withoute-forth, moeven ⁵ and entalenten the instruments of the wittes; and al-be-it so that the passioune of the body, *that is to seyn, the wit or the suffraunce,* goth to-form the strengthe of the workinge corage, the which passioune ¹⁰ or suffraunce clepeth forth the dede of the thought in him-self, and moeveth and exciteth in this mene whyle the formes that resten withinne-forth; and yif that, in sensible bodies, as I have seyd, our ¹⁵ corage nis nat y-taught or empreinted by passioune *to knowe thise thinges,* but demeth and knoweth, of his owne strengthe, the passioune or suffraunce

20 subject to the body: moche more thanne
 tho thinges that ben absolut and quite
 fro alle talents or affecciouns of bodies,
 as god or his aungeles, ne folwen nat in
 discerninge things object fro withoute-
 25 forth, but they accomplitshen and speden
 the dede of hir thoght. By this resoun
 thanne ther comen many maner know-
 30 ings to dyverse and differinge sub-
 staunces. For the wit of the body, the
 35 whiche wit is naked and despouled of
 alle other knowinges, thilke wit comth
 to beestes that ne mowen nat moeven
 hem-self her and ther, as *oystres and*
 40 *muscles, and other swiche shelle-fish of*
 45 *the see, that clyven and ben norissshed*
 to roches. But the imaginacioun comth
 to remuuable beestes, that semen to han
 talent to fleen or to desiren any thing.
 But resoun is al-only to the lineage of
 50 mankinde, right as intelligence is only
 [to] the devyne nature: of which it fol-
 weth, that thilke knowinge is more worth
 than thise othre, sin it knoweth by his
 55 propre nature nat only his subject, as
 45 *who seith, it ne knoweth nat al-only that*
apertieneth properly to his knowinge, but
 it knoweth the subjects of alle other
 knowinges. But how shal it thanne be,
 yif that wit and imaginacioun stryven
 60 ayein resoninge, and seyn, that of thilke
 universel thing that resoun wenth to
 seen, that it nis right naught? *For wit*
and imaginacioun seyn that that, that is
 sensible or imaginable, it ne may nat be
 65 universel. Thanne is either the juge-
 ment of resoun sooth, ne that ther nis
 nothing sensible; or elles, for that resoun
 wot wel that many things ben subject
 to wit and to imaginacioun, thanne is
 70 the concepcion of resoun veyn and false,
 which that loketh and comprehendeth
 that that is sensible and singuler as
 universel. And yif that resoun wolde
 answeren ayein to thise two, *that is to*
 75 *seyn, to wilte and to imaginacioun, and*
seyn, that soothly she hir-self, that is to
seyn, resoun, loketh and comprehendeth,
 by resoun of universalitee, bothe that
 that is sensible and that that is imagin-
 80 able; and that thilke two, *that is to seyn.*

wit and imaginacioun, ne mowen nat
 streechen ne enhansen hem-self to the
 knowinge of universalitee, for that the
 knowinge of hem ne may exceden ne
 surmounte the bodily figures: certes, of
 75 the knowinges of thinges, men oughten
 rather yeven credence to the more stede-
 fast and to the more parfit jugement.
 In this maner stryvinge thanne, we
 that han strengthe of resoninge and of
 80 imagininge and of wit, *that is to seyn,*
by resoun and by imaginacioun and by wit,
 we sholde rather preyse the cause of
 resoun; *as who seith, than the cause of*
wit and of imaginacioun.

85

Semblable thing is it, that the resoun
 of mankinde ne wenth nat that the
 devyne intelligence bi-holdeth or know-
 eth things to comen, but right as the
 resoun of mankinde knoweth hem. For
 90 thou arguest and seyst thus: that yif
 it ne semo nat to men that some thinges
 han certaine and necessarie bitydinges,
 they ne mowen nat ben wist biforn cer-
 tainly to bityden. And thanne nis ther
 95 no prescience of thilke thinges; and yif
 we trowe that prescience be in thise
 thinges, thanne is ther no-thing that it
 ne bitydeth by necessitee. But certes,
 yif we mighten han the jugement of the
 100 devyne thoght, as we ben parsoneres of
 resoun, right so as we han demed that
 it behoveth that imaginacioun and wit
 be binethe resoun, right so wolde we
 demen that it were rightful thing, that
 105 mannes resoun oughte to submitten it-
 self and to ben binethe the devyne
 thoght. For which, yif that we mowen,
 110 *as who seith, that, yif that we mowen,*
I counseyle, that we enhanse us in-to the
 heighe of thilke sovereyn intelligence;
 for ther shal resoun wel seen that, that
 it ne may nat biholden in it-self. And
 certes that is this, in what maner the
 prescience of god seeth alle thinges cer-
 tains and diffinished, al-thogh they ne
 han no certaine issues or bitydinges; ne
 this is non opinioun, but it is rather the
 simplicitee of the sovereyn science, that
 nis nat enclosed nor y-shet within none
 115 boundes.

METRE V. *Quam uariis terris animalia
permeant figuris.*

The beestes passen by the erthes by ful diverse figures. For som of hem han hir bodies straught and crepen in the dust, and drawen after hem a tras or a foruh 5 y-continued ; that is to seyn, as nadres or snakes. And other beestes, by the wandrige lightnesse of hir winges, beten the windes, and over-swimmen the spaces of the longe eyr by moist fleeinge. And other 10 beestes gladen hem-self to diggen hir tras or hir steppes in the erthe with hir goings or with hir feet, and to goon either by the grene feldes, or elles to walken under the wodes. And al-be-it so that thou 15 seest that they alle discorden by diverse formes, algates hir faces, enclined, hevith hir dulle wittes. Only the linage of man heveth heyste his heye heved, and stondeth light with his up-right body, 20 and biholdeth the erthes under him. And, but-yif thou, ertely man, wexest yvel out of thy wit, this figure amonesteth thee, that axest the hevene with thy righte visage, and hast areyzed thy fore- 25 heved, to beren up a-heigh thy corage ; so that thy thought ne be nat y-hevied ne put lowe under fote, sin that thy body is so heye areyzed.

PROSE VI. *Quoniam igitur, uti paullo
ante.*

Therfor thanne, as I have shewed a litel her-biforn, that al thing that is y-wist nis nat knownen by his nature propre, but by the nature of hem that comprehendhen it, lat us loke now, in as mochel as it is leveful to us, as who seith, lat us loke now as we mowen, which that the estat is of the devyne substauence ; so that we mowen eek knownen what his 5 science is. The commune jugement of alle creatures resonables thanne is this : that god is eterne. Lat us considere thanne what is eternitee ; for certes that shal shewen us to-gidere the devyne 10 nature and the devyne science. Eternitee, thanne, is parfit possessioun and al-

togidere of lyf interminable ; and that sheweth more clearly by the comparisoun or the collaciuon of temporel things. For al thing that liveth in tyme it is present, and procedeth fro preterits in-to futures, that is to seyn, fro tyme passed in-to tyme cominge ; ne ther nis no-thing establisshed in tyme that may embracen to-gider al the space of his lyf. For certes, yit ne hath it taken the tyme of 25 to-morwe, and it hath lost the tyme of yesterday. And certes, in the lyf of this day, ye ne liven no more but right as in the moevable and transitorie moment. Thanne thilke thing that suffreth temporel condicoun, al-thogh that it never bigan to be, ne thogh it never cese for to be, as Aristotle demed of the world, and al-thogh that the lyf of it be streched with infinitee of tyme, yit algates nis 35 it no swich thing that men mighten trouwen by right that it is eterne. For al-thogh that it comprehendeth and embrase the space of lyf infinit, yit algates ne embraceth it nat the space of the lyf 40 al-togider ; for it ne hath nat the futures that ne ben nat yit, ne it ne hath no lenger the preterits that ben y-doone or y-passed. But thilke thing thanne, that hath and comprehendeth to-gider al the plente of 45 the lyf interminable, to whom ther ne faileth naught of the future, and to whom ther nis naught of the preterit escaped nor y-passed, thilke same is y-witnessed and y-proeved by right to be eterne. And 50 it bihoveth by necessitee that thilke thing be al-wey present to him-self, and competent ; as who seith, al-wey present to him-self, and so mighty that al be right at his plesaunce ; and that he have al present 55 the infinitee of the moevable tyme. Wher-for som men trouwen wrongfully that, whan they heren that it semedes to Plato that this world ne hadde never begininge of tyme, ne that it never 60 shal han failinge, they wenin in this maner that this world be maked coeterne with his maker ; as who seith, they wene that this world and god ben maked togider eterne, and that is a wrongful weninge. 65 For other thing is it to ben y-lad by lyf

interminable, as Plato graunted to the world, and other thing is it to embrace to-gider al the present of the lyf interminable, the whiche thing it is clear and manifest that it is propre to the devyne thought.

Ne it ne sholde nat semento us, that god is elder thanne things that ben y-maked by quantitee of tyme, but rather by the propretee of his simple nature. For this ilke infinit moevinge of temporel thinges folweth this presentarie estat of lyf unmoevable; and so as it ne may nat countrefeten it ne feynen it ne be evenlyke to it for the inmoeabletee, *that is to seyn, that is in the eternitee of god,* it faileth and falleth in-to moevinge fro the simplicitee of the presence of god, and disencreseth in-to the infinit quantitee of future and of preterit: and so as it ne may nat han to-gider al the plentee of the lyf, algates yit, for as moche as it ne ceseth never for to ben in som maner, it semeth som-del to us, that it folweth and resembleth thilke thing that it ne may nat stayne to ne fulfillen, and bindeth it-self to som maner presence of this litel and swifte moment: the which presence of this litel and swifte moment, for that it bereth a maner image or lyknesse of the ay-dwellinge presence of god, it grauneth, to swiche maner things as it bitydeth to, that it semeth hem as thise things han y-ben, and ben.

And, for that the presence of swiche litel moment ne may nat dwelle, ther-for it ravished and took the infinit wey of tyme, *that is to seyn, by successiou;* and by this maner is it y-doone, for that it sholde continue the lyf in goinge, of the whiche lyf it ne mighte nat embrace the plentee in dwellinge. And for-thy, yif we wolen putten worthy names to things, and folwen Plato, lat us seye thanne soothly, that god is eterne, and the world is perpetuel. Thanne, sin that every judgement knoweth and comprehendeth by his owne nature things that ben subject un-to him, ther is soothly to god, al-weys, an eterne and presentarie estat; and the science of him, that over-passeth

al temporel moevement, dwelleth in the simplicitee of his presence, and embraceth and considereth alle the infinit spaces of tymes, preterits and futures, and loketh, in his simple knowinge, alle things of *preterit* right as they weren y-doone presently right now. Yif thou wolt thanne thenken and avyse the prescience, by which it knoweth alle things, thou ne shal nat demen it as prescience of things to comen, but thou shalt demen it more rightfully that it is science of presence or of instance, that never ne faileth. For which it nis nat y-cleped "previdence," but it sholde rather ben cleped "puriuance," that is establisshed ful fer fro right lowe thinges, and biholdeth from afer alle thinges, right as it were fro the heye heighte of thinges. Why axestow thanne, or why despustestow thanne, that thilke thinges ben doon by necessitee whiche that ben y-seyn and knownen by the devyne sighte, sin that, forsothe, men ne maken nat thilke thinges necessarie which that they seen ben y-doone in hir sighte? For addeth thy biholdinges any necessitee to thilke thinges that thou biholdest presente?' 'Nay,' quod I.

Philosophie. 'Certes, thanne, if men mighte maken any digne comparisoun or collacioun of the presence devyne and of the presence of mankinde, right so as ye seen some thinges in this temporel present, right so seeth god alle thinges by his eterne present. Wher-fore this devyne prescience ne chaungeth nat the nature ne the propretee of thinges, but biholdeth swiche thinges present to himward as they shullen bityde to yow-ward in tyme to comen. Ne it confoundeth nat the judgement of thinges; but by o sight of his thought, he knoweth the thinges to comen, as wel necessarie as nat necessarie. Right so as whan ye seen to-gider a man walken on the erthe and the sonne arysen in the hevene, al-be-it so that ye seen and biholden that oon and that other to-gider, yit natheles ye demen and discernen that that oon is voluntarie and that other necessarie. Right so thanne the devyne lookinge, biholdinge

alle thinges under him, ne troubleth nat
 170 the qualitee of things that ben certeinly
 present to him-ward ; but, as to the con-
 diciooun of tyme, forsothe, they ben
 future. For which it folweth, that this
 nis noon opiniooun, but rather a stedefast
 175 knowinge, y-strengthed by soothnesse,
 that, whanne that god knoweth anything
 to be, he ne unwot nat that thilke thing
 wanteth necessitee to be ; *this is to seyn,*
that, whan that god knoweth any thing to
180 bityde, he wot wel that it ne hath no neces-
sitiee to bityde. And yif thou seyst heer,
 that thilke thing that god seeth to
 bityde, it ne may nat unbityde (*as who*
seith, it mot bityde), and thilke thing that
 185 ne may nat unbityde it mot bityde by
 necessitee, and that thou streyne me by
 this name of necessitee : certes, I wol wel
 confessen and biknowe a thing of ful sad
 trouthe, but unnethe shal ther any wight
 190 mowe seen it or come ther-to, but-yif that
 he be biholder of the devyne thought. For
 I wol answeren thee thus : that thilke
 thing that is future, whan it is referred
 to the devyne knowinge, thanne is it
 195 necessarie ; but certes, whan it is under-
 stonden in his owne kinde, men seen
 it is outrely free, and absolut *fro alle*
necessitee.

For certes, ther ben two maneres of
 200 necessitee. That oon necessitee is simple,
 as thus : that it bihoveth by necessitee,
 that alle men be mortal *or deedly*. Another
 necessitee is conditionel, as thus :
 205 yif thou wost that a man walketh, it
 bihoveth by necessitee that he walke.
 Thilke thing thanne that any wight hath
 y-knowe to be, it ne may ben non other
 weyes thanne he knoweth it to be. But
 this condiciooun ne draweth nat with hir
 210 thilke necessitee simple. For certes, this
 necessitee *conditionel*, the propre nature
 of it ne maketh it nat, but the adjecciooun
 of the condiciooun *maketh it*. For no ne-
 cessitee ne constreyneth a man to gon,
 215 that goth by his propre wil; al-be-it so
 that, whan he goth, that it is necessarie
 that he goth. Right on this same maner
 thanne, yif that the purviaunce of god
 seeth any thing present, than mot thilke

thing ben by necessitee, al-thogh that it
 220 ne have no necessitee of his owne nature.
 But certes, the futures that bityden by free-
 dom of arbitre, god seeth hem alle to-gider
 present. Thise thinges thanne, yif they
 225 ben referred to the devyne sighte, thanne
 ben they maked necessarie by the con-
 diciooun of the devyne knowinge. But
 certes, yif thilke things be considered by
 hem-self, they ben absolut of *necessitee*,
 and ne forleten nat ne cesen nat of the
 230 libertee of hir owne nature. Thanne,
 certes, with-oute doute, alle the things
 shollen ben doon which that god wot
 biforn that they ben to comen. But som
 of hem comen and bityden of free arbitre
 235 *or of free wille*, that, al-be-it so that they
 bityden, yit algates ne lese they nat hir
 propre nature in beinge ; by the which
 first, or that they weren y-doone, they
 hadden power nat to han bitid.' *Boece.* 240
 'What is this to seyn thanne,' quod I,
 'that thinges ne ben nat necessarie *by hir*
propre nature, so as they comen in alle
 maneres in the lyknesse of necessitee by
 the condiciooun of the devyne science ?' 245
 'This is the difference,' quod she ; 'that
 tho thinges that I purposede thee a litel
 heer-biforn, that is to seyn, the sonne
 arysinge and the man walkinge, that,
 ther-whyles that thilke things been y-
 250 doon, they ne mighte nat ben undoon ;
 natholes, that oon of hem, or it was
 y-doone, it bihoved by necessitee that it
 was y-doone, but nat that other. Right so
 is it here, that the thinges that god hath
 255 present, with-oute doute they shollen
 been. But som of hem descendeth of the
 nature of thinges, *as the sonne arysinge* ;
 and som descendeth of the power of the
 doeres, *as the man walkinge*. Thanne 260
 seide I no wrong, that yif these thinges
 ben referred to the devyne knowinge,
 thanne ben they necessarie ; and yif they
 265 ben considered by hem-self, thanne ben
 they absolut fro the bond of necessitee.
 Right so as alle thinges that apereth or
 sheweth to the wittes, yif thou referre it
 to resoun, it is universel ; and yif thou
 referre it or loke it to it-self, than is it
 singuler. But now, yif thou seyst thus,
 270

that yif it be in my power to chaunge my purpos, than shal I voide the purviaunce of god, whan that, peraventure, I shal han chaunged the things that he know-
 275 eth biforn, thanne shal I answe thee thus. Certes, thou mayst wel chaunge thy purpos; but, for as mochel as the present soothnesse of the devyne pur-
 280 viaunce biholdeth that thou mayst chaunge thy purpos, and whether thou wolt chaunge it or no, and whiderward that thou torne it, thou ne mayst nat eschuen the devyne prescience; right as thou ne mayst nat fleen the sighte of the
 285 presente eye, al-though that thou torne thy-self by thy free wil in-to dyverse accions. But thou mayst seyn ayein: "How shal it thanne be? Shal nat the
 290 devyne science be chaunged by my dis-
 posicioun, whan that I wol o thing now, and now another? And thilke prescience, ne semeth it nat to entrechaunge stoundes of knowinge;" as who seith, *ne shall it nat seeme to us, that the devyne prescience entre-chaungeth hisc dyverse stoundes of knowinge, so that it knowe sum-tyme o thing and sum-tyme the contrarie of that thing?*
 295 'No, forsothe,' quod I.
Philosophie. 'For the devyne sighte
 300 renneth to-forn and seeth alle futures, and clepeth hem aycin, and retorneth hem to the presence of his propre knowinge; ne he ne entrechaungeth nat, so as thou wenest, the stoundes of forknow-
 305 inge, as now this, now that; but he ay-
 dwellinge comth biforn, and embraceth at o strook alle thy mutacions. And this presence to comprehendon and to seen alle things, god ne hath nat taken it of
 310 the bitydinge of things to come, but of his

prepre simplicitee. And her-by is assoiled thilke thing that thou puttest a litel her-biforn, *that is to seyn, that it is unworthy thing to seyn, that our futures yeven cause of the science of god.* For
 315 certes, this strengthe of the devyne science, which that embraceth alle things by his presentarie knowinge, establisheth maner to alle things, and it ne oweth naught to latter things; and
 320 sin that these things ben thus, *that is to seyn, sin that necessitee nis nat in things by the devyne prescience,* than is ther freedom of arbitre, that dwelleth hool and unwemmed to mortal men. Ne the lawes ne
 325 purposen nat wikkedly medes and peynes to the willinges of men that ben unbounden and quite of alle necessitee. And god, biholder and for-witer of alle things, dwelleth above; and the present eternitee
 330 of his sighte renneth alwey with the dyverse qualitee of oure dedes, dispensinge and ordeyninge medes to goode men, and torments to wikked men. Ne in ydel
 335 ne in veyn ne ben ther nat put in god hope and preyeres, that ne mowen nat ben unspeedful ne with-outte effect, whan they ben rightful. Withstand thanne
 340 and eschne thou vyces; worships and love thou virtues; areys thy corage to right ful hopes; yilde thou humble preyeres a-heigh. Gret necessitee of prowesse and vertu is encharged and commaunded to yow, yif ye nil nat dissimulen; sin
 345 that ye worken and doon, *that is to seyn, your dedes or your workes,* biforn the eyen of the juge that seeth and demeth alle thinges.' To whom be glorye and worshippe by infinit tymes. AMEN.

TROILUS AND CRISEYDE.

—♦—

BOOK I.

1. THE double sorwe of Troilus to tellen,
That was the king Priamus sone of
Troye,
In lovinge, how his aventures fallen
Fro wo to wele, and after out of joye,
My purpos is, er that I parte fro ye. 5
Thesiphone, thou help me for t'endyte
Thise woful vers, that wepen as I wryte!
2. To thee clepe I, thou goddesse of tor-
ment,
Thou cruel Furie, sorwing ever in peyne;
Help me, that am the sorwful instrument
That helpeth lovers, as I can, to pleyne!
For wel sit it, the sothe for to seyne, 12
A woful wight to han a drery fere,
And, to a sorwful tale, a sory chere.
3. For I, that god of Loves servaunts serve,
Ne dar to Love, for myn unlyklinesse, 16
Preyen for speed, al sholde I therfor
sterve,
So fer am I fro his help in derknesse;
But nathelees, if this may doon gladnesse
To any lover, and his cause avayle, 20
Have he my thank, and myn be this tra-
vayle!
4. But ye loveres, that batten in glad-
nesse,
If any drope of pitee in yow be,
Remembreth yow on passed heviness
That ye han felt, and on the adversitee 25
Of othere folk, and thenketh how that ye
Han felt that Love dorste yow displesse;
Or ye han wonne him with to greet an ese.
5. And preyeth for hem that ben in the cas
Of Troilus, as ye may after here, 30
That love hem bringe in hevene to solas,
And eek for me preyeth to god so dere,
That I have might to shewe, in som
manere,
Swich peyne and wo as Loves folk endure,
In Troilus unsely aventure. 35
6. And biddeth eek for hem that been
despeyred
In love, that never nil recovered be,
And eek for hem that falsly been apeyred
Thorough wilked tonges, be it he or she;
Thus biddeth god, for his benigntee, 40
To graunte hem sone out of this world to
pace,
That been despeyred out of Loves grace.
7. And biddeth eek for hem that been at
ese,
That god hem graunte ay good perseve-
raunce,
And sende hem might hir ladies so to
plese, 45
That it to Love be worship and plesaunce.
For so hope I my soule best avaunce,
To preye for hem that Loves servaunts be,
And wryte hir wo, and live in charitee.
8. And for to have of hem compassioun 50
As though I were hir owene brother dere,
Now herkeneth with a gode entencioun,
For now wol I gon streight to my matere,
In whiche ye may the double sorwes here

Of Troilus, in loving of Criseyde, 55
And how that she forsook him er she
deyde.



9. It is wel wist, how that the Grekes
stronge

In armes with a thousand shippes wente
To Troye-wardes, and the citee longe
Assegeden neighten yeer they stente, 60
And, in diverse wyse and oon entente,
The ravisshing to wreken of Eleyne,
By Paris doon, they wroughten al hir
peyne.

10. Now fil it so, that in the toun ther was
Dwellinge a lord of greet auctoritee, 65
A gret devyn that cleped was Calkas,
That in science so expert was, that he
Knew wel that Troye shold be destroyed be,
By awnswere of his god, that highte thus,
Daun Phebus or Apollo Delphicus. 70

11. So whan this Calkas knew by calcu-
linge,
And eek by awnswere of this Appollo,
That Grekes sholden swich a peple bringe,
Thorough which that Troye moste been
for-do,
He caste anoon out of the toun to go; 75
For wel wiste he, by sort, that Troye
sholde
Destroyed been, ye, wolde who-so nolde.

12. For which, for to departen softly
Took purpos ful this forknowinge wyse,
And to the Grekes ost ful prively 80
He stal anoon; and they, in curteys wyse,
Him deden bothe worship and servyse,
In trust that he hath conning hem to rede
In every peril which that is to drede

13. The noyse up roos, whan it was first
aspayed, 85
Thorough al the toun, and generally was
spoken,
That Calkas traytor fled was, and allyed
With hem of Grece; and casten to ben
wroken

On him that falsly hadde his feith so
broken;
And seyden, he and al his kin at ones 90
Ben worthy for to brennen, fel and bones.

14. Now hadde Calkas left, in this mes-
chaunce,

Al unwist of this false and wikked dede,
His daughter, which that was in gret
penaunce,
For of hir lyf she was ful sore in drede, 95
As she that niste what was best to rede;
For bothe a widowe was she, and allone
Of any freend, to whom she dorste hir
mone.

15. Criseyde was this lady name a-right;
As to my dome, in al Troyes citee 100
Nas noon so fair, for passing every wight
So aungellyk was hir natyf beautee,
That lyk a thing immortal semed she,
As doth an hevenish parfit creature,
That down were sent in scorning of
nature. 105

16. This lady, which that al-day herde at
ere
Hir fadres shame, his falsnesse and
tresoun,
Wel nigh out of hir wit for sorwe and fere,
In widewes habit large of samit broun,
On knees she fil biforn Ector a-doun; 110
With pitous voys, and tendrely wepinge,
His mercy bad, hir-selven excusinge.

17. Now was this Ector pitous of nature,
And saw that she was sorwfully bigoon,
And that she was so fair a creature; 115
Of his goodnesse he gladed hir anoon,
And seyde, 'lat your fadres treson goon
Forth with mischaunce, and ye your-self,
in joye,
Dwelleteth with us, whyl you good list, in
Troye.

18. And al th'onour that men may doon
yow have, 120
As ferforth as your fader dwelled here,
Yeshul han, and your body shal men save,
As fer as I may ought enquire or here.
And she him thonked with ful humble
chere,
And ofter wolde, and it hadde ben his
wille, 125
And took hir leve, and hoom, and held
hir stille.

19. And in hir hous she abood with swich
meynee
As to hir honour nede was to holde ;
And whyl she was dwellinge in that citee,
Kepte hir estat, and bothe of yonge and
olde 130
Ful wel beloved, and wel men of hir tolde.
But whether that she children hadde or
noon,
I rede it nought; therfore I lete it goon.
20. The thinges fallen, as they doon of
werre,
Bitwixen hem of Troye and Grekes
oſte; 135
For som day boughten they of Troye it
derre,
And eft the Grekes founden no thing ſoſte
The folk of Troye; and thus fortune on-
lofte,
And under eft, gan hem to wheelen bothe
After hir cours, ay whyl they were wrothe.
21. But how this toun com to deſtruc-
cioun 141
Ne falleth nought to purpos me to telle ;
For it were here a long diſgrefſioun
Fro my matere, and yow to longe dwelle.
But the Troyane geſtes, as they felle, 145
In Omer, or in Dares, or in Dyte,
Whoſo that can, may rede hem as they
wryte.
22. But though that Grekes hem of Troye
ſhetten,
And hir citee bisegede al a-boute,
Hir olde usage wolde they not letten, 150
As for to honoure hir goddes ful devoute ;
But aldermoſt in honour, out of doute,
They hadde a relik hight Palladion,
That was hir trist a-boven everichon.
23. And ſo bifel, whan comen was the
tyme 155
Of Aperil, when clothed is the mede
With newe grene, of lusty Ver the pryme,
And ſwote ſmellen floures whyte and rede,
In sondry wyſes ſhewed, as I rede,
The folk of Troye hir obſervaunces olde,
Palladiōnes feſte for to holde. 161
24. And to the temple, in al hir beſte wyſe,
In general, ther wente many a wight,
- To herken of Palladion the ſervyſe ;
And namely, ſo many a lusty knight, 165
So many a lady fresh and mayden bright,
Ful wel arayed, bothe moſte and leſte,
Ye, bothe for the ſeson and the feſte.
25. Among thiſe oþere folk was Criseyda,
In widewes habite blak; but natheleſſe,
Right as our firſte lettref is now an A, 171
In beautee first ſo stood ſhe, makeleſſe;
Hir godly looking gladeſe al the prees.
Nas never ſeyn thing to ben preyſed derre,
Nor under clounde blak ſo bright a ſterre
26. As was Criseyda, as folk ſeyde everich-
oon 176
That hir bihelden in hir blake wede;
And yet ſhe stood ful lowe and ſtille
alloon,
Bihinden oþere folk, in litel brede,
And neigh the dore, ay under ſhames
dredē, 180
Simple of a-tyr, and debonaire of chere,
With ful assured loking and manere.
27. This Troilus, as he was wont to gyde
His yonge knightes, ladde hem up and
doun
In thilke large temple on every ſyde, 185
Biholding ay the ladys of the toun.
Now here, now there, for no devocioun
Hadde he to noon, to reven him his reſte,
But gan to preyſe and lakken whom him
leſte.
28. And in his walk ful fast he gan to
wayten 190
If knight or ſquyer of his companye
Gan for to ſyke, or lete his eyen bayten
On any woman that he coude aspye;
He wolde ſmyle, and holden it ſolye,
And ſeyde him thus, ‘god wot, ſhe ſlepeth
ſoſte 195
For love of thee, whan thou tornest ful
oſte !
29. ‘I have herd told, pardieuſ, of your
livinge,
Ye lovers, and your lewed ſobſervaunces,
And which a labour folk han in winninge
Of love, and, in the keping, which dou-
taunces : 200

And whan your preye is lost, wo and penaunces;

O verrey foles! nyce and blinde be ye;
Ther nis not oon can war by other be.'

30. And with that word he gan cast up
the browe,
Aseaunes, 'lo! is this nought wysly
spoken?' ²⁰⁵

At which the god of love gan loken rowe
Right for despyt, and shoop for to ben
wroken;

He kidde anon his bowe nas not broken;
For sodeynly he hit him at the fulle;
And yet as proud a pekok can he pulle. ²¹⁰

31. O blinde world, O blinde entencioune!
How ofte falleth al th'effect contrarie
Of surquidrye and foul presumpcioun;
For caught is proud, and caught is de-
bonaire.

This Troylus is clomben on the staire, ²¹⁵
And litel weneth that he moot descenden.
But al-day fayleth thing that foles
wenden.

32. As proude Bayard ginneth for to
skippe

Out of the wey, so priketh him his corn,
Til he a lash have of the longe whippe, ²²⁰
Than thenketh he, 'though I praunce al
biforn

First in the trays, ful fat and newe shorn,
Yet am I but an hors, and horses lawe
I moot endure, and with my feres drawe.'

33. So ferde it by this fers and proude
knight; ²²⁵

Though he a worthy kinges sone were,
And wende no-thing hadde had swiche
micht

Ayens his wil that sholde his herte stere,
Yet with a look his herte wex a-fere,
That he, that now was most in pryd
above, ²³⁰
Wex sodeynly most subget un-to love.

34. For-thy ensample taketh of this man,
Ye wyse, proude, and worthy folkes alle,
To scornen Love, which that so sone can
The freedom of your hertes to him thralle;
For ever it was, and ever it shal bifalle,

That Love is he that alle thing may
binde;

For may no man for-do the lawe of kinde.

35. That this be sooth, hath preved and
doth yit; ²³⁰

For this trowe I ye knownen, alle or some,
Men reden not that folk han gretter wit
Than they that han be most with love
y-name;

And strengest folk ben therwith overcome,
The worthiest and grettest of degree; ²⁴⁴
This was, and is, and yet men shal it see.

36. And trewelich it sit wel to be so;
For alderwyest han ther-with ben plesed;
And they that han ben aldermost in wo,
With love han been conforsted most and
esed; ²⁴⁹

And ofte it hath the cruel herte apesed,
And worthy folk maad worthier of name,
And causeth most to dreden vyce and
shame.

37. Now sith it may not goodly be with-
stonde,

And is a thing so vertuous in kinde,
Refuseth not to Love for to be bonde, ²⁵⁵
Sim, as him-selven list, he may yow binde.
The yerde is bet that bowen wole and
windre

Than that that brest; and therfor I yow
rede

To folwen him that so wel can yow lede.

38. But for to tellen forth in special ²⁶⁰
As of this kinges sone of which I tolde,
And leten other thing collateral,
Of him thenke I my tale for to holde,
Bothe of his joye, and of his eares colde;
And al his werk, as touching this matere, ²⁶⁵
For I it gan, I wil ther-to refere.

39. With-inne the temple he wente him
forth pleyinge,
This Troylus, of every wight aboute,
On this lady and now on that lokinge,
Wher-so she were of toune, or of with-
oute: ²⁷⁰

And up-on eas bifel, that thorugh a route
His eye perced, and so depe it wente,
Til on Criseyde it smoot, and ther it
stente.

40. And sodeynly he wex ther-with astoned,
And gan hire bet biholde in thrifte wyse :
'O mercy, god !' thoughte he, 'wher hastow woned, 276
That art so fair and goodly to devyse ?'
Ther-with his herte gan to sprede and ryse,
And softe sighed, lest men myghte him here,
And caughte a-yein his firste pleyinge chere. 280

41. She nas not with the leste of hir stature,
But alle hir limes so wel answeringe
Weren to womanhode, that creature
Was never lasse mannish in seminge. 284
And eek the pure wyse of here meninge
Shewede wel, that men myght in hir gesse Honour, estat, and wommanly noblesse.

42. To Troilus right wonder wel with-alle
Gan for to lyke hir meninge and hir chere,
Which somdel deynous was, for she leet
falle 290
Hir look a lite a-side, in swich manere,
Ascaunes, 'what ! may I not stonden
here ?'
And after that hir loking gan she lighte,
That never thoughte him seen so good
a sighte.

43. And of hir look in him ther gan to quiken 295
So greet desir, and swich affeccioun,
That in his hertes botme gan to stiken
Of hir his fixe and depe impressionioun :
And though he erst hadde poured up
and doun, 299
He was tho glad his hornes in to shrinke ;
Unnethes wiste he how to loke or winke.

44. Lo, he that leet him-selven so konninge,
And scorned hem that loves peynes dryen,
Was ful unwar that love hadde his dwellinge
With-inne the subtile stremes of hir yen ;
That sodeynly him thoughte he felte
dyen, 306

Right with hir look, the spirit in his herte ;
Blessed be love, that thus can folk converte !

45. She, this in blak, lykinge to Troilus,
Over alle thing he stood for to biholde ;
Ne his desir, ne wherfor he stood thus,
He neither chere made, ne worde tolde ;
But from a-fer, his maner for to holde,
On other thing his look som-tyme he caste,
And eft on hir, whyl that servyse laste. 315

46. And after this, not fulliche al a-whaped,
Out of the temple al esiliche he wente,
Repenting him that he hadde ever y-japed
Of loves folk, lest fully the descente
Of scorn fille on him-self ; but, what he mente, 320
Lest it were wist on any maner syde,
His wo he gan dissimulen and hyde.

47. Whan he was fro the temple thus departed,
Hestreyghe noon un-to his paleys torneth,
Right with hir look thurgh-shoten and
thurgh-darted, 325
Al feyneth he in lust that he sojorneth ;
And al his chere and specho also he borneth ;
And ay, of loves servants every whyle,
Him-self to wrye, at hem he gan to smylda.

48. And seyde, 'lord, so ye live al in lest,
Ye loveres ! for the conningest of yow, 331
That serveth most ententiflich and best,
Him tit as often harm ther-of as prow ;
Your hyre is quit ayein, ye, god wot how !
Nought wel for wel, but scorn for good
servyse ; 335
In feith, your ordre is ruled in good wyse !

49. In noun-certeyn ben alle your ob-servauences,
But it a sely fewe poynetes be ;
Ne no-thing asketh so grete attendaunces
As doth your lay, and that knowe alle ye ;
But that is not the worste, as mote I theo ;
But, tolde I yow the worste poynet, I leve,
Al seyde I sooth, ye wolden at me greve !

50. But tak this, that ye loveres ofte
eschewe,
Or elles doon of good entencioune, 345
Ful ofte thy lady wole it misconstrue,
And deme it harm in hir opinioune;
And yet if she, for other enchesoun,
Be wrooth, than shalt thou han a groyn
anoon :
Lord ! wel is him that may be of yow oon !'
51. But for al this, whan that he say his
tyme, 351
He held his pees, non other bote him
gayned ;
For love bigan his fetheres so to lyme,
That wel unnethe un-to his folk he feyned
That otherbessey nedes him destryayne ;
For wo was him, that what to doon he
niste, 356
But bad his folk to goon wher that hem
liste.
52. And whan that he in chaumbre was
allone,
He doun up-on his beddes feet him sette,
And first he gan to syke, and eft to
grone, 360
And thoughte ay on hir so, with-outen
lette,
That, as he sat and wook, his spirit mette
That he hir saw a temple, and al the wyse
Right of hir loke, and gan it newe avyse.
53. Thus gan he make a mirour of his
minde, 365
In which he saugh al hooly hir figure ;
And that he wel coude in his herte finde,
It was to him a right good aventur
To love swich oon, and if he dide his cure
To serven hir, yet mighte he falle in
grace, 370
Or elles, for oon of hir servaunts pace.
54. Imagininge that travaille nor grame
Ne mighte, for so goodly oon, be lorn
As she, ne him for his desir ne shame,
Al were it wist, but in prys and up-born
Of alle lovers wel more than biforn ; 376
Thus argumented he in his ginninge,
Ful unavysed of his wo cominge.
55. Thus took he purpos loves craft to
suwe,
And thoughte he wolde werken prively,

- First, to hyden his desir in muwe 381
From every wight y-born, al-outrely,
But he mighte ought recovered be therby ;
Remembering him, that love to wyde y-
blowe
Yelt bittre fruyt, though swete seed be
sowe. 385
56. And over al this, yet muchel more he
thoughte
What for to speke, and what to holden
inne,
And what to arten hir to love he soughte,
And on a song anoon-right to beginne, 389
And gan loude on his sorwe for to winne ;
For with good hope he gan fully assente
Criseyde for to love, and nought repente.
57. And of his song nougnt only the
sentence,
As writ myn autour called Lollius,
But pleynly, save our tonges difference,
I dar wel sayn, in al that Troilus 396
Seyde in his song ; lo ! every word right
thus
As I shal seyn ; and who-so list it here,
Lo ! next this vers, he may it finden here.
- Cantus Troili.
58. 'If no love is, O god, what fele I so ?
And if love is, what thing and whence
is he ? 401
If love be good, from whennes comth my
wo ?
If it be wilke, a wonder thinketh me,
When every torment and adversitee
That cometh of him, may to me savory
thinke ; 405
For ay thurst I, the more that I it drinke.
59. And if that at myn owene lust I
brenne,
Fro whennes cometh my wailing and my
pleynite ?
If harme agree me, wher-to pleyne I
thenne ?
I noot, ne why unwery that I feynte. 410
O quike deeth, o swete harm so queynte,
How may of thee in me swich quantitee,
But-if that I consente that it be ?
60. And if that I consente, I wrongfully
Compleyne, y-wis ; thus posset to and fro,

Al sterlees with-inne a boote am I 416
 A-mid the see, by-twixen windes two,
 That in contrarie stonden ever-mo.
 Allas! what is this wonder maladye? 419
 For hete of cold, for cold of hete, I dye.'

61. And to the god of love thus seyde he
 With pitous voys, 'O lord, now youres is
 My spirit, which that oughte youres be.
 Yow thanke I, lord, that han me brought
 to this;

But whether goddesse or womman, y-wis,
 She be, I noot, which that ye do me
 serve; 426
 But as hir man I wole ay live and sterwe.

62. Ye stonden in hire eyen mightyly,
 As in a place un-to your vertu digne;
 Wherfore, lord, if my servyse or I 430
 May lyke yow, so beth to me benigne;
 For myn estat royal here I resigne
 In-to hir hond, and with ful humble chere
 Become hir man, as to my lady dere.' 434

63. In him ne deyned sparen blood royal
 The fyr of love, wher-fro god me blesse,
 Ne him forbar in no degree, for al
 His vertu or his excellent prowesse;
 But held him as his thrallowe in distresse,
 And brende him so in sondry wyse ay
 newe, 440
 That sixty tyme a day he loste his hewe.

64. So muche, day by day, his owene
 thought,
 For lust to hir, gan quiken and encrase,
 That every other charge he sette at nought;
 For thy ful ofte, his hote fyr to cese, 445
 To seen hir goodly look he gan to prese;
 For ther-by to ben esed wel he wende,
 And ay the neer he was, the more he
 brende.

65. For ay the neer the fyr, the hotter is,
 This, trouwe I, knoweth al this companye.
 But were he fer or neer, I dar seye this,
 By night or day, for wysdom or folye, 452
 His herte, which that is his brestes yë,
 Was ay on hir, that fairer was to sene
 Than ever was Eleyne or Polixene. 455

66. Eek of the day ther passed nougnt an
 hour
 That to him-self a thousand tyme he seyde,

'Good goodly, to whom serve I and la-
 boure, 458
 As I best can, now wolde god, Criseyde,
 Ye wolden on me rewe er that I deyde!
 My dere herte, allas! myn hele and hewe
 And lyf is lost, but ye wole on me rewe.'

67. Alle othere dredes weren from him
 fledde,

Bothe of th'assege and his savacioun;
 Ne in him desyr noon othere fownes
 bredde 465

But arguments to this conclusioun,
 That she on him wolde han compassioun,
 And he to be hir man, whyl he may dure;
 Lo, here his lyf, and from the deeth his
 cure! 469

68. Thesharpe shoures felle of armes preve,
 That Ector or his othere bretheren diden,
 Ne made him only ther-fore ones meve;
 And yet was he, wher-so men wente of
 riden,

Founde oon the best, and lengest tymē
 abiden 474

Ther peril was, and dide eek such travayle
 In armes, that to thenke it was mervayle.

69. But for non hate he to the Grekes
 hadde,
 Ne also for the rescous of the toun,
 Ne made him thus in armes for to madde;
 But only, lo, for this conclusioun, 480
 To lyken hir the bet for his renoun;
 Fro day to day in armes so he spedde,
 That alle the Grekes as the deeth him
 dredde.

70. And fro this forth tho refte him love
 his sleep,
 And made his mete his foo; and eek his
 sorwe 485
 Gan multiplye, that, who-so toke keep,
 It shewed in his hewe, bothe eve and
 morwe;

Therfor a title he gan him for to borwe
 Of other syknesse, lest of him men wende
 That the hote fyr of love him brende. 490

71. And seyde, he hadde a fever and ferde
 amis;
 But how it was, certayn, can I not seye,

If that his lady understood not this,
Or feyned hir she niste, oon of the tweye;
But wel I rede that, by no maner weye,
Ne seemed it [as] that she of him roughte,
Nor of his peyne, or what-so-ever he
thoughte.

72. But than fel to this Troylus such wo,
That he was wel neigh wood; for ay his
dredē 499

Was this, that she som wight had loved so,
That never of him she wolde have taken
hede;

For whiche him thoughte he felte his
herte bledē.

Ne of his wo no dorste he not biginne
To tellen it, for al this world to winne.

73. But whanne he hadde a space fro his
care, 505

Thus to him-self ful ofte he gan to pleyne;
He sayde, 'O fool, now art thou in the
snare,

That whilom japedest at loves peyne;
Now artow hent, now gnaw thyn owene
cheyne;

Thou were ay wont eche lovere reprehende
Of thing fro which thou canst thee nat
defende. 511

74. What wole now every lover seyn of
thee,

If this be wist, but ever in thyn absence
Laughen in scorn, and seyn, "lo, ther
gooth he,

That is the man of so gret sapience, 515
That held us loveres leest in reverence!

Now, thonked be god, he may goon in the
daunce

Of hem that Love list febly for to avaunce!

75. But, O thou woful Troilus, god wolde,
Sin thow most loven thurgh thy destinee,
That thow beset were on swich oon that
sholde 521

Knowe al thy wo, al lakkede hir pitee:
But al so cold in love, towards thee,
Thy lady is, as frost in winter mone, 524
And thou fordoon, as snow in fyre is sone."

76. God wolde I were aryved in the port
Of deeth, to which my sorwe wil me lede!

A, lord, to me it were a greet comfort;
Then were I quit of languisshing in dredē.
For by myn hidde sorwe y-blowe on brede
I shal bi-japed been a thousand tyme 531
More than that fool of whos folye men
ryme.

77. But now help god, and ye, swete, for
whom

I pleyne, y-caught, ye, never wight so
faste! 534

O mercy, dere herte, and help me from
The deeth, for I, whyl that my lyf may
laste,

More than my-self wol love yow to my
laste.

And with som freendly look gladeth me,
swete,

Though never more thing ye me bi-hete!"

78. This wordes and ful manye an-other to
He spak, and called ever in his com-
ploynte 541

Hir name, for to tellen hir his wo,
Til neigh that he in salte teres dreynte.

Al was for nought, she herde nought his
ploynte;

And whan that he bithoughte on that
folye, 545

A thousand fold his wo gan multiplye.

79. Bi-wayling in his chambre thusallone,
A freend of his, that called was Pandare,
Com ones in unwar, and herde him grone,
And sey his freend in swich distresse and
care: 550

'Allas!' quod he, 'who causeth al this
fare?

O mercy, god! what unhappy may this
mene?

Han now thus sone Grekes maad yow
lene?

80. Or hastow som remors of conscience,
And art now falle in som devocioun, 555
And waylest for thy sinne and thyn
offence,

And hast for ferde caught attricoun?
God save hem that bi-seged han our toun,
And so can leye our jolytee on presse,
And bring our lusty folk to holiness!"

81. These wordes seyde he for the nones alle, 561

That with swich thing he mighe him angry maken,

And with an angre don his sorwe falle,
As for the tyme, and his corage awaken ;
But wel he wiste, as fer as tonges spaken,
Ther nas a man of gretter hardinesse 566
Than he, ne more desired worthiness.

82. 'What eas,' quod Troilus, 'or what adventure

Hath gyded thee to see my languisshinge,
That am refus of every creature ? 570
But for the love of god, at my preynging,
Go henne a-way, for certes, my deyinge
Wol thee disease, and I mot nedes deye ;
Ther-for go wey, ther is no more to seye.

83. But if thou wene I be thus syk for drede, 575

It is not so, and ther-for scorne nougħt ;
Ther is a-nother thing I take of hede
Wel more than ought the Grekes han y-wrought,

Which cause is of my deeth, for sorwe and thought.

But though that I now telle thee it ne leste, 580

Be thou nougħt wrooth, I hyde it for the beste.'

84. This Pandare, that neigh malt for wo and routhe,

Ful often seyde, 'allas ! what may this be ?
Now freend,' quod he, 'if ever love or trouthe

Hath been, or is, bi-twixen thee and me,
Ne do thou never swiche a crueltee 586
To hyde fro thy freend so greet a care ;
Wostow nougħt wel that it am I, Pandare ?

85. I wole parten with thee al thy peyne,
If it be so I do thee no comfort, 590

As it is freendes right, sooth for to seyne,
To entreparten wo, as glad despert.

I have, and shal, for trewe or fals report,
In wrong and right y-loved thee al my lyve ; 594

Hyd not thy wo fro me, but telle it blyve.'

86. Then gan this sorwful Troilus to syke,
And seyde him thus, 'god leve it be my beste

To telle it thee ; for, sith it may thee lyke,

Yet wole I telle it, though myn herte breste ; 599

And wel wot I thou mayst do me no reste.
But lest thou deme I truse not to thee,
Now herkne, freend, for thus it stant with me.

87. Love, a-yeins the which who-so defendeth

Him-selven most, him alder-leſt avayleth,
With desespeir so sorwfully me offendeth,
That streyght un-to the deeth myn herte sayleth. 606

Ther-to desyr so brenningly me assaylleth,
That to ben slain it were a gretter joye
To me than king of Grece been and Troye !

88. Suffiseth this, my fullefreend Pandare,
That I have seyd, for now wostow my wo ;
And for the love of god, my colde care 612
So hyd it wel, I telle it never to mo ;
For harmes mighte folwen, mo than two,
If it were wist ; but be thou in gladnesse,
And lat me sterve, unknowe, of my distresse.' 616

89. 'How hastow thus unkindely and longe

Hid this fro me, thou fool ?' quod Pandarus ;

'Paraunter thou might after swich oon longe,

That myn avys anoon may helpen us.' 620

'This were a wonder thing,' quod Troilus,
'Thou condest never in love thy-selven wisse ;'

How devel maystow bringen me to blisse ?'

90. 'Ye, Troilus, now herke,' quod Pandare,

'Though I be nyce ; it happeth ofte so, 625
That oon that excess doth ful yvele fare
By good counseyl can kepe his freend ther-fro.

I have my-self eek seyn a blind man go'

Ther-as he fel that coude loke wyde ;
A fool may eek a wys man ofte gyde. 630

91. A whetston is no kervyng instrument,
And yet it maketh sharpe kervyngh-tolis.

And ther thou woost that I have ought
miswent,
Eschewe thou that, for swich thing to
thee scole is ;

Thus ofte wyse men ben war by folis. 635
If thou do so, thy wit is wel biwarded ;
By his contrarie is every thing declared.

92. For how might ever sweetnesse have
be knowe

To him that never tasted bitterness ?
Ne no man may be inly glad, I trowe, 640
That never was in sorwe or som distresse ;
Eek whyt by blak, by shame eek worthi-
nessse,

Ech set by other, more for other semeth ;
As men may see ; and so the wyse it
demeth.

93. Sith thus of two contraries is a lore,
I, that have in love so ofte assayed 646
Grevaunces, oughte conne, and wel the
more

Counsayllen thee of that thou art amayed.
Eek thee ne oughte nat ben yvel apayed,
Though I desyre with thee for to bere 650
Thyn hevy charge ; it shal the lasse dere.

94. I woot wel that it fareth thus by me
As to thy brother Parys an herdesse,
Which that y-cleped was Oenone, 654
Wroot in a compleynt of hir hevinesses :
Ye sey the lettre that she wroot, y gesse ?
'Nay, never yet, y-wis,' quod Troilus.
'Now,' quod Pandare, 'herkneth ; it was
thus.—

95. "Phebus, that first fond art of medi-
cyne,"

Quod she, "and coude in every wightes
care 660
Remede and reed, by herbes he knew fyne,
Yet to him-self his conninge was ful bare ;
For love hadde him so bounden in a snare,
Al for the daughter of the kinge Admete,
That al his craft ne coude his sorwe
bete."— 665

96. Right so fare I, unhappily for me ;
I love oon best, and that me smerteth sore ;
And yet, paraunter, can I rede thee,
And not my-self ; repreve me no more. 669
I have no cause, I woot wel, for to sore

As doth an hauk that listeth for to
pleye,

But to thyn help yet somewhat can I seye.

97. And of o thing right siker maystow be,
That certayn, for to deyen in the peyne,
That I shal never-mo discoveren thee ; 675
Ne, by my trouthe, I kepe nat restreyne
Thee fro thy love, thogh that it were
Eleyne,

That is thy brotheres wyf, if ich it wiste ;
Be what she be, and love hir as thee liste.

98. Therfore, as freend fullich in me
assure, 680

And tel me plat what is thyn enchesoun,
And final cause of wo that ye endure ;
For douteth no-thing, myn entenciou
Nis nougnt to yow of reprehenciou
To speke as now, for no wight may
bireve 685

A man to love, til that him list to leve.

99. And witeth wel, that bothe two ben
vycses,

Mistrusten alle, or elles alle leve ;
But wel I woot, the mene of it no vycse is,
For for to trusten sum wight is a preve 690
Of trouthe, and for-thy wolde I fayn re-
meve

Thy wrong conceyte, and do thee som
wight triste,
Thy wo to telle ; and tel me, if thee liste.

100. The wyse seyth, "wo him that is
allone,
For, and he falle, he hath noon help to
ryse ;" 695

And sith thou hast a felawe, tel thy mone ;
For this nis not, certeyn, the nexte wyse
To winnen love, as techen us the wyse,
To walwe and wepe as Niobe the quene,
Whos teres yet in marbel been y-sene. 700

101. Lat be thy weping and thy drerinesse,
And lat us lissen wo with other speche ;
So may thy woful tyme seme lesse.

Delyte not in wo thy wo to seche, 704
As doon thise foles that hir sorwes echē
With sorwe, whan they han misaventure,
And listen nougnt to seche hem other
cure.

102. Men seyn, "to wrecche is consolacion
To have an-other felawe in his peyne;"
That oughte wel ben our opinioun, 710
For, bothe thou and I, of love we pleyne;
So ful of sorwe am I, soth for to seyne,
That certeynly no more harde grace
May sitte on me, for-why ther is no
space.
103. If god wole thou art not agast of me,
Lest I wolle of thy lady thee bigyle, 716
Thow wost thy-self whom that I love,
pardee,
As I best can, gon sithen longe whyle.
And sith thou wost I do it for no wyle, 719
And sith I am he that thou tristest most,
Tel me sumwhat, sin al my wo thou wost.'
104. Yet Troilus, for al this, no word
seyde,
But longe he lay as stille as he ded were;
And after this with sykinge he abreyde,
And to Pandarus voys he lente his ere, 725
And up his eyen caste he, that in fere
Was Pandarus, lest that in frenesye
He sholde falle, or elles sone dye :
105. And cryde 'a-wake' ful wonderly
and sharpe;
'What? slombrestow as in a lytargye?
Or artow lyk an asse to the harpe, 731
That hereth soun, whan men the strenges
plye,
But in his minde of that no melodye
May sinken, him to glade, for that he
So dul is of his bestialitee?' 735
106. And with that Pandare of his wordes
stente;
But Troilus yet him no word answerde,
For-why to telle has not his entente
To never no man, for whom that he so
ferde. 739
For it is seyd, 'man maketh ofte a yerde
With which the maker is him-self y-beten
In sondry maner,' as thise wyse treten,
107. And namely, in his counseyl tellinge
That toucheth love that oughte be secrecye;
For of him-self it wolde y-nough out-
springe, 745

- But-if that it the bet governed be,
Eek som-tyme it is craft to seme flee
Fro thing which in effect men hunte faste;
Al this gan Troilus in his herte caste.
108. But nathelees, whan he had herd
him crye 750
'Awake!' he gan to syke wonder sore,
And seyde, 'freend, though that I stille
lye,
I am not deaf; now pees, and cry no more;
For I have herd thy wordes and thy lore;
But suffre me my mischef to biwayle, 755
For thy proverbes may me noughe avayle.
109. Nor other cure canstow noon for me.
Eek I nil not be cured, I wol deye;
What knowe I of the quene Niobe?
Lat be thyne olde ensaumples, I thee
preye.' 760
'No,' quod tho Pandarus, 'therfore I seye,
Swich is delyt of foles to biwepe
Hir wo, but seken bote they ne kepe.
110. Now knowe I that ther reson in thee
fayleth.
But tel me, if I wiste what she were 765
For whom that thee al this misaunter
ayleth,
Dorkestow that I toldehir in hir ere
Thy wo, sith thou darst not thy-self for
fere,
And hir bisoughte on thee to han som
routhe?'
'Why, nay,' quod he, 'by god and by my
trouthe!' 770
111. 'What? not as bisily,' quod Pandarus,
'As though myn owene lyf lay on this
nedo?'
'No, certes, brother,' quod this Troilus.
'And why?'—'For that thou sholdest
never sped'e.
'Wostow that wel?'—'Ye, that is out of
dredre,' 775
Quod Troilus, 'for al that ever ye conne,
She nil to noon swich wrecche as I be
wonne.'
112. Quod Pandarus, 'allas! what may
this be,
That thou despeyred art thus causelees?' 780

What? liveth not thy lady? *benedicite!* 780
 How wostow so that thou art gracieles?
 Swich yvel is not alwey botelees.
 Why, put not impossible thus thy cure,
 Sin thing to come is ofte in aventurē.

113. I graunte wel that thou endurest wo
 As sharp as doth he, Ticius, in helle, 786
 Whos stomak foulē tyren ever-mo
 That highte volturis, as bokes telle.
 But I may not endure that thou dwelle
 In so unskilful an opinioūn 790
 That of thy wo is no curacioun.

114. But ones niltow, for thy coward
 herte,
 And for thyne ire and folish wilfulness,
 For wantrust, tellen of thy sorwes smerte,
 Ne to thyne owene help do bisinesse 795
 As muche as speke a reson more or lesse,
 But lyest as he that list of no-thing recche.
 What woman coude love swich a
 wrecche?

115. What may she demen other of thy
 deeth,
 If thou thus deye, and she not why it is, 800
 But that for fere is yolden up thy breath,
 For Grekes han biseged us, y-wis?
 Lord, which a thank than shaltow han of
 this!
 Thus wol she seyn, and al the toun at
 ones,
 "The wrecche is deed, the devel have his
 bones!" 805

116. Thou mayst allone here wepe and
 crye and knele;
 But, love a woman that she woot it
 nought,
 And she wol quyte that thou shalt not
 fele;
 Unknowe, unkist, and lost that is un-
 sought.
 What! many a man hath love ful dere
 y-bought 810

Twenty winter that his lady wiste,
 That never yet his lady mouth he kiste.

117. What? shulde he therfor fallen in
 despeyr,
 Or be recreaunt for his owene tene,

Or sleen him-self, al be his lady fayr? 815
 Nay, nay, but ever in oon be fresh and
 grene

To serve and love his dere hertes quene,
 And thenke it is a guerdoun hir to serve
 A thousand-fold more than he can deserve.'

118. And of that word took hede Troilus,
 And thoughte anoon what folye he was
 inne, 821
 And how that sooth him seyde Pandarus,
 That for to sleen him-self mighte he not
 winne,

But bothe doon unmanhood and a sinne, 824
 And of his deeth his lady nought to wyte;
 For of his wo, god woot, she knew ful lyte.

119. And with that thought he gan ful
 sore syke,
 And seyde, 'allas! what is me best to do?'
 To whom Pandare answerde, 'if thee lyke,
 The best is that thou telle me thy wo; 830
 And have my trouthe, but thou it finde so,
 I be thy bote, or that it be ful longe,
 To peces do me drawe, and sithen honge!'

120. 'Ye, so thou seyst,' quod Troilus tho,
 'allas!

But, god wot, it is not the rather so; 835
 Ful hard were it to helpen in this cas,
 For wel finde I that Fortune is my fo,
 Ne alle the men that ryden conne or go
 May of her cruel wheel the harm with-
 stonde;
 For, as her list, she pleyeth with free and
 bonde.' 840

121. Quod Pandarus, 'than blamestow
 Fortune

For thou art wrooth, ye, now at erst I see;
 Wostow nat wel that Fortune is commune
 To every maner wight in som degree? 844
 And yet thou hast this comfort, lo, pardee!
 That, as her joyes moten over-goon,
 So mote her sorwes passen everichoon.

122. For if her wheel stinte any-thing to
 torne,

Than cessed she Fortune anoon to be:
 Now, sith her wheel by no wey may
 sojorne, 850
 What wostow if her mutabilitee
 Right as thy-selven list, wol doon by thee,

Or that she be not fer fro thyn helpinge?
Paraunter, thou hast cause for to singe!

123. And therfor wostow what I thee
beseeche? 855

Lat bethy wo and turning to the grunde;
For who-so list have helping of his leche,
To him bihoveth first unwrye his wounde.
To Cerberus in helle ay be I bounde,
Were it for my suster, al thy sorwe, 860
By my wil, she sholdeal be thyn to-morwe.

124. Loke up, Iseye, and tel me what she is
Anoon, that I may goon abouthe thy nede;
Knowe ich hir ought? for my love, tel me
this; 864

Than wolde I hopen rather for to spedre.
Tho gan the veyne of Troilus to blede,
For he was hit, and wex al reed for shame;
'A ha!' quod Pandare, 'here biginneth
game!'

125. And with that word he gan him for
to shake,

And seyde, 'theef, thou shalt hir name
telle.' 870

But tho gan sely Troilus for to quake
As though men sholde han lad him in-to
helle,

And seyde, 'allas! of al my wo the welle,
Than is my swete fo called Criseyde!'

And wel nigh with the word for fere he
deyde. 875

126. And whan that Pandare herde hir
name nevene,

Lord, he was glad, and seyde, 'freend so
dere,

Now fare a-right, for Joves name in hevene,
Love hath biset thee wel, be of good chere;
For of good name and wysdom and
manere 880

She hath y-nough, and eek of gentilesse;
If she be fayr, thow wost thy-self, I gesse.

127. Ne I never saw a more bounteuous
Of hir estat, ne a gladder, ne of speche
A frendlier, ne a more gracious 885
For to do wel. ne lasse hadde nede to
seche

What for to doon; and al this bet to eche,
In honour, to as fer as she may strecche,
A kinges herte semeth by hires a wrecche.

128. And for-thy loke of good comfort
thou be; 890

For certeinly, the firste poynt is this
Of noble corage and wel ordeyne,
A man to have pees with him-self, y-wis;
So oughtest thou, for nought but good it is
To loven wel, and in a worthy place; 895
Thee oughe not to clepe it hap, but grace.

129. And also thenk, and ther-with glade
thee,

That sith thy lady vertuous is al,
So folweth it that ther is som pitee
Amonges alle thise othere in general; 900
And for-thy see that thou, in special,
Requere nought that is ayein hir name;
For vertue streccheth not him-self to
shame.

130. But wel is me that ever I was born,
That thou biset art in so good a place; 905
For by my trouthe, in love I dorste have
sworn,

Thee sholde never han tid thus fayr ^a
grace;

And wostow why? for thou were wont to
chace

At love in scorn, and for despyt him
calle

"Seynt Idiot, lord of thise foles alle." 910

131. How often hastow maad thy nyce
japes,

And seyd, that loves servants everichone
Of nyctee ben verray goddes apes;

And some wolde monche hir mete alone,
Ligging a-bedde, and make hem for to
grone; 915

And som, thou seydest, hadde a blauncho
fevere,

And preydest god he sholde never kevere!

132. And some of hem toke on hem, for
the colde,

More than y-nough, so seydestow ful ofte;

And some han feyned ofte tyme, and tolde
How that they wake, whan they slepen
softe; 921

And thus they wolde han brought hem
self a-lofte,

And nathelees were under at the laste;
Thus seydestow, and japedest ful faste.

133. Yet seydestow, that, for the more part, 925
 These loveres wolden speke in general,
 And thoughten that it was a siker art,
 For fayling, for to assayen over-al.
 Now may I jape of thee, if that I shal !
 But nathelees, though that I sholde deye,
 That thou art noon of tho, that dorste I
 seye. 931
134. Now beet thy brest, and sey to god of love,
 "Thy grace, lord ! for now I me repente
 If I mis spak, for now my-self I love :"
 Thus sey with al thyn herte in good entente.' 935
 Quod Troilus, 'a ! lord ! I me consente,
 And pray to thee my japes thou forsyive,
 And I shal never-more whyl I live.'
135. 'Thow seyst wel,' quod Pandare, 'and now I hope
 That thou the goddes wratthe hast al apesed ; 940
 And sithen thou hast wepen many a drope,
 And seyd swich thing wher-with thy god is plesed,
 Now wolde never god but thou were esed ;
 And think wel, she of whom rist al thy wo
 Here-after may thy comfort been al-so. 945
136. For thilke ground, that bereth the wedes wilke,
 Bereth eek thise holsom herbes, as ful ofte
 Next the foule netle, rough and thikke,
 The rose waxeth swote and smothe and softe ;
 And next the valey is the hil a-lofte ; 950
 And next the derke night the glade morwe ;
 And also joye is next the fyn of sorwe.
137. Now loke that atempre be thy brydel,
 And, for the beste, ay suffre to the tyde,
 Or elles al our labour is on ydel ; 955
 He hasteth wel that wysly can abyde ;
 Be diligent, and trewe, and ay wel hyde.
 Be lusty, free, persevere in thy servyse,
 And al is wel, if thou werke in this wyse.
138. But he that parted is in every place 960
 Is no-wher hool, as writen clerkes wyse ;

- What wonder is, though swich oon have no grace ?
 Eek wostow how it fareth of som servyse ?
 As plaunte a tre or herbe, in sondry wyse,
 And on the morwe pulle it up as blyve, 965
 No wonder is, though it may never thryve.
139. And sith that god of love hath thee bistowed
 In place digne un-to thy worthiness,
 Stond faste, for to good port hastow rowed ;
 And of thy-self, for any heviness, 970
 Hope alwey wel ; for, but-if dreriness
 Or over-haste our bothe labour shende,
 I hope of this to maken a good ende.
140. And wostow why I am the lasse a-fered
 Of this matere with my nece trote ? 975
 For this have I herd seyd of wyse y-lered,
 " Was never man ne woman yet bigete
 That was unapt to suffren loves hete
 Celestial, or elles love of kinde ; " 979
 For-thy som grace I hope in hir to finde.
141. And for to speke of hir in special,
 Hir beautee to bithinken and hir youthe,
 It sit hir nought to be celestial
 As yet, though that hir liste bothe and couthe ; 984
 But trewely, it sete hir wel right nouthe
 A worthy knight to loven and cheryece,
 And but she do, I holde it for a vyce.
142. Wherfore I am, and wol be, ay redy
 To peyne me to do yow this servyse ;
 For bothe yow to plete thus hope I 990
 Her-afterward ; for ye beth bothe wyse,
 And conne it counsayl kepe in swich a wyse,
 That no man shal the wyser of it be ;
 And so we may be gladed alle three.
143. And, by my trouthe, I have right now of thee 995
 A good conceyt in my wit, as I gesse,
 And what it is, I wol now that thou see.
 I thenke, sith that love, of his goodnesse,
 Hath thee converted out of wikkednesse,
 That thou shalt be the beste post, I leve, 1000
 Of al his lay, and most his foos to-greve.

144. Ensample why, see now these wyse clerkes,
That erren aldermost a-yein a lawe,
And ben converted from hir wikked werkes

Thorough grace of god, that list hem to him drawe, 1005
Than arn they folk that han most god in awe,
And strengest-feythed been, I understande,
And conne an errorr alder-best without stonde.'

145. Whan Troilus had herd Pandare assented

To been his help in loving of Criseyde, 1010
Wex of his wo, as whoseydh, untormented,
But hotterwex his love, and thus hese yde,
With sobre chere, al-though his herte pleyde,
'Now blisful Venus helpe, er that I sterfe,
Of thee, Pandare, I may som thank deserve. 1015

146. But, dere frend, how shal myn wiben lesse

Til this be doon? and goode, eek tel me this,
How wiltow seyn of me and my destresse?
Lest she be wrooth, this drede I most,
y-wis,
Or nil not here or trowen how it is. 1020
Al this drede I, and eek for the manere
Of thee, hir eem, she nil no swich thing here.'

147. Quod Pandarus, 'thou hast a ful gret care

Lest that the cherl may falle out of the mone! 1024

Why, lord! I hate of thee thy nyce fare!
Why, entremete of that thou hast to done!
For goddes love, I bidde thee a bone,
So lat me alone, and it shal be thy beste.'
'Why, frend,' quod he, 'now do right as thee leste.'

148. But herke, Pandare, o word, for I nolde 1030

That thou in me wendest so greet folye,
That to my lady I desiren sholde

That touceth harm or any vilenye;
For dredlees, me were lever dye 1034
Than she of me ought elles understode
But that, that mighte sounen in-to gode.'

149. Tho lough this Pandare, and anoon
answerde,
'And I thy borw? fy! no wight dooth but so;

I roughte nought though that she stode
and herde 1039

How that thou seyst; but fare-wel, I wolgo.
A-dieu! be glad! god spede us bothe two!
Yif me this labour and this besynes,
And of my speed be thyn al that swetnesse.'

150. Tho Troilus gan doun on knees to
falle, 1044

And Pandare in his armes hente faste,
And seyd, 'now, fy on the Grekes alle!
Yet, pardee, god shal helpe us at the laste;
And dredlees, if that my lyf may laste,
And god to-forn, lo, som of hem shal smerte;

And yet me athinketh that this avaunt
me asterte! 1050

151. Now, Pandare, I can no more seye,
But thou wys, thou wost, thou mayst,
thou art al!

My lyf, my deeth, hool in thyn honde
I leye;
Help now,' quod he. 'Yis, by my trouthe,
I shal.'

'God yelde thee, frend, and this in
special,' 1055
Quod Troilus, 'that thou me recomaunde
To hir that to the deeth me may
comaunde.'

152. This Pandarus tho, desirous to serve
His fullefreend, than seyde in this manere,
'Far-wel, and thenk I wol thy thank
deserve; 1060

Have here my trouthe, and that thou
shalt wel here.'—
And wente his wey, thenking on this
matere,

And how he best mighte hir beseche of
grace,
And finde a tyme ther-to, and a place.

153. For every wight that hath an hous
to founde 1065
Ne renneth nought the werk for to bi-
ginne
With raken hond, but he wol byde a
stounde,
And sende his hertes lyne out fro with-inne
Alderfirst his purpos for to winne. 1069
Al this Pandare in his herte thoughte,
And caste his werk ful wysly, or he
wroughte.

154. But Troylus lay tho no lenger down,
But up anon up-on his stede bay,
And in the feld he pleyde tho leoun ;
Wo was that Greek that with him mette
that day. 1075
And in the toun his maner tho forth ay
So goodly was, and gat him so in grace,
That ech him lovede that loked on his face.

155. For he bicom the frendlyeste wight,
The gentileste, and eek the moste free, 1080
The thrifteste and oon the beste knight,
That in his tyme was, or mighte be.
Dede were his japes and his crueltee,
His heigh port and his manere
estraunge,
And ech of the gan for a vertu chaunge.

156. Now lat us stinte of Troylus a
stounde, 1086
That fareth lyk a man that hurt is
sore,
And is somdel of akinge of his wounde
Y-lissed wel, but heled no del more :
And, as an esy pacient, the lore 1090
Abit of him that gooth aboute his cure ;
And thus he dryveth forth his aventure.

Explicit Liber Primus.

BOOK II.

Incipit prohemium Secundi Libri.

1. Out of these blake wawes for to sayle,
O wind, O wind, the weder ginneth clere;
For in this see the boot hath swich tra-
vayle,
Of my conning that unnethe I it stere :
This see clepe I the tempestous materre 5
Of desespereyr that Troylus was inne :
But now of hope the calendes biginne.

2. O lady myn, that called art Cleo,
Thou be my speed fro this forth, and my
muse,
To ryme wel this book, til I have do; 10
Me nedeth here neon other art to use.
For why to every lovere I me excuse,
That of no sentement I this endyte,
But out of Latin in my tonge it wryte.

3. Wherfore I nil have neither thank ne
blame 15
Of al this werk, but pray yow meekly,
Disblameth me, if any word be lame,
For as myn auctor scyde, so seye I.
Eek though I speke of love unfelingly,

No wonderis, for it no-thing of newe is; 20
A blind man can nat juggen wel in hevis.

4. Ye knowe eek, that in forme of speche
is chaunge
With-inne a thousand yeer, and wordes
tho
That hadden prys, now wonder nyce and
straunge
Us thinketh hem; and yet they speke
hem so, 25
And spedde as wel in love as men now do;
Eek for to winne love in sondry ages,
In sondry londes, sondry been usages.

5. And for-thy if it happe in any wyse,
That here be any lovere in this place 30
That herkeneth, as the story wol devyse,
How Troylus com to his lady grace,
And thenketh, so nolde I nat love pur-
chace,
Or wondreth on his speche and his doinge,
I noot; but it is me no wonderinge; 35
6. For every wight which that to Rome
went,
Halt nat o path, or alwey o manere;

Eek in som lond were al the gamen shent,
If that they ferde in love as men don here,
As thus, in open doing or in chere, 40
In visitinge, in forme, or seyde hir sawes;
For thy men seyn, ech contree hath his
lawes.

7. Eek scarsly been ther in this place three
That han in love seyd lyk and doon in al;
For to thy purpos this may lyken thee, 45
And thee right nought, yet al is seyd or
shal;
Eek som men grave in tree, som in stoon
wal,
As it bitit; but sin I have begonne,
Myn auctor shal I folwen, if I conne.

Explicit prohemium Secundi Libri.

Incipit Liber Secundus.

8. In May, that moder is of monthes glade,
That fresshe floures, blewe, and whyte,
and rede, 51
Ben quike agayn, that winter dede made,
And ful of bawme is fletinge every mede;
Whan Phebus doth his brighte bemes
spredē
Right in the whyte Bole, it so bitidde 55
As I shal singe, on Mayes day the thridde,

9. That Pandarus, for al his wyse speche,
Felte eek his part of loves shottes kene,
That, conde he never so wel of loving
preche,

It made his hewe a-day ful ofte grene; 60
So shoop it, that him fil that day a tene
In love, for which in wo to bedde he wente,
And made, er it was day, ful many a wente.

10. Theswalwe Proignē, with a sorwfullay,
Whan morwe com, gan make hir wey-
mentinge, 65

Why she forshapen was; and ever lay
Pandare a-bedde, half in a slomeringe,
Til she so neigh him made hir chiteringe
How Tereus gan forth hir suster take,
That with the noyse of hir he gan a-wake;

11. And gan to calle, and dresse him up
to ryse, 71
Remembringe him his erand was to done
From Troilus, and eek his greet emprise;

And caste and knew in good plyt was the
mone

To doon viage, and took his wey ful sone
Un-to his neces paleys ther bi-syde; 76
Now Janus, god of entree, thou him gyde!

12. Whan he was come un-to his neces
place,

'Wher is my lady?' to hir folk seyde he;
And they him tolde; and he forth in gan
pace, 80

And fond, two othere ladyes sete and she
With-inne a paved parlour; and they three
Herden a mayden reden hem the geste
Of the Sege of Thebes, whyl hem leste. 84

13. Quod Pandarus, 'madame, god yow see,
With al your book and al the compayne!'
'Ey, uncle myn, welcome y-wis,' quod she,
And up she roos, and by the hond in hye
She took him faste, and seyde, 'this night
thrye,

To goode mote it turne, of yow I mette!'
And with that word she doun on bench
him sette. 91

14. 'Ye, nece, ye shal fare wel the bet,
If god wole, al this yeer,' quod Pandarus;
'But I am sory that I have yow let 94
To herkenen of your book ye preysen thus;
For goddes love, what seith it? tel us.
Is it of love? O, som good ye me lere!'
'Uncle,' quod she, 'your maistresse is not
here!'

15. With that they gonnen laughe, and
tho she seyde, 99
'This romaunce is of Thebes, that we rede;
And we han herd how that king Laius
deyde

Thurgh Edippushisone, and al that dede;
And here we stenten at these lettres rede,
How the bisshop, as the book can telle,
Amphiorax, filthurgh the ground to helle.'

16. Quod Pandarus, 'al this knowe I my-
selve, 106

And al th'assege of Thebes and the care;
For her-of-been ther maked bokest twelve:
But lat be this, and tel me how ye fare;
Do wey your barbe, and shew your face
bare; 110

Do wey your book, rys up, and lat us daunce,
And lat us don to May som observaunce.'

17. 'A! god forbede!' quod she, 'be ye mad?

Is that a widewes lyf, so god you save?
By god, ye maken me right sore a-drad, 115
Ye ben so wilde, it semeth as ye rave!
It sete me wel bet ay in a cave
To bidde, and rede on holy seyntes lyves:
Lat maydens gon to daunce, and yonge wyves.'

18. 'As ever thryve I,' quod this Pandarus,
'Yet coude I telle a thing to doon you pleye.' 121

'Now uncle dere,' quod she, 'tel it us
For goddes love; is than th'assege aweye?
I am of Grekes so ferd that I deye.'
'Nay, nay,' quod he, 'as ever mote I thryve!' 125
It is a thing wel bet than swiche fyve.'

19. 'Ye, holycod!' quod she, 'what thing is that?
What? bet than swiche fyve? ey, nay,
y-wis!

For al this world ne can I reden what
It sholde been; som jape, I trowe, is this;
And but your-selven telle us what it is, 131
My wit is for to arede it al to lene;
As help me god, I noot nat what ye mene.'

20. 'And I your borow, ne never shal,
for me,
This thing be told to yow, as mote I thryve!' 135

'And why so, uncle myn? why so?' quod she.

'By god,' quod he, 'that wole I telle as blyve;
For prouder womman were ther noon on-lyve,
And ye it wiste, in al the toun of Troye;
I jape nought, as ever have I joye!' 140

21. Tho gan she wondren more than bi-born

A thousand fold, and down hir eyen caste;
For never, sith the tyme that she was born,
To knowe thing desired she so faste; 144

And with a syk she seyde him at the laste,
'Now, uncle myn, I nil yow nought dis-
please,
Nor axen more, that may do yow diseise.'

22. So after this, with many wordes glade,
And freendly tales, and with mery chere,
Of this and that they pleyde, and gunnen
wado 150

In many an unkouth glad and deep
matere,
As frendes doon, whan they ben met
y-fere;

Til she gan axen him how Ector ferde,
That was the tounes wal and Grekes yerde.

23. 'Ful wel, I thanke it god,' quod Pan-
darus, 155

'Save in his arm he hath a litel wounde;
And eek his fresshe brother Troilus,
The wyse worthy Ector the secounde,
In whom that every vertu list abounde,
As alle trouthe and alle gentillesse, 160
Wysdom, honour, fredom, and worthi-
nesse.'

24. 'In good feith, eem,' quod she, 'that lyketh me;

They faren wel, god save hem bothe two!
For trewely I holde it greet deyntee
A kinges sone in armes wel to do, 165
And been of good condicouns ther-to;
For greet power and moral vertu here
Is selde y-seye in o persone y-fere.'

25. 'In good feith, that is sooth,' quod
Pandarus;

'But, by my trouthe, the king hath sones
tweye, 170
That is to mene, Ector and Troilus,
That certainly, though that I sholde deye,
They been as voyde of vyees, dar I seye,
As any men that liveth under the sonne,
Hir might is wyde y-knowe, and what
they conne. 175

26. Of Ector nedeth it nought for to telle;
In al this world ther nis a bettre knight
Than he, that is of worthinessesse welle;
And he wel more vertu hath than might.
This knoweth many a wys and worthy
wight. 180

The same prys of Troilus I seye,
God help me so, I knowe not swiche
tweye.'

27. 'By god,' quod she, 'of Ector that is
sooth;

Of Troilus the same thing trowe I;
For dредeles, men tellen that he dooth
In armes day by day so worthily, 186
And bereth him here at hoom so gentilly
To every wight, that al the prys hath he
Of hem that me were levest preyed be.'

28. 'Ye sey right sooth, y-wis,' quod Pan-
darus; 190

'For yesterday, who-so hadde with him
been,
He might have wondred up-on Troilus;
For never yet so thikke a swarm of been
Ne sleigh, as Grekes fro him gonnew
And thorugh the feld, in every wightes
ere, 195
Ther nas no cry but "Troilus is there!"'

29. Now here, now there, he hunted hem
so faste,
Ther nas but Grekes blood; and Troilus,
Now hem he hurte, and hem alle down he
caste;

Ay where he wente it was arayed thus: 200
He was hir deeth, and sheld and lyff for us;
That as that day ther dorste noon with-
stonde,

Whyl that he held his bldy swerd in
honde.

30. Therto he is the freendliese man
Of grete estat, that ever I saw my lyve;
And wher him list, best felawshipe can 206
To suche as him thinketh able for to
thryve.'

And with that word tho Pandarus, as
blyve,
He took his leve, and seyde, 'I wol go
henne.'

'Nay, blame have I, myn uncle,' quod she
thenne. 210

31. 'What eyleth yow to be thus wery
sone,

And namelich of wommen? wol ye so?
Nay, sitteth down; by god, I have to done

With yow, to speke of wisdom er ye go.'
And every wight that was a-boute hem
tho, 215

That herde that, gan fer a-wey to stonde,
Whyl they two hadde al that hem liste
in honde.

32. Whan that hir tale al brought was to
an ende

Of hire estat and of hir governaunce, 219
Quod Pandarus, 'now is it tyme I wende;
But yet, I seye, aryseth, lat us daunce,
And cast your widwes habit to mis-
chaunce:

What list yow thus your-self to disfigure,
Sith yow is tid thus fair an aventure?'

33. 'A! wel bithought! for love of god,' 225
quod she,

'Shal I not witen what ye mene of this?'
'No, this thing axeth layser,' tho quod he,
'And eek me wolde muche greve, y-wis,
If I it tolde, and ye it toke amis.
Yet were it bet my tonge for to stille 230
Than seye a sooth that were ayeins your
wille.

34. For, nece, by the goddesse Minerve,
And Juppiter, that maketh the thonder
ringe,

And by the blisful Venus that I serve,
Ye been the womanan in this world
living, 235

With-oute paramours, to my witinge,
That I best love, and lothest am to greve,
And that ye witen wel your-self, I leve.'

35. 'Y-wis, myn uncle,' quod she, 'grant
mercy;

Your freendship have I founden everyit;
I am to no man holden trewely 241
So muche as yow, and have so litel
quit;

And, with the grace of god, emforth my
wit,

As in my gilt I shal you never offend'e;
And if I have er this, I wol amende. 245

36. But, for the love of god, I yow be-
seche,

As ye ben he that I most love and triste,
Lat be to me your fremde maner speche;

And sey to me, your nece, what yow liste :'
And with that word hir uncle anoon hir
kiste, 250
And seyde, 'gladly, leve nece dere,
Tak it for good that I shal seye yow here.'

37. With that she gan hir eyen doun to
caste,
And Pandarus to coghe gan a lyte, 254
And seyde, 'nece, alwey, lo ! to the laste,
How-so it be that som men hem delyte
With subtil art hir tales for to endyte,
Yet for al that, in hir entencioune,
Hir tale is al for som conclusioune.

38. And sithen th'ende is every tales
strengthe, 260
And this matere is so bihovely,
What sholde I peynete or drawnen it on
lengthe
To yow, that been my freend so feithfully ?
And with that word he gan right inwardly
Biholden hir, and loken on hir face, 265
And seyde, 'on suche a mirour goode
grace !'

39. Than thoughte he thus, 'if I my tale
endyte
Ought hard, or make a proces any whyle,
She shal no savour han ther-in but lyte,
And trowe I wolde hir in my wil bigyle.
For tendre wittes wenens al be wyle 271
Ther-as they can nat pleynly understande;
For-thy hir wit to serven wol I fonde —

40. And loked on hir in a besy wyse, 274
And she was war that he byheld hir so,
And seyde, 'lord ! so faste ye me avyse !
Seyye me never er now ? what seyye, no ?'
'Yes, yes,' quod he, 'and bet wole er I go ;
But, by my trouthe, I thoughte now
if ye
Be fortunat, for now men shal it see. 280

41. For to every wight som goodly aven-
ture
Som tyme is shape, if he it can receyven ;
And if that he wol take of it no cure,
Whan that it cometh, but wilfully it
weyven,
Lo, neither cas nor fortune him deceyven,

But right his verray slouthe and wrecched-
nesse ; 286
And swich a wight is for to blame, I gesse.

42. Good aventure, O bele nece, have ye
Ful lightly founden, and ye conne it take ;
And, for the love of god, and eek of me,
Cacche it anoon, lest aventure slake. 291
What sholde I lenger proces of it make ?
Yif me your hond, for in this world is
noon,
If that you list, a wight so wel begoon. 294

43. And sith I speke of good entencioune,
As I to yow have told wel here-biforn,
And love as wel your honour and renoun
As creature in al this world y-born ;
By alle the othes that I have yow sworn,
And ye be wrooth therfore, or wene I lye,
Ne shal I never seen yow eft with yë. 301

44. Beth nought agast, ne quaketh nat ;
wher-to ?
Ne chaungeith nat for fere so your hewe ;
For hardely, the werste of this is do ;
And though my tale as now be to yow
newe, 305

Yet trist alwey, ye shal me finde trewe ;
And were it thing that me thoughte
unsittinge,
To yow nolde I no swiche tales bringe.'

45. 'Now, my good cem, for goddes love,
I preye,' 309
Quod she, 'com of, and tel me what it is ;
For bothe I am agast what ye wol seye,
And eek me longeth it to wite, y-wis.
For whether it be wel or be amis,
Sey on, lat me not in this fere dwelle :'
'So wol I doon, now herkneth, I shal
telle : 315

46. Now, nece myn, the kinges dere sone,
The goode, wyse, worthy, fresshe, and free,
Which alwey for to do wel is his wone,
The noble Troilus, so loveth thee,
That, bot ye helpe, it wol his bane be. 320
Lo, here is al, what sholde I more seye ?
Doth what yow list, to make him live or
deye.

47. But if ye lete him deye, I wol sterve ;
Have her my trouthe, nece, I nil not lyen ;

Al sholde I with this knyf my throte
kerve'— 325
With that the teres braste out of his yēn,
And seyde, 'if that ye doon us bothe
dyen,
Thus giltelees, than have ye fished faire;
What mende ye, though that we bothe
apeyre?

48. Allas! he which that is my lord so
dere, 330
That trewe man, that noble gentil knight,
That nought desireth but your frendly
chere,
I see him deye, ther he goth up-right,
And hasteth him, with al his fulle might,
For to be slain, if fortune wol assente; 335
Allas! that god yow swich a beautee
sente!

49. If it be so that ye so cruel be,
That of his deeth yow liste nought to
recche,
That is so trewe and worthy, as ye see,
No more than of a japer or a wrecche, 340
If ye be swich, your beautee may not
strecche
To make amendes of so cruel a dede;
Avysement is good bifore the nede.

50. Wo worth the faire gemme vertulees!
Wo worth that herbe also that dooth no
bote! 345
Wo worth that beautee that is routhelees!
Wo worth that wight that tret ech under
fote!
And ye, that been of beautee crop and
rote,
If therwith-al in you ther be no routhe,
Than is it harm ye liven, by my trouthe!

51. And also thenk wel, that this is no
gaude; 350
For me were lever, thou and I and he
Were hanged, than I sholde been his
baude,
As heye, as men mighe on us alle y-see:
I am thyne eem, the shame were to me, 355
As wel as thee, if that I sholde assente,
Thorough myn abet, that he thyne honour
shente.

52. Now understand, for I yow nougnt
requere

To binde yow to him thorough no beheste,
But only that ye make him bettrechere 360
Than ye han doon er this, and more feste,
So that his lyf be saved, at the leste
This al and som, and playnly our entente;
God helpe me so, I never other mente. 364

53. Lo, this request is not but skile, y-wis,
Ne doute of reson, pardee, is ther noon.
I sette the worste that ye dredden this,
Men wolden wondren seen him come or
goon:

Ther-ayeins awnswere I thus a-noon, 369
That every wight, but he be fool of kinde,
Wol deme it love of frendship in his
minde.

54. What? who wol deme, though he ^{see}
a man

To temple go, that he the images eteþ?
Thenk eek how wel and wysly that he can
Governe him-self, that he no-thing for-
yeteth, 375
That, wher he cometh, he prys and thank
him geteth;
And eek ther-to, he shal come here ^{so}
selde,

What fors were it though al the toun
behelde?

55. Swich love of frendes regneth al this
toun;

And wrye yow in that mantel ever-mo';
And, god so wis be my savacioun, 381
As I have seyd, your beste is to do so.
But alwey, goode nece, to stinte his wo,
So lat your daunger suered ben a lyte,
That of his deeth ye be nought for ^{to}
wyte.' 385

56. Criseyde, which that herde him in
this wyse,

Thoughte, 'I shal fele what he meneth,
y-wis.'

'Now, eem,' quod she, 'what wolde ^{y'e}
devyse,

What is your reed I sholde doon of this?'
'That is wel seyd,' quod he, 'certayn,
best is 390

That ye him love ayein for his lovinge,
As love for love is skilful guerdoninge.

57. Thenk eek, how elde wasteth every
hour

In echo of yow a party of beautee ;
And therfore, er that age thee devoure, 395
Go love, for, olde, ther wol no wight of
thee.

Lat this proverbe a lore un-to yow be :
To late y-war, quod Beautee, whan it
paste ;"

And elde daunteth daunger at the laste.

58. The kinges fool is woned to cryen
loude, 400

Whan that him thinketh a womman
bereth hir lyü,

"So longe mote ye live, and alle proude,
Til crowes feet be growe under your yü,
And sende yow thanne a mirour in to
pryü 404

In whichie ye may see your facea-morwe!"
Nece, I bid wisshe yow no more sorwe.'

59. With this he stente, and caste adoun
the heed,

And she bigan to breste a-wepe anoon.

And seyde, 'allas, for wo! why nere I
deed ?

For of this world the feith is al agoon ! 410
Allas ! what sholden straunge to me doon,
When he, that for my beste freend I
wende,

Ret me to love, and sholde it me defende ?

60. Allas ! I wolde han trusted, doutlees,
That if that I, thurgh my disaventure, 415
Had loved other him or Achilles,
Ector, or any mannes creature,
Ye nolde han had no mercy ne mesure
On me, but alwey had me in repreve ;
This false world, allas ! who may it leve ?

61. What? is this al the joye and al the
feste ? 421

Is this your reed, is this my blisful cas ?
Is this the verray mede of your beheste ?
Is al this peynted proces soyd, allas ! 424
Right for this fyn ? O lady myn, Pallas !
Thou in this dreadful cas for me purveye ;
For so astonied am I that I deye !'

62. With that she gan ful sorwfully to
syke ;

'A ! may it be no bet ?' quod Pandarus :
'By god, I shal no-more come here this
wyke, 430

And god to-forn, that am mistrusted thus :
I see ful wel that ye sette lyte of us,
Or of our deeth ! Allas ! I woful wrecche
Mighte he yet live, of me is nought to
recche.

63. O cruel god, O dispitouse Marte, 435

O Furies three of helle, on yow I crye !
So lat me never out of this hous departe,

If that I mente harm or vilanye !
But sith I see my lord mot nedes dye,
And I with him, here I me shryve, and
seye 440

That wikkedly ye doon us bothe deye.

64. But sith it lyketh yow that I be
deed,

By Neptunus, that god is of the see,
Fro this forth shal I never eten breed
Til I myn owene herte blood may see ; 445
For certayn, I wole deye as sone as he —
And up he sterte, and on his wey he
raughte,
Til she agayn him by the lappe caughte.

65. Criseyde, which that wel neigh starf
for fere,

So as she was the ferfullest wight 450
That mighte be, and herde eek with hir
ere,

And saw the sorwful ernest of the knight,
And in his preyere eek saw noon unright,
And for the harm that mighte eek fallen
more,

She gan to rewe, and dradde hir wonder
sore ; 455

66. And thoughte thus, 'unhappes fallen
thikke

Alday for love, and in swich maner cas,
As men ben cruel in hem-self and wilke ;
And if this man slee here him-self, allas !
In my presence, it wol be no solas. 460
What men wolde of hit deme I can nat
seye ;

It nedeth me ful sleyly for to pleye.'

67. And with a sorwful syk she seyde
thrye,
'A! lord! what me is tid a sory chaunce!
For myn estat now lyth in jupartye, 465
And eek myn emes lyf lyth in balaunce;
But natheles, with goddes governaunce,
I shal so doon, myn honour shal I kepe,
And eek his lyf;' and stinte for to wepe.
68. 'Of harmes two, the lesse is for to
chese; 470
Yet have I lever maken him good chere
In honour, than myn emes lyf to lese;
Ye seyn, ye no-thing elles me require?
'No, wis,' quod he, 'myn owene nece dere.'
'Now wel,' quod she, 'and I wol doon my
peyne; 475
I shal myn herte ayeins my lust con-
streyne,
69. But that I nil not holden him in
honde,
Ne love a man, ne can I not, ne may
Ayeins my wil; but elles wol I fonde,
Myn honour sauf, plese him fro day to
day; 480
Ther-to nolde I nought ones have seyd nay,
But that I dredde, as in my fantasye;
But cesse cause, ay cesseth maladye.
70. And here I make a protestacioun,
That in this proces if ye depper go, 485
That certaynly, for no savacioun
Of yow, though that ye sterue bothe two,
Though al the world on o day be my fo,
Ne shal I never on him han other
routhe.'—
'I graunte wel,' quod Pandare, 'by my
trouthe, 490
71. But may I truste wel ther-to,' quod he,
'That, of this thing that ye han hight me
here,
Ye wol it holden trewly un-to me?'—
'Ye, donteles,' quod she, 'myn uncle
dere.'
'Ne that I shal han cause in this matere,'
Quod he, 'to pleyne, or after yow to
preche?' 496
'Why, no, pardee; what nedeth more
speche?'
72. Tho fillen they in othere tales glade,
Til at the laste, 'O good eem,' quod she
tho,
'For love of god, which that us bothe
made, 500
Tel me how first ye wisten of his wo:
Wot noon of hit but ye?' He seyde,
'no.'
'Can he wel speke of love?' quod she,
'I preye,
Tel me, for I the bet me shal purveye.'
73. Tho Pandarus a litel gan to smyle,
And seyde, 'by my trouthe, I shal yow
telle. 505
This other day, nought gon ful longe
whyle,
In-with the paleys-gardyn, by a welle,
Gan he and I wel half a day to dwelle,
Right for to speken of an ordenaunce, 510
How we the Grekes myghte disavaunce.
74. Sone after that bigonne we to lepe,
And casten with our darteres to and fro,
Til at the laste he seyde, he wolde slepe,
And on the gres-a-doun he leyde him tho;
And I after gan rome to and fro 515
Til that I herde, as that I welk allone,
How he bigan ful wofully to grone.
75. Tho gan I stalke him softly bihinde,
And sikerly, the sothe for to seyne, 520
As I can clepe ayein now to my minde,
Right thus to Love he gan him for to
pleyne;
He seyde, 'lord! have routhe up-on my
peyne,
Al have I been rebel in myn entente; 525
Now, *mea culpa*, lord! I me repente.
76. O god, that at thy disposicioun
Ledest the fyn, by juste purveyaunce,
Of every wight, my lowe confessioune
Accepte in gree, and send me swich
penaunce 530
As lyketh thee, but from desesperaunce,
That may my goost departe awawy fro thee,
Thou be my sheld, for thy benignitee.
77. For certes, lord, so sore hath she me
wounded
That stod in blak, with loking of hir y^{en},

That to myn hertes botme it is y-sounded,
Thorough which I woot that I mot nedes
dyen ; 536
This is the worste, I dar me not bi-wryen ;
And wel the hotter been the gledes rede,
That men hem wryen with asshen pale
and dede."

78. With that he smoot his heed adoun
anoon, 540
And gan to motre, I noot what, trewely.

And I with that gan stille awey to goon,
And leet ther-of as no-thing wist hadde I,
And come ayein anoon and stood him by,
And seyde, "a-wake, ye slepen al to
longe ; 545
It semeth nat that love dooth yow longe,

79. That slepen so that no man may yow
wake.

Who sey ever or this so dul a man ?"
"Ye, freend," quod he, "do ye your hedes
ake
For love, and lat me liven as I can." 550
But though that he for wo was pale and
wan,
Yet made he tho as fresh a contenaunce
As though he shulde have led the newe
daunce.

80. This passed forth, til now, this other
day,

It fel that I com roming al allone 555
Into his chaumbre, and fond how that he
lay
Up-on his bed ; but man so sore grone
Ne herde I never, and what that was his
mone,
Ne wiste I nougnt ; for, as I was cominge,
Alsodeynly he lefte his compleyninge. 560

81. Of which I took somewhat suspiciooun,
And neer I com, and fond he wepte sore ;
And god so wis be my savaciooun,
As never of thing hadde I no routhe more.
For neither with engyn, ne with no lore,
Unethes mighte I fro the deeth him
kepe ; 566
That yet fele I myn herte for him wepe.

82. And god wot, never, sith that I was
born,
Was I so bisy no man for to preche,

Ne never was to wight so depe y-sworn,
Or he me tolde who mighte been his
leche. 571

But now to yow rehersen al his speche,
Or alle his woful wordes for to sounre,
Ne bid me not, but ye wol see me swowne.

83. But for to save his lyf, and elles
nought, 575
And to non harm of yow, thus am I
driven ;

And for the love of god that us hath
wrought,
Swich chere him dooth, that he and I
may liven.
Now have I plat to yow myn herte
schriven ; 579

And sin ye woot that myn entente is clene,
Tak hede ther-of, for I non yvel mene.

84. And right good thrift, I pray to god,
have ye,
That han swich oon y-caught with-oute
net ;

And be ye wys, as ye ben fair to see,
Wel in the ring than is the ruby set. 585
Ther were never two so wel y-met,
Whan ye ben his al hool, as he is youre :
Ther mighty god yet graunte us see that
houre !'

85. 'Nay, therof spak I not, a, ha !' quod
she,

'As helpe me god, ye shenden every deel !'
'O mercy, dere nece,' anoon quod he, 591
'What-so I spak, I mente nougnt but
weel,

By Mars the god, that helmed is of steel ;
Now beth nougnt wrooth, my blood, my
nece dere.'

'Now wel,' quod she, 'foryeven be it here !'

86. With this he took his leve, and hoom
he wente ; 596
And lord, how he was glad and wel bi-
goon :

Criseyde aroos, no lenger she ne stente,
But straught in-to hir closet wente anoon,
And sette here doun as stille as any stoon,
And every word gan up and doun to
windre, 601

That he hadde seyd, as it com hir to
minde ;

87. And wex somdel astonied in hir thought,
Right for the newe cas; but whan that she
Was ful avysed, tho fond she right nought
Of peril, why she oughte afered be. 606
For man may love, of possibilitee,
A womman so, his herte may to-breste,
And she nought love ayein, but-if hir leste.
88. But as she sat allone and thoughte thus, 610
Th'asery aroos at skarmish al with-oute,
And men cryde in the strete, 'see, Troilus
Hath right now put to flight the Grekes
route !'
With that gan al hir meynee for to shouthe,
'A ! go we see, caste up the latis wyde ;
For thurgh this strete he moot to palays
ryde ; 616
89. For other wey is fro the yate noon
Of Dardanus, ther open is the cheyne.'
With that com he and al his folk anoon
An esy pas rydinge, in routes tweyne, 620
Right as his happy day was, sooth to seyne,
For which, men say, may nought disturbed be
That shal bityden of necessitee.
90. This Troilus sat on his baye stede,
Al armed, save his heed, ful richely, 625
And wounded was his hors, and gan to bledē,
On whiche he rood a pas, ful softly ;
But swich a knightly sighte, trewely,
As was on him, was nought, with-outen failē,
To loke on Mars, that god is of batayle. 629
91. So lyk a man of armes and a knight
He was to seen, fulfuld of heigh prowesse ;
For bothe he hadde a body and a myght
To doon that thing, as wel as hardinesse ;
And eek to seen him in his gere him dresse, 635
So fresh, so yong, so weldy semed he,
It was an heven up-on him for to see.
92. His helm to-hewen was in twenty places,
That by a tisew heng, his bak bihinde,
- His shield to-dasshed was with swerdeſ
and maceſ, 640
In which men myghte many an arwe finde
That thirled hadde horn and nerf and rinde ;
And ay the peple cryde, 'here cometh our joye,
And, next his brother, holdere up of Troye !'
93. For which he wex a litel reed for shame, 645
Whan he the peple up-on him herde cryen,
That to biholde it was a noble game,
How sobrelliche he caste down his yēn.
Criseyda gan al his chere aspyen,
And leet so softe it in hir herte sinke, 650
That to hir-self she seyde, 'who yaf me drinke ?'
94. For of hir owene thought she wex al reed,
Remembringe hir right thus, 'lo, this is he
Which that myn uncle swereth he moot be dead,
But I on him have mercy and pitee ; 655
And with that thought, for pure a-shamed,
she
Gan in hir heed to pulle, and that as faste,
Whyl he and al the peple for-by paste,
95. And gan to caste and rollen up and doun
With-inne hir thought his excellent prowesse, 660
And his estat, and also his renoun,
His wit, his shap, and eek his gentillesse ;
But most hir favour was, for his distressē
Was al for hir, and thoughte it was a routhe
To sleen swich oon, if that he mente trouthe. 665
96. Now myghte som envyous jangle thus,
'This was a sodeyn love, how myghte it be
That she so lightly lovede Troilus
Right for the firste sighte ; ye, pardee ?'

Now who-so seyth so, mote he never
thee ! 670

For every thing, a ginning hath it nede
Er al be wrought, with-outen any drede.

97. For I sey nougnt that she so sodeynly
Yaf him hir love, but that she gan endyne
To lyke him first, and I have told yow
why; 675

And after that, his manhood and his pyne
Made love with-inne hir for to myne,
For which, by proces and by good servyse,
He gat hir love, and in no sodeyn wyse.

98. And also blisful Venus, wel arayed,
Sat in hir seventhe houn of hevene tho,
Disposed wel, and with aspectes payed,
To helpen sely Troilus of his wo.
And, sooth to seyn, she nas nat al a fo
To Troilus in his nativitee ; 685
God woot that wel the soner spedde he.

99. Now lat us stinte of Troilus a throwe,
That rydeth forth, and lat us tourne faste
Un-to Criseyde, that heng hir heed ful
lowe,
Ther-as she sat allone, and gan to caste 690
Wher-on she wolde apoynte hir at the
laste,
If it so were hir eem ne wolde cesse,
For Troilus, up-on hir for to presse.

100. And, lord ! so she gan in hir thought
argue
In this matere of which I have yow
told, 695
And what to doon best were, and what
eschue,
That plyted she ful ofte in many fold.
Now was hir herte warm, now was it cold,
And what she thoughte somewhat shal I
wryte,
As to myn auctor listeth for to endyte. 700

101. She thoughte wel, that Troilus per-
soné
She knew by sighte and eek his gentil-
lesse,
And thus she seyde, 'al were it nougnt to
done,
To graunte him love, yet, for his worthi-
nesse,

It were honour, with pley and with glad-
nesse, 705

In honestee, with swich a lord to dele,
For myn estat, and also for his hele.

102. Eek, wel wot I my kinges sone is he;
And sith he hath to see me swich delyt,
If I wolde utterly his sighte flee, 710
Paraunter he mighte have me in dispyt,
Thurgh which I mighte stonde in worse
plyt;

Now were I wys, me hate to purchace,
With-outen nede, ther I may stonde in
grace ?

103. In every thing, I woot, ther lyth
mesure. 715

For though a man forbede dronkenesse,
He nougnt for-bet that every creature
Be drinkelees for alwey, as I gesse ;
Eek sith I woot for me is his distresse,
I ne oughte not for that thing him des-
pyse, 720

Sith it is so, he meneth in good wyse.

104. And eek I knowe, of longe tyme
agoon,

His thewes goode, and that he is not nyce.
Ne avauntour, seyth men, certein, is he
noon;

To wys is he to do so gret a vyce ; 725
Ne als I nel him never so cheryce,
That he may make avaunt, by juste cause;
He shal me never bide in swiche a clause.

105. Now set a cas, the hardest is, y-wis,
Men mighthen deme that he loveth me : 730
What dishonour were it un-to me, this ?
May I him lette of that ? why nay, pardee !
I knowe also, and alday here and see,
Men loven wommen al this toun aboute;
Be they the wers? why, nay, with-outen
doute. 735

106. I think eek how he able is for to
have

Of al this noble toun the thrifteste,
To been his love, so she hir honour save;
For out and out he is the worthieste, 739
Save only Ector, which that is the beste
And yet his lyf al lyth now in my cure,
But swich is love, and eek myn aventura

107. Ne me to love, a wonder is it nougħt ;
 For wel wot I my-self, so god me spedē,
 Al wolde I that noon wistē of this thought,
 I am oon the fayreste, out of drede, 746
 And goodlieste, who-so taketh hede;
 And so men seyn in al the toun of Troye.
 What wonder is it though he of me have
 joye ?

108. I am myn owene woman, wel at ese,
 I thanke it god, as after myn estat ; 751
 Right yong, and stonde unteyd in lusty
 lese,
 With-outen jalouseye or swich debat;
 Shal noon housbonde seyn to me "chek-
 mat!"
 For either they ben ful of jalouseye, 755
 Or maisterful, or loven novelrye.

109. What shal I doon? to what fyn live
 I thus?
 Shal I nat loven, in cas if that me leste?
 What, *par dieux!* I am nougħt religious!
 And though that I myn herte sette at
 reste 760
 Upon this knight, that is the worthieste,
 And kepe alwey myn honour and my
 name,
 By alle right, it may do me no shame.'

110. But right as whan the sonne shyneth
 brighte,
 In March, that chaungeth ofte tyme his
 face, 765
 And that a cloud is put with wind to
 flighte
 Which over-sprat the sonne as for a space,
 A cloudy thought gan thorough hir soule
 pace,
 That over-spradde hir brighte thoughts
 alle,
 So that for fere almost she gan to falle. 770

111. That thought was this, 'allas! sin
 I am free,
 Sholde I now love, and putte in jupartye
 My sikernes, and thrallen libertee?
 Allas! how dorste I thenken that folye?
 May I nougħt wel in other folk aspye 775
 Hir dredful joye, hir constreynt, and hir
 peyne?
 Ther loveth noon, that she nath why to
 pleyne,

112. For love is yet the mooste stormy lyf,
 Right of him-self, that ever was bigonne;
 For ever som mistrust, or nyce stryf, 780
 Ther is in love, som cloud is over the
 sonne :
 Ther-to we wretched wommen no-thing
 conne,
 Whan us is wo, but wepe and sitte and
 thinke;
 Our wreche is this, our owene wo to
 drinke.

113. Also these wikked tonges been so
 prest 785
 To speke us harm, eek men be so untrewe,
 That, right anoon as cessēd is hir lest,
 So cesseth love, and forth to love a newe:
 But harm y-doone, is doon, who-so it rewe.
 For though these men for love hem first
 to-rende, 790
 Ful sharp beginning breketh ofte at ende.

114. How ofte tyme hath it y-knownen be,
 The treson, that to woman hath be do?
 To what fyn is swich love, I can nat see,
 Or wher bicomth it, whan it is ago; 795
 Ther is no wight that woot, I trowe so,
 Wher it bycomth; lo, no wight on it
 sporneth ;
 That erst was no-thing, in-to nougħt it
 torneth.

115. How bisy, if I love, eek mooste I be
 To plesen hem that jangle of love, and
 demen, 800
 And coye hem, that they sey non harm of
 me ?
 For though ther be no cause, yet hem
 semen
 Al be for harm that folk hir freendes
 quemen ;
 And who may stoppen every wikked tonge,
 Or soun of belles whyl that they ba
 ronge?" 805

116. And after that, hir thought began to
 clere,
 And seyde, 'he which that no-thing
 under-taketh,
 No-thing ne achieveth, be him looth or
 dere.'

And with an other thought hir herte
quaketh;
Than slepeth hope, and after dred
awaketh; 810
Now hoot, now cold; but thus, bi-twixen
tweye,
She rist hir up, and went hir for to pleye.

117. Adoun the steyre anoon-right tho
she wente

In-to the gardin, with hir neces three,
And up and down ther made many a
wente, 815
Flexippe, she, Tharbe, and Antigone,
To pleyen, that it joye was to see;
And othere of hir wommen, a gret route,
Hir folwede in the gardin al aboute.

118. This yerd was large, and rayled alle
the aleyes, 820
And shadwed wel with blosmy bowes
grene,
And benched newe, and sondaed alle the
weyes,
In which she walketh arm in arm bi-
twene;

Til at the laste Antigone the shene
Gan on a Trojan song to singe clere, 825
That it an heven was hir voy to here.—

119. She seyde, 'O love, to whom I have
and shal
Ben humble subgit, trewe in myn entente,
As I best can, to yow, lord, yeve ich al
For ever-more, myn hertes lust to rente. 830
For never yet thy grace no wight sente
So blisful cause as me, my lyf to lede
In alle joye and seurtee, out of dreed.

120. Ye, blisful god, han me so wel beset
In love, y-wis, that al that bereth lyf 835
Imaginen ne cowde how to ben bet;
For, lord, with-outen jalouslye or stryf,
I love oon which that is most ententyf
To serven wel, unwery or unfeyned,
That ever was, and leest with harm dis-
treyned. 840

121. As he that is the welle of worthiness,
Of trouthe ground, mirour of goodliheed,
Of wit Appollo, stoon of sikernessee,
Of vertu rote, of lust findere and heed,

Thurgh which is alle sorwe frome deed, 845
Y-wis, I love him best, so doth he me;
Now good thrift have he, wher-so that he
be!

122. Whom sholde I thanke but yow, god
of love,
Of al this blisse, in which to bathe I
ginne?

And thanked beye, lord, for that Illove! 850
This is the righte lyf that I am inne,
To flemen alle manere vyce and sinne:
This doth me so to vertu for to entendre,
That day by day I in my wil amende.

123. And who-so seyth that for to love is
vyce, 855

Or thraldom, though he fele in it dis-
tresse,
He outher is envyous, or right nyce,
Or is unmighty, for his shrewednesse,
To loven; for swich maner folk, I gesse,
Defamen love, as no-thing of him knowe;
They speken, but they bente never his
bowe. 861

124. What is the sonne wers, of kinde
righte,

Though that a man, for feblesse of his
yān,

May nought endure on it to see for
brighte?

Or love the wers, though wrecches on it
cryen? 865

No wele is worth, that may no sorwo
dryen.

And for-thy, who that hath an heed of
verre,

Fro cast of stones war him in the werre!

125. But I with al myn herte and al my
micht, 869

As I have seyd, wol love, un-to my laste,
My dere herte, and al myn owene knight,
In which myn herte growen is so faste,
And his in me, that it shal ever laste.
Al dredde I first to love him to biginne,
Now woot I wel, ther is no perilinne.' 875

126. And of hir song right with that word
she stente,

And therwith-al, 'now, nece,' quod Cri-
seyde,

'Who made this song with so good entente?'

Antigone answerde anoon, and seyde,
'Ma dame, y-wis, the goodlieste mayde 880
Of greet estat in al the toun of Troye;
And let hir lyf in most honour and joye.'

127. 'Forsythe, so it semeth by hir song,'
Quod tho Criseyde, and gan ther-with to syke,

And seyde, 'lord, is there swich blisse among 885

These lovers, as they conne faire endyte?'
'Ye, wis,' quod fresh Antigone the whyte,
'For alle the folk that han or been on lyve
Ne conne wel the blisse of love discryve.'

128. But wene ye that every wrecche woot 890

The parfit blisse of love? why, nay, y-wis;
They wenen al be love, if oon be hoot;
Do wey, do wey, they woot no-thing of this!

Men mosten axe at seyntes if it is
Aught fair in hevene; why? for they
conne telle; 895
And axen fendes, is it foul in helle.'

129. Criseyde un-to that purpos nought
answerde,

But seyde, 'y-wis, it wol be night as faste.'

But every word which that she of hir
herde,
She gan to prenten in hir herte faste; 900
And ay gan love hir lasso for to agaste
Than it dide erst, and sinken in hir herte,
That she wex somewhat able to converte.

130. Thedayes honour, and the hevenesyde,
The nightes fo, al this clepe I thesonne, 905
Gan westren faste, and dounward for to
wrye,

As he that hadde his dayes cours y-ronne;
And whyte thinges wexen dimme and donne

For lak of light, and sterres for to appere,
That she and al hir folk in wente y-fere.

131. So whan it lyked hir to goon to reste,
And voyded weren they that voyden
oughte, 912

She seyde, that to slepe wel hir leste.
Hir wommen sone til hir bed hir broughte.
Whan al was hust, than lay she stille, and thoughte 915

Of al this thing the manere and the wyse.
Reherce it nedeth nought, for ye ben wyse.

132. A nightingale, upon a cedre grene,
Under the chambre-wal ther as sho lay,
Full loude sang ayein the mone shene, 920
Paraunter, in his briddes wyse, a lay
Of love, that made hir herte fresh and gay.
That herkned she so longe in good entente,
Til at the laste the dede sleep hir hente.

133. And, as she sleep, anoon-right tho
hir mette, 925

How that an egle, fethered whyt as boon,
Under hir brest his longe clawes sette,
And out hir herte he rente, and that
a-noon,

And dide his herte in-to hir brest to goon,
Of which she nought agroos ne no-thing
smerte, 930
And forth he fleigh, with herte left for
herte.

134. Now lat hir slepe, and we our tales
holde

Of Troilus, that is to paleys ridein,
Fro the scarmuch, of the whiche I tolde,
And in his chambre sit, and hath abiden
Til two or three of his messages yeden 936
For Pandarus, and soughten him ful faste,
Til they him founde, and broughte him at
the laste.

135. This Pandarus com leping in at ones
And seide thus, 'who hath ben wel y-bete
To-day with swerde, and with slingestones,
941
But Troilus, that hath caught him an
hete?'

And gan to jape, and seyde, 'lord, so ye
swete!
But rys, and lat us soupe and go to reste;'
And he answerde him, 'do we as thee
leste.' 945

136. With al the haste goodly that they
michtie,
They spedde hem fro the souper un-to
bedde;

And every wight out at the dore him
dighte,
And wher him list upon his wey he
spedde ;

But Troilus, that thoughte his herte
bleddo 950

For wo, til that he herde som tydinge,
He seyde, 'freend, shal I now wepe or
singe ?'

137. Quod Pandarus, 'ly stille, and lat me
slepe,

And don thyn hood, thy nedes spedde be ;
And chese, if thou wolt singe or daunce or
lepe ; 955

At shorte wordes, thou shalt trowe me.—
Sire, my nece wol do wel by thee,

And love thee best, by god and by my
trouth,

But lak of pursuit make it in thy slouth.

138. For thus ferforth I have thy work
biginne, 960

Fro day to day, til this day, by the morwe,
Hir love of freendship have I to thee
wonne,

And also hath she leyd hir feyth to borwe.
Algata a foot is hameled of thy sorwe.'

What sholde I lenger sermon of it holde?
As ye han herd bifore, al he him tolde. 966

139. But right as floures, thorugh the
colde of night

Y-closed, stoupen on hir stalkes lowe,
Redressen hem a-yein the sonne bright,

And spreden on hir kinde cours by rowe;
Right so gan tho his eyen up to throwe 971

This Troilus, and seyde, 'O Venus dere,
Thy might, thy grace, y-heried be it here !'

140. And to Pandare he held up bothe his
hondes,

And seyde, 'lord, al thyn be that I have; 975
For I am hool, al brosten been my bondes;

A thousand Troians who so that me yave,
Eche after other, god so wis me save,

Ne mighte me so gladen; lo, myn herte,
It spredeth so forjoye, it wol to-sterte! 980

141. But lord, how shal I doon, how shal
I liven?

Whan shal I next my dere herte see?

How shal this longe tyme a-wey be driven,
Til that thou be ayein at hir fro me ?

Thou mayst answer, "a-byd, a-byd," but
he 985

That hangeth by the nekke, sooth to seyne,
In grete diseise abydeth for the peyne.'

142. 'Al esily, now, for the love of Marte,'
Quod Pandarus, 'for every thing hath
tyme; 989

So longe abyd til that the night departe;
For al so siker as thou lyst here by me,
And god toforn, I wol be there at pryme,
And for thy werk somewhat as I shal seye,
Or on som other wight this charge leye.

143. For pardree, god wot, I have ever
yit 995

Ben redy thee to serve, and to this night
Have I nought fayned, but emforth my
wit

Don al thy lust, and shal with al my
micht.

Do now as I shal seye, and fare a-right;
And if thou nilt, wyte althy-self thy care,
On me is nought along thyn yvel fare. 1001

144. I woot wel that thou wyser art than I
A thousand fold, but if I were as thou,
God helpe me so, as I wolde outrely,
Right of myn owene hond, wryte hir
right now 1005

A lettre, in which I wolde hir tellen how
I ferde amis, and hir beseche of routhe;
Now help thy-self, and leve it not for
slouth.

145. And I my-self shal ther-with to hir
goon;

And whan thou wost that I am with hir
there, 1010

Worth thou up-on a courser right anoon,
Ye, hardily, right in thy beste gere,
And ryd forth by the place, as nought ne
were,

And thou shalt finde us, if I may, sittinge
At som windowe, in-to the strete lokinge.

146. And if thee list, than maystow us
saluwe, 1016

And up-on me makē thy contenaunce;

But, by thy lyf, be war and faste eschuwe
To tarien ought, god shilde us fro mis-
chaunce!

Ryd forth thy wey, and hold thy govern-
aunce;

And we shal speke of thee som-what, I
trowe,
Whan thou art goon, to do thyne eres
glove!

147. Touching thy lettred, thou art wys
y-nough,

I woot thou nilt it digneliche endyte;
As make it with thise argumentes tough;
Ne scrivenish or craftily thou it wryte;
Beblotte it with thy teres eek a lyte;
And if thou wryte a goodly word al softe,
Though it be good, reherce it not to ofte.

148. For though the beste harpour upon
lyve

Wolde on the beste sounded joly harpe
That ever was, with alle his fingres fyve,
Touche ay o streng, or ay o werbul harpe,
Were his nayles poynted never so sharpe,
It shulde maken every wight to dulle,

To here his glee, and of his strokes fulle.

149. Ne jompre eek no discordaunt thing
y-fere,

As thus, to usen termes of phisyk;
In loves termes, hold of thy matere
The forme alwey, and do that it be
lyk;

For if a peyntour wolde peynte a pyk
With asses feet, and hede it as an ape,
It cordeth nought; so nere it but a jape.'

150. This counseyl lyked wel to Troilus;
But, as a dreedful lover, he seyde this:—
'Allas, my dere brother Pandarus,'

I am ashamed for to wryte, y-wis,
Lest of myn innocence I seyde a-mis,
Or that she nolde it for despyst receyve;
Thanne were I deed, ther mighte it no-
thing weyve.'

151. To that Pandare answerde, 'if thee
lest,

Do that I seye, and lat me therwith goon;
For by that lord that formed est and west,
I hope of it to bringe answere anon.

Right of hir hond, and if that thou nilt
noon,

Lat be; and sory mote he been his lyve,
Ayeins thy lust that helpeth thee to
thryve.'

152. Quod Troilus, 'Depardieu, I assente;
Sin that thee list, I will aryse and wryte;
And blissful god preye ich, with good
entente,

The vyage, and the lettred I shal endyte,
So spedie it; and thou, Minerva, the whyte,
Yif thou me wit my lettred to devyse:
And sette him doun, and wroot right in
this wyse.—

153. First he gan hir his righte lady
calle,

His hertes lyf, his lust, his sorwes leche,
His blisse, and eek this otherere termes
alle,

That in swich cas thes loveres alle seche;
And in ful humble wyse, as in his speche,
He gan him recomaunde un-to hir grace;
To telle al how, it axeth muchel space.

154. And after this, ful lowly he hir
prayde

To be nought wrooth, though he, of his
folye,

So hardy was to hir to wryte, and seyde,
That love it made, or elles moste he dye,
And pitously gan mercy for to crye;

1076 And after that he seyde, and ley ful loude,

Him-self was litel worth, and lesse he
coude;

155. And that she sholde han his conning
excused,

That litel was, and eek he dredde hir so,
And his unworthiness he ay accused;

1081 And after that, than gan he telle his wo;

But that was endeles, with-outen ho
And seyde, he wolde in trouthe alwey him
holde;

And radde it over, and gan the lettred
folde.

1085

156. And with his salte teres gan he bathe
The ruby in his signet, and it sette
Upon the wex deliverliche and rathes;
Ther-with a thousand tymes, er he lettred

He kiste tho the lettere that he shette, 1090
And seyde, 'lettere, a blisful destinee
Thee shapen is, my lady shal thee see.'

157. This Pandare took the lettere, and
that by tyme
A-morwe, and to his neces paleys sterte,
And faste he swoor, that it was passed
pryme, 1095
And gan to jape, and seyde, 'y-wis, myn
herte,
So fresh it is, al-though it sore smerte,
I may not slepe never a Mayes morwe;
I have a joly wo, a lusty sorwe.'

158. Criseyde, whan that she hir uncle
herde, 1100
With dredful herte, and desirous to here
The cause of his cominge, thus answerde,
'Now by your feyth, myn uncle,' quod
she, 'dere,
What maner windes gydeth yow now
here? 1104
Tel us your joly wo and your penaunce,
How ferforth be ye put in loves daunce.'

159. 'By god,' quod he, 'I hoppe alwey
bihinde!'
And she to-laugh, it thoughte hir herte
breste.
Quod Pandarus, 'loke alwey that ye finde
Game in myn hood, but herkneth, if yow
leste; 1110
Ther is right now come in-to tounea geste,
A Greek espye, and telleth newe thinges,
For which come I to telle yow tydinges.

160. Into the gardin go we, and we shal
here,
Al prevely, of this a long sermoun.' 1115
With that they wenten arm in arm y-fere
In-to the gardin from the chaumbre doun.
And whan that he so fer was that the
soun
Of that he speke, no man here mighte,
He seyde hir thus, and out the lettere
pligte, 1120

161. 'Lo, he that is al hooly youres free
Him recomaundeth lowly to your grace,
And sent to you this lettere here by me;
Avysseth you on it, whan ye han space,

And of som goodly awnswere yow purchase;
Or, helpe me god, so pleynly for to seyne,
He may not longe liven for his peyne.'

162. Ful dredfully tho gan she stonde
stille,
And took it nought, but al hir humble
chere
Gan for to chaunge, and seyde, 'scrit ne
bille, 1130
For love of god, that toucheth swich
matere,
Ne bring me noon; and also, uncle
dere,
To myn estat have more reward, I preye,
Than to his lust; what sholde I more
seye?

163. And loketh now if this be reson-
able, 1135
And letteth nought, for favour ne for
slouth,
To seyn a sooth; now were it covenable
To myn estat, by god, and by your trouthe,
To taken it, or to han of him routhe,
In harming of my-self or in repreve? 1140
Ber it a-yein, for him that ye on leve!'

164. This Pandarus gan on hir for to
stare,
And seyde, 'now is this the grettest
wonder
That ever I sey! lat be this nyce fare!
To deethe mote I smiten be with thonder,
If, for the citee which that stondeth
yonder, 1146
Wolde I a lettere un-to yow bringe or take
To harm of yow; what list yow thus it
make?

165. But thus ye faren, wel neigh alle and
some, 1149
That he that most desireth yow to serve,
Of him ye recche leest wher he bicombe,
And whether that he live or elles sterue.
But for al that that ever I may deserve,
Refuse it nought,' quod he, and hente hir
faste,
And in hir bosom the lettere doun he
thraste. 1155

166. And seyde hir, 'now cast it away
anoon,
That folk may seen and gauren on us
tweye.'

Quod she, 'I can abyde til they be goon,'
And gan to smyle, and seyde him, 'eem,
I preye,

Swich answeare as yow list your-self pur-
veye, 1160
For trewely I nil no lettre wryte.'

'No? than wol I,' quod he, 'so ye endyte.'

167. Therwith she lough, and seyde, 'go
we dyne.'

And he gan at him-self to jape faste, 1164
And seyde, 'nece, I have so greet a pyne
For love, that every other day I faste'—
And gan his beste japes forth to caste;
And made hir so to laughe at his folye,
That she for laughter wende for to dye.

168. And whan that she was comen in-to
halle, 1170

'Now, eem,' quod she, 'we wol go dyne
anoon;'

And gan some of hir women to hir calle,
And streyght in-to hir chaumbre gan she
goon;

But of hir businesses, this was oon
A-monges othere thinges, out of drede,
Ful prively this lettre for to rede; 1176

169. Avysed word by word in every lyne,
And fond no lak, she thoughte he conde
good;

And up it putte, and went hir in to dyne.
And Pandarus, that in a study stood, 1180
Er he was war, she took him by the
hood,

And seyde, 'ye were caught er that ye
wiste;'

'I vonche sauf,' quod he, 'do what yow
liste.'

170. Tho wesshen they, and sette hem
doun and ete;

And after noon ful sleyly Pandarus 1185
Gan drawe him to the window next the
strete,

And seyde, 'nece, who hath arayed thus
The yonder hous, that stant afor-yeyn us?'

'Which hous?' quod she, and gan for to
biholde,
And knew it wel, and whos it was him
tolde, 1190

171. And fillen forth in speche of thinges
smale,

And seten in the window bothe tweye.
Whan Pandarus saw tyme un-to histale,
And saw wel that hir folk were alle
aweye,

'Now, nece myn, tel on,' quod he, 'I
seye, 1195

How lyketh yow the lettre that ye woot?
Can he ther-on? for, by my trouthe, I
noot.'

172. Therwith al rosy hewed tho wex she,
And gan to humme, and seyde, 'so I
trowe.'

'Aquyte him wel, for goddes love,' quod
he; 1200

'My-self to medes wol thelette sowe,'
And held his hondes up, and sat on
knowe,

'Now, goode nece, be it never so lyte,
Yif me the labour, it to sowe and plyte.'

173. 'Ye, for I can so wryte,' quod she
tho; 1205

'And eek I noot what I sholde to him
seye.'

'Nay, nece,' quod Pandare, 'sey not so;
Yet at the leste thanketh him, I preye,
Of his good wil, and doth him not to deye.
Now for the love of me, my nece dere, 1210
Refuseth not at this tyme my preyere.'

174. 'Depar-dieux,' quod she, 'god leve al
be wel!'

God helpe me so, this is the firste lettre
That ever I wroot, ye, al or any del'
And in-to a closet, for to avyse hir bettre,
She wente allone, and gan hir herte un-
fettere 1215

Out of disdaynes prison but a lyte;
And sette hir doun, and gan a lettrewryte,

175. Of which to telle in short is myn
entente 1219

Th'effect, as fer as I can understande:—
She thonked him of al that he wel mente

Towardes hir, but holden him in honde
She nolde nought, ne make hir-selven
bonde

In love, but as his suster, him to plese,
She wolde fayn, to doon his herto an ese.

176. She shette it, and to Pandarus gan
goon, 1226

There as he sat and loked in-to strete,
And doun she sette hir by him on a stoon
Of jaspere, up-on a quisschin gold y-bete,
And seyde, 'as wisly helpe me god the
grete, 1230

I never dide a thing with more peyne
Than wryte this, to which ye me con-
streyne ;'

177. And took it him : he thonked hir
and seyde,

'God woot, of thing ful ofte looth bigonne
Cometh ende good; and nece myn, Cri-
seyde, 1235

That ye to him of hard now ben y-wonne
Oughte he be glad, by god and yonder
sonne !

For-why men seyth, "impressiou[n]es
lighte
Ful lightly been ay redy to the flighte."

178. But ye han pleyed tyraunt neigh to
longe, 1240

And hard was it your herte for to grave ;
Now stint, that ye no longer on it honge,
Al wolde ye the forme of daunger save.
But hasteth yow to doon him joye have ;
For trusteth wel, to longe y-doone hard-
nesse 1245

Causest despyt ful often, for distresse.'

179. And right as they declamed this
matere,

Lo, Troilus, right at the stretes ende,
Com ryding with his tenthe some y-fere,
Al softly, and thiderward gan bende 1250
Ther-as they sete, as was his wey to wende
To paleys-ward ; and Pandare him aspyde,
And seyde, 'nece, y-see who cometh here
ryde !

180. O flee not in, he seeth us, I suppose ;
Lest he may thinke that ye him eschuwe.'

'Nay, nay,' quod she, and wex as reed as
rose. 1256

With that he gan hir humbly to saluwe,
With dredful chere, and ofte his hewes
muwe ;

And up his look debonairsty he caste,
And bekded on Pandare, and forth he
paste. 1260

181. God woot if he sat on his horsa-right,
Or goodly was beseyn, that ilke day !
God woot wher he was lyk a manly
knight !

What sholdhe I drecche, or telle of his
array ?

Criseyde, which that alle these thinges
say, 1265

To tella in short, hir lyked al y-fere,
His persone, his array, his look, his chere,

182. His goodly manere and his gentil-
lesse,

So wel, that never, sith that she was born,
Ne hadde she swich routhe of his dis-
tresse ; 1270

And how-so she hath hard ben her-biforn,
To god hope I, she hath now caught a
thorn.

She shal not pulle it out this nexte wyke ;
God sende mo swich thornes on to pyke !

183. Pandare, which that stood hir faste
by, 1275

Felte iren hoot, and he bigan to smyte,
And seyde, 'nece, I pray yow hertely,
Tel me that I shal axen yow a lyte.
A womman, that were of his deeth to
wyte,

With-outen his gilt, but for hir lakked
routhe, 1280

Were it wel doon ?' Quod she, 'nay, by
my trouthe !'

184. 'God helpe me so,' quod he, 'ye sey
me sooth.

Ye felen wel your-self that I not lye ;
Lo, yond he rit !' Quod she, 'ye, so he
dooth.'

'Wel,' quod Pandare, 'as I have told yow
thrye, 1285

Lat be your nyee shame and your folye,
And spek with him in esing of his herte ;
Lat nycete not do yow bothe smerte.'

185. But ther-on was to heven and to done;
Considered al thing, it may not be; 1290
And why, for shame; and it were eek to sone
To graunten him so greet a libertee.
'For playnly hir entente,' as seyde she,
Was for to love him unwist, if she mighthe,
And guerdon him with no-thing but with sighte.' 1295

186. But Pandarus thoughte, 'it shal not be so,
If that I may; this nyee opinioune
Shal not be holden fully yeres two.'
What sholde I make of this a long sermon?

He moste assente on that conclusioun 1300
As for thetyme; and whan that it was eve,
And al was wel, he roos and took his leve.

187. And on his wey ful faste homward he spedde,
And right for joye he felte his herte daunce;
And Troilus he fond alone a-bedde, 1305
That lay as dooth these loveres, in a traunce,
Bitwixen hope and derk desesperaunce.
But Pandarus, right at his in-cominge,
He song, as who seyth, 'lo! sumwhat I bringe.'

188. And seyde, 'who is in his bed so sone
Y-buried thus?' 1310 'It am I, freend,' quod he.

'Who, Troilus? nay helpe me so the mone,'
Quod Pandarus, 'thou shalt aryse and see
A charme that was sent right now to thee,
The which can helen thee of thyng ac-cesse, 1315
If thou do forth-with al thy besinesse.'

189. 'Ye, through the might of god!' quod Troilus.
And Pandarus gan him the lettre take,
And seyde, 'pardee, god hath holpen us;
Have here a light, and loke on al this blake.' 1320
But ofte gan the herte glade and quake

Of Troilus, whyl that he gan it rede,
So as the wordes yave him hope or drede.

190. But fynally, he took al for the beste
That she him wroot, for sunwhat he bi-held 1325

On which, him thoughte, he mighthe his herte reste,

Al covered she the wordes under sheld.
Thus to the more worthy part he held,
That, what for hope and Pandarus bi-heste,

His grete wo for-yede he at the leste. 1330

191. But as we may alday our-selven see,
Through more wode or col, the more fyrs;
Right so encrees of hope, of what it be,
Therwith ful ofte encreseth eek desyr; 1335
Or, as an oak cometh of a litel spyr,
So through this lettre, which that she him sente,

Encresen gan desyr, of which he brente.

192. Wherfore I seye alwey, that day and night

This Troilus gan to desiren more
Than he dide erst, thurgh hope, and dide his might 1340

To pressen on, as by Pandarus lore,
And wryten to hir of his sorwes sore
Fro day to day; he leet it not refreyde,
That by Pandare he wroot somewhat or seyde;

193. And dide also his othere obser-vances 1345

That to a lovere longeth in this cas;
And, after that these dees turnede on chaunces,

So was he outhier glad or seyde 'allas!'
And held after his gestes ay his pas;
And aftir swiche answeres as he hadde,
So were his dayes sory outhier gladde. 1351

194. Butto Pandare alwey was his recours,
And pitously gan ay til him to pleyne,
And him bisoughte of rede and som socours;

And Pandarus, that sey his wode peyne,
Wex wel neigh deed for routhe, sooth to seyne, 1356

And bisily with al his herte caste
Som of his wo to sleep, and that as faste;

195. And seyde, 'lord, and freend, and
brother dere,
God woot that thy disese doth me wo. 1360
But woltow stinten al this woful chere,
And, by my trouthe, or it be dayes two,
And god to-forn, yet shal I shape it so,
That thou shalt come in-to a certayn
place,
Ther-as thou mayst thy-self hir preye of
grace. 1365

196. And certainly, I noot if thou it wost,
But tho that been expert in love it seye,
It is oon of the things that furthereth
most,
A man to have a leyser for to preye,
And siker place his wo for to biwreye; 1370
For in good herte it moot som routhe
impresso,
To here and see the giltles in distresse.

197. Paraunter thenkestow: though it
be so
That kinde wolde doon hir to biginne
To han a maner routhe up-on my wo, 1375
Seyth Daunger, "Nay, thou shalt me
never winne;
So reuleth hir hir hertes goost with-inne,
That, though she bende, yet she stant on
rote;
What in effect is this un-to my bote?"

198. Thenk here-ayeins, whan that the
sturdy ook, 1380
On which men hakketh ofte, for the
nones,
Receyved hath the happy falling strook,
The grete sweigh doth it come al at ones,
As doon these rokkes or these milne-stones.
For swifter cours cometh thing that is of
wighte, 1385
Whan it descendeth, than don thinges
lighte.

199. And reed that boweth doun for every
blast,
Ful lightly, cesse wind, it wol aryse;
But so nil not an ook whan it is cast;
It nedeth me nought thee longe to forbyse.

Men shal rejoysen of a greet emprise 1391
Achieved wel, and stant with-outen doute,
Al han men been the lenger ther-aboute.

200. But, Troilus, yet tel me, if thee lest,
A thing now which that I shal axen
thee; 1395
Which is thy brother that thou lovest
best
As in thy verray hertes privattee?
'Y-wis, my brother Deiphebus,' quod he.
'Now,' quod Pandare, 'er hours twyse
twelve,
He shal thee ese, unwist of it him-selve.

201. Now lat me allone, and werken as
I may,' 1401
Quod he; and to Deiphebus wente he tho
Which hadde his lord and grete freend
ben ay;
Save Troilus, no man he lovede so.
To telle in short, with-outen wordes mo,
Quod Pandarus, 'I pray yow that ye be
Freend to a cause which that toucheth
me.' 1407

202. 'Yis, pardee,' quod Deiphebus, 'wel
thow wost,
In al that ever I may, and god to-fore,
Al nere it but for man I love most, 1410
My brother Troilus; but sey wherfore
It is; for sith that day that I was bore,
I nas, ne never-mo to been I thinkne,
Ayeins a thing that mighte thee for-
thinkne.'

203. Pandare gan him thonke, and to
him seyde, 1415
'Lo, sire, I have a lady in this toun,
That is my nece, and called is Criseyde,
Which sommen wolden doon oppressionoun,
And wrongfully have hir possession:
Wherfor I of your lordship yow biseche
To been our freend, with-oute more
speche.' 1421

204. Deiphebus him answerde, 'O, is not
this,
That thou spekest of to me thus
straungely,
Criseyda, my freend?' He seyde, 'Yis.'
'Than nedeth,' quod Deiphebus hardely,

Na-more to speke, for trusteth wel, that I
Wol be hir champioun with spore and
yerde; 1427
I roughte nought though alle hir foos it
herde

205. But tel me, thou that woost al this
matere,

How I might best avaylen? now lat see.
Quod Pandarus, 'if ye, my lord so dere,
Wolden as now don this honour to me,
To prayen hir to-morwe. lo, that she
Com un-to yow hir pleynthes to devyse,
Hir adversaries wolde of hit agryse. 1435

206. And if I more dorste preye as now,
And chargen yow to have so greet tra-
vayle,

To han som of your bretheren here with
yow,

That mighten to hir cause bet avayle,
Than, woot I wel, she mighte never fayle
For to be holpen, what at your instaunce,
What with hir othere freendes govern-
aunce.' 1442

207. Deiphebus, which that comen was,
of kinde,
To al honour and bountee to consente,
Answerde, 'it shal be doon; and I can
finde 1445

Yet gretter help to this in myn entente.
What wolt thou seyn, if I for Eleyne
sente

To speke of this? I trow it be the beste;
For she may ledn Paris as hir leste.

208. Of Ector, which that is my lord, my
brother, 1450
It nedeth nought to preye him freend
to be;

For I have herd him, otyme and eek other,
Speke of Criseyde swich honour, that he
May seyn no bet, swich hap to him hath
she.

It nedeth nought his helps for to
crave; 1455

He shal be swich, right as we wole him
have.

209. Spek thou thy-self also to Troilus
On my bihalve, and pray him with us
dyne.'

'Sire, al this shal be doon,' quod Pan-
darus;

And took his leve, and never gan to
fyne, 1460

But to his neces hous, as streght as lyne,
He com; and fond hir fro the mete arysse;
And sette him doun, and spak right in
this wyse.

210. He seyde, 'O veray god, so have
I ronne!

Io, nece myn, see ye nought how I swete?
I noot whether ye the more thank me
conne. 1466

Be ye nought war how that fals Poliphete
Is now aboue eft-sones for to plete,
And bringe on yow advocacyüs newe?
'I? no,' quod she, and chaunged al hir
hewe. 1470

211. 'What is he more aboute, me to
drecche

And doon me wrong? what shal I do,
allas?

Yet of him-self no-thing ne wolde I recche,
Nere it for Antenor and Eneas,
That been his freendes in swich maner
cas; 1475

But, for the love of god, myn uncle dere,
No fors of that, lat him have al y-fere;

212 With-outen that, I have ynoch for
us.'

'Nay,' quod Pandare, 'it shal no-thing
be so. 1479

For I have been right now at Deiphebus,
And Ector, and myne othere lordes mo,
And shortly maked eche of hem his fo;
That, by my thrifte, he shal it never winne
For ought he can, whan that so he bi-
ginne.'

213. And as they casten what was best to
done, 1485

Deiphebus, of his owene curtasye,
Com hir to preye, in his propre persone,
To holde him on the morwe compayne
At diner, which she nolde not denye.
But goodly gan to his preyere obeye. 1490
He thonked hir, and wente up-on his
weye.

214. Whanne this was doon, this Pandare
up a-noon,
To telle in short, and forth gan for to
wende
To Troilus, as stille as any stoon,
And al this thing he tolde him, word and
ende; 1495
And how that he Deiphebus gan to blonde;
And seyde him, 'now is tyme, if that thou
conne,
To bere thee wel to-morwe, and al is
wonne.

215. Now spek, now prey, now pitously
compleyne;
Lat not for nyee shame, or drede, or
slouthe; 1500
Som-tyme a man mot telle his owene
payne;
Bileve it, and she shal han on thee routhe;
Thou shalt be saved by thy feyth, in
trouth.
But wel wot I, thou art now in a drede;
And what it is, I leye, I can arede. 1505

216. Thow thinkest now, "how sholde
I doon al this?
For by my cheres mosten folk aspye,
That for hir love is that I fare a-mis;
Yet hadde I lever unwist for sorwe dye."
Now thank not so, for thou dost greet
folye. 1510
For right now have I founden o manere
Of sleighe, for to coveren al thy chere.

217. Thow shalt gon over night, and that
as blyve,
Un-to Deiphebus hous, as thee to pleye,
Thy maladye a-wey the bet to dryve, 1515
For why thou semest syk, soth for to seye.
Sone after that, doon in thy bed thee leye,
And sey, thow mayst no lenger up endure,
And lye right there, and byde thyn aven-
ture.

218. Sey that thy fever is wont thee for
to take 1520
The same tyme, and lasten til a-morwe;
And lat see now how wel thou canst
it make.
For, par-dee, syk is he that is in sorwe.

Go now, farewel! and, Venus here to
borwe, 1524
I hope, and thou this purpos holde ferme,
Thy grace she shal fully ther conferme.'

219. Quod Troilus, 'y-wis, thou nedeeles
Counseylest me, that sykliche I me feyne!
For I am syk in ernest, doutelees,
So that wel neigh I sterfe for the peyne.'
Quod Pandarus, 'thou shalt the bettre
payne, 1531
And hast the lasse nede to countrefete;
For him men demen hoot that men seen
swete.

220. Lo, holde thee at thy triste cloos,
and I
Shal wel the deer un-to thy bowe dryve.
Therwith he took his leve al softly, 1536
And Troilus to paleys wente blyve.
So glad ne was he never in al his lyve;
And to Pandarus reed gan al assente,
And to Deiphebus hous at night he
wente. 1540

221. What nedeth yow to tellen al the
chere
That Deiphebus un-to his brother made,
Or his accesse, or his syklich manere,
How men gan him with clothes for to
lade,
Whan he was leyd, and how men wolda
him glade? 1545
But al for nought, he held forth ay the
wyse
That ye han herd Pandare er this devyse.

222. But certeyn is, er Troilus him leyde,
Deiphebus had him prayed, over night,
To been a freend and helping to Criseyde
God woot, that he it grauntede anon-
right, 1551
To been hir fulle freend with al his might
But swich a nede was to preye him
thenne,
As for to bidde a wood man for to renne.

223. The morwen com, and neighen gan
the tyme 1555
Of meel-tyd, that the faire quene Eleyne
Shoop hir to been, an houre after the
pryme.

With Deiphebus, to whom she nolde
feyne;
But as his suster, hoomly, sooth to seyne,
She com to diner in hir playn entente. 1560
But god and Pandare wiste al what this
mente.

224. Come eek Criseyde, al innocent of
this,
Antigone, hir sister Tarbe also;
But flee we now prolixitee best is,
For love of god, and lat us faste go 1565
Right to the effect, with-oute tales mo,
Why al this folk assembled in this place;
And lat us of hir saluinges pace.

225. Gret honour dide hem Deiphebus,
certeyn,
And fedde hem wel with al that mighte
lyke. 1570
But ever-more, 'allas!' was his refreyn,
'My goode brother Troilus, the syke,
Lyth yet'—and therwith-al he gan to
syke;
And after that, he peyned him to glade
Him as he mighte, and chere good he
made. 1575

226. Compleyned eek Eleyne of his syk-
nesse
So feithfully, that pitee was to here,
And every wight gan waxen for accesse
A lecheanoon, and seyde, 'in this manere
Men curen folk; this charme I wol yow
lere.' 1580
But there sat oon, al list hir nougnt to
teche,
That thoughte, best coude I yet been his
leche.

227. After compleynt, him gonne they
to preyse,
As folk don yet, whan som wight hath
bigenne
To preyse a man, and up with prys him
reyse 1585
A thousand fold yet hyer than the sonne:—
'He is, he can, that fewe lordes conne.'
And Pandarus, of that they wolde afferme,
He not for-gat hir preysing to conferme.

228. Herde al this thing Criseyde wel
y-nough, 1590
And every word gan for to notifye;

For which with sobre chere hir herte
lough;
For who is that ne wolde hir glorifye,
To mowen swich a knight don live or
dye?

But al passe I, lest ye to longe dwelle; 1595
For for o fyn is al that ever I telle.

229. The tyme com, fro diner for to ryse,
And, as hem oughte, arisen everychoon,
And gon a whyl of this and that devyse.
But Pandarus brak al this speche anoon,
And seyde to Deiphebus, 'wole ye goon, 1602
If yourü wille be, as I yow preyde,
To speke here of the nedes of Criseyde?'

230. Eleyne, which that by the hond hir
held,
Took first the tale, and seyde, 'go we
blyve;' 1605
And goodly on Criseyde she biheld,
And seyde, 'Joves lat him never thryve,
That dooth yow harm, and bringe him
sone of lyve!'

And yeve me sorwe, but he shal it rewe,
If that I may, and alle folk be trewe.' 1610

231. 'Tel thou thy neces cas,' quod Dei-
phebus
To Pandarus, 'for thou canst best it
telle.'—

'My lordes and my ladyes, it stant thus;
What sholde I lenger,' quod he, 'do yow
dwelle?'

He rong hem out a proces lyk a belle, 1615
Up-on hir fo, that highte Poliphete,
So hlyinous, that men mighthe on it spete.

232. Answerde of this ech worse of hem
than other,
And Poliphete they gonne thus to
varien,
'An-honged be swich oon, were he my
brother; 1620
And so he shal, for it ne may not varien.'
What sholde I lenger in this tale tarien?
Pleynly, alle at ones, they hir highten,
To been hir helpe in al that ever they
mighten.

233. Spak than Eleyne, and seyde, 'Pan-darus,
Woot ought my lord, my brother, this
matere,
I mene, Ector? or woot it Troilus?'
He seyde, 'ye, but wole ye now me here?
Me thinketh this, sith Troilus is here,
It were good, if that ye wold assente,
She tolde hir-self himal this, er she wente.
1625

234. For he wole have the more hir grief
at herte,
By cause, lo, that she a lady is;
And, by your leve, I wol but right in
sterete,
And do yow wite, and that anoon, y-
wis,
If that he slepe, or wole ought here of
this.
And in he lepte, and seyde him in his
ere,
'God have thy soule, y-brought have I
thy bere!'

235. To smylen of this gan tho Troilus,
And Pandarus, with-oute rekeninge,
Out wente anoon t'Eleyne and Deiphebus,
And seyde hem, 'so there be no taryinge,
Ne more pres, he wol wel that ye bringe
Criseyda, my lady, that is here;
And as he may enduren, he wole here.
1645

236. But wel ye woot, the chaumbre is
but lyte,
And fewe folk may lightly make it warm;
Now loketh ye, (for I wol have no wyte,
To bringe in prees that mighte doon him
harm
Or him disesen, for my bettre arm),
Wher it be bet she hyde til eft-sones;
Now loketh ye, that knownen what to
doon is.
1650

237. I say for me, best is, as I can knowe,
That no wight in ne wente but ye tweye,
But it were I, for I can, in a throwe,
Reherce hir eas, unlyk that she can seye;
And after this, she may him ones preyse
To ben good lord, in short, and take hir
leve;
This may not muchel of his ese him reve.
1655

238. And eek, for she is straunge, he wol
forbere
His ese, which that him thar nought for
yow;
Eek other thing, that toucheth not to
here,
He wol me telle, I woot it wel right now,
That secret is, and for the tounes prow'
And they, that no-thing knewe of this
entente,
With-oute more, to Troilus in they wente.
1660

239. Eleyne in al hir goodly softe wyse,
Gan him saluwe, and womanly to pleye,
And seyde, 'ywis, ye moste alweyes aryse!
Now fayre brother, beth al hool, I preye!'
And gan hir arm right over his sholder
leye,
And him with al hir wit to recomforte;
As she best coude, she gan him to dis-
porte.
1665

240. So after this quod she, 'we yow
biseke,
My dere brother, Deiphebus, and I,
For love of god, and so doth Pandare eke,
To been good lord and freend, right
hertely,
Un-to Criseyde, which that certeinly
Receyveth wrong, as woot wel here Pan-
dare,
That can hir cas wel bet than I declare.'

241. This Pandarus gan newe his tunga
affyle,
And al hir cas reherce, and that anoon;
Whan it was seyd, sone after, in a whyle,
Quod Troilus, 'as sone as I may goon,
I wol right fayn with al my might ben
oon,
Have god my trouthe, hir cause to sustene.
1685
'Good thrift have ye,' quod Eleyne the
quene.

242. Quod Pandarus, 'and it your wille be,
That she may take hir leve, er that she
go?'
'Or elles god for-bede,' tho quod he,
'If that she vouche sauf for to do so,'
And with that word quod Troilus, 'ye two,
Deiphebus, and my suster leef and dere,
To yow have I to speke of o matere.
1690

243. To been avysed by your reed the
bette':— 1645

And fond, as hap was, at his beddes heed,
The copie of a tretis and a lettre,
That Ector hadde him sent to axen reed,
If swich a man was worthy to ben deed,
Woot I nought who; but in a grisly wyse
He preyede hem anoon on it avyse. 1701

244. Deiphebus gan this lettre to unfolde
In ernest greet; so dide Eleyne the quene;
And rominge outward, fast it gan biholde,
Downward a steyre, in-to an herber
grene. 1705

This ilke thing they redden hem bi-twene;
And largely, the mountaunce of an houre,
They gonне on it to reden and to poure.

245. Now lat hem rede, and turne we
anoon

To Pandarus, that gan ful faste prye 1710
That al was wel, and out he gan to goon
In-to the gret chambre, and that in hye,
And seyde, 'god save al this compayne!
Com, nece myn; my lady quene Eleyne
Abydeth yow, and eek my lordes tweyne.

246. Rys, take with yow your nece An-
tigone, 1716

Or whom yow list, or no fors, hardily;
The lasse prees, the bet; com forth with
me,

And loke that ye thonke humblely 1719
Hem alle three, and, whan ye may goodly
Your tyme y-see, taketh of hem your leve,
Lest we to longe his restes him bireve.'

247. Al innocent of Pandarus entente,
Quod tho Criseyde, 'go we, uncle dere';
And arm in arm inward with him she
wente, 1725

Avysed wel hir wordes and hir chere;
And Pandarus, in ernestful manere,
Seyde, 'alle folk, for goddes love, I preye,
Stinteth right here, and softly yow pleye.

248. Aviseth yow what folk ben here
with-inne, 1730

And in what plyt oon is, god him a-
mende!

And inward thus ful softly biginne;
Nee, I conjure and heighly yow defende,
On his half, which that sowle us alle
sende,

And in the vertue of coronunes tweyne,
Slee nought this man, that hath for yow
this peyne! 1736

249. Fy on the devel! thenk which oon
he is,

And in what plyt he lyth; com of anoon;
Thenk al swich taried tyd, but lost it nis!
That wol ye bothe seyn, whan ye ben oon.
Secoundelich, ther yet devyneth noon 1741
Up-on yow two; com of now, if ye conne;
Whyl folk is blent, lo, al the tyme is
wonne!

250. In titering, and pursuite, and dē
layes,

The folk devyne at wagginge of a stree;
And though ye wolde han after merye
dayes, 1746

Than dar ye nought, and why? for she,
and she

Spakswich a word; thus loket he, and he;
Lest tyme I loste, I dar not with yow dele;
Com of therfore, and bringeth him to hele.'

251. But now to yow, ye lovers that ben
here, 1751

Was Troilus nought in a cankedort,
That lay, and mighte whispringe of hem
here,

And thoughte, 'O lord, right now renneth
my sort

Fully to dye, or han anoon comfort'; 1755
And was the firste tyme he shulde hir
preye

Of love; O mighty god, what shal he seye?

Explicit Secundus Liber.

BOOK III.

Incipit Prohemium Tercii Libri.

1. O BLISFUL light, of whiche the bemes
clero

Adorneth al the thridde hevene faire !
O sonnes leef, O Joves daughter dere,
Plesaunce of love, O goodly debonaire,
In gentil hertes ay redy to repaire ! 5
O verray cause of hele and of gladnesse,
Y-heried be thy might and thy goodnesse !

2. In hevene and helle, in erthe and
salte see

Is felt thy might, if that I wel descerne ;
As man, brid, best, fish, herbe and grene
tree 10

Thee fele in tymes with vapour eterne.
God loveth, and to love wol nought werne ;
And in this world no lyves creature,
With-outen love, is worth, or may endure.

3. Ye Joves first to thilke effectes glade, 15
Thorugh which that thinges liven alle
and be,

Comeveden, and amorous þim made
On mortal thing, and as yow list, ay ye
Yeve him in love ese or adversitee ;
And in a thousand formes doun him sente
For love in erthe, and whom yow liste,
he hente. 21

4. Ye fierse Mars apeysen of his ire,
And, as yow list, ye maken hertes digne ;
Algates, hem that ye wol sette a-fyre,
They dreden shame, and vices they re-
signe ;

Ye do hem corteyns be, fresshe and benigne,
And hye or lowe, after a wight entendeth ;
The joyes that he hath, your might him
sendeth.

5. Ye holden regne and hous in unitee ;
Ye soothfast cause of frendship been also ;
Ye knowe al thilke covered qualitee 31
Of thinges which that folk on wondren so,

Whan they can not construe how it may jo,
She loveth him, or why he loveth here ;
As why this fish, and nought that, cometh
to were. 35

6. Ye folk a lawe han set in universe,
And this knowe I by hem that loveres be,
That who-so stryveth with yow hath the
werse .

Now, lady bright, for thy benignitee,
At reverence of hem that serven thee, 40
Whos clerk I am, so techeth me devyse
Som joye of that is felt in thy servyse.

7. Ye in my naked herte sentement
Inhelde, and do me shewe of thy swet-
nesse.—

Caliope, thy vois be now present, 45
For now is nede; sestow not my destresse,
How I mot telle anon-right the gladnesse
Of Troilus, to Venus heryinge ?
To which gladnes, who nede hath, god
him bringe !

Explicit prohemium Tercii Libri.

Incipit Liber Tercius.

8. LAY al this mene whyle Troilus, 50
Recordinge his lesson in this manere,
'Ma fey!' thought he, 'thus wole I seye
and thus ;

Thus wole I pleyne un-to my lady dere ;
That word is good, and this shal be my
chere ;

This nil I not foryeten in no wyse.' 55
God leve him werken as he gan devyse.

9. And lord, so that his herte gan to
quappe,
Heringe hir come, and shorte for to syke !
And Pandarus, that ladda hir by the
lappe,

Com neer, and gan in at the curtin pyke,
And seyde, 'god do bote on alle syke ! 61
See, who is here yow comen to visyte ;
Lo, here is she that is your deeth to wyta

10. Ther-with it semed as he wepte al-most;

'A ha,' quod Troylus so rewfally, 65

'Wher me be wo, O mighty god, thou wost!

Who is al there? I see nought trewely.'

'Sire,' quod Criseyde, 'it is Pandare and I.'

'Ye, swete herte? alas, I may nought ryse To knele, and do yow honour in som wyse.' 70

11 And dressede him upward, and she right tho

Gan bothe here hondes softe upon him leye,

'O, for the love of god, do ye not so To me,' quod she, 'ey! what is this to seye?

Sire, come am I to yow for causes tweye; First, yow to thonke, and of your lord-shipe eke 76

Continuaunce I wolde yow biseke.'

12. This Troylus, that herde his lady preye

Of lordship him, wex neither quik ne dead,

Ne mighte a word for shame to it seye, 80 Al-though men shold smyten of his heed. But lord, so he wex sodeinliche reed, And sire, his lesson, that he wende conne, To preyen hir, is thurgh his wit y-ronne.

13. Criseyde al this aspyede wel y-nough, For she was wys, and lovede him never-the-lasse, 86

Al nere he malapert, or made it tough, Or was to bold, to singe a fool a masse. But whan his shame gan somewhat to passe,

His reson, as I may my rymes holde, 90 I yow wol telle, as techen bokes olde.

14. In chaunged vois, right for his verrey drede,

Which vois eek quoock, and ther-to his manere

Goodly abayst, and now his hewes rede, Now pale, un-to Criseyde, his lady dere, 95 With look doun cast and humble yolden chere,

Lo, th' alderfirste word that him asterte Was, twyes, 'mercy, mercy, swete herte!'

15. And stinte a whyl, and whan he mighte out-bringe, 99

The nexte word was, 'god wot, for I have, As feythfully as I have had konninge, Ben youres, also god my sowle save; And shal, til that I, woful wight, be grave.

And though I dar ne can un-to yow pleyne,

Y-wis, I suffre nought the lasse peyne. 105

16. Thus muche as now, O wommanliche wyf,

I may out-bringe, and if this yow displesse, That shal I wreke upon myn owne lyf Right sone, I trowe, and doon your herte an ese, 109

If with my deeth your herte I may apese. But sin that ye han herd me som-what seye,

Now recche I never how sone that I deye.'

17. Ther-with his manly sorwe to biholde, It mighte han maad an herte of stoon to rowe; 114

And Pandare weep as he to watre wolde, And poked ever his nece newe and newe, And seyde, 'wo bigon ben hertes trewe! For love of god, make of this thing an ende,

Or slee us bothe at ones, er that ye wende.'

18. 'I? what?' quod she, 'by god and by my trouthe, 120

I noot nought what ye wilne that I seye.' 'I? what?' quod he, 'that ye han on him routhe,

For goddes love, and doth him nought to deye.'

'Now thanne thus,' quod she, 'I wold him preye

To telle me the fyn of his entente; 125 Yet wiste I never wel what that he mente.'

19. 'What that I mene, O swete herte dere?'

Quod Troylus, 'O goodly fresshe free! That, with the stremes of your eyen clere, Ye wolde som-tyme freendly on me see, 130

And thanne agreēn that I may ben he,
With-oute brauncie of vyce in any wyse,
In trouthe alwey to doon yow my servyse

20. As to my lady right and chief resort,
With al my wit and al my diligence, 135
And I to han, right as yow list, comfort,
Under your yerde, egl to myn offence,
As deeth, if that I breke your defence;
And that ye deigne me so muche honoure,
Me to comaunden ought in any houre. 140

21. And I to been your verray humble
trewe,
Secret, and in my paynes pacient,
And ever-mo desire freshly newe,
To serven, and been fy-lyke ay diligent,
And, with good herte, al holly your
talent 145
Receyven wel, how sore that me smerte,
Lo, this mene I, myn owene swete herte.'

22. Quod Pandarus, 'lo, here an hard
request,
And resonable, a lady for to werne!
Now, nece myn, by natal Joves fest, 150
Were I a god, ye sholde sterfe as yerne,
That heren wel, this man wol no-thing
yerne
But your honour, and seen him almost
sterfe,
And been so looth to suffren him yow
serve.'

23 With that she gan hir eyen on him
caste 155
Ful esily, and ful debonairsty,
Avysing hir, and hyed not to faste
With never a word, but seyd him softly,
'Myn honour sauf, I wol wel trewely,
And in swich forme as he can now
devyse, 160
Receyven him fully to my servyse,

24. Biseching him, for goddes love, that
he
Wolde, in honour of trouthe and gentil-
esse,
As I wel mene, eek mene wel to me, 164
And myn honour, with wit and besinesse,
Ay kepe; and if I may don him gladnesse,

From hennes-forth, y-wis, I nil not feyne:
Now beeth al hool, no lenger ye ne pleyne.

25. But nathelees, this warne I yow,'
quod she,
'A kinges sone al-though ye be, y-wis, 170
Ye shul na-more have soverainete
Of me in love, than right in that cas is;
Ne I nil forbere, if that ye doon a-mis,
To wrathen yow; and whyl that ye me
serve,
Cherycen yow right after ye deserve. 175

26. And shortly, derē herte and al my
knight,
Beth glad, and draweth yow to lustiness,
And I shal trewely, with al my might,
Your bittre tornen al in-to swetnessse; 179
If I be she that may yow do gladnesse,
For every wo ye shal recovere a blisse';
And him in armes took, and gan him
kisse.

27 Fil Pandarus on knees, and up his
yēn
To hevene threw, and held his hondes
hye,
'Immortal god!' quod he, 'that mayst
nought dyen, 185
Cupide I mene, of this mayst glorifye;
And Venus, thou mayst make melodye;
With-outen hond, me semeth that in
towne,
For this merveyle, I here ech belle sownde

28. But ho! no more as now of this
matere, 190
For-why this folk wol comen up anoon,
That han the lette red: lo, I hem here.
But I conjure thee, Criseyde, and oon,
And two, thou Troilus, whan thou mayst
goon,

That at myn hous ye been at my warn-
inge, 195
For I ful wel shal shape your cominge;

29. And eseth ther your hertes right
y-nough;
And lat see which of yow shal bere the
belle
To speke of love a-right! ther-with he
longh.

'For ther have ye a layser for to telle.' 200
 Quod Troilus, 'how longe shal I dwelle
 Er this be doon?' Quod he, 'whan thou
 mayst ryse,
 This thing shal be right as I yow devyse.'

30. With that Eleyne and also Deiphebus
 Tho comen upward, right at the steyres
 ende; 205
 And lord, so than gan grone Troylus,
 His brother and his suster for to blende.
 Quod Pandarus, 'it tym is that we
 wende;

Tak, nece myn, your leve at alle three,
 And lat hem speke, and cometh forth
 with me.' 210

31. She took hir leve at hem ful thriftily,
 As she wel coude, and they hir reverence
 Un-to the fulle diden hardely,
 And speken wonder wel, in hir absence,
 Of hir, in preysing of hir excellency, 215
 Hir governaunce, hir wit; and hir man-
 ere
 Commendeden, it joye was to here.

32. Now lat hir wende un-to hir owne
 place,
 And torne we to Troylus a-yein, 219
 That gan ful lightly of the lettred passe
 That Deiphebus hadde in the gardin seyn.
 And of Eleyne and him he wolde fayne
 Delivered been, and seyde, that him leste
 To slepe, and after tales have reste.

33. Eleyne him kiste, and took hir leve
 blyve, 225
 Deiphebus eek, and hoom wente every
 wight;
 And Pandarus, as faste as he may dryve,
 To Troylus tho com, as lyne right;
 And on a paillet, al that glade night,
 By Troylus he lay, with mery chere, 230
 To tale; and wel was hem they were
 y-fere.

34. Whan every wight was voided but
 they two,
 And alle the dores were faste y-shette,
 To telle in short, with-oute wordes mo,
 This Pandarus, with-outen any lette, 235
 Up roos, and on his beddes syde him sette,

And gan to speken in a sobre wyse
 To Troylus, as I shal yow devyse.

35. 'Myn alderlevest lord, and brother
 dere,
 God woot, and thou, that it sat me so
 sore, 240
 When I thee saw so languisshing to-yere,
 For love, of which thy wo wex alwey
 more;
 That I, with al my might and al my lore,
 Hath ever sithen doon my bisinesse
 To bringe thee to joye out of distresse;

36. And have it brought to swich plyt as
 thou wost, 246
 So that, thorgh me, thow stondest now
 in weye
 To fare wel, I seye it for no bost,
 And wostow why? for shame it is to seye,
 For thee have I bigonne a gamen pleye
 Which that I never doon shal eft for
 other, 251
 Al-though he were a thousand fold my
 brother.

37. That is to seye, for thee am I bicomen,
 Bitwixen game and ernest, swich a mene
 As maken wommen un-to men to comen;
 Al sey I nougant, thou wost wel what I
 mene. 256
 For thee have I my nece, of vyces clene,
 So fully maad thy gentillesse triste,
 That al shal been right as thy-selve liste.

38. But god, that al wot, take I to wit-
 nesse, 260
 That never I this for coveityse wroughte,
 But only for to abregge that distresse,
 For which wel nygh thou deydest, as me
 thoughte.
 But gode brother, do now as thee oughte,
 For goddes love, and keep hir out of
 blame, 265
 Sin thou art wys, and save alwey hir
 name.

39. For wel thou wost, the name as yet
 of here
 Among the peple, as who seyth, halwed is;
 For that man is unbore, I dar wel swere,
 That ever wiste that she dide amis. 270

But wo is me, that I, that cause al this,
May thenken that she is my nece dere,
And I hir eem, and traytor eek y-fere !

40. And were it wist that I, through myn
engyn,
Hadde in my nece y-put this fantasye, 275
To do thy lust, and hooly to be thyn,
Why, al the world up-on it wolde crye,
And seye, that I the worste trecherye
Dide in this eas, that ever was bigonne,
And she for-lost, and thou right nought
y-wonne. 280

41. Wher-fore, er I wol ferther goon a
pas,
Yet est I thee biseche and fully seye,
That privete go with us in this eas,
That is to seye, that thou us never wreye;
And be nought wrooth, though I theo
ote preye 285
To holden secree swich an heigh matere;
For skilful is, thow wost wel, my preyere.

42. And think what wo ther hath bitid
er this,
For makinge of avauntes, as men rede ;
And what mischaunce in this world yet
ther is, 290
Fro day to day, right for that wikked
dede ;
For which these wyse clerkes that ben
dede
Han ever yet proverbed to us yonge,
That "firste vertu is to kepe tonge."

43. And, nere it that I wilne as now
t'abregge 295
Diffusiooun of speche, I coude almost
A thousand olde stories thee alegge
Of wommen lost, thorough fals and foles
bost ;
Proverbes canst thy-self y-nowe, and wost,
Ayeins that vyce, for to been a labbe, 300
Al seyde men sooth as often as they gabbe.

44. O tongue, allas ! so often here-bisorn
Hastow made many a lady bright of hewe
Seyd, "welawey ! the day that I was born !" 305
And many a maydes sorwes for to newe ;
And, for the more part, al is untrewe 306

That men of yelpe, and it were brought
to preve ;
Of kinde non avauntour is to leve.

45. Avauntour and a lyere, al is on ; 309
As thus : I pose, a woman graunte me
Hir love, and seyth that other wol she non,
And I am sworn to holden it secree,
And after I go telle it two or three ;
Y-wis, I am avauntour at the leste,
And lyere, for I breke my bihest. 315

46. Now loke thanne, if they be nought
to blame,
Swich maner folk ; what shal I clepe
hem, what,
That hem avaunte of wommen, and by
name,
That never yet bihighte hem this ne that,
Ne knewe hem more than myn olde hat ?
No wonder is, so god me sende hele, 321
Though wommen drede with us men to
dele.

47. I sey not this for no mistrust of yow,
Ne for no wys man, but for foles nyce,
And for the harm that in the world is
now, 325
As wel for foly ofte as for malyce ;
For wel wot I, in wyse folk, that vyce
No womman drat, if she be wel avysed.
For wyse ben by foles harm chastysed.

48. But now to purpos ; leve brother dere,
Have al this thing that I have seyd in
minde, 331
And keep thee clos, and be now of good
chere,
For at thy day thou shalt me trewe finde.
I shal thy proces sette in swich a kinde,
And god to-forn, that it shall thee suffysse.
For it shal been right as thou wolt de-
vyse. 336

49. For wel I woot, thou menest wel,
parde ;
Therfore I dar this fully undertake.
Thou wost eek what thy lady graunted
thee,
And day is set, the chartres up to make.
Have now good night, I may no lenger
wake ; 341

And bid for me, sin thou art now in blisse,
That god me sende deeth or sone lissee.'

50. Who mighte telle half the joye or feste
Which that the sowle of Troylus tho felte,
Heringe th'effect of Pandarus bihest? 346
His olde wo, that made his herte swelte,
Gan tho for joye wasten and to-melte,
And al the richesse of his sykes sore
At ones fledde, he felte of hem no more.

51. But right so as these holtes and these
hayes, 351
That han in winter dede been and dreye,
Revesten hem in grene, whan that May is,
Whan every lusty lyketh best to pleye:
Right in that selve wyse, sooth to seye, 355
Wex sodeynliche his herte ful of joye,
That gladder was ther never man in Troye.

52. And gan his look on Pandarus up
caste
Ful soberly, and frendly for to see, 359
And seyd, 'freend, in Aprille the laste,
As wel thou wost, if it remembre thee,
How neigh the deeth for wo thou founde
me;
And how thou didest al thy bisinesse
To knowe of me the cause of my distresse.

53. Thou wost how longe I it for-bar to
seye 365
To thee, that art the man that I best
triste;
And peril was it noon to thee by-wreye,
That wiste I wel; but tel me, if thee liste,
Sith I so looth was that thy-self it wiste,
How dorste I mo tellen of this matere, 370
That quake now, and no wight may us
here?

54. But natholes, by that god I thee swere,
That, as him list, may al this world
governe,
And, if I lye, Achilles with his spere
Myn herte cleve, al were my lyf eterne,
As I am mortal, if I late or yerne 376
Wolde it biwreye, or dorste, or sholde
conne,
For al the good that god made under
sonne;

55. That rather deye I wolde, and de-
termyne,

As thinketh me, now stokked in presoun,
In wrecchednesse, in filthe, and in ver-
myne, 381

Caytif to cruel king Agamenoun;
And this, in alle the temples of this
toun,

Upon the goddes alle, I wol thee swere,
To-morwe day, if that thee lyketh here. 385

56. And that thou hast so muche y-doone
for me,

That I ne may it never-more deserve,
This knowe I wel, al mighty I now for
thee

A thousand tymes on a morwen sterfe,
I can no more, but that I wol thee serve
Right as thy sclave, whider-so thou
wende, 391

For ever-more, un-to my lyves ende!

57. But here, with al myn herte, I thee
biseche,

That never in me thou deme swich folye
As I shal seyn; me thoughte, by thy
speche, 395

That this, which thou me dost for com-
panye,

I sholde wene it were a bauderye;
I am nought wood, al-if I lewed be;
It is not so, that woot I wel, pardee.

58. But he that goth, for gold or for
richesse, 400

On swich message, calle him what thee
list;

And this that thou dost, calle it gentilesse,
Compassioun, and felawship, and trist;
Departe it so, for wyde-where is wist
How that there is dyversitee required 405
Bitwixen thinges lyke, as I have lered.

59. And, that thou knowe I thenke
nought ne wene

That this servyse a shame be or jape,
I have my faire suster Polixene,
Cassandre, Eleyne, or any of the frape;
Be she never so faire or wel y-shape, 411
Tel me, which thou wilt of everichone,
To han for thyng, and lat methanne allone.

60. But sin that thou hast don me this servyse, 414
 My lyf to save, and for noon hope of mede,
 So, for the love of god, this grete emprise
 Parforme it out; for now is moste nede.
 For high and low, with-outen any drede,
 I wol alwey thyne hestes alle kepe;
 Have now good night, and lat us bothe
 slepe.' 420

61. Thus held him ech with other wel apayed,
 That al the world ne mighe it bet amende;
 And, on the morwe, whan they were arrayed,
 Ech to his owene nedes gan entende.
 But Troilus, though as the fyre he brende
 For sharp desyr of hope and of plesaunce,
 He not for-gat his gode governaunce. 427

62. But in him-self with manhod gan restreyne
 Ech raket dede and ech unbryddle chere,
 That alle tho that liven, sooth to seyne,
 Ne sholde han wist, by word or by manere.
 What that he mente, as touching this matere. 432
 From every wight as fer as is the clonde
 He was, so wel dissimulen he coude.

63. And al the whyl which that I yow devyse, 435
 This was his lyf; with al his fulle might,
 By day he was in Martes high servyse,
 This is to seyn, in armes as a knight;
 And for the more part, the longe night
 He lay, and thoughte how that he mighe serve
 His lady best, hir thank for to deserve. 440

64. Nil I nought swerë, al-though he lay softe,
 That in his thought he nas sumwhat diseased,
 Ne that he tornede on his pilwes ofte,
 And wolde of that him missed han bensesed; 445
 But in swich cas man is nought alwey plesed,
 For ought I wot, no more than was he;
 That can I deme of possibilitee.

65. But certeyn is, to purpos for to go,
 That in this whyle, as writen is in geste, 450
 He say his lady som-tyme; and also She with him spak, whan that she dorste or leste,
 And by hir bothe avys, as was the beste,
 Apoynteden ful warly in this nede,
 So as they dorste, how they wolde pro-ceede. 455

66. But it was spoken in so short a wyse,
 In swich awayt alwey, and in swich fere,
 Lest any wyght divynen or devyse
 Wolde of hem two, or to it leye in ere,
 That al this world so leef to hem ne were 460
 As that Cupido wolde hem grace sende
 To maken of hir speche aright an ende.

67. But thilké litel that they speke or wroughte,
 His wyse goost took ay of al swich hede,
 It semed hir, he wiste that she thoughte With-outen word, so that it was no nede
 To bidde him ought to done, or ought forbede; 467
 For which she thoughte that love, al come it late,
 Of alle joye hadde opned hir the yate.

68. And shortly of this proces for to pace, 470
 So wel his werk and wordes he bisette,
 That he so ful stood in his lady grace,
 That twenty thousand tymes, or she lette,
 She thonked god she ever with him mette;
 So coude he him governe in swich ser-vyse, 475
 That al the world ne mighe it bet devyse.

69. For-why she fond him so discreet in al, So secret, and of swich obëisaunce,
 That wel she felte he was to hir a wal Of steel, and sheld from every disple-saunce; 480
 That, to ben in his gode governaunce, So wys he was, she was no more afered,
 I mene, as fer as oughte ben required.

70. And Pandarus, to quike alwey the fyr,
Was ever y-lyke prest and diligent; 485
To ese his frend was set al his desyr.
He shoo ay on, he to and fro was sent;
He lettres bar whan Troilus was absent.
That never man, as in his freendes nede,
Ne bar him bet than he, with-outen
dredre. 490

71. But now, paraunter, som man wayten
wolde
That every word, or sonde, or look, or
chere
Of Troilus that I rehersen sholde,
In al this whyle, un-to his lady dere;
I trowe it were a long thing for to
here; 495
Or of what wight that stant in swich dis-
joynte,
His wordes alle, or every look, to poynte.

72. For sothe, I have not herd it doon er
this,
In storye noon, ne no man here, I wene;
And though I wolde I coude not, y-wis;
For ther was som epistel hem bitwene, 501
That wolde, as seyth myn auctor, wel
contene
Neigh half this book, of which him list
not wryte;
How sholde I thanne a lyne of it endyte?

73. But to the grete effect: than sey I
thus, 505
That stonding in concord and in quiete
Thise ilke two, Criseyde and Troilus,
As I have told, and in this tymo swete,
Save only often mighte they not mete,
Ne layser have hir speches to fulfelle, 510
That it befel right as I shal yow telle,

74. That Pandarus, that ever dide his
micht
Right for the fyn that I shal speke of
here,
As for to bringe to his hous som night
His faire nece, and Troilus y-fere, 515
Wher-as at leyser al this heigh matere,
Touching hir love, were at the fulle up-
bounde,
Hadde out of doute a tyme to it founde.

75. For he with greet deliberacioun
Hadde every thing that her-to mighte
avayle 520
Forn-cast, and put in execucioune,
And neither laft for cost ne for travayle;
Come if hem lest, hem sholde no-thing
fayle;
And for to been in ought espyed there,
That, wiste he wel, an impossible were.

76. Dredelees, it cleer was in the wind
Of every pye and every lette-game; 527
Now al is wel, for al the world is blind
In this matere, bothe fremed and tame.
This timber is al redy up to frame; 530
Us lakketh nought but that we witen
wolde
A certaine houre, in whiche she comen
sholde.

77. And Troilus, that al this purveyaunce
Knew at the fulle, and waytede on it ay,
Hadde here-up-on eek made gret orde-
naunce, 535
And founde his cause, and ther-to his
aray,
If that he were missed, night or day,
Ther-whyle he was aboute this servyse,
That he was goon to doon his sacrificysse,

78. And moste at swich a temple alone
wake, 540
Answered of Appollo for to be;
And first, to seen the holy laurer quake,
Er that Apollo spak out of the tree,
To tellis him next whan Grekes sholden
flee;
And forthy lette him no man, god for-
bede, 545
But preye Apollo helpen in this nede.

79. Now is ther litel more for to done,
But Pandare up, and shortly for to seyne,
Right sone upon the chaunging of the
mone,
Whan lightles is the world a night or
tweyne, 550
And that the welken shoop him for to
reyne,
He streight a-morwe un-to his nece
wente;
Ye han wel herd the fyn of his entente.

80. Whan he was come, he gan anoon to
pleye

As he was wont, and of him-self to jape ;
And fynally, he swor and gan hir seye, 556
By this and that, she sholde him not
escape,

Ne lenger doon him after hir to gape :
But certeynly she moste, by hir leve,
Come soupen in his hous with him at
eve. 560

81. At whiche she lough, and gan hir
faste excuse,
And seyde, 'it rayneth ; lo, how sholde
I goon ?'

'Lat be,' quod he, 'ne stond not thus to
muse ;
This moot be doon, ye shal be ther anoon.'
So at the laste her-of they felle at oon, 565
Or elles, softe he swor hir in hir ere,
He nolde never come ther she were.

82. Sone after this, to him she gan to
rowne,
And asked him if Troilus were there ?
He swor hir, 'nay, for he was out of
towne,' 570
And seyde, 'nece, I pose that he were,
Yow þthurste never have the more fere.
For rather than men mighite him ther
aspye,
Me were lever a thousand-fold to dye.'

83. Nought list myn auctor fully to
declare 575
What that she thoughte whan he seyde
so,

That Troilus was out of town y-fare,
As if he seyde ther-of sooth or no ;
But that, with-outeawayt, with him to go,
She graunted him, sith he hir that bi-
soughte, 580
And, as his nece, obeyed as hir oughte

84. But nathelees, yet gan she him bi-
seche,
Al-though with him to goon it was no fere,
For to be war of goosish peples speche,
That dremen thinges whiche that never
were, 585
And wel avyse him whom he broughte
there :

And seyde him, 'eem, sin I mot on yow
triste,
Loke al be wel, and do now as yow liste.'

85. He swor hir, 'yis, by stokkes and by
stones,

And by the goddes that in hevene dwelle,
Or elles were him lever, soule and bones,
With Pluto king as depe been in helle 592
As Tantalus !' What sholde I more telle ?
Whan al was wel, he roos and took his

leve,
And she to souper com, whan it was eve,

86. With a certayn of hir owene men, 596
And with hir faire nece Antigone,
And otheres of hir wommen nyne or ten ;
But who was glad now, who, as trowe ye,
But Troilus, that stood and mighite it
see 600

Thurgh-out a litel windowe in a stewe,
Ther he bishet, sin midnight, was in
mewe,

87. Unwist of every wight but of Pandare ?
But to the poynt ; now whan she was
y-come

With alle joye, and alle frendes fare, 605
Hir eem anoon in armes hath hir nome,
And after to the souper, alle and some,
Whan tyme was, ful softe they hem sette ;
God wot, ther was no deyntee for to fette.

88. And after souper gonnen they to
ryse, 610

At ese wel, with hertes fresshe and glade,
And wel was him that coude best devyse
To lyken hir, or that hir laughen made.
He song, she pleyde ; he tolde tale of
Wade.

But at the laste, as every thing hath
ende, 615

She took hir leve, and nedes wolde wende.

89. But O, Fortune, executrice of wierdes,
O influences of thise hevenes hye !
Soth is, that, under god, ye ben our
hierdes,

Though to us bestes been the causes
wrye. 620

This mene I now, for she gan hoomward
hye,

But execut was al bisyde hir leve,
At the goddes wil; for which she moste
blewe.

90. The bente mone with hir hornes pale,
Saturne, and Jove, in Cancro joyned
were, 625

That swich a rayn from hevene gan avale,
That every maner womman that was there
Hadde of that smoky reyn a verray fere;
At which Pandare tho lough, and seyde
thenne,

'Now were it tyme a lady to go henne! 630

91. But goode nece, if I mighte ever plesse
Yow any-thing, than prey I yow,' quod he,
'To doon myn herte as now so greet an
ese

As for to dwelle here al this night with me,
For-why this is your owene hous, pardree.
For, by my trouthe, I sey it nougnt a-
game, 635

To wende as now, it were to me a shame.'

92. Criseyde, whiche that coude as muche
good

As half a world, tok hede of his preyere;
And sin it ron, and al was on a flood, 640
She thoughte, as good chep may I dwellen
here,

And graunte it gladly with a freendes
chere,

And have a thank, as grucche and thanne
abyde;

For hoom to goon it may nougnt wel
bityde.

93. 'I wol,' quod she, 'myn uncle leef
and dere, 645

Sin that yow list, it skile is to be so;
I am right glad with yow to dwellen here;
I seyde but a-game, I wolde go.'

'Y-wis, graunt mercy, nece!' quod he
tho; 649

'Were it a game or no, soth for to telle,
Now am I glad, sin that yow list to dwelle.'

94. Thus al is wel; but tho bigan aright
The newe joye, and al the feste agayn;
But Pandarus, if goodly hadde he might,
He wolde han hyed hir to bedde fayn, 655
And seyde. 'lord, this is an huge rayn!

This were a weider for to slepen inne;
And that I rede us sone to beginne.

95. And nece, woot ye wher I wol yow
leye, 659

For that we shul not liggen fer asonder,
And for ye neither shullen, dar I seye,
Heren noise of reynes nor of thonder?
By god, right in my lyte closet yonder.
And I wol in that outer hous allone
Be wardeyn of your wommen everichone.

96. And in this middel chaumbre that ye
see 666

Shul youre wommen slepen wel and softe;
And then I seyde shal your-selve be;
And if ye liggen wel to-night, com ofte,
And careth not what weder is on-lofte. 670
The wyn anon, and whan so that yow
lest,
So go we slepe, I trowe it be the beste.'

97. Ther nis no more, but here-after sone,
The voydronke, and travers drawe
anon,

Gan every wight, that hadde nougnt to
done 675

More in that place, out of the chaumber
gon.

And ever-mo so sternelich it ron,
And blew ther-with so wonderliche loude,
That wel neigh no man heren other coude.

98. Tho Pandarus, hir eem, right as him
oughte, 680

With women swiche as were hir most
aboute,

Ful glad un-to hir beddes syde hir
broughte,

And took his leve, and gan ful lowe loute,
And seyde, 'here at this closet-dore with-
oute,

Right over-thwart, your wommen liggen
alle, 685

That, whom yow liste of hem, ye may
here calle.'

99. So whan that she was in the closet
leyd,

And alle hir wommen forth by orde-
naunce

A-bedde weren, ther as I have seya,

There was no more to skippen nor to
traunce, 690
But boden go to bedde, with mischaunce,
If any wight was steringe any-where,
And late hem slepe that a-bedde were.

100. But Pandarus, that wel coude eche
a del
The olde daunce, and every poynt ther-
inne, 695
Whan that he sey that alle thing was wel,
He thoughte he wolde up-on his werk
biginne,
And gan the stewo-dore al softe un-pinne,
And stille as stoon, with-outen lenger
lette,
By Troilus a-doun right he him sette. 700

101. And, shortly to the poynt right for
to gon,
Of al this werk he tolde him word and
ende,
And seyde, 'make thee redy right anon,
For thou shalt in-to hevene blisse wende.'
'Now blisful Venus, thou me grace
sende,' 705
Quod Troilus, 'for never yet no nede
Hadde I er now, ne halvendel the drede.'

102. Quod Pandarus, 'ne drede thee never
a del,
For it shal been right as thou wilt desyre;
So thryve I, this night shal I make it
wel, 710
Or casten al the gruwel in the fyre.'
'Yit blisful Venus, this night thou me
enspyre,'
Quod Troilus, 'as wis as I thee serve,
And ever bet and bet shal, til I sterue.

103. And if I hadde, O Venus ful of
mirthe, 715
Aspectes badde of Mars or of Saturne,
Or thou combust or let were in my birthe,
Thy fader pray al thilke harm disturne
Of grace, and that I glad ayein may
turne,
For love of him thou lovedest in the
shawe, 720
I mene Adoon, that with the boor was
slawe.

G.C.

104. O Jove eek, for the love of faire
Europe,
The whiche in forme of bole away thou
fette;

Now help, O Mars, thou with thy blody
cope,
For love of Cipris, thou me noughe ne
lette; 725
O Phebus, thenk whan Dane hir-selven
shette
Under the bark, and laurer wex for drede,
Yet for hir love, O help now at this nede!

105. Mercurie, for the love of Hiersè eke,
For which Pallas was with Aglauros
wrooth, 730
Now help, and eek Diane, I thee biscke,
That this viage be not to thee looth.
O fatal sustren, which, er any clooth
Me shapen was, my destenè me sponne,
So helpeth to this werk that is bi-gonne!'

106. Quod Pandarus, 'thou wrecched
mouses herte, 735
Art thou agast so that she wol thee byte?
Why, don this furred cloke up-on thy
sherte,
And folowe me, for I wol han the wyte;
But byd, and lat me go bifore a lyte.' 740
And with that word he gan un-do a
trappe,
And Troilus he broughte in by the lappe.

107. The sterne wind so loude gan to
route
That no wight other noyse mighte here;
And they that layen at the dore with-
oute, 745
Ful sikerly they slepten alle y-fere;
And Pandarus, with a ful sobre chere,
Goth to the dore anon with-outen lette,
Ther-as they laye, and softly it shette.

108. And as he com ayeinward prively,
His nece awook, and asked 'who goth
there?' 750
'My dere neice,' quod he, 'it am I;
Ne wondreth not, ne have of it no fere;
And ner he com, and seyde hir in hir ere,
'No word, for love of god I yow biseche;
Lat no wight ryse and heren of our
speche.' 755

K

109. 'What! which wey be ye comen,
benedicite?'

Quod she, 'and how thus unwist of hem
alle?' 760

'Here at this secree trappe-dore,' quod he.
Quod tho Criseyde, 'lat me som wight
calle.' 760

'Ey! god forbede that it sholde falle,'
Quod Pandarus, 'that ye swich foly
wroughte!' 765

They mighte deme thing they never er
thoughte!

110. It is nougnt good a sleping hound to
wake,

Ne yeve a wight a cause to devyne; 765
Your wommen slepen alle, I under-take,
So that, for hem, the hous men mighte
myne;

And slepen wolen til the sonne shyne.
And whan my tale al brought is to an
ende,

Unwist, right as I com, so wol I wende.

111. Now nece myn, ye shul wel under-
stonde,' 771

Quod he, 'so as ye wommen demen alle,
That for to holde in love a man in honde,
And him hir "leef" and "dere herte"
calle,

And maken him an howve above a calle,
I mene, as love an other in this whyle, 776
She doth hir-self a shame, and him a gyle.

112. Now wherby that I telle yow al this?

Ye woot your-self, as wel as any wight,
How that your love al fully graunted is
To Troilus, the worthieste knight, 781
Oon of this world, and ther-to trouthe
plyght,

That, but it were on him along, ye nolde
Him never falsen, whyl ye liven sholde.

113. Now stant it thus, that sith I fro
yow wente, 785

This Troilus, right platly for to seyn,
Is thurgh a goter, by a privé wente,
In-to my chaumbre come in al this reyn,
Unwist of every maner wight, certeyn,
Save of my-self, as wisly have I joye, 790
And by that feith I shal Pryam of Troye!

114. And he is come in swich peyne and
distresse

That, but he be al fully wood by this,
He sodeynly mot falle in-to wodnesse,
But-if god helpe; and cause why this is,
He seyth him told is, of a freend of his,
How that ye sholde love oon that hatte
Horaste, 797

For sorwe of which this night shalt been
his laste.'

115. Criseyde, which that al this wonder
herde,

Gan sodeynly aboutehir herte colde, 800
And with a syk she sorwfully answerde,
'Allas! I wende, who-so tales tolde,
My dere herte wolde me not holde
So lightly fals! allas! conceytes wronge,
What harm they doon, for now live I to
longe!' 805

116. Horaste! allas! and falsen Troilus?
I knowe him not, god helpe me so,' quod
she;

'Allas! what wikked spirit tolde him
thus?

Now certes, eem, to-morwe, and I him see,
I shal ther-of as ful excuse me 810
As ever dide womman, if him lyke';
And with that word she gan ful sore syke.

117. 'O god!' quod she, 'so worldly seli-
nesse,

Which clerkes callen fals felicitee,
Y-meddeled is with many a bitternesse! 815
Ful anguisshous than is, god woot,' quod
she,

'Condicion of veyn prosperitee;
For either joyes comen nougnt y-fere,
Or elles no wight hath hem alwey here.

118. O brotel wele of mannes joye un-
stable! 820

With what wight so thou be, or how thou
pleye,

Either he woot that thou, joye, art mu-
able,

Or woot it not, it moot ben oon of tweye;
Now if he woot it not, how may he seye
That he hath verray joye and selinesse, 825
That is of ignoraunce ay in derknesse?

119. Now if he woot that joye is transitorie,
As every joye of worldly thing mot flee,
Than every tyme he that hath in memorie,
The drede of lesing maketh him that he
May in no parfit selinesse be. 831
And if to lese his joye he set a myte,
Than semeth it that joye is worth ful lyte.

120. Wherfore I wol deffyne in this matere,
That trewely, for ought I can espye. 835
Ther is no verray wele in this world here.
But O, thou wilked serpent Jalouysye,
Thou misbelieved and envious folye,
Why hastow Troilus me mad untriste,
That never yet agilte him, that I wiste?

121. Quod Pandarus, 'thus fallen is this cas.' 841
'Why, uncle myn,' quod she, 'who tolde him this?
Why doth my dere herte thus, allas?'
'Ye woot, ye nece myn,' quod he, 'what is;
I hope al shal be wel that is amis. 845
For ye may quenche al this, if that yow leste,
And doth right so, for I holde it the beste.'

122. 'So shal I do to-morwe, y-wis,' quod she,
'And god to-forn, so that it shal suffyse.'
'To-morwe? allas, that were a fayr,' quod he, 850
'Nay, nay, it may not stonden in this wyse;
For, nece myn, thus wryten clerkes wyse,
That peril is with drecching in y-drawe;
Nay, swich abodes been nougnt worth an hawe.

123. Nece, al thing hath tyme, I dar avowe; 855
For whan a chaumber a-syf is, or an halle,
Wel more nede is, it sodeynly rescowe
Than to dispute, and axe amonges alle
How is this candel in the straw y-falle?
A! benedicite! for al among that fare 860
The harm is doon, and fare-wel feldefare!

124. And, nece myn, ne take it not a-greef,
If that ye suffre him al night in this wo,
God help me so, ye hadde him never leef,
That dar I seyn, now there is but we two; 865
But wel I woot, that ye wol not do so;
Ye been to wys to do so gret folye,
To putte his lyf al night in jupartye.

125. 'Hadde I him never leef? By god, I wene
Ye hadde never thing so leef,' quod she.
'Now by my thrift,' quod he, 'that shal be sene; 871
For, sin ye make this ensample of me,
If I al night wolde him in sorwe see
For al the tresour in the town of Troye,
I bidde god, I never mote have joye! 875

126. Now loke thanne, if ye, that been his love,
Shul putte al night his lyf in jupartye
For thing of nougnt! Now, by that god above,
Nought only this delay comth of folye,
But of malyce, if that I shal nought lye.
What, platly, and ye suffre him in dis-tresse, 881
Ye neither bountee doon ne gentilesse!

127. Quod tho the Criseyde, 'wole ye doon o thing,
And ye therwith shal stinte al his diseise;
Have here, and bereth him this blewe ring, 885
For ther is no-thing mighte him bettre plesse,
Save I my-self, ne more his herte apese;
And sey my dere herte, that his sorwe Is causeles, that shal be seen to-morwe.'

128. 'A ring?' quod he, 'ye, hasel-wodes shaken! 890
Ye, nece myn, that ring moste han a stoon
That mighte dede men alyve maken;
And swich a ring, trowe I that ye have noon.
Discrecion out of your heed is goon:
That fele I now,' quod he, 'and that is routhe; 895
O tyme y-lost, wel maystow cursen sloutha!

129. Wot ye not wel that noble and heigh
corage

Ne sorweth not, ne stinteth eek for lyte?
But if a fool were in a jalous rage,
I nolde setten at his sorwe a myte, 900
But fesse him with a fewe wordes whyte
Another day, whan that I mighthe him
finde:

But this thing stont al in another kinde.

130. This is so gentil and so tendre of
herte,

That with his deeth he wol his sorwes
wreke; 905

For trusteth wel, how sore that him
smerte,

He wol to yow no jalouse wordes speke.
And for-thy, neece, er that his herte breke,
So spek your-self to him of this matere;
For with o word ye may his herte stere.

131. Now have I told what peril he is
inne, 911

And his coming unwist is t' every wight;
Ne, pardee, harm may ther be noon ne
sinne;

I wol my-self be with yow al this night.
Ye knowe eek how it is your owne knight,
And that, by right, ye moste upon him
triste, 916

And I al prest to fecche him whan yow
liste.'

132. This accident so pitous was to here,
And eek so lyk a sooth, at pryme face,

And Troilus hir knight to hir so dere, 920
His privē coming, and the siker place,

That, though that she dide him as
thanane a grace,

Considered alle things as they stode,
No wonder is, sin she dide al for gode.

133. Cryseyde answerde, 'as wisly god at
reste 925

My sowle bringe, as me is for him wo!
And cem, y-wis, fayn wolde I doon the
beste,

If that I hadde grace to do so.
But whether that ye dwelle or for him go,

I am, til god me bettre minde sende, 930
At dulcarnon, right at my wittes ende.'

134. Quod Pandarus, 'ye, nece, wol ye
here?

Dulcarnon called is "fleminge of
wrecches";

It semeth hard, for wrecches wol not lere
For verray slouthe or othere wilful
teeches; 935

This seyd by hem that be not worth two
feeches.

But ye ben wys, and that we han on
honde

Nis neither hard, ne skilful to withstande.'

135. 'Thanne, eem,' quod she, 'doth her
of as yow list;

But er he come I wil up first aryse; 940
And, for the love of god, sin al my trist

Is on yow two, and ye ben bothe wyse,

So wircheth now in so discreet a wyse,
That I honour may have, and he ples-
aunce;

For I am here al in your governaunce.'

136. 'That is wel seyd,' quod he, 'my
nece dere, 946

Ther good thrift on that wyse gentil
herte!

But liggeth stille, and taketh him right
here,

It nedeth not no ferther for him sterte;

And ech of yow ese otheres sorwes smerte,
For love of god; and, Venus, I thee
herie; 951

For sone hope I we shulle ben alle merie.'

137. This Troilus ful sone on knees him
sette

Ful soberly, right by hir beddes heid,
And in his beste wyse his lady grette; 955

But lord, so she wex soleynliche reed!
Ne, though men sholden smyten of hir
heid,

She coude nougant a word a-right out-
bringe

So soleynly, for his soleyn cominge.

138. But Pandarus, that so wel coude fele
In every thing, to pleye anoon bigan, 961

And seyd, 'nece, see how this lord can
knele!

Now, for your trouthe, seeth this gentil
man!'

And with that word he for a quisshen
ran,
And seyde, 'kneleth now, whyl that yow
leste,
Ther god your hertes bringe sone at
reste!' 965

139. Can I not seyn, for she bad him not
ryse,
If sorwe it putte out of hir remembraunce,
Or elles if she toke it in the wyse
Of duëtee, as for his observaunce; 970
But wel finde I she dide him this
plesaunce,
That she him kiste, al-though she syked
sore;
And bad him sitte a-dounwith-outen more.

140. Quod Pandarus, 'now wol ye wel
biginne;
Now doth him sitte, gode nece dere, 975
Upon your beddes syde al there with-
inne,
That ech of yow the bet may other here.'
And with that word he drew him to the
fere,
And took a light, and fond his conten-
aunce
As for to loke up-on an old romaunce. 980

141. Criseyde, that was Troilus lady right,
And cleer stood on a ground of sikernes,
Al thoughte she, hir servaunt and hir
knight

Ne sholde of right non untrouth in hir
gesse, 984
Yet nathelees, considered his distresse,
And that love is in cause of swich folye,
Thus to him spak she of his jalouslye:

142. 'Lo, herte myn, as wolde the excel-
lence
Of love, ayains the which that no man
may,
Ne ouglite eek goodly maken resistance;
And eek bycause I felte wel and say 991
Your gretetrouthe, and servyse every day;
And that your herte al myn was, sooth to
seyne,
This droof me for to rewe up-on your
peyne.

143. And your goodnessse have I founde
alwey yit, 995
Of whiche, my dere herte and al my
knight,
I thonke it yow, as fer as I have wit,
Al can I nougnt as muche as it were right;
And I, emforth my conninge and my
micht,
Have and ay shal, how sore that me
smerte, 1000
Ben to yow trewe and hool, with al myn
herte;

144. And dredelees, that shal be founde
at preve.—
But, herte myn, what al this is to seyne
Shal wel be told, so that ye nougnt yow
greve,
Though I to yow right on your-self com-
pleyne. 1005
For ther-with mene I fynally the peyne,
That halt your herte and myn in hevi-
nesse,
Fully to sleen, and every wrong redresse.

145. My goode, myn, not I for-why ne
how
That Jalouslye, allas! that wikked wivere,
Thus causelees is cropen in-to yow; 1011
The harm of which I wolde fayn delivere!
Allas! that he, al hool, or of him slivere,
Shuld have his refut in so digne a place,
Ther Jove him sone out of your herte
arace! 1015

146. But O, thou Jove, O auctor of nature,
Is this an honour to thy deitee,
That folk ungiltif suffren here injure,
And who that giltif is, al quit goth he?
O were it leful for to pleyne on thee, 1020
That undeserved suffrest jalouslye,
And that I wolde up-on thee pleyne and
crye!

147. Eek al my wo is this, that folk now
usen
To seyn right thus, "ye, Jalouslye is
Love!" 1024
And wolde a busshel venim al excusen,
For that o greyn of love is on it shove!
But that wot heighe god that sit above,

If it be lyker love, or hate, or grame;
And after that, it oughte bere his name.

148. But certeyn is, som maner jalouseye
Is excusable more than som, y-wis. 1031
As whan cause is, and som swich fantasye
With pietee so wel repressed is,
That it unnethe dooth or seyth amis,
But goodly drinketh up al his distresse;
And that excuse I, for the gentilesse. 1036

149. And som so ful of furie is and despyt,
That it sourmounteth his repressionoun;
But herte myn, ye be not in that plyt,
That thanke I god, for whiche your
passioune 1040
I wol not calle it but illusioune,
Of habundaunce of love and bisy cure,
That dooth your herte this desease endure.

150. Of which I am right sory, but not
wrooth; 1044
But, for my devoir and your hertes reste,
Wher-so yow list, by ordal or by ooth,
By sort, or in what wyse so yow leste,
For love of god, lat preve it for the beste!
And if that I be giltif, do me deye, 1049
Allas! what mighte I more doon or seye?

151. With that a fewe brighte teres newe
Out of hir eyen fille, and thus she seyde,
'Now god, thou wost, in thought ne dede
untrewe

To Troilus was never yet Criseyde.'
With that hir heed doun in the bed she
leyde, 1055
And with the shete it wreigh, and syghed
sore,
And held hir pees; not o word spak she
more.

152. But now help god to quench al
this sorwe,

So hope I that he shal, for he best may;
For I have seyn, of a ful misty morwe 1060
Folwen ful ofte a mery someres day;
And after winter folweth grene May.
Men seen alday, and reden eek in stories,
That after sharpe shoures been victories.

153. This Troilus, whan he hir wordes
herde, 1065
Have ye no care, him liste not to slepe;

For it thoughte him no strokes of a yerde
To here or seen Criseyde his lady wepe;
But wel he felte aboute his herte crepe,
For every teer which that Criseyde a-
sterte, 1070
The crampes of deeth, to streyne him by
the herte.

154. And in his minde he gan the tyme
acurse

That he cam therē, and that he was born;
For now is wikke y-turned in-to worse,
And al that labour he hath doon biforn,
He wende it lost, he thoughte he nas but
lorn. 1076
'O Pandarus,' thoughte he, 'allas! thy
wyle
Serveth of nougat, so weylawey the
whyle!'

155. And therewithal he heng a-doun the
heed,

And fil on knees, and sorwfully he sighte;
What mighte he seyn? he felte he nas
but deed, 1081
For wrooth was she that shulde his sorwes
lighte.

But nathelees, whan that he speken
michte,
Than seyde he thus, 'god woot, that of
this game,
Whan al is wist, than am I not to blame!'

156. Ther-with the sorwe so his herte
shette, 1086
That from his eyen fil ther not a tere,

And every spirit his vigour in-knette,
So they astoned and oppressed were.
The feling of his sorwe, or of his fere, 1090
Or of ought elles, fled was out of towne;
And doun he fel al sodeynly a-swowne.

157. This was no litel sorwe for to see;
But al was hust, and Pandare up as faste,
'O nece, pees, or we be lost,' quod he, 1095
'Beth nougat agast;' but certeyn, at the
laste,

For this or that, he in-to bedde him caste,
And seyde, 'O theef, is this a mannes
herte?'
And of he rente al to his bare sherte;

158. And seyde, 'nece, but ye helpe us now,'
allas, your owne Troilus is lorn !' 1100

'Y-wis, so wolde I, and I wiste how,
Ful fayn,' quod she; 'allas! that I was born !'

'Ye, nece, wol ye pullen out the thorn
That stiketh in his herte?' quod Pandare;
'Sey "al foryeve," and stint is al this fare!' 1106

159. 'Ye, that to me,' quod she, 'ful lever were
Than al the good the sonne abouthe gooth';
And therwith-al she swoor him in his ere,
'Y-wis, my dere herte, I am nougnt wrooth,
Have here my trouthe and many another ooth;
Now speek to me, for it am I, Criseyde!'
But al for nougnt; yet mighte he not a-breyde.

160. Therwith his poues and pawmes of his hondes
They gan to frote, and wete his temples
tweyne, 1115
And, to deliveren him from bittre bondes,
She ofte him kiste; and, shortly for to seyne,

Him to revoken she dide al hir peyne.
And at the laste, he gan his breeth to drawe,
And of his swough sone after that adawe,

161. And gan bet minde and reson to him take,
But wonder sore he was abayst, y-wis.
And with a syk, whan he gan bet a-wake,
He seyde, 'O mercy, god, what thing is this?' 1121

'Why do ye with your-selven thus amis?'
Quod tho Criseyde, 'is this a mannes game?
What, Troilus! wol ye do thus, for shame?' 1126

162. And therwith-al hir arm over him
she leyde,
And al foryaf, and ofte tyme him keste.
He thonked hir, and to hir spak, and seyde 1130

As fil to purpos for his herte reste.
And she to that answerde him as hir leste;

And with hir goodly wordes him disporte
She gan, and ofte his sorwes to comforte.

163. Quod Pandarus, 'for ought I can espyen,
This light nor I ne serven here of nougnt;
Light is not good for syke folkes y n.
But for the love of god, sin ye be brought In thus good plyt, lat now non hevy thought

Ben hanginge in the hertes of yow tweye:' 1135
And bar the candel to the chimeneye.

164. Sone after this, though it no nede were,
Whan she swich othes as hir list devyse
Hadde of him take, hir thoughte tho no fere,
Ne cause eek non, to bidde him thennes ryse. 1145

Yet lesse thing than othes may suffyse
In many a cas; for every wight, I gesse,
That loveth wel meneth but gentilesse.

165. But in effect she wolde wite anon Of what man, and eek where, and also why 1150

He jelous was, sin ther was cause noon;
And eek the signe, that he took it by,
She bad him that to telle hir bisily,
Or elles, certeyn, she bar him on honde,
That this was doon of malis, hir to fonde.

166. With-outen more, shortly for to seyne, 1155
He moste obeye un-to his lady heste;

And for the lasse harm, he moste feyne.
He seyde hir, whan she was at swiche a feste

She mighte on him han loked at the leste; 1160
Not I not what, al dere y-nough a risshe,
As he that nedes moste a cause fisshe.

167. And she answerde, 'swete, al were it so,
What harm was that, sin I non yvel mene?

For, by that god that boughte us bothe
two, 1165
In alle thinge is myn entente clene.
Swich arguments ne been not worth a
bene;
Wol ye the childish jalous contrefete?
Now were it worthy that ye were y-bete.'

168. Tho Troilus gan sorwfully to syke,
Lest she be wrooth, him thoughte his
herte deyde; 1171
And seyde, 'allas ! upon my sorwes syke
Have mercy, swete herte myn, Criseyde !

And if that, in tho wordes that I seyde,
Be any wrong, I wol no more trespace ;
Do what yow list, I am al in your grace.'

169. And she answerde, 'of gilt miseri-
corde !

That is to seyn, that I foryeve al this ;
And ever-more on this night yow recorde,
And beth wel war ye do no more amis.' 1180
'Nay, dere herte myn,' quod he, 'y-wis.'
'And now,' quod she, 'that I have do
yow smerte,
Foryeve it me, myn owene swete herte.'

170. This Troilus, with blisse of that sup-
prysed, 1184
Put al in goddes hond, as he that mente
No-thing but wel ; and, sodeynly ayssed,
He hir in armes faste to him hente.
And Pandarus, with a ful good entente,
Leyde him to slepe, and seyde, 'if ye ben
wyse,
Swowneth not now, lest more folk aryse.'

171. What mighte or may the sely larke
seye, 1191
Whan that the sparhawk hath it in his
foot ?

I can no more, but of thise ilke tweye,
To whom this tale sucre be or soot,
Though that I tarie a yeer, som-tyme
I moot, 1195
After myn auctor, tellen hir gladnesse,
As wel as I have told hir hevinesse.

172. Criseyde, which that felte hir thus
v-take,
As writen clerkes in hir bokes olde,

Right as an aspes leef she gan to quake,
Whan she him felte hir in his armes
folde. 1201
But Troilus, al hool of cares co'de,
Gan thanken tho the blisful goddes
sevene ;
Thus sondry peynes bringen folk to
hevene.

173. This Troilus in armes gan hir
streyne, 1205
And seyde, 'O swete, as ever mote I goon,
Now be ye caught, now is ther but we
tweyne ;
Now yeldeth yow, for other boot is noon.'
To that Criseyde answerde thus anon,
'Ne hadde I er now, my swete herte
dere, 1210
Ben yoldle, y-wis, I were now not here !'

174. O ! sooth is seyd, that heled for to be
As of a fevre or othere greet syknesse,
Men moste drinke, as men may often see,
Ful bittre drink ; and for to han glad-
nesse, 1215
Men drunken often peyne and greet dis-
tresse ;
I mene it here, as for this aventur,
That thourgh a peyne hath founden al
his cure.

175. And now swetnesse semeth more
swete,
That bitternesse assayed was biforn ; 1220
For out of wo in blisse now they flete.
Non swich they felten, sith they were
born ;
Now is this bet, than botho two be lorn !
For love of god, take every womman
hede
To werken thus, if it comth to the nede.

176. Criseyde, al quit from every dreed
and tene, 1226
As she that juste cause hadde him to triste,
Made him swich feste, it joye was to sene,
Whan she his trouthe and clene entente
wiste. 1229
And as aboute a tree, with many a twiste,
Bitrent and wryth the sote wode-binde,
Gan eche of hem in armes other winde.

177. And as the newe abysshed nightingale,
That stintheth first whan she biginneth
singē,

Whan that she hereth any herde tale, 1235
Or in the heges any wight steringe,
And after siker dooth hir voys out-ringē;
Right so Criseyde, whan hir drede stente,
Opned hir herte, and tolde him hir entente.

178. And right as he that seeth his deeth
y-shapen, 1240
And deye moot, in ought that he may
gesse,
And sodeynly rescous doth him escapan,
And from his deeth is brought in siker-
nesse,
For al this world, in swich present glad-
nesse 1244
Was Troilus, and hath his lady swete;
With worse hap god lat us never mete!

179. Hir armes smale, hir streyghe bak
and softe,
Hir sydes longe, fleshly, smothe, and
whyte
He gan to stroke, and good thrifit bad ful
ofte
Hir snowish throte, hir brestes rounde and
lyte; 1250
Thus in this hevene he gan him to delyte,
And ther-with-al a thousand tyme hir
kiste;
That, what to done, for joye unneth he
wiste.

180. Than seyde he thus, 'O, Love, O,
Charitee,
Thy moder eek, Citherea the swete, 1255
After thy-self next heried be she,
Venus mene I, the wel-willy planete;
And next that, Imenēus, I thee grete;
For never man was to yow goddes holde
As I, which ye han brought fro cares
colde. 1260

181. Benigne Love, thou holy bond of
things,
Who-so wol grace, and list thee nought
honouren,
Lo, his desyr wol flee with-outen wings.

For, noldestow of bountee hem socouren
That serven best and most alwey labouren,
Yet were al lost, that dar I wel seyn,
certes, 1266
But if thy grace passed our deserte.

182. And for thou me, that conde leest
deserve
Of hem that nombred been un-to thy
grace,
Hast holpen, ther I lykly was to sterre,
And me bistowed in so heigh a place 1271
That thilke boundes may no blisse pace,
I can no more, but laude and reverence
Be to thy bounte and thyn excellencie.'

183. And therwith-al Criseyde anoon he
kiste, 1275
Of which, certeyn, she felte no diseise.
And thus seyde he, 'now wolde god I
wiste,
Myn herte swete, how I yow mighte plesē!
What man,' quod he, 'was ever thus at ese
As I, on whiche the faireste and the
beste 1280
That ever I say, deyneth hir herte reste.

184. Here may men seen that mercy
passeth right;
The experience of that is felt in me,
That am unworthy to so swete a wight.
But herte myn, of your benignitee, 1285
So thenketh, though that I unworthy be,
Yet mot I nede amenden in som wyse,
Right thourgh the vertu of your heyghe
servyse.

185. And for the love of god, my lady
dere,
Sin god hath wrought me for I shal yow
serve, 1290
As thus I mene, that ye wol be my stere,
To do me live, if that yow liste, or sterre,
So techeth me how that I may deserve
Your thank, so that I, thurgh myn
ignorauice, 1294
Ne do no-thing that yow be displesaunce.

186. For certes, fresshe wommanliche wyf,
This dar I seye, that trouthe and dili-
gence,
That shal ye finden in me al my lyf,

Ne I wol not, certeyn, breken your defence;
And if I do, present or in absence, 1300
For love of god, lat slee me with the dede,
If that it lyke un-to your womanhede.'

187. 'Y-wis,' quod she, 'myn owne hertes list,
My ground of ese, and al myn herte dere,
Graunt mercy, for on that is al my trist; 1305

But late us falle awey fro this matere;
For it suffyseth, this that seyd is here.
And at o word, with-outen repentaunce,
Wel-come, my knight, my pees. my suffisaunce!'

188. Of hir delyt, or joyes oon the leste
Were impossible to my wit to seye; 1311
But juggeth, ye that han ben at the feste
Of swich gladnesse, if that hem liste pleye!
I can no more, but thus thise ilke tweye
That night, be-twixen dreed and siker-
ness, 1315
Felten in love the grete worthinesse.

189. O blisful night, of hem so longe
y-sought,
How blithe un-to hem bothe two thou-
were!

Why ne hadde I swich on with my soule
y-bought,
Ye, or the leeste joye that was there? 1320
A-wey, thou soule daunger and thou fere,
And lat hem in this hevene blisse dwelle,
That is so heygh, that al ne can I telle!

190. But sooth is, though I can not tellen al,
As can myn auctor, of his excellencie, 1325
Yet have I seyd, and, god to-forn, I shal
In every thing al hooly his sentence.
And if that I, at loves reverence,
Have any word in eched for the beste,
Doth therwith-al right as your-selven
lesto. 1330

191. For myne wordes, here and every
part,
I speke hem alle under correccioune
Of yow, that feling han in loves art,
And putte it al in your disrecioune
T' encreser or maken diminucioun 1335

Of my langage, and that I yow bi-seche;
But now to purpos of my rather speche.

192. Thise ilke two, that ben in armes
laft,
So looth to hem a-sonder goon it were,
That ech from other wende been birast,
Or elles, lo, this was hir moste fere, 1341
That al this thing but nyce dremes were;
For which ful ofte ech of hem seyde, 'O
swete,

Clippe ich yow thus, or elles I it mete?'

193. And, lord! so he gan goodly on hir
see, 1345
That never his look ne bleynte from hir
face,

And seyde, 'O dere herte, may it be
That it be sooth, that ye ben in this
place?'

'Ye, herte myn, god thank I of his grace!'
Quod tho Criseyde, and therwith-al him
kiste, 1350

That where his spirit was, for joye he niste.

194. This Troilus ful ofte hir eyen two
Gan for to kisse, and seyde, 'O eyen clere,
It were ye that wroughte me swich wo,
Ye humble nettes of my lady dere! 1355
Though ther be mercy writen in your
chere,

God wot, the text ful hard is, sooth, to
finde,
How coude ye with-outen bond me bind?' 1359

195. Therwith he gan hir faste in armes
take,

And wel an hundred tymes gan he syke,
Nought swichesorwful sykes as men make
For wo, or elles whan that folk ben syke,
But esy sykes, swiche as been to lyke,
That shewed his affeccioun with-inne;
Of swiche sykes coude he nought bilinne.

196. Sone after this they speke of sondry
thinges, 1366

As fil to purpos of this aventurie,
And pleyinge entrechaungeden hir ringes,
Of which I can nought tellen noscripture;
But wel I woot a broche, gold and asure,
In whiche a ruby set was lyk an herte, 1371
Criseyde him yaf, and stak it on his
sherte.

197. Lord ! trowe ye, a coveitous, a wrecche,
That blameth love and holt of it despyt,
That, of tho pens that he can mokre and
keecche, 1375

Was ever yet y-yeve him swich delyt,
As is in love, in oo poynt, in som pluyt?
Nay, doutelees, for also god me save,
So parfit joye may no nigard have !

198. They wol sey 'yis,' but lord ! so
that they lye, 1380
Tho bisy wrecches, ful of wo and drede !
They callen love a woodnesse or folye,
But it shal falle hem as I shal yow rede ;
They shul forgo the whyte and eke the
rede,
And live in wo, ther god yeve hem mis-
chaunce, 1385
And every lover in his trouthe avaunce !

199. As wolde god, tho wrecches, that
dispyse
Servyse of love, hadde eres al-so longe
As hadde Myda, ful of coveityse ;
And ther-to dronken hadde as hoot and
stronge 1390
As Crassus dide for his affectis wronge,
To techen hem that they ben in the vyce,
And loveres nought, al-though they holde
hem nyce !

200. Thise ilke two, of whom that I yow
seye, 1394
Whan that hir hertes wel assured were,
Tho gonnew they to speken and to pleye,
And eek rehercen how, and whanne, and
where,
They knewe hem first, and every wo and
fere

That passed was ; but al swich hevinesse,
I thanke it god, was tourned to gladnesse.

201. And ever-mo, whan that hem fel to
speke 1401
Of any thing of swich a tyme agoon,
With kissing al that tale sholde breke,
And fallen in a newe joye anoon,
And diden al hir might, sin they were
oon, 1405
For to recoveren blisse and been at ese,
And passed wo with joye countrepeyse.

202. Reson wil not that I speke of sleep,
For it accordeth nought to my matere ;
God woot, they toke of that ful litel keep,
But lest this night, that was to hem so
dere, 1411

Ne sholde in veyn escape in no manere,
It was biset in joye and bisinesse
Of al that souneth in-to gentilnesse. 1414

203. But whan the cok, comuneastrologer,
Gan on his brest to bete, and after crowe,
And Lucifer, the dayes messager,
Gan for to ryse, and out hir bemes
throwe ;

And estward roos, to him that coude it
knowe, 1419

Fortuna maior, þthan anoon Criseyde,
With herte sore, to Troilus thus seyde :—

204. 'Myn hertes lyf, my trist and my
pleaunce,
That I was born, allas ! what me is wo,
That day of us mot make desseveraunce !
For tyme it is to ryse, and hennes go, 1425
Or elles I am lost for evermo !
O night, allas ! why niltow over us hove,
As longe as whanne Almena lay by Jove ?

205. O blake night, as folk in bokes rede,
That shapen art by god this world to
hyde 1430

At certeyn tymes with thy derke wede,
That under that men myghte in reste
abyde,
Wel oughte bestes pleyne, and folk thee
chyde,
That there-as day with labour wolde us
breste,
That thou thus fleest, and deynest us
nought reste ! 1435

206. Thou dost, allas ! to shortly thyn
offyce,
Thou raket night, ther god, makere of
kinde,
Thee, for thyn hast and thyn unkinde
vyce,
So faste ay to our hemi-spere binde,
That never-more under the ground thou
wind'e ! 1440

For now, for thou so hyest out of Troye,
Have I forgon thus hastily my joye !'

207. This Troilus, that with tho wordes
felte,
As thoughte him tho, for piētous distresse,
The blody teres from his herte melte, 1445
As he that never yet swich heviness
Assayed hadde, out of so greet gladnesse,
Gan therwith-al Criseyde his lady dere
In armes streyne, and seyde in this
manere:—

208. ‘O cruel day, accusour of the joye
That night and love han stole and faste
y-wryen, 1451
A-cursed be thy coming in-to Troye,
For every bore hath oon of thy bright yēn!
Envyous day, what list thee so to spyen?
What hastow lost, why sekestow this
place, 1455
Ther god thy lyght so quenche, for his
grace?

209. Allas! what han thise loveres thee
agilt,
Dispitous day? thyn be the pyne of helle!
For many a lovere hastow shent, and
wilt;
Thy pouring in wol no-wher lete hem
dwelle. 1460
What proferestow thy light here for to
selle?
Go selle it hem that smale seles graven,
We wol thee nought, us nedeth no day
haven.’

210. And eek the sonne Tytan gan he
chydē,
And seyde, ‘O fool, wel may men thee
disypse, 1465
That hast the Dawing al night by thy
syde,
And suffrest hir so sone up fro thee ryse,
For to disesen loveres in this wyse.
What! hold your bed ther, thou, and eek
thy Morwe!

I bidde god, so yeve yow bothe sorwe!’

211. Therwith ful sore he sighte, and
thus he seyde, 1471
‘My lady right, and of my wele or wo
The welle and rote, O goodly myn, Criseyde,
And shal I ryse, allas! and shal I go?
Now fele I that myn herte moota-two! 1475

For how sholde I my lyf an houre save,
Sin that with yow is al the lyf I have?’

212. What shal I doon, for certes, I not
how,
Ne whanne, allas! I shal the tyme see,
That in this plyt I may be eft with yow;
And of my lyf, god woot how that shal
be, 1481
Sin that desyr right now so byteth me,
That I am deed anoon, but I retourne.
How sholde I longe, allas! fro yow so
journe?

213. But nathelees, myn owene lady
bright, 1485
Yit were it so that I wiste outrely,
That I, your humble servaunt and your
knight,
Were in your herte set so fermely
As ye in myn, the which thing, trewely,
Me lever were than these worldes tweyne,
Yet sholde I bet enduren al my peyne.’

214. To that Criseyde answerde right
anoon, 1492
And with a syk she seyde, ‘O herte dere,
The game, y-wis, so ferforth now is goon,
That first shal Phebus falle fro his spere,
And every egle been the dowves fere, 1496
And every roche out of his place sterte,
Er Troilus out of Criseydes herte!

215. Ye be so depe in-with myn herte
grave,
That, though I wolde it turne out of my
thought, 1500
As wisly verray god my soule save,
To dyen in the peyne, I coude nought!
And, for the love of god that us hath
wrought,
Lat in your brayn non other fantasye
So crepe, that it cause me to dye! 1505

216. And that ye me wolde han as faste
in minde
As I have yow, that wolde I yow bi-seche;
And, if I wiste soothly that to finde,
God mighte not a poynct my joyes echē!
But, herte myn, with-oute more speche,
Beth to me trewe, or elles were it routhe;
For I am thyn, by god and by my trouthe!

217. Beth glad for-thy, and live in siker-
nesse;
Thus seyde I never er this, ne shal to
mo; 1514

And if to yow it were a gret gladnesse
To turne ayein, soone after that ye go,
As fayn wolde I as ye, it were so,
As wisly god myn herte bringe at reste!
And him in armes took, and ofte keste.

218. Agayns his wil, sin it mot nedes be,
This Troilus up roos, and faste him
cledde, 1521

And in his armes took his lady free
An hundred tyme, and on his wey him
spedde,
And with swich wordes as his herte
bledde,
He seyde, 'farewel, my dere herte swete,
Ther god us graunte sounde and sone to
mete!' 1526

219. To which no word for sorwe she
answerde,
So sore gan his parting hir destreyne;
And Troilus un-to his palays ferde,
As woo bigon as she was, sooth to seyne;
So hard him wrong of sharp desyr the
peyne 1531
For to ben eft there he was in plesaunce,
That it may never out of his remem-
braunce.

220. Retorned to his real palais, sone 1534
He softe in-to his bed gan for to slinke,
To slepe longe, as he was wont to done,
But al for nought; he may wel ligge and
winke,
But sleep ne may ther in his herte
sinke;
Thenkinge how she, for whom desyr him
brende,
A thousand-fold was worth more than he
wende. 1540

221. And in his thought gan up and doun
to winde
Hir wordes alle, and every contenaunce,
And fermely impressen in his minde
Theleste poynt that to him was plesaunce;
And verrayliche, of thilke remembraunce,

Desyr al newe him brende, and lust to
brede 1546
Gan more than erst, and yet took he non
hede.

222. Criseyde also, right in the same wyse,
Of Troilus gan in hir herte shette 1549
His worthinessse, his lust, his dedes wyse,
His gentilesse, and how she with him
mette,

Thonkinge love he so wel hir bisette;
Desyryng eft to have hir herte dere
In swich a plyt, she dorste make him
chere.

223. Pandare, a-morwe which that comen
was 1555

Un-to his nece, and gan hir fayre grete,
Seyde, 'al this night so reyned it, allas!
That al my drede is that ye, nece swete,
Han litel layser had to slepe and mete;
Al night,' quod he, 'hath reyn so do me
wake, 1560

That som of us, I trowe, hir hedes ake.'

224. And ner he com, and seyde, 'how
stont it now
This mery morwe, nece, how can ye fare?'
Criseyde answerde, 'neverthe bet for yow,
Fox that ye been, god yeve your herte
care! 1565

God helpe me so, ye caused al this fare,
Trow I,' quod she, 'for alle your wordes
whyte;
O! who-so seeth yow knoweth yow ful
lyte!'

225. With that she gan hir face for to
wrye 1570
With the shete, and wex for shame al
reed;
And Pandarus gan under for to prye,
And seyde, 'nece, if that I shal ben deed,
Have here a swerd, and smyteth of myn
heed.'

With that his arm al sodeynly he thriste
Under hir nekke, and at the laste hir
kiste. 1575

226. I passe al that which chargeth
nought to seye,
What! God foryaf his deeth, and she
also

Foryaf, and with hir uncle gan to pleye,
For other cause was ther noon than so.
But of this thing right to the effect to go,
Whan tyme was, hom til hir hous she
wente, 1581
And Pandarus hath fully his entente.

227. Now torne we ayein to Troilus,
That resteeles ful longe a-bedde lay,
And prevely sente after Pandarus, 1585
To him to come in al the haste he may.
He com anoon, nought ones seyde he
'nay,'
And Troilus ful sobrelly he grette,
And doun upon his beddes syde him
sette. 1589

228. This Troilus, with al the affeccioun
Of frendes love that herte may devyse,
To Pandarus on kneēs fil adoun,
And er that he wolde of the place aryse,
He gan him thonken in his beste wyse;
A hondred sythe he gan the tyme blesse,
That he was born to bringe him fro
distresse. 1596

229. He seyde, 'O frend, of frendes th'
alderbeste
That ever was, the sothe for to telle,
Thou hast in hevene y-brought my soule
at reste
Fro Flegiton, the fery flood of helle; 1600
That, though I mighete a thousand tymes
selle,
Upon a day, my lyf in thy servyse,
It mighete nought a mote in that suffyse.

230. The sonne, which that al the world
may see,
Saw never yet, my lyf, that dar I leye,
So inly fair and goodly as is she, 1606
Whos I am al, and shal, til that I deye;
And, that I thus am hires, dar I seye,
That thanked be the heighe worthiness
Of love, and eek thy kinde bisinesse. 1610

231. Thus hastow me no litel thing y-yive,
Fo which to thee obliged be for ay
My lyf, and why? for thorough thyn help
I live;
For elles deed hadde I be many a day.'

And with that word doun in his bed he
lay, 1615
And Pandarus ful sobrelly him herde
Til al was seyd, and thanne he him
answerde:

232. 'My dere frend, if I have doon for
thee
In any eas, god wot, it is me leef;
And am as glad as man may of it be, 1620
God help me so; but tak now not a-greefe
That I shal seyn, be war of this myscheef,
That, there-as thou now brought art in-to
blisse,
That thou thy-self ne cause it nought to
missoe.

233. For of fortunes sharp adversitee 1625
The worst kinde of infortune is this,
A man to have ben in prosperitee,
And it remembren, whan it passed is.
Thou art wys y-nough, for-thy do nought
amis;
Be not to raked, though thou sittē
warme, 1630
For if thou be, certeyn, it wol thee
harme.

234. Thou art at ese, and hold thee wel
ther-inne.
For also seur as reed is every fyr,
As greet a craft is kepe wel as winne;
Brydle alwey wel thy speche and thy
desyr. 1635

For worldly joye halt not but by a wyr;
That preveth wel, it brest alday so ofte;
For-thy nede is to werke with it softe.'

235. Quod Troilus, 'I hope, and god to-
forn,
My dere frend, that I shal so me bere,
That in my gilt ther shal no thing be
lorn, 1641
N' I nil not rakle as for to greven here;
It nedeth not this matere ofte tere;
For wistestow myn herte wel, Pandare,
God woot, of this thou woldest litel care.'

236. Tho gan he telle him of his glade
night. 1646
And wher-of first his herte dredde, and
how,

And seyde, 'freend, as I am trewe knight,
And by that feyth I shal to god and yow,
I hadde it never half so hote as now; 1650
And ay the more that desyr me byteth
To lovehir best, the more it me delyteth.

237. I noot my-self not wisly what it is;
But now I sele a newe qualitee,
Ye, al another than I dide er this.' 1655
Pandare answerde, and seyde thus, that he
That ones may in hevene blisse be,
He feleth other weyes, dar I leye,
Than thilke tyme he first herde of it seye.

238. This is o word for al; this Troilus
Was never ful, to speke of this matere,
And for to preySEN un-to Pandarus 1662
The bountee of his righte lady dere,
And Pandarus to thanke and maken
chere.

This tale ay was span-newe to beginne 1665
Til that the night departed hem a-twinne.

239. Sone after this, for that fortune it
wolde,
I-comen was the blisful tyme swete,
That Troilus was warned that he sholde,
Ther he was erst, Criseyde his lady
mete; 1670
For which he felte his herte in joye
flete;
And feythfully gan alle the goddes herie;
And lat see now if that he can be merie.

240. And holden was the forme and al
the wyse,
Of hir cominge, and eek of his also, 1675
As it was erst, which nedeth nought
devyse.
But playnly to the effect right for to go,
In joye and seurte Pandarus hem two
A-bedde broughte, whan hem bothe leste,
And thus they ben in quiete and in
reste. 1680

241. Nought nedeth it to yow, sin they
ben met,
To aske at me if that they blythe were;
For if it erst was wel, tho was it bet
A thousand-fold, this nedeth not enquire.
A-gon was every sorwe and every fere;

And bothe, y-wis, they hadde, and so
they wende, 1686
As muche joye as herte may comprehendre.

242. This is no litel thing of for to seye,
This passeth every wit for to devyse; 1689
For eche of hem gan otheres lust obeye;
Felicitee, which that thise clerkes wyse
Commenden so, ne may not here suffyse.
This joye may not writen been with inke,
This passeth al that herte may bithinke.

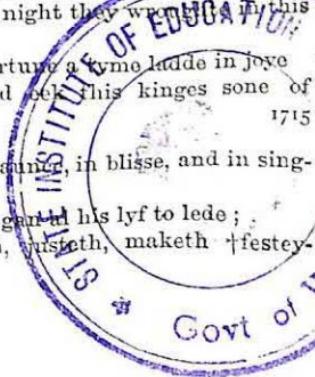
243. But cruel day, so wel-away the
stounde! 1695
Gan for to aproche, as they by signes
knewe,
For whiche hem thoughte felen dethes
wounde;
So wo was hem, that changen gan hir
hewe, 1698
And day they gommen to dispysē al newe,
Calling it traytour, envious, and worse,
And bitterly the dayes light they curse.

244. Quod Troilus, 'allas! now am I war
That Pirous and the swifte stedes three,
Whiche that drawen forth the sonnes
char,
Han goon som by-path in despyt of me;
That maketh it so sone day to be; 1706
And, for the sonne him hasteth thus to
ryse,
Ne shal I never doon him sacrificysse!'

245. But nedes day departe moste hem
sone,
And whanne hir speche doon was and hir
chere, 1710
They twinne anoon as they were wont to
done,
And setten tyme of meting mity-fere,
And many a night they wronche in this
manere.

And thus Fortune a tyme ladde in joye
Criseyde, and eek this kinges sone of
Troye. 1715

246. In suffisance, in blisse, and in sing-
inges,
This Troilus gan al his lyf to lede;
He spendeth, wasteth, maketh festey-
inges;



He yereth frely ofte, and chaungeth
wede, 1719
And held abouthe him alwey, out of drede,
A world of folk, as cam him wel of kinde,
The fressheste and the beste he coude
finde;

247. That swich a voys was of him and
a stevene

Thorough-out the world, of honour and
largesse, 1724

That it up rong un-to the yate of hevene.
And, as in love, he was in swich gladnesse,
That in his herte he demede, as I gesse,
That there nis lovere in this world at ese
So wel as he, and thus gan love him
plese.

248. The godliliede or beautee which that
kinde 1730

In any other lady hadde y-set
Can not the mountaunce of a knot un-
binde,
A-boute his herte, of al Criseydes net.
He was so narwe y-masked and y-knet,
That it undoon on any manere syde, 1735
That nil not been, for ought that may
betyde.

249. And by the hond ful ofte he wolde
take

This Pandarus, and in-to gardin lede,
And swich a feste and swich a proces
make 1739

Him of Criseyde, and of hir womanhede,
And of hir beautee, that, with-outendrede,
It was an hevene his wordes for to here;
And thanne he wolde singe in this
manere

250. 'Love, that of erthe and see hath
governaunce,

Love, that his hestes hath in hevene hye,
Love, that with an holsom alliaunce 1746
Halt peples joyned, as him list hem gye,
Love, that knetteth lawe of compayne,
And couples doth in vertu for to dwelle,
Bind this accord, that I have told and
telle; 1750

251. That that the world with feyth,
which that is stable,
Dyverseth so his stoundes concordinge,

That elements that been so discordable
Holden a bond perpetnely duringe,
That Phebus mote his rosy day forth
bringe, 1755
And that the mone hath lordship over
the nightes,
Al this doth Love; ay heried be his
michtes!

252. That that the see, that gredy is to
flowen,

Constreyneh to a certeyn ende so 1759
His flodes, that so fersly they ne growen
To drenchen erthe and al for ever-mo;
And if that Love ought lete his brydel go,
Al that now loveth a-sonder sholde lepe,
And lost were al, that Love halt now to-
hepe.

253. So wolde god, that auctor is of
kinde, 1765

That, with his bond, Love of his vertu
liste

To cercelen hertes alle, and faste binde,
That from his bond no wight the wey out
wiste.

And hertes colde, hem wolde I that he
twiste

To make hem love, and that hem leste ay
rewē 1770

On hertes sore, and kepe hem that ben
trewe.'

254. In alle nedes, for the tounes werre,
He was, and ay the firste in armes dight;
And certeynly, but-if that bokes erre, 1774
Save Ector, most y-drad of any wight;
And this encrees of hardinesse and might
Cam him of love, his ladies thank to
winne,

That altered his spirit so with-inne.

255. In tyme of trewe, on haukinge woldē
he ryde,

Or elles hunten boor, bere, or lyoun; 1780
The smale bestes leet he gon bi-syde.

And whan that he com rydinge in-to
toun,

Ful ofte his lady, from hir window doun,
As fresh as faucon comen out of muwe,
Ful redy was, him goodly to saluwe. 1785

256. And most of love and vertu was his
speche,

And in despyt hadde alle wrecchednesse;
And douteles, no nede was him biseche
To honouren hem that hadde worthi-
nesse,

1789
And esen hem that weren in distresse.
And glad was he if any wight wel ferde,
That lover was, whan he it wiste or herde.

257. For sooth to seyn, he lost held every
wight

But if he were in loves heigh servyse,
I mene folk that oughte it been of right.
And over al this, so wel coude he de-
vyse

1796
Of sentement, and in so unkouth wyse
Al his array, that every lover thoughte,
That al was wel, what-so he seyde or
wroughte.

258. And though that he be come of
blood royal,

1800
Him liste of prude at no wight for to
chase;

Benigne he was to ech in general,

For which he gat him thank in every
place.

Thus wolde Love, y-heried be his grace,
That Pryde, Envy, Ire, and Avarycye 1805
He gan to flee, and every other vyce.

259. Thou lady bright, the daughter to
Dione,
Thy blinde and winged sone eek, daun
Cupyde;

Ye sustren nyne eek, that by Elicone
In hil Parnaso listen for to abyde, 1810
That ye thus fer han deyned me to gyde,
I can no more, but sin that ye wol wende,
Ye heried been for ay, with-outen ende!

260. Thourgh yow have I seyd fully in
my song
Th'effect and joye of Troylus servyse, 1815
Al be that ther was som disese among,
As to myn auctor listeth to devyse.
My thridde book now ende ich in this
wyse;

And Troylus in luste and in quiete 1819
Is with Criseyde, his owne herte swete.

Explicit Liber Tercius.

BOOK IV.

[Prohemium.]

1. But al to litel, weylawey the whyle,
Lasteth swich joye, y-thonked be For-
tune!
That semeth trewest, whan she wol
bygyle,
And can to foles so hir song entune,
That she hem hent and blent, traytour
comune;
- 5
And whan a wight is from hir wheel
y-throwe,
Than laugheth she, and maketh him the
mowe.

2. From Troylus she gan hir brighte face
Awey to wrythe, and took of him non
hede,

But caste him clene oute of his lady
10
grace,
And on hir wheel she sette up Diomede;
For which right now myn herte ginneth
blede,
And now my penne, alas! with which
I wryte,
Quaketh for drede of that I moot endyte.

3. For how Criseyde Troylus forsook, 15
Or at the leste, how that she was un-
kide,
Mot hennes-forth ben matere of my
book,
As wryten folk thourgh which it is in
minde.
allas! that they shulde ever cause
finde

To speke hir harm ; and if they on hir
lye, 20
Y-wis, hem-self sholde han the vilanye.

4. O ye Herines, Nightes doughtren three,
That endeles compleynen ever in pyne,
Megera, Alete, and eek Thesiphone ;
Thou cruel Mars eek, fader to Quiryne, 25
This ilke ferthe book me helpeth fyne,
So that the los of lyf and love y-fere
Of Troilus be fully shewed here.

**Explicit prohemium. Incipit Quartus
Liber.**

5. LIGGINGE in ost, as I have seyd er this,
The Grekes stronge, aboute Troye toun, 30
Bifel that, whan that Phebus shyning is
Up-on the brest of Hercules Lyoun,
That Ector, with ful many a bold baroun,
Caste on a day with Grekes for to fighte,
As he was wont to greve hem what he
mighete. 35

6. Not I how longe or short it was bi-
twene
This purpos and that day they fighte
mente ;
But on a day wel armed, bright and
shene,
Ector, and many a worthy wight out
wente,
With spere in hond and bigge bowes
bente ; 40
And in the berd, with-oute lenger lette,
Hir fomen in the feld anoon hem mette.

7. The longe day, with speres sharpe
y-grounde,
With arwes, dartes, swerdes, maces felle,
They fighte and bringen hors and man
to grounde, 45
And with hir axes out the braynes quelle.
But in the laste shour, sooth for to telle,
The folk of Troye hem-selven so mis-
ledden,
That with the worse at night homward
they fledden.

8. At whiche day was taken Antenor, 50
Maugre Polydamas or Monesteo,
Santippe, Sarpedon, Polynestor,

Polyte, or eek the Trojan daun Riphee,
And otherre lasse folk, as Phebuseo.
So that, for harm, that day the folk of
Troye 55
Dredden to lese a greet part of hir joye.

9. Of Pryamus was yeve, at Greek re-
queste,
A tyme of trewe, and tho they gommen
trete,
Hir prisoneres to chaungen, moste and
lest, 59
And for the surplus yeven sommes grete.
This thing anoon was couth in every
strete,
Bothe in th'assege, in toun, and every-
where,
And with the firste it cam to Calkas ere.

10. Whan Calkas knew this tretis sholde
holde,
In consistorie, among the Grekes, sone 65
He gan in thringe forth, with lordes olde,
And sette him there-as he was wont to
done ;
And with a chaunged face hem bad a
bone,
For love of god, to don that reverence,
To stinte noyse, and yeve him audience.

11. Thanne seyde he thus, 'lo ! lordes
myne, I was 71
Trojan, as it is knownen out of drede ;
And if that yow remembre, I am Calkas,
That alderfirst yaf comfort to your nede,
And tolde wel howthat ye sholden spedie.
For dredelees, thorough yow, shal, in a
stounde, 76
Ben Troye y-brend, and beten doun to
grounde.

12. And in what forme, or in what maner
wyse
This town to shende, and al your lust to
acheve,
Ye han er this wel herd it me devyse; 80
This knowe ye, my lordes, as I leve.
And for the Grekes weren me so leve,
I com my-self in my propre persone,
To teche in this how yow was best to
done ;

13. Havinge un-to my tresour ne my
rente 85
Right no report, to respect of your ese.
Thus al my good I loste and to yow
wente,
Wening in this you, lordes, for to plesse.
But al that los ne doth me no disese.
I vouche-sauf, as wisly have I joye, 90
For you to lese al that I have in Troye,
14. Save of a daughter, that I lafte, allas!
Slepinge at hoom, whanne out of Troye
I sterte.
O sterne, O cruel fader that I was!
How mighte I have in that so hard an
herte? 95
Allas! I ne hadde y-brought hir in hir
sherte!
For sorwe of which I wol not live to
morwe,
But-if ye lordes rewe up-on my sorwe.
15. For, by that cause I say no tyme er
now
Hir to delivere, I holden have my pees;
But now or never, if that it lyke yow, 101
I may hir have right sone, doutelees.
O help and grace! amonges al this prees,
Rewe on this olde caitif in destresse,
Sin I through yow have al this hevinesse!
16. Ye have now caught and fetered in
prisoun 106
Trojans y-nowe; and if your willes be,
My child with oon may have redempcioun.
Now for the love of god and of bountee,
Oon of so fele, allas! so yeve him me. 110
What nede were it this preyere for to
werne,
Sin ye shul bothe han folk and toun as
yerne?
17. On peril of my lyf, I shal not lye,
Appollo hath me told it feithfully;
I have eek founde it by astronomye, 115
By sort, and by augurie eek trewely,
And dar wel seye, the tyme is faste by,
That fyr and flaumbe on al the toun shal
sprede;
And thus shal Troye turne in asshen
dede.

18. For certeyn, Phebus and Neptunus
bothe, 120
That makeden the walles of the toun,
Ben with the folk of Troye alwey so
wrothe,
That thei wol bringe it to confusioun,
Right in despyt of king Lameadoun. 124
By-cause he nolde payen hem hir hyre,
The toun of Troye shal ben set on-fyre.'
19. Telling his tale alwey, this olde greye,
Humble in speche, and in his lokinge eke,
The salte teres from his eyen tweye 129
Ful faste ronnen doun by eyther cheke.
So longe he gan of socour hem by-seke
That, for to hele him of his sorwes sore,
They yave him Antenor, with-oute more.
20. But who was glad y-nough but Calkas
tho?
And of this thing ful sone his nedes
leyde 135
On hem that sholden for the tretis go,
And hem for Antenor ful ofte preyde
To bringen hoom king Toas and Criseyde;
And whan Pryam his save-garde sente,
Th'embassadours to Troye streight they
wente. 140
21. The cause y-told of hir cominge, the
olde
Pryam the king ful sone in general
Let here-upon his parlement to holde,
Of which the effect rehersen yow I shal.
Th'embassadours ben answered for fynal,
Th'eschaunge of prisoners and al this
nede 146
Hem lyketh wel, and forth in they pro-
cede.
22. This Troilus was present in the place,
Whan axed was for Antenor Criseyde,
For which ful sone chaungen gan his face,
As he that with tho wordes wel neigh
deyde. 151
But nathelees, he no word to it seyde,
Lest men sholde his affeccioun espye;
With mannes herte he gan his sorwes
drye.
23. And ful of anguish and of grisly
dredre 155
Aboord what lordes wolde un-to it seyde;

And if they wolde graunte, as god forbede,
Th' eschaunge of hir, than thoughte he
thinges tweye,
First, how to save hir honour, and what
weye
He myghte best th' eschaunge of hir with-
stonde; 160
Ful faste he caste how al this myghte
stonde.

24. Love him made al prest to doon hir
byde,
And rather dye than she sholde go;
But resoun seyde him, on that other syde,
'With-oute assent of hir ne do not so, 165
Lest for thy werk she wolde be thy fo,
And seyn, that thorugh thy medling is
y-blowe
Your bother love, there it was erst un-
knowe.'

25. For which he gan deliberen, for the
beste,
That though the lordes wolde that she
wente, 170
He wolde late hem graunte what hem
lest,
And telle his lady first what that they
mente.
And whan that she had seyd him hir
entente,
Ther-after wolde he werken also blyve,
Though al the world ayein it wolde
stryve. 175

26. Ector, which that wel the Grekes
herde,
For Antenor how they wolde han Cri-
seyde,
Gan it withsonde, and soberly an-
swerde:—
'Sires, she nis no prisoner,' he seyde;
'I noot on yow who that this charge
leyde, 180
But, on my part, ye may eft-sone him
telle,
We usen here no wommen for to selle.'

27. The noyse of peple up-stirte thanne
at ones,
As breme as blase of straw y-set on fyre;

For infortune it wolde, for the nones, 185
They sholden hir confusioune desyre.
'Ector,' quod they, 'what goost may yow
enspyre,
This woman thus to shilde and doon us
lese
Daun Antenor?—a wrong wey now ye
chese—

28. That is so wys, and eek so bold baroun,
And we han nede of folk, as men may
see; 191
He is eek oon, the grettest of this toun;
O Ector, lat tho fantasyes be!
O king Pryam,' quod they, 'thus seggen
we, 194
That al our voys is to for-gon Criseyde;
And to deliveren Antenor they preyde.

29. O Juvenal, lord! trewe is thy sen-
tence,
That litel witen folk what is to yerne
That they ne finde in hir desyr offence;
For cloud of errour lat hem not deserue
What best is; and lo, here ensample as
yerne. 201
This folk desiren now deliveraunce
Of Antenor, that broughte hem to mis-
chance!

30. For he was after traytour to the toun
Of Troye; alas! they quritte him out to
rathe; 205
O nyce world, lo, thy discreciooun!
Criseyde, which that never dide hem
skathie,
Shal now no lenger in hir blisse bathe;
But Antenor, he shal com hoom to toune,
And she shal out: thus seyden here and
howne. 210

31. For which delibered was by parle-
ment,
For Antenor to ydden up Criseyde,
And it pronounced by the president,
Al-theigh that Ector 'nay' ful oste
preyde.
And fynaly, what wight that it with-
seyde, 215
It was for nought; it moste been, and
sholde;
For substaunce of the parlement it wolde.

32. Departed out of parlement echone,
This Troilus, with-oute wordes mo,
Un-to his chaumbre spedde him faste
allone, 220

But-if it were a man of his or two,
The whiche he bad out faste for to go,
By-cause he wolde slepen, as he seyde,
And hastily up-on his bed him leyde.

33. And as in winter leves been braft, 225
Eche after other, til the tree be bare,
So that ther nis but bark and braunche
y-laft,

Lyth Troilus, braft of ech wel-fare,
Y-bouneden in the blake bark of care,
Disposed wood out of his wit to breyde,
So sore him sat the chaunginge of Cri-
seyde. 231

34. He rist him up, and every dore he
shette
And windowe eek, and tho this sorweful
man

Up-on his beddes syde a-doun him sette,
Ful lyk a deed image pale and wan; 235
And in his brest the heped wo bigan
Out-breste, and he to werken in this
wyse

In his woodnesse, as I shal yow devyse.

35. Right as the wilde bole biginneth
springe

Now here, now there, y-darted to the
herte, 240
And of his deeth roreth in compleyninge,
Right so gan he abouthe the chaumbre
sterete,
Smyting his brest ay with his festes
smerte;
His heed to the wal, his body to the
grounde
Ful ofte he swapte, him-selven to con-
founde. 245

36. His eyen two, for pitee of his herte,
Out stremeden as swifte welles tweye;
The heighhe sobbes of his sorwes smerte
His speche him rafte, unnethes mighte
he seye, 249
'O deeth, allas! why niltow do me deye?
A-cursed be the day which that nature
Shoop me to ben a lyves creature!'

37. But after, whan the furie and the
rage

Which that his herte twiste ani faste
threste, 254

By lengthe of tyme somewhat gan asswage,
Up-on his bed he leyde him doun to reste;
But tho bigonne his teres more out-breste,
That wonder is, the body may suffyse
To half this wo, which that I yow devyse.

38. Than seyde he thus, ' Fortune! alas
the whyle! 260

What have I doon, what have I thus
a-gilt?

How mightestow for reuthe me bigyle?
Is ther no grace, and shal I thus be spilt?
Shal thus Criseyde awey, for that thou
wilt? 264

Allas! how maystow in thy herte finde
To been to me thus cruel and unkinde?

39. Have I thee nougnt honoured al my
lyve,

As thou wel wost, above the goddes alle?
Why wiltow me fro joye thus depryve?
O Troilus, what may men now thee calle
But wrecche of wrecches, out of honour
falle 271

In-to miserie, in which I wol biwayle
Criseyde, allas! til that the breeth me
fayle?

40. Allas, Fortune! if that my lyf in joye
Displesed hadde un-to thy foule envye,
Why ne haddestow my fader, king of
Troye, 276

By-raft the lyf, or doon my bretheren dye,
Or slayn my-self, that thus compleyne
and crye,
I, combre-world, that may of no-thing
serve,

But ever dye, and never fully sterue? 280

41. If that Criseyde allone were me laft,
Nought roughte I whider thou woldest
me stere;

And hir, allas! than hastow me braft.
But ever-more, lo! this is thy manere,
To reve a wight that most is to him dere,
To preve in that thy gerful violence, 286
Thus am I lost, ther helpeth no defence.

42. O verray lord of love, O god, alas !
That knowest best myn herte and al my
thought,
What shal my sorwful lyf don in this cas
If I for-go that I so dere have bought? 291
Sin ye Cryseyde and me han fully brought
In-to your grace, and bothe our hertes
seled,
How may ye suffre, alas ! it be repeled ?

43. What I may doon, I shal, whyl I may
dure 295
On lywe in torment and in cruel peyne,
This infortune or this disaventure,
Allone as I was born, y-wis, compleyne ;
Ne never wil I seen it shyne or reyne ;
But ende I wil, as Edippe, in derknesse
My sorwful lyf, and dyen in distresse. 301

44. O wery goost, that errest to and fro,
Why niftow fleen out of the wofulleste
Body, that ever mighte on grounde go ?
O soule, lurkinge in this wo, unreste, 305
Flee forth out of myn herte, and lat it
breste,
And folwe alwey Criseyde, thy lady dere ;
Thy righte place is now no lenger here !

45. O wofulle eyen two, sin your dispert
Was al to seen Criseydes eyen brighte,
What shal ye doon but, for my discom-
fort, 311
Stonden for nougnt, and wepen out your
sighte ?
Sin she is queynt, that wont was yow to
lighte,
In veyn fro-this-forth have I eyen tweye
Y-formed, sin your vertue is a-weye. 315

46. O my Criseyde, O lady sovereyne
Of thilke woful soule that thus cryeth,
Who shal noweven comfort to my peyne ?
Allas, no wight; but when myn herte
dyeth,
My spirit, which that so un-to yow hyeth,
Receyve in gree, for that shal ay yow
serve ; 321
For-thy no fors is, though the body sterveye.

47. O ye loveres, that heighs upon the
wheel
Ben set of Fortune, in good aventur,

God leve that ye finde ay love of steel, 325
And longe mot your lyf in joye endure !
But whan ye comen by my sepulture,
Remembreth that your felawe resteth
there ;
For I lovede eek, though I unworthy
were. 329

48. O olde unhol som and mislyved man,
Calkas I mene, alas ! what eyleth thee
To been a Greek, sin thou art born
Trojan ?

O Calkas, which that wilt my bane be,
In cursed tyme was thou born for me !
As wolde blisful Jove, for his joye, 335
That I thee hadde, where I wolde, in
Troye !'

49. A thousand sykes, hottere than the
glede,
Out of his brest ech after other wente,
Medled with pleyntes newe, his wo to
fede, 339
For which his woful teres never stente ;
And shortly, so his peynes him to-rente,
And wex so mat, that joye nor penaunce
He feleth noon, but lyth forth in a traunce.

50. Pandare, which that in the parlement
Hadde herd what every lord and burgeys
seyde, 345
And how ful graunted was, by oon assent,
For Antenor to yelden so Criseyde,
Gan wel neigh wood out of his wit to
breyde,
So that, for wo, he niste what he mente ;
But in a rees to Troilus he wente. 350

51. A certeyn knight, that for the tymo
kept
The chaumbre-dore, un-dide it him anoon ;
And Pandare, that ful tendreliche wepte,
In-to the derke chaumbre, as stille as
stoon,
Toward the bed gan softly to goon, 355
So confus, that he niste what to seye ;
For verray wo his wit was neigh aweye.

52. And with his chere and loking al
to-torn,
For sorwe of this, and with his armes
folden,

He stood this woful Troilus biform, 360
And on his pitous face he gan biholden;
But lord, so often gan his herte colden,
Seing his freend in wo, whos hevinesse
His herte slow, as thoughte him, for dis-
tresse.

53. This woful wight, this Troilus, that
felte 365

His freend Pandare y-comen him to see,
Gan as the snow ayein the sonne melte,
For which this sorwful Pandare, of pitee,
Gan for to wepe as tendreliche as he;
And specheles thus been thise ilke tweye,
That neyther mighte o word for sorwe
seye. 371

54. But at the laste this woful Troilus,
Ney deed for smert, gan bresten out to
rore,

And with a sorwful noyse he seyde thus,
Among his sobbes and his sykes sore, 375
'Lo! Pandare, I am deed, with-outen
more.

Hastow nought herd at parlement,' he
seyde,
'For Antenor how lost is my Criseyde?'

55. This Pandarus, ful deed and pale of
hewe,
Ful pitously answerde and seyde, 'yis!
As wisly were it fals as it is trewe, 381
That I have herd, and wot al how it is.
O mercy, god, who wolde have trowed
this?

Who wolde have wend that, in so litel
a throwe, 384
Fortune our joye wolde han over-throwe?

56. For in this world ther is no creature,
As to my doom, that ever saw ruyne
Straungere than this, thorugh cas or
aventure.

But who may al eschewe or al devyne?
Swich is this world; for-thy I thus de-
fyne, 390

†Ne truse no wight finden in Fortune
Ay propretee; hir yeftes been comune.

57. But tel me this, why thou art now so
mad
To sorwen thus? Why lystow in this
wyse,

Sin thy desyr al holly hastow had, 395
So that, by right, it oughte y-now suffysc?
But I, that never felte in my servyse
A frendly chere or loking of an yé,
Lat me thus wepe and wayle, til I dye.

58. And over al this, as thou wel wost
thy-selve, 400

This town is ful of ladies al aboute;
And, to my doom, fairer than swiche
twelve
As ever she was, shal I finde, in som
route,
Ye, oon or two, with-outen any doute. 404
For-thy be glad, myn owene dere brother,
If she be lost, we shul recovere another.

59. What, god for-bede alwey that ech
plesaunce

In o thing were, and in non other wight!
If oon can singe, another can wel daunce;
If this be goodly, she is glad and light;
And this is fayr, and that can good
a-right. 411

Ech for his vertu holden is for dere,
Bothe heroner and faucon for rivere.

60. And eek, as writ Zanzis, that was ful
wys,

"The newe love out chaceth ofte the
olde;" 415

And up-on newe cas lyth newe avys.
Thenk eek, thy-self to saven artow holde;
Swich fyr, by proces, shal of kinde colde,
For sin it is but casuel plesaunce,
Som cas shal putte it out of remem-
braunce. 420

61. For al-so seur as day cometh after
night,

The newe love, labour or other wo,
Or elles selde seinge of a wight,
Don olde affecciouns alle over-go.
And, for thy part, thou shalt have oon of
tho 425

To abrigge with thy bittre peynes smerte;
Absence of hir shal dryve hir out of herte.'

62. Thise wordes seyde he for the nones
alle,
To helpe his freend, lest he for sorwe
deyde.

For deutelees, to doon his wo to falle, 430
He roughte not what unthrift that he
seyde.

But Troilus, that neigh for sorwe deyde,
Tok litel hede of al that ever he mente;
Oon ere it herde, at the other out it
wente:—

63. But at the laste answerde and seyde,
'freend,' 435

This lechecraft, or heled thus to be,
Were wel sitting, if that I were a feend,
To trayseen hir that trewe is unto me!
I pray god, lat this consayl never y-thee;
But do me rather sterue anon-right
here 440
Er I thus do as thou me woldest lere.

64. She that I serve, y-wis, what so thou
seye,

To whom myn herte enhabit is by right,
Shal han me holly hires til that I deye.
For, Pandarus, sin I have trouthe hir
hight, 445
I wol not been untrewe for no wight;
But as hir man I wol ay live and sterue,
And never other creature serve.

65. And ther thou seyst, thou shalt as
faire finde

As she, lat be, make no comparisoun 450
To creature y-formed here by kinde.
O leve Pandare, in conclusoun,
I wol not be of thyn opinoun,
Touching al this; for whiche I thee bi-
seeche,
So hold thy pees; thou sleest me with
thy speche. 455

66. Thow biddest me I sholde love an-
other

Al freshly newe, and lat Criseyde go!
It lyth not in my power, leve brother.
And though I mighte, I wolde not do so.
But canstow pleyen raket, to and fro, 460
Netle in, dokke out, now this, now that,
Pandare?
Now foule falle hir, for thy wo that care!

67. Thow farest eek by me, thou Pan-
darus,

As he, that whan a wight is wo bi-goon,

He cometh to him a pas, and seyth right
thus, 465

"Thenk not on smert, and thou shalt fele
noon."

Thou most me first transmuwen in a
stoon,

And reve me my passiones alle,
Er thou so lightly do my wo to falle.

68. The deeth may wel out of my brest
departe 470

The lyf, so longe may this sorwe myne;
But fro my soule shal Criseydes darte
Out never-mo; but doun with Proserpyne,
Whan I am deed, I wol go wone in pyne; 475
And ther I wol eternally compleyne
My wo, and how that twinned be we
tweyne.

69. Thow hast here maad an argument,
for fyn,

How that it sholde lasse peyne be
Criseyde to for-gooun, for she was myn,
And live in ese and in felicitee. 480
Why gabbestow, that seydest thus to me
That "him is wors that is fro wele y-
throwe,"

Than he hadde erst non of that wele
y-knowe?"

70. But tel me now, sin that theethinketh
so light

To chaungen so in love, ay to and fro, 485
Why hastow not don bisily thy might
To chaungen hir that doth thee al thy wo?
Why niltow lette hir fro thyn herte go?
Why niltow love an-other lady swete,
That may thyn herte setten in quiete?

71. If thou hast had in love ay yet mis-
chaunce, 491

And canst it not out of thyn herte dryve,
I, that livede in lust and in plesaunce
With hir as muche as creature on-lyve,
How sholde I that foryete, and that so
blyve? 495

O where hastow ben hid so longe in muwe,
That canst so wel and formely arguwe?

72. Nay, nay, god wot, nought worth is al
thy reed,

For which, for what that ever may bifalle,

With-outen wordes mo, I wol be deed, 500
 O deeth, that endere art of sorwes alle,
 Com now, sin I so ofte after thee calle;
 For sely is that deeth, soth for to seyne,
 That, ofte y-cleped, cometh and endeth
 peyne.

73. Wel wot I, wnyl my lyf was in quiete,
 Er thou me slowe, I wolde have yeven
 hyre; 506

But now thy cominge is to me so swete,
 That in this world I no-thing so desyre.
 O deeth, sin with this sorwe I am a-fyre,
 Thou outher do me noon in teres drenche,
 Or with thy colde strook myn hete
 quenche! 511

74. Sin that thou sleest so fale in sondry
 wyse

Ayens hir wil, unpreyd, day and night,
 Do me, at my requeste, this servyse,
 Delivere now the world, so dostow right,
 Of me, that am the wofulleste wight 516
 That ever was; for tyme is that I sterue,
 Sin in this world of right nought may
 I serve.'

75. This Troilus in teres gan distille,
 As licour out of alambyk ful faste; 520
 And Pandarus gan holde his tunge stille,
 And to the ground his eyen doun he
 caste.

But nathelees, thus thoughte he at the
 laste,
 'What, parde, rather than my felawe
 deye,
 Yet shal I som-what more un-to him seye:'

76. And seyde, 'freend, sin thou hast
 swich distresse, 526
 And sin thee list myn arguments to blame,
 Why nylt thy-selven helpen doon redresse,
 And with thy manhod letten al this
 grame?

Go ravissho hir ne canstow not for shame!
 And outher lat hir out of toun fare, 531
 Or hold hir stille, and leve thy nyce fare.

77. Artow in Troye, and hast non hardi-
 ment
 To take a womman which that loveth
 thee,

And wolde hir-selven been of thyn assent?
 Now is not this a nyce vanitee? 536
 Rys up anoon, and lat this weping be,
 And kyth thou art a man, for in this
 houre
 I wil be deed, or she shal blyeven oure.'

78. To this answerde him Troilus ful
 softe, 540

And seyde, 'parde, leve brother dere,
 Al this have I my-self yet thought ful ofte,
 And more thing than thou devysest here.
 But why this thing is laft, thou shalt wel
 here; 544

And whan thou me hast yeve an audience,
 Ther-after mayst thou telle al thy sen-
 tence.

79. First, sin thou wost this toun hath al
 this werre

For ravisshing of wommen so by might,
 It sholde not be suffred me to erre, 549
 As it stant now, ne doon so gret unright.
 I sholde han also blame of every wight,
 My fadres graunt if that I so withstode,
 Sin she is chaunged for the tounes goode.

80. I have eek thought, so it were hir
 assent,

To aske hir at my fader, of his grace; 555
 Thanenke I, this were hir accusement,
 Sin wel I woot I may hir not purchace.
 For sin my fader, in so heigh a place
 As parlement, hath hir eschaunge enseled,
 He nil for me his lettore be repeled. 560

81. Yet drede I most hir herte to per-
 tourbe

With violence, if I do swich a game;
 For if I wolde it openly distourbe,
 It moste been disclaundre to hir name.
 And me were lever deed than hir defame,
 As nolde god but-if I sholde have 566
 Hir honour lever than my lyf to save!

82. Thus am I lost, for ought that I can
 see;

For certeyn is, sin that I am hir knight,
 I moste hir honour lever han than me
 In every cas, as lovere oughte of right. 571
 Thus am I with desyr and reson twight;

Desyr for to distourben hir me redeth,
And reson nil not, so myn herte dredeth.'

83. Thus wepinge that he coude never
cesse, 575
He seyde, 'allas! how shal I, wrecche,
fare?

For wel fele I alwey my love encresse,
And hope is lasse and lasse alwey, Pandare!

Encressen eek the causes of my care;
So wel-a-wey, why nil myn herte breste?
For, as in love, ther is but litel reste.' 581

84. Pandare answerde, 'freend, thou
mayst, for me,
Don as thee list; but hadde ich it so hote,
And thyn estat, she sholde go with me;
Though al this toun cryede on this thing
by note, 585

I nolde sette at al that noyse a grote.
For when men han wel cryed, than wol
they roune;

A wonder last but nyne night never in
toune.

85. Devyne not in reson ay so depe
Ne curteysly, but help thy-self a noon; 590
Bet is that othere than thy-selven wepe,
And namely, sin ye two been al oon.
Rys up, for by myn heed, she shal not
goon;

And rather be in blame a lyte y-founde
Than sterve here as a gnat, with-oute
wounde. 595

86. It is no shame un-to yow, ne no vyce
Hir to with-holden, that ye loveth most.
Paraunter, she mighte holden thee for
nyce

To lete hir go thus to the Grekes ost.
Thenk eek Fortune, as wel thy-selven
wost, 600

Helpeth hardy man to his emprise,
And weyveth wrecches, for hir cowardyse.

87. And though thy lady wolde a litel hir
greve,

Thou shalt thy pees ful wel here-after
make,

But as for me, certayn, I can not leve 605
That she wolde it as now for yvel take.

Why sholde than for ferd thyn herte
quake?

Thenk eek how Paris hath, that is thy
brother,
A love; and why shalton not have
another?

88. And Troilus, o thing I dar thee
swere, 610

That if Criseyde, whiche that is thy leef,
Now loveth thee as wel as thou dost here,
God helpe me so, she nil not take a-greef,
Though thou do bote a-noon in this
mischief.

And if she wilneth fro thee for to passe,
Thanne is she fals; so love hir wel the
lasse. 616

89. For-thy tak herte, and thenk, right as
a knight,
Thourgh love is broken alday every lawe.
Kyth now sumwhat thy corage and thy
might,

Have mercy on thy-self, for any awe. 620
Lat not this wretched wo thin herte
gnawe,

But manly set the world on sixe and
sevene;

And, if thou deye a martir, go to hevene.

90. I wol my-self be with thee at this
dede,

Though ich and al my kin, up-on a
stounde, 625

Shulle in a strete as dogges liggen dede,
Thourgh-girt with many a wyd and blody
wounde.

In every cas I wol a freend be founde.
And if thee list heresterven as a wrecche,
A-dieu, the devel sped him that it
recche!' 630

91. This Troilus gan with tho wordes
quiken,

And seyde, 'freend, graunt mercy, ich
assente;

But certaynlly thou mayst not me so
priken,

Ne Payne noon ne may me so tormente,
That, for no cas, it is not myn entente,
At shorte wordes, though I dyen sholde,
To ravissh hir, but-if hir-self it wolde.' 637

92. 'Why, so mene I,' quod Pandarus, 'al this day.
But tel me than, hastow hir wel assayed,
That sorwest thus?' And he answerde,
'nay.' 640
'Wher-of artow,' quod Pandare, 'than a-mayed,
That nost not that she wol ben yvel apayed
To ravisshe hir, sin thou hast not ben there,
But if that Jove tolde it in thyn ere?
93. For thy rys up, as nought ne were,
anoon, 645
And wash thy face, and to the king thou wende,
Or he may wondren whider thou art goon.
Thou most with wisdom him and othere blende;
Or, up-on cas, he may after thee sende
Er thou be war; and shortly, brother dere, 650
Be glad, and lat me werke in this matere.
94. For I shal shape it so, that sikerly
Thou shalt this night som tyme, in som manere,
Com speke with thy lady prevely,
And by hir wordes eek, and by hir chere,
Thou shalt ful sone aparceyve and wel here 656
Al hir entente, and in this cas the leste;
And fare now wel, for in this point I reste.'
95. The swifte Fame, whiche that false thinges
Egal reporteth lyk the thinges trewe, 660
Was thorough-out Troye y-fled with prest
winges
Fro man to man, and made this tale al
newe,
How Calkas daughter, with hir brighte
hewe,
At parlement, with-oute wordes more,
I-graunted was in chaunge of Antenore. 665
96. The whiche tale anoon-right as Criseyde
Had herd, she which that of hir fader
roughte,

- As in this cas, right nought, ne whanne
he deyde,
Ful bisily to Juppiter bisoughte
Yeve him mischaunce that this tretis
broughte. 670
But shortly, lest thise tales sothe were,
She dorste at no wight asken it, for fere;
97. As she that hadde hir herte and al hir
minde
On Troilus y-set so wonder faste,
That al this world ne mighthe hir love
unbinde, 675
Ne Troilus out of hir herte caste;
She wol ben his, whyl that hir lyf may
laste.
And thus she brenneth bothe in love and
dredre,
So that she niste what was best to rede.
98. But as men seen in toune, and al
aboutie, 680
That wommen usen frendes to visyte,
So to Criseyde of wommen com a route
For pitous joye, and wenden hir delyte;
And with hir tales, dere y-nough a myte,
These wommen, whiche that in the cite
dwelle, 685
They sette hem doun, and seyde as I shal
telle.
99. Quod first that oon, 'I am glad,
trewely,
By-cause of yow, that shal your fader see.
A-nother seyde, 'y-wis, so nam not I;
For al to litel hath she with us be.' 690
Quod tho the thridde, 'I hope, y-wis,
that she
Shal bringen us the pees on every syde,
That, whan she gooth, almighty god hir
gyde!'
100. Tho wordes and tho wommannisse
thinges,
She herde hem right as though she
thennes were; 695
For, god it wot, hir herte on other thing
is,
Although the body sat among hem there,
Hir advertence is alwey elles-where;
For Troilus ful faste hir soule soughte;
With-outer word, alwey on him she
thoughte. 700

101. Thise wommen, that thus wenden
hir to plesse,
Aboute nought gonnes alle hir tales
spende;
Swich vanitee ne can don hir non ese,
As she that, al this mene whyle, brende
Of other passiou than that they wende,
So that she felte almost hir herte dye 706
For wo, and wery of that compayne.
102. For which no lenger mighte she
restreyne
Hir teres, so they gommen up to welle,
That even signes of the bitter peyne 710
In whiche hir spirit was, and moste
dwelle;
Remembryng hir, fro heven unto which
helle
She fallen was, sith she forgoth the
sighte
Of Troilus, and sorrowfully she sighte. 714
103. And thilke foles sittinge hir aboute
Wenden, that she wepte and syked sore
By cause that she sholdे out of that route
Departe, and never pleye with hem more.
And they that hadde y-knownen hir of yore
Seye hir so wepe, and thoughte it kinde-
nesse, 720
And eche of hem wepte eek for hir dis-
tresse;
104. And bisily they gommen hir conforten
Of thing, god wot, on which she litel
thoughte;
And with hir tales wenden hir disporten,
And to be glad they often hir bisoughte.
But swich an ese ther-with they hir
wroughte 726
Right as a man is esed for to fele,
For ache of heed, to clawen him on his
hele!
105. But after al this nyce vanitee
They took hir leve, and hoom they wenten
alle. 730
Criseyde, ful of sorweful pitee,
In-to hir chaumbre up wente out of the
halle,
And on hir bed she gan for deed to falle,
In purpos never thennes for to ryse;
And thus she wroughte, as I shal yow
devyse. 735
106. Hir ounched heer, that sonnish was
of hewe,
She rente, and eek hir fingres longe and
smale
She wrong ful ofte, and bad god on hir
rewē,
And with the deeth to doon bote on hir
bale.
Hir hewe, whylom bright, that tho was
pale, 740
Bar witnes of hir wo and hir constreynte;
And thus she spak, sobbinge, in hir com-
pleynete:
107. ‘Alas!’ quod she, ‘out of this
regioun
I, woful wreche and infortuned wight,
And born in corsed constellacioun, 745
Mot goon, and thus departen fro my
knight;
Wo worth, allas! that ilke dayes light
On which I saw him first with eyen
tweyne,
That causeth me, and I him, al this
peyne!’
108. Therwith the teres from hir eyen
two 750
Doun fille, as shour in Aperill, ful swythe;
Hir whyte brest she bet, and for the wo
After the deeth she cryed a thousand
sythe,
Sin he that wont hir wo was for to lythe,
She mot for-goon; for which disaventure
She held hir-self a forlost creature. 756
109. She seyde, ‘how shal he doon, and
I also?
How sholde I live, if that I from him
twinne?
O dere herte eek, that I love so,
Who shal that sorwe sleepen that ye ben
inne? 760
O Calkas, fader, thyng be al this sinne!
O moder myn, that cleped were Argive,
Wo worth that day that thou me bere on
lyve!
110. To what fyn sholde I live and sorwen
thus?
How sholde a fish with-oute water dure?
What is Criseyde worth, from Troilus? 766

How sholde a plaunte or lyves creature
Live, with-oute his kinde noriture?
For which ful oft a by-word here I seye,
That, "rotelees, mot grene sone deye." 770

111. I shal don thus, sin neither swerd ne
darte
Dar I non handle, for the crueltee,
That ilke day that I from yow departe,
If sorwe of that nil not my bane be,
Than shal no mete or drinke come in
me 775

Til I my soule out of my breste unshethe;
And thus my-selven wol I do to deth.

112. And, Troilus, my clothes everichoon
Shul blake been, in tokeninge, herte
swete,
That I am as out of this world agoon, 780
That wont was yow to setten in quiete;
And of myn ordre, ay til deeth me mete,
The observaunce ever, in your absence,
Shal sorwe been, compleyne, and absti-
nence.

113. Myn herte and eek the woful goost
ther-inne 785
Biquethe I, with your spirit to compleyne
Eternally, for they shul never twinne.
For though in erthe y-twinned be we
tweyne,
Yet in the feld of pitee, out of peyne,
That hight Elyos, shul we been y-fere, 790
As Orpheus and Erudice his fere.

114. Thus herte myn, for Antenor, allas!
I sone shal be chaunged, as I wene.
But how shul ye don in this sorwful
cas,
How shal your tendre herte this sustene?
But herte myn, for-yet this sorwe and
tene, 796
And me also; for, soothly for to seye,
So ye wel fare, I recche not to deye.'

115. How mighte it ever y-red ben or
y-songe,
The pleynte that she made in her dis-
tresse? 800
I noot; but, as for me, my litel tonge,
If I discreven wolde her levinesse,
It sholde make her sorwe seme lesse

Than that it was, and childishly deface
Hir heigh compleyne, and therfore I it
pace. 805

116. Pandare, which that sent from
Troilus

Was to Criseyde, as ye han herd devyse,
That for the beste it was accorded thus,
And he ful glad to doon him that servyse,
Un-to Criseyde, in a ful secre wyse, 810
Ther-as she lay in torment and in rage,
Com hir to telle al hooly his message.

117. And fond that she hir-selven gan to
trete

Ful pitously; for with hir salte teres
Hir brest, hir face y-bathed was ful
wete; 815
The mighty tresses of hir sonnish heres,
Unbroyden, hangen al aboute hir eres;
Which yaf him verray signal of martyre
Of deeth, which that hir herte gan
desyre.

118. Whan she him saw, she gan for sorwe
anoon 820

Hir tery face a-twixe hir armes hyde,
For which this Pandare is so wo bi-goon,
That in the hous he mighte unnethe
abyde,
As he that pitee felte on every syde.
For if Criseyde hadde erst compleyned
sore, 825
Tho gan she pleyne a thousand tymes
more.

119. And in hir aspre pleynte than she
seyde,

'Pandare first of joyes mo than two
Was cause causinge un-to me, Criseyde,
That now transmuwed been in cruel
wo. 830

Wher shal I seye to yow "wel come" or
no,

That alderfirst me broughte in-to servyse
Of love, allas! that endeth in swich wyse?

120. Endeth than love in wo? Ye, or men
lyeth! 834

And alle worldly blisse, as thinketh me,
The ende of blisse ay sorwe it occupyeth;
And who-so troweth not that it so be,

Lat him upon me, woful wrecche, y-see,
That my-self hate, and ay my birth
acorse,
Feling alwey, fro wikke I go to worse.

121. Who-so me seeth, he seeth sorwe al
at ones, 841
Peyne, torment, pleynte, wo, distresse.
Out of my woful body harm ther noon is,
As anguish, langour, cruel bitternes,
A-noy, smert, drede, fury, and eek siken-
nesse. 845

I trowe, y-wis, from hevene teres reyne,
For pitie of myn aspre and cruel peyne !'

122. 'And thou, my suster, ful of dis-
comfort,' 848

Quod Pandarus, 'what thenkestow to do?
Why ne hastow to thy-selven som respot,
Why woltow thus thy-selve, allas, for-do?
Leef al this werk and tak now hede to
That I shal seyn, and herkne, of good
entente,
This, which by me thy Troilus thee
sente.'

123. Torned hir tho Criseyde, a wo
makinge 855

So greet that it a deeth was for to see :—
'Allas !' quod she, 'what wordes may ye
bringe ?

What wol my dere herte seyn to me,
Which that I drede never-mo to see ? 859
Wol he have pleynte or teres, er I wende?
I have y-nowe, if he ther-after sende !'

124. She was right swich to seen in hir
visage

As is that wight that men on bere binde;
Hir face, lyk of Paradys the image,
Was al y-chaunged in another kinde. 865
The pleye, the laughtre men was wont to
finde

In hir, and eek hir joyes everychone,
Ben fled, and thus lyth now Criseyde
allone.

125. Aboute hir eyen two a purpre ring
Bi-trent, in sothfast tokninge of hir
peyne, 870

That to biholde it was a dedly thing,
For which Pandare mighte not restreyne

The teres from his eyen for to reyne.
But nathelees, as he best mighty, he seyde
From Troilus thise wordes to Criseyde. 875

126. 'Lo, nece, I trowe ye han herd al
how

The king, with othere lordes, for the
beste,
Hath mad eschaunge of Antenor and
yow,
That cause is of this sorwe and this
unreste.

But how this eas doth Troilus moleste, 880
That may non erthely mannes tonge
seye ;
For verray wo his wit is al aweye.

127. For which we han so sorwed, he
and I,
That in-to litel bothe it hadde us slawe ;
But thurgh my conseil this day, fynally,
He somewhat is fro weeping now with-
drawe. 886

And semeth me that he desyreth fawe
With yow to been al night, for to devyse
Remede in this, if ther were any wyse.

128. This, short and pleyne, th'effect of
my message, 890

As ferforth as my wit can comprehendre.
For ye, that been of torment in swich rage,
May to no long prologue as now entendre;
And her-upon ye may answerre himsende.
And, for the love of god, my neco dere,
So leef this wo er Troilus be here.' 896

129. 'Gret is my wo,' quod she, and sight
sore,

As she that feleth dedly sharp distresse ;
'But yet to me his sorwe is muchel more,
That love him bet than he him-self,
I gesse. 900

Allas ! for me hath he swich hevinesse ?
Can he for me so pitously compleyne ?
Y-wis, this sorwe doubleth al my peyne.

130. Grevous to me, god wot, is for to
twinne,'

Quod she, 'but yet it hardere is to me 905
To seen that sorwe which that he is inne;
For wel wot I, it wol my bane be ;
And deye I wol in certayn,' tho quod she;

'But bidde him come, er deeth, that thus
me threteth,
Dryve out that goost, which in myn herte
beteth.' 910

131. These wordes seyd, she on hir armes
two

Fil gruf, and gan to wepe pitously.
Quod Pandarus, 'allas! why do ye so,
Syn wel ye wot the tyme is faste by,
That he shal come? Arys up hastyly, 915
That he yow nat biwopen thus ne finde,
But ye wol han him wood out of his
minde!

132. For wiste he that ye ferde in this
manere,

He wolde him-selve slee; and if I wende
To han this fare, he sholde not come
here 920

For al the good that Pryam may despende.
For to what fyn he wolde anoon pretende,
That knowe I wel; and for-thy yet I seye,
So leef this sorwe, or platly he wol deye.

133. And shapeth yow his sorwe for to
abregge, 925

And nougnt encresse, leve nece swete;
Beth rather to him cause of flat than
egge,

And with som wysdom ye his sorwes bete.
What helpeth it to wepen ful a strete,
Or though ye bothe in salte teres dreynte?
Bet is a tyme of cure ay than of pleynte. 931

134. I mene thus; whan I him hider
bringe,

Sin ye ben wyse, and bothe of oon assent,
So shapeth how distourbe your goinge,
Or come ayen, sone after ye be went. 935
Wommen ben wyse in short avysement;

And lat sen how your wit shal now
avayle;

And what that I may helpe, it shal not
fayle.'

135. 'Go,' quod Criseyde, 'and uncle,
trewely,

I shal don al my might, me to restreyne
From weeping in his sight, and bisily, 941
Him for to glade, I shal don al my peyne,
And in myn herte seken every veyne;

If to this soor ther may be founden salve,
It shal not lakken, certain, on myn
halve.' 945

136. Goth Pandarus, and Troilus he
soughte,

Til in a temple he fond him allone,
As he that of his lyf no lenger roughte;
But to the pitouse goddes everichone
Ful tendrely he preyde, and made his
mone, 950
To doon him sone out of this world to
pace;
For wel he thoughte ther was non other
grace.

137. And shortly, al the sothe for to seye,
He was so fallen in despeyr that day,
That outrely he shoop him for to deye. 955
For right thus was his argument alwey:
He seyde, he nas but loren, waylawey!
'For al that comth, comth by necessitee;
Thus to be lorn, it is my destinee.

138. For certaynly, this wot I wel,' he
seyde, 960

'That for-sight of divyne purveyaunce
Hath seyn alwey me to for-gon Criseyde,
Sin god seeth every thing, out of dout-
aunce,

And hem desponeth, thourgh his orde-
naunce,

In hir merytes sothly for to be, 965
As they shul comen by predestinee.

139. But nathelees, allas! whom shal I
leve?

For ther ben grete clerkes many oon,
That destinee thorugh argumentes preve;
And som men seyn that nedely ther is
noon; 970

But that free chois is yeven us everichoon.
O, welaway! so sleye arn clerkes olde,
That I not whos opinion I may holde.

140 For som men seyn, if god seth al
biforn,

Ne god may not deceyved ben, pardee, 975
Than moot it fallen, thourgh men hadde it
sworn,

That purveyaunce hath seyn bifore to be.
Wherfor I seye, that from eterne if he

Hath wist biforn our thought eek as our dede,
We have no free chois, as these clerkes rede. 980

141. For other thought nor other dede
also

Might never be, but swich as purveyaunce,
Which may not ben deceyved never-mo,
Hath feled biforn, with-outen ignoraunce.
For if ther mighte been a variaunce 985
To wrythen out fro goddes purveyinge,
Ther nere no prescience of thing cominge;

142. But it were rather an opinoun
Uncerteyn, and no stedfast forseinge ;
And certes, that were an abusoun, 990
That god shuld han no parfit cleer witinge
More than we men that han doutous
weninge.

But swich an errour up-on god to gesse
Were fals and foul, and wikked corsed-
nesse.

143. Eek this is an opinoun of somme 995
That han hir top ful heighe and smoothe
y-shore ;
They seyn right thus, that thing is not to
come

For that the prescience hath seyn before
That it shal come; but they seyn, that
therfore
That it shal come, therfore the purvey-
aunce 1000
Wot it biforn with-outen ignoraunce ;

144. And in this manere this necessitee
Retorneth in his part contrarie agayn.
For needfully bihoveth it not to be
That thilke thinges fallen in certayn 1005
That ben purveyed ; but nedely, as they
seyn,

Bihoveth it that thinges, whiche that
falle,

That they in certayn ben purveyed alle.

145. I mene as though I laboured me in
this,
To enqueren which thing cause of which
thing be ; 1010
As whether that the prescience of god is

The certayn cause of the necessitee

Of thinges that to comen been, pardée ;
Or if necessitee of thing cominge
Be cause certeyn of the purveyinge. 1015

146. But now ne enforce I me nat in
shewinge

How the ordre of causes stant ; but wel
wot I,
That it bihoveth that the bifallings
Of thinges wist biforen certeynly
Be necessarie, al seme it not ther-by 1020
That prescience put falling necessarie
To thing to come, al falle it soule or
faire.

147. For if ther sit a man yond on a see,
Than by necessitee bihoveth it
That, certes, thyn opinoun soth be, 1025
That wenest or conjectest that he sit ;
And ferther-over now ayenward yit,
Lo, right so it is of the part contrarie,
As thus ; (now herkne, for I wol not
tarie) :

148. I seye, that if the opinoun of thee
Be sooth, for that he sit, than seye I
this, 1031

That he mot sitten by necessitee ;
And thus necessitee in either is.
For in him nede of sitting is, y-wis,
And in thee nede of sooth ; and thus, for-
sothe, 1035
Ther moot necessitee ben in yow bothe.

149. But thou mayst seyn, the man sit
not therfore,

That thyn opinion of sitting soth is ;
But rather, for the man sit ther bifore,
Therfore is thyn opinion sooth, y-wis. 1040
And I seye, though the cause of sooth of
this

Comth of his sitting, yet necessitee
Is entrechaunged, bothe in him and thee.

150. Thus on this same wyse, out of
doutaunce,

I may wel maken, as it semeth me, 1045
My resoninge of goddes purveyaunce,
And of the thinges that to comen be ;
By whiche reson men may wel y-see,
That thilke thinges that in erthe falle,
That by necessitee they comen alle. 1050

151. For al-though that, for thing shal
come, y-wis,
Therfore is it purveyed, certaynly,
Nat that it comth for it purveyed is :
Yet nathelees, bihoveth it nedfully,
That thing to come be purveyed, trewely ;
Or elles, thinges that purveyed be, 1056
That they bityden by necessitee.

152. And this suffyseth right y-now,
certeyn,
For to destroye our free chois every del.—
But now is this abusion to seyn, 1060
That fallinge of the thinges temporel
Is cause of goddes prescience eternel.
Now trewely, that is a fals sentence,
That thing to come sholde cause his
prescience.

153. What mighte I wene, and I hadde
swich a thought, 1065
But that god purveyeth thing that is to
come
For that it is to come, and elles nought ?
So mighte I wene that thinges alle and
some,
That whylom been bifalle and over-come,
Ben cause of thilke sovereyn purvey-
aunce, 1070
That for-wot al with-outen ignoraunce.

154. And over al this, yet seye I more
herto,
That right as whan I woot ther is a
thing,
Y-wis, that thing mot nedfully be so ;
Eek right so, whan I woot a thing
coming, 1075
So mot it come ; and thus the bifalling
Of thinges that ben wist bifore the tyde,
They mowe not been eschewed on no
syde.'

155. Than seyde he thus, 'almighty Jove
in trone,
That wost of al this thing the soothfast-
nesse, 1080
Rewe on my sorwe, or do me deye sone,
Or bring Criseyde and me fro this dis-
tresse,'
And whyl he was in al this hevinesse,

Disputinge with him-self in this matere,
Com Pandare in, and seyde as ye may
here. 1085

156. 'O mighty god,' quod Pandarus, 'in
trone,
Ey ! who seigh ever a wys man faren so ?
Why, Troylus, what thenkestow to done ?
Hastow swich lust to been thyng owene fo ?
What, parde, yet is not Criseyde a-go ! 1090
Why lust thee so thyself for-doon for
drede,

That in thyng heed thyng eyen semen dede ?

157. Hastow not lived many a yeer bi-
born
With-outen hir, and ferd ful wel at ese ?
Artow for hir and for non other born ?
Hath kind thee wroughte al-only hir to
plese ? 1096
Lat be, and thenk right thus in thydise :
That, in the dees right as ther fallen
chaunces,
Right so in love, ther come and goon
plesaunces.

158. And yet this is a wonder most of alle,
Why thou thus sorwest, sin thou nost
not yit, 1101
Touching hir goinge, how that it shal
falle,
Ne if she can hir-self distorben it.
Thou hast not yet assayed al hir wit.
A man may al by tyme his nekke bede 1105
Whan it shal of, and sorwen at the nede.

159. For-thy take hede of that that I shal
seye ;
I have with hir y-spoke and longe y-be,
So as accorded was bitwixe us tweye.
And ever-mo me thinketh thus, that she
Hath som-what in hir hertes prevetee,
Wher-with she can, if I shal right arede,
Distorbe al this, of which thou art in
drede. 1113

160. For which my counsel is, whan it is
night,
Thou to hir go, and make of this an
ende ;
And blisful Juno, though hir grete
mighty, 1116

Shal, as I hope, hir grace un-to us sende.
Myn herte seyth, "certeyn, she shal not
wende;"

And for-thy put thy herte a whyle in
reste; 1119

And hold this purpos, for it is the beste."

161. This Troilus answerde, and sighte
sore,

"Thou seyst right wel, and I wil do right
so;"

And what him liste, he seyde un-to it
more.

And whan that it was tyme for to go,
Ful prevely him-self, with-outen mo, 1125
Un-to hir com, as he was wont to done;
And how they wroughte, I shal yow telle
sone.

162. Soth is, that whan they gonne first
to mete, 1128

So gan the peyne hir hertes for to twiste,
That neither of hem other mighte grete,
But hem in armes toke and after kiste.

The lasse wofulle of hem bothe niste
Wher that he was, ne mighte o word
out-bringe,

As I seyde erst, for wo and for sobbinge.

163. Tho woful teres that they leten
falle 1135

As bittre weren, out of teres kinde,
For peyne, as is ligne-aloes or galle.

So bittre teres weep nought, as I finde,
The woful Myrra through the bark and
rinde.

That in this world ther nis so hard an
herte, 1140

That nolde han rewed on hir peynes
smerte.

164. But whan hir woful very gostes
tweyne

Retorno been ther-as hem oughte dwelle,
And that som-what to wayken gan the
peyne

By lengthe of pleynte, and ebben gan the
welle 1145

Of hire teres, and the herte unsuelle,
With broken voys, al hoors for-shright,

Criseyde
To Troilus thise ilke wordes seyde:

165. 'O Jove, I deye, and mercy I be-
seeche !

Help, Troilus!' and ther-with-al hir face
Upon his brest she leyde, and loste
speche; 1151

Hir woful spirit from his propre place,
Right with the word, alwey up poynt to
pace.

And thus she lyth with hewes pale and
grene,

That whylom fresh and fairest was to
sene. 1155

166. This Troilus, that on hir gan biholde,
Clepinge hir name, (and she lay as for
deed,

With-oute answeare, and felte hir limes
colde,

Hir eyen throwen upward to hir heed),
This sorwful man can now noon other
reed, 1160

But ofte tyme hir colde mouth he kiste;
Wher him was wo, god and him-self it
wiste !

167. He rist him up, and long streight he
hir leyde;

For signe of lyf, for ought he can or
may,

Can he noon finde in no-thing on Cri-
seyde, 1165

For which his song ful ofte is 'weylaway'!
But whan he saugh that specheles she
lay,

With sorwful voys, and herte of blisse al
bare,

He seyde how she was fro this world
y-fare!

168. So after that he longe hadde hir
compleyned, 1170

His hondes wronge, and seyd that was to
seye,

And with his teres salte hir brest bi-
reyned,

He gan tho teres wypen of ful dreye,
And pitously gan for the soule preyse,

And seyde, 'O lord, that set art in thy
trone, 1175

Rewe eek on me, for I shal folwe hir
sone !'

169. She cold was and with-outen sentement,
For aught he woot, for breeth ne felte he noon ;
And this was him a preignant argument
That she was forth out of this world
agoon ; 1180
And when he seigh ther was non other woon,
He gan hir limes dresse in swich manere
As men don hem that shul be leyd on bere.

170. And after this, with sterne and cruel herte,
His swerd a-noon out of his shethe he twighte, 1185
Him-self to sleep, how sore that him smerte,
So that his sowle hir sowle folwen mighte,
Ther-as the doom of Mynos wolde it dighte;
Sin love and cruel Fortune it ne wolde,
That in this world he lenger liven sholde.

171. Thanne seyde he thus, fulfild of heigh desdayn, 1191
'O cruel Jove, and thou, Fortune adverse,
This al and som, that falsly have ye slain
Criseyde, and sin ye may do me no worse,
Fy on your might and werkes so diverse ! 1195
Thus cowardly ye shul me never winne ;
Ther shal no deeth me fro my lady twinne.

172. For I this world, sin ye han slain hir thus,
Wol lete, and folowe hir spirit lowe or hye;
Shal never lover seyn that Troilus 1200
Dar not, for fere, with his lady dye ;
For certeyn, I wol bere hir companye.
But sin ye wol not suffre us liven here,
Yet suffreth that our soules ben y-fere.

173. And thou, citee, whiche that I leve in wo, 1205
And thou, Pryam, and bretheren al y-fere,
And thou, my moder, farewell ! for I go ;
And Attropus, make redy thou my bere !
And thou, Criseyde, o swete herte dere,
Receyve now my spirit !' wolde he seye,
With swerd at herte, al redy for to deye.

174. But as god wolde, of swough ther-with she abreyde, 1212
And gan to syke, and 'Troilus' she cryde ;
And he answerde, 'lady myn Criseyde,
Live ye yet ?' and leet his swerd doun gleyde. 1215

'Ye, herte myn, that thanked be Cupyde !
Quod she, and ther-with-al she sore sighte ;
And he bigan to glade hir as he mighthe ;

175. Took hir in armes two, and kiste hir ofte,
And hir to glade he dide al his entente ;
For which hir goost, that fliked ay on-lofte, 1221
In-to hir woful herte ayein it wente.

But at the laste, as that hir eyen glente A-syde, anoon she gan his swerd aspye, As it lay bare, and gan for fere crye, 1225

176. And asked him, why he it hadde out-drawe ?

And Troilus anoon the cause hir tolde,
And how himself ther-with he wolde have slave.

For which Criseyde up-on him gan bi-holde,
And gan him in hir armes faste folde, 1230
And seyde, 'O mercy, god, lo, which a dede !
Allas ! how neigh we were bothe dede !

177. Thanne if I ne hadde spoken, as grace was,
Ye wolde han slain your-self anoon ?'
quod she.

'Ye, douteless ;' and she answerde, 'allas ! For, by that ilke lord that made me, 1236
I nolde a forlong wey on-lyve han be,
After your deeth, to han be crowned quene Of al the lond the sonne on shyneth shene.

178. But with this selve swerd, which that here is, 1240
My-selue I wolde have slain !'—quod she tho ;

'But ho, for we han right y-now of this,
And late us ryse and streight to bedde go,
And therë lat vs speken of our wo.
For, by the morter which that I see brenne, 1245
Knowe I ful wel that day is not fer henne.'

179. Whan they were in hir bedde, in
armes folde,
Nought was it lyk tho nightes here-biforn ;
For pitously ech other gan biholde, 1249
As they that hadden al hir blisse y-lorn,
Biwaylinge ay the day that they were born.
Til at the last this sorwful wight Criseyde,
To Troilus these ilke wordes seyde :—

180. ‘Lo, herte myn, wel wot ye this,’
quod she, 1254
‘That if a wight alwey his wo compleyné,
And seketh nought how holpen for to be,
It nis but folye and encrees of peyne ;
And sin that here assembled be we tweyne
To finde bote of wo that we ben inne,
It were al tyme sone to biginne. 1260

181. I am a womman, as ful wel ye woot,
And as I am avysed sodeynly,
So wol I telle yow, whyl it is hoot.
Me thinketh thus, that neither ye nor I
Oughte half this wo to make skilfully. 1265
For there is art y-now for to redresse
That yet is mis, and sleen this hevinesse.

182. Sooth is, the wo, the whiche that we
ben inne,
For ought I woot, for no-thing elles is
But for the cause that we sholden twinne.
Considered al, ther nis no-more amis. 1271
But what is thanne a remede un-to this,
But that we shape us sone for to mete ?
This al and som, my dere herte swete.

183. Now that I shal wel bringen it
aboute 1275
To come ayein, sone after that I go,
Ther-of am I no maner thing in doute.
For dredelles, with-inne a wouke or two,
I shal ben here; and, that it may be so
By alle right, and in a wordes fewe, 1280
I shal yow wel an heep of weyes shewe.

184. For which I wol not make long
sermoun,
For tyme y-lost may not recovered be ;
But I wol gon to my conclusioun, 1284
And to the beste, in ought that I can see.
And, for the love of god, for-yeve it me
If I speke ought ayein your hertes reste ;
For trewely, I speke it for the beste ;

185. Makinge alwey a protestacioun,
That now these wordes, whiche that I shal
seye, 1290
Nis but to shewe yow my mocion,
To finde un-to our helpe the beste weye ;
And taketh it non other wyse, I preye.
For in effect what-so ye me comaunde,
That wol I doon, for that is no demaunde.

186. Now herkeneth this, ye han wel
understonde, 1296
My going graunted is by parlement
So ferforth, that it may not be with-stonde
For al this world, as by my judgement.
And sin ther helpeth noon avysement 1300
To letten it, lat it passo out of minde ;
And lat us shape a bettre wey to finde.

187. The sothe is, that the twinninge of
us tweyne
Wol us disease and cruelliche anoye.
But him bihoveth som-tyme han a peyne,
That serveth love, if that he wol have
joye. 1306
And sin I shal no ferthere out of Troye
Than I may ryde ayein on half a morwe.
It oughe lasse causen us to sorwe :

188. So as I shal not so ben hid in mywe,
That day by day, myn owene herte dere,
Sin wel ye woot that it is now a truwe,
Ye shul ful wel al myn estat y-here. 1313
And er that truwe is doon, I shal ben here,
And thanne have ye bothe Antenor y-
wonne

And me also ; beth glad now, if ye conie;

189. And thenk right thus, “ Criseyde is
now agoon, 1317
But what ! she shal come hastily ayeyn ;”
And whanne, allas ? by god, lo, right
anoon,
Er dayes ten, this dar I saufly seyn. 1320
And thanne at erste shul we been so fayn,
So as we shulle to-gederes ever dwelle,
That al this world ne mighte our blisse
telle.

190. I see that ofte, ther-as we ben now,
That for the beste, our conseil for to hyde,
Ye speke not with me, nor I with yow 1326
In fourtenight ; ne see yow go no ryde.

May ye not ten dayes thanne abyde,
For myn honour, in swich an aventure?
Y-wis, ye mowen elles lyte endure! 1330

191. Ye knowe eek how that al my kin is
here,
But-if that onliche it my fader be;
And eek myn othere thinges alle y-fere,
And nameliche, my dere herte, ye,
Whom that I nolde leven for to see 1335
For al this world, as wyd as it hath space;
Or elles, see ich never Joves face!

192. Why trowe ye my fader in this wyse
Coveiteth so to see me, but for drede 1339
Lest in this toun that folkes me dispysse
By-cause of him, for his unhappy dede?
What woot my fader what lyf that I lede?
For if he wiste in Troye how wel I fare,
Us neded for my wending nougnt to care.

193. Ye seen that every day eek, more
and more, 1345
Men trete of pees; and it supposed is,
That men the quene Eleyne shal restore,
And Grekes us restore that is mis.
So though ther nere comfort noon but
this, 1349
That men purposen pees on every syde,
Ye may the bettre at ese of herte abyde.

194. For if that it be pees, myn herte
dere,
The nature of the pees mot nedes dryve
That men moste entrecounnen y-fere,
And to and fro eek ryde and gon as blyve
Alday as thikke as been flen from an
hyve; 1356
And every wight han libertee to bleve
W her-as him list the bet, with-outen leve.

195. And though so be that pees ther may
be noon,
Yet hider, though ther never pees ne
were, 1360
I moste come; for whider sholde I goon,
Or how mischaunce sholde I dwelle there
Among tho men of armes ever in fere?
For which, as wisly god my soule rede,
I can not seen wher-of ye sholden dred.

196. Have here another wey, if it so be
That al this thing ne may yow not suffysse.

My fader, as ye knownen wel, pardree,
Is old, and elde is ful of coveityse.

And I right now have founden al the
gyse, 1370
With-oute net, wher-with I shal him
hente;
And herkeneth how, if that ye wole
assente.

197. Lo, Troilus, men seyn that hard it is
The wolf ful, and the wether hool to have;
This is to seyn, that men ful ofte, y-wis,
Mot spenden part, the remenaunt for to
save. 1376
For ay with gold men may the herte
grave
Of him that set is up-on coveityse;
And how I mene, I shal it yow devyse.

198. The moeble which that I have in
this toun 1380
Un-to my fader shal I take, and seye,
That right for trust and for savacion
It sent is from a freend of his or tweye,
The whiche freendes ferventliche him
preye
To senden after more, and that in hye,
Whyl that this toun stant thus in ju-
party. 1386

199. And that shal been an huge
quantitee,
Thus shal I seyn, but, lest it folk aspyde,
This may be sent by no wight but by me;
I shal eek shewen him, if pees bityde, 1390
What frendes that ich have on every syde
Toward the court, to doon the wrathe
pace
Of Priamus, and doon him stonde in
grace.

200. So, what for o thing and for other,
swete,
I shal him so enchaunten with my sawes,
That right in hevene his sowle is, shal he
mete! 1396
For al Appollo, or his clerkes lawes,
Or calculinge avayleth nougnt three
hawes;
Desyr of gold shal so his sowle blonde,
That, as me lyst, I shal wel make an
ende. 1400

201. And if he wolde ought by his sort it
preve
If that I lye, in certayn I shal fonde
Distorben him, and plukke him by the
sleve,
Makinge his sort, and beren him on
honde,
He hath not wel the goddes understande,
For goddes speken in amphibologyes, 1406
And, for a sooth, they tellen twenty lyes.
202. Eek drede fond first goddes, I sup-
pose,
Thus shal I seyn, and that his coward
herte
Made him amis the goddes text to glose,
Whan he for ferde out of his Delphos
sterete. 1411
And but I make him sone to converte,
And doon my reed with-inne a day or
tweye,
I wol to yow oblige me to deye.'
203. And treweliche, as writen wel I finde,
That al this thing was seyd of good en-
tente; 1416
And that hir herte trewe was and kinde
Towardeis him, and spak right as she
mente,
And that she starf for wo neigh, whan
she wente,
And was in purpos ever to be trewe; 1420
Thus writen they that of hir werkes
knewe.
204. This Troilus, with herte and eres
spradde,
Herde al this thing devysen to and fro;
And verraylich him semed that he hadde
The selve wit; but yet to lete hir go 1425
His herte misforayf him ever-mo.
But fynally, he gan his herte wreste
To trusten hir, and took it for the beste.
205. For which the grete furie of his
penaunce
Was queynt with hope, and ther-with
hem bitwene 1430
Bigan for joye the amorous daunce,
And as the briddes, whan the sonne is
shene,
Delyten in hir song in leves grene,

- Right so the wordes that they spake
y-fere
Delyted hem, and made hir hertes clere.
206. But natholes, the wending of Cri-
seyde, 1436
For al this world, may nought out of his
minde;
For which ful ofte he pitously hir preyde,
That of hir heste he might hir trewe
finde.
And seyde hir, 'certes, if ye be unkinde,
And but ye come at day set in-to Troye,
Ne shal I never have hele, honour, ne
joye. 1439
207. For al-so sooth as sonne up-rist on
morwe,
And, god! so wisly thou me, woful
wrecche, 1444
To reste bringe out of this cruel sorwe,
I wol my-selven slee if that ye drecche.
But of my deeth though litel be to recche,
Yet, er that ye me cause so to smerte,
Dwel rather here, myn owene swete herte!
208. For trewely, myn owene lady dere,
Tho sleightes yet that I have herd yow
stere 1451
Ful shaply been to failen alle y-fere.
For thus men seyn, "that oon thenketh
the bere,
But al another thenketh his ledere."
Your sire is wys, and seyd is, out of drede,
"Men may the wyse at-renne, and not at-
rede." 1456
209. It is ful hard to halten unespied
Bifore a crepul, for he can the craft;
Your fader is in sleighte as Argus yed;
For al be that his moeble is him birast,
His olde sleighte is yet so with him laft,
Ye shal not blonde him for your woman-
hede, 1462
Ne feyne a-right, and that is al my drede.
210. I noot if pees shal ever-mo bityde;
But, pees or no, for ernest ne for game,
I woot, sin Calkas on the Grekes syde
Hath ones been, and lost so foule his
name, 1467

He dar no more come here ayein for
shame;
For which that weye, for ought I can
espye,
To trusten on, nis but a fantasye. 1470

211. Ye shal eek seen, your fader shal
yow glose
To been a wyf, and as he can wel preche,
He shal som Greek so preyse and wel
alone,
That ravishen he shal yow with his
speche, 1474
Or do yow doon by force as he shal teche.
And Troilus, of whom ye nil han routh,
Shal causeles so sterven in his trouthe!

212. And over al this, your fader shal
despyse
Us alle, and seyn this citee nis but lorn;
And that th'assege never shal aryse, 1480
For why the Grekes han it alle sworn
Til we be slayn, and doun our walles torn.
And thus he shal you with his wordes
fere,
That ay drede I, that ye wol bleve there.

213. Ye shul eek seen so many a lusty
knight 1485
A mong the Grekes, ful of worthiness,
And ech of hem with herte, wit, and
micht
To plesen yow don al his besinesse,
That ye shul dullen of the rudenesse
Of us sely Trojanes, but if routh, 1490
Remorde yow, or vertue of your trouthe.

214. And this to me so grevous is to
thinke,
That fro my brest it wol my soule rende;
Ne drededes, in me ther may not sinke
A good opinoun, if that ye wende; 1495
For why your faderes sleighe wol us
shende.

And if ye goon, as I have told yow yore,
So think I nam but deed, with-oute more.

215. For which, with humble, trewe, and
pitous herte, 1499
A thousand tymes mercy I yow preyse;
So reweth on myn aspre peynes smerte,

And doth somewhat, as that I shal yow
seye,
And lat us stele away bitwixe us tweye;
And thenk that folye is, whan man may
chese, 1504
For accident his substaunce ay to lese.

216. I mene this, that sin we mowe er
day
Wel stele away, and been to-gider so,
What wit were it to putten in assay,
In cas ye sholden to your fader go,
If that ye myghte come ayein or no? 1510
Thus mene I, that it were a gret folye
To putte that sikernessee in jupartye.

217. And vulgarly to speken of substaunce
Of tresour, may we bothe with us lede
Y-nough to live in honour and plesaunce,
Til in-to tyme that we shul ben dede;
And thus we may eschewen al this
drede.
For everich other wey ye can recorde,
Myn herte, y-wis, may not ther-with
acorde. 1519

218. And hardily, ne dredeth no poverte,
For I have kin and frendes elles-where
That, though we comen in our bare sherte,
Us sholde neither lakke gold ne gero,
But been honoured whyl we dwelten
there. 1524

And go we anoon, for, as in myn entente,
This is the beste, if that ye wole assente.

219. Criseyde, with a syk, right in this
wyse 1527
Answerde, 'y-wis, my ders herte trewe,
We may wel stele away, as ye devyse,
And finde swiche unthrifte weyes newe;
But afterward, ful sore it wol us rewe.
And help me god so at my moste nede
As causeles ye suffren al this drede!

220. For thilke day that I for cherisshinge
Or drede of fader, or of other wight, 1535
Or for estat, delyt, or for weddinge
Be fals to yow, my Troilus, my knight,
Saternes daughter, Juno, thorough hir
micht,

As wood as Athamante do me dwelle
Eternaly in Stix, the put of helle! 1540

221. And this on every god celestial
I swere it yow, and eck on ech goddesse,
On every Nymphe and deite infernal,
On Satiry and Fauny more and lesse,
That halve goddes been of wildernesse ;
And Attropos my threed of lyf to-breste
If I be fals ; now trowe me if thou leste !

222. And thou, Simoys, that as an arwe
clere 1548
Thorough Troye rennest ay downward to
the see,
Ber witnessse of this word that seyd is
here, 1550
That thilke day that ich untrewbe
To Troilus, myn owene herte free,
That thou retorne bakwarde to thy welle,
And I with body and soule sinke in helle !

223. But that ye speke, awey thus for
to go 1555
And leten alle your freendes, god for-
bede,
For any womman, that ye sholden so,
And namely, sin Troye hath now swich
nede
Of help ; and eek of o thing taketh hede,
If this were wist, my lif laye in balaunce,
And your honour ; god shilde us fro mis-
chaunce ! 1561

224. And if so be that pees her-after take,
As alday happeth, after anger, game,
Why, lord ! the sorwe and wo ye wolden
make, 1564
That ye ne dorste come ayein for shame !
And er that ye juparten so your name,
Beth nought to hasty in this hote fare ;
For hasty man ne wanteth never care.

225. What trowe ye the peple eck al
aboute 1569
Wolde of it seye ? It is ful light to arede.
They wolden seye, and swere it, out of
doute,
That love ne droof yow nought to doon
this dede,
But lust voluptuous and coward drede.
Thus were al lost, y-wis, myn herte dere,
Your honour, which that now shyneth so
clere. 1575

226. And also thenketh on myn honestee,
That floureth yet, how foule I sholde it
shende,
And with what filthe it spotted sholde be,
If in this forme I sholde with yow wende.
Ne though I livede un-to the worldes
ende, 1580
My name sholde I never ayeinward
winne ;
Thus were I lost, and that were routha
and sinne.

227. And for-thy slee with reson al this
hete ;
Men seyn, "the suffraunt overcometh,"
pardee ;
Eek "who-so wol han leef, he leef mot
lete ;" 1585
Thus maketh vertue of necessitee
By pacience, and think that lord is he
Of fortune ay, that nought wol of hir
recche ;
And she ne daunteth no wight but a
wrecche.

228. And trusteth this, that certes, herte
swete, 1590
Er Phebus suster, Lucina the shene,
The Leoun passe out of this Ariete,
I wol ben here, with-outen any wene.
I mene, as helpe me Juno, hevenes queene,
The tenthe day, but-if that deeth me
assayle, 1595
I wol yow seen, with-outen any fayle.'

229. 'And now, so this be sooth,' quod
Troilus,
'I shal wel suffre un-to the tenthe day,
Sin that I see that nede it moot be thus.
But, for the love of god, if it be may, 1600
So lat us stele prively away ;
For ever in oon, as for to live in reste,
Myn herte seyth that it wol been the
beste.'

230. 'O mercy, god, what lyf is this?'
quod she ; 1604
'Allas, ye slee me thus for verray tene !
I see wel now that ye mistrusten me ;
For by your wordes it is wel y-sene,
Now, for the love of Cynthia the shene,

Mistrust me not thus causeles, for routhe;
Sin to be trewe I have yow plight my
trouthe. 1610

231. And thenketh wel, that som tyme it
is wit

To spende a tyme, a tyme for to winne;
Ne, pardee, lorn am I nougat fro yow yit,
Though that we been a day or two
a-twinne.

Dryf out the fantasyes yow with-inne; 1615
And trusteth me, and leveth eek your
sorwe,

Or here my trouthe, I wol not live til
morwe.

232. For if ye wiste how sore it doth me
smerte,

Ye wolde cesse of this; for god, thou
wost,

The pure spirit wepeþ in myn herte, 1620
To see yow wepen that I love most,

And that I moot gon to the Grekes ost.
Ye, nere it that I wiste remedye

To come ayein, right here I wolde dye!

233. But certes, I am not so nyce a wight
That I ne can imagin a way 1626

To come ayein that day that I have hight.
For who may holde thing that wol a-way?

My fader nougat, for al his queynte pley.
And by my thrift, my wending out of

Troye 1630
Another day shal torné us alle to joye.

234. For thy, with al myn herte I yow
beske,

If that yow list don ought for my preyere,
And for the love which that I love yow
eke,

That er that I departe fro yow here, 1635
That of so good a comfort and a chere

I may you seen, that ye may bringe at
reste

Myn herte, which that is at point to
breste.

235. And over al this, I pray yow,' quod
she tho, 1639

'Myn owene hertes soothfast suffisaunce,
Sin I am thyn al hool, with-outen mo,
That whyl that I am absent, no plesaunce

Of oþere do me fro your remembraunce.
For I am ever a-gast, for-why men rede,
That "love is thing ay ful of bisy drede."

236. For in this world ther liveth lady
noon, 1640

If that ye were untrewe, as god defende!
That so bitrayed were or wo bigoon
As I, that alle trouthe in yow entende.
And douteles, if that ich other wende,
I nere but deed; and er ye cause finde,
For goddes love, so beth me not un-
kinde.'

237. To this answerde Troylus and seyde,
'Now god, to whom ther nis no cause
y-wrye, 1654

Me glade, as wis I never un-to Criseyde,
Sin thilke day I saw hir first with yü,
Was fals, ne never shal til that I dye.
At shorte wordes, wel ye may me leve;
I can no more, it shal be founde at preve.'

238. 'Graunt mercy, goode myn, y-wis,'
quod she, 1660

'And blisful Venus lat me never sterue
Er I may stonde of plesaunce in degrees
To quyte him wel, that so wel can deserve;
And whyl that god my wit wol me con-
serve,

I shal so doon, so trewe I have yow
founde, 1665

That ay honour to me-ward shal rebounde.

239. For trusteth wel, that your estat
royal

Ne veyn delty, nor only worthiness
Of yow in werre, or torney marcial, 1669
Ne pompe, array, nobley, or eek richesse,
Ne made me to rewe on your distresse;
But moral vertue, grounded upon trouthe,
That was the cause I first hadde on yow
routhe!

240. Eek gentil herte and manhood that ye
hadde,

And that ye hadde, as me thoughte, in
despyt 1675

Every thing that sounded in-to badde,
As rudenesse and poeplish appety;
And that your reson brydled your delty,

This made, aboven every creature,
That I was your, and shal, whyl I may
dure. 1680

241. And this may lengthe of yeres not
for-do,

Ne remuuable fortune deface ;
But Juppiter, that of his might may do
The sorwful to be glad, so yeve us grace,
Er nightes ten, to meten in this place,
So that it may your herte and myn suf-
fyse ; 1686
And fareth now wel, for tyme is that ye
ryse.'

242. And after that they longe y-pleyned
hadde,
And ofte y-kist and streite in armes folde,
The day gan ryse, and Troilus him
cladde, 1690

And rewfulliche his lady gan biholde,
As he that felte dethes cares colde.
And to hir grace he gan him recomaunde ;
Wher him was wo, this holde I no de-
maunde. 1694

243. For mannes heed imaginен ne can,
Ne entendement considere, ne tonge
telle

The cruel peynes of this sorwful man,
That passen every torment down in
helle. 1698
For whan he saugh that she ne myghte
dwelle,
Which that his soule out of his herte
rente,
With-outen more, out of the chaumbre
he wente. 1701

Explicit Liber Quartus.

BOOK V.

Incipit Liber Quintus.

1. Aprochen gan the fatal destinee
That Joves hath in disposicioun,
And to yow, angry Parcas, sustren three,
Committeth, to don execucioune ;
For which Criseyde moste out of the
toun, 5
And Troilus shal dwelle forth in pyne
Til Lachesis his threed no lenger twyne.—

2. The golden-tressed Phebus heighc on-
lofte

Thryēs hadde alle with his bemes shiene
The snowes molte, and Zephyrus as ofte to
Y-brought ayein the tendre leves grene,
Sin that the sone of Ecuba the quene
Bigan to love hir first, for whom his sorwe
Was al, that she departe sholde a-morwe.

3. Ful redy was at pryme Dyomedē, 15
Criseyde un-to the Grekes ost to lede,
For sorwe of which she felte hir herte
blede,

As she that niste what was best to rede.
And trewely, as men in bokes rede,

Men wiste never womman han the care, 20
Ne was so looth out of a toun to fare.

4. This Troilus, with-outen reed or lore,
As man that hath his joyes eek forlore,
Was waytinge on his lady ever-more
As she that was the soothfast crop and
more 25
Of al his lust, or joyes here-tofore.
But Troilus, now farewel al thy joye,
For shaltes never seen hir eft in
Troye !

5. Soth is, that whyl he bood in this
manere,
He gan his wo ful manly for to hyde, 30
That wel unnethe it seen was in his
chere ;
But at the yate ther she sholde oute
ryde

With certeyn folk, he hoved hir tabyde,
So wo bigoon, al wolde he nought him
pleyne,
That on his hors unnethe he sat for
peyne. 35

6. For ire he quook, so gan his herte
gnawe,
Whan Diomede on horse gan him dresse,
And seyde un-to him-self this ilke sawe,
'Allas,' quod he, 'thus foul a wretched-
nesse'

Why suffre ich it, why nil ich it re-
dresse? 40

Were it not bet at ones for to dye
Than ever-more in langour thus to drye?

7. Why nil I make at ones riche and
pore
To have y-nough to done, er that she go?
Why nil I bringe al Troye upon a rore? 45
Why nil I sleen this Diomede also?
Why nil I rather with a man or two
Stele hir a-way? Why wol I this endure?
Why nil I helpen to myn owene cure?'

8. But why he nolde doon so fel a dede,
That shal I seyn, and why him liste it
spare: 51

He hadde in herte alwey a maner drede,
Lest that Criseyde, in rumour of this fare,
Sholde han ben slayn; lo, this was al his
care.

And elles, certeyn, as I seyde yore, 55
He hadde it doon, with-outen wordes
more.

9. Criseyde, whan she redy was to ryde,
Ful sorwfully she sighte, and seyde
'allas!'

But forth she moot, for ought that may
bityde,

And forth she rit ful sorwfully a pas. 60
Ther nis non other remedie in this eas.
What wonder is though that hir sore
smerte,
Whan she forgoth hir owene swete herte?

10. This Troilus, in wyse of curteisye,
With hauke on hond, and with an huge
route 65

Of knightes, rood and dide hir compayne,
Passinge al the valey fer with-oute.

And ferther wolde han ride, out of
doute,
Ful fayn, and wo was him to goon so
sone;
But torné he moste, and it was eek to
done. 70

11. And right with that was Antenor
y-come

Out of the Grekes ost, and every wight
Was of it glad, and seyde he was wel-
come.

And Troilus, al nere his herte light,
He peyned him with al his fulle might 75
Him to with-holde of wepinge at the
reste,
And Antenor he kiste, and made feste.

12. And ther-with-al he moste his leve
take,

And caste his eye upon hir pitously,
And neer he rood, his cause for to make,
To take hir by the honde al sobrelly. 81
And lord! so she gan wepen tendrelly!
And he ful softe and sleighly gan hir
seye,

'Now hold your day, and dooth me not to
deye.'

13. With that his courser tornd he
a-boute 85

With face pale, and un-to Diomede
No word he spak, ne noon of al his route;
Of which the sone of Tydeus took hede,
As he that coude more than the crede
In swich a craft, and by the reyne hir
hente; 90
And Troilus to Troye homwarde he wente.

14. This Diomede, that ladde hir by the
brydel,
Whan that he saw the folk of Troye
aweye,

Thoughte, 'al my labour shal not been
on ydel,
If that I may, for somwhat shal I seye. 95
For at the worste it may yet shorte our
weye.

I have herd seyd, eek tymes twy's twelve,
'He is a fool that wol for-yete him-
selve.'

15. But natheles this thoughte he wel
ynough,

'That certaynly I am abouthe nought 100
If that I speke of love, or make it tough;
For douteles, if she have in hir thought
Him that I gesse, he may not been
y-brought

So sone awey; but I shal finde a mene,
That she not wite as yet shal what I
mene.' 105

16. This Diomede, as he that coude his
good,

Whan this was doon, gan fallen forth in
speche

Of this and that, and asked why she
stood

In swich disese, and gan hir eek biseche,
That if that he encresse mighthe or echē 110
With any thing hir ese, that she sholde
Comaundē it him, and seyde he doon it
wolde.

17. For trewely he swoor hir, as a knight,
That ther nas thing with whiche he
mighthe hir plesc,

That he nolde doon his peyne and al his
micht 115

To doon it, for to doon hir herte an ese.

And preyede hir, she wolde hir sorwe
apese,

And seyde, 'y-wis, we Grekes con have
joye

To honouren yow, as wel as folk of Troye.'

18. He seyde eek thus, 'I woot, yow
thinketh straunge,' 120

No wonder is, for it is to yow newe,
Th'aqueintance of these Trojanes to
chaunge,

For folk of Grece, that ye never knewe.
But wolde never god but-if as trewe
A Greek ye shulde among us alle finde 125
As any Trojan is, and eek as kinde.

19. And by the cause I swoor yow right,
lo, now,

To been your freend, and helply, to my
micht,

And for that more acquaintance eek of
yow

Have ich had than another straunger
wight,' 130

So fro this forth I pray yow, day and
night,

Comaundeth me, howsoere that me smerte,
To doon al that may lyke un-to your
herte;

20. And that ye me wolde as your brother
trete,

And taketh not my frenship in despyt;
And though your sorwes be for things
grete, 136

Noot I not why, but out of more respyt,
Myn herte hath for to amende it greet
delyt.

And if I may your harmes not redresse,
I am right sory for your hevinessē. 140

21. And though ye Trojans with us
Grekes wrothe

Han many a day be, alwey yet, pardee,
O god of love in sooth we seruen bothe.
And, for the love of god, my lady free,
Whom so ye hate, as beth not wroth with
me. 145

For trewely, ther can no wight yow
serve,

That half so looth your wrath the wolde
deserve.

22. And nere it that we been so neigh the
tentē

Of Calkas, which that seen us bothe
may,

I wolde of this yow telle al myn entente;
But this enseled til another day. 151

Yeve me your hond, I am, and shal ben
ay,

God help me so, whyl that my lyf may
dure,

Your owene aboven every creature.

23. Thus seyde I never er now to womman
born; 155

For god myn herte as wisly gladeso,
I lovede never womman hero-biforn

As paramours, ne never shal no mo.
And, for the love of god, beth not my fo;

Al can I not to yow, my lady dere, 160
Compleyne aright, for I am yet to lere.

24. And wondreth not, myn owene lady
bright,

Though that I speke of love to you thus
blyve;

For I have herd or this of many a wight,
Hath loved thing he never saugh his
lyve. 165

Eek I am not of power for to stryve

Ayens the god of love, but him obeye
I wol alwey, and mercy I yow preye.

25. Ther been so worthy knighites in this place,
And ye so fair, that everich of hem alle
Wol peynen him to stonden in your grace.
But mighte me so fair a grace falle,
That ye me for your servaunt wolde calle,
So lowly ne so trewely you serve
Nil noon of hem, as I shal, til I sterfe.' 175

26. Criseide un-to that purpos lyte an-swerde,
As she that was with sorwe oppressed so
That, in effect, she nought his tales herde,
But here and there, now here a word or
two.
Hir thoughte hir sorwful herte brast
a-two. 180
For whan she gan hir fader fer aspye,
Wel neigh doun of hir hors she gan to
seye.

27. But natheles she thonked Diomede
Of al his travaile, and his goodo chere,
And that him liste his friendship hir to
bede; 185
And she accepteth it in good manere,
And wolde do fayn that is him leef and
dere;
And trusthen him shd wolde, and wel she
inighte,
As seyde she, and from hir hors she
alighte.

28. Hir fader hath hir in his armes nome,
And tweynytyme he kiste his daughter
swete, 191
And seyde, 'O dere daughter myn, wel-
come!'
She seyde eek, she was fayn with him to
mete,
And stood forth mewet, mildë, and man-
suetee.
But here I leve hir with hir fader dwelle,
And forth I wol of Troilus yow telle. 196

29. To Troye is come this woful Troilus.
In sorwe aboven alle sorwes smerte,
With felon look, and face dispitous.

Tho sodeinly doun from his hors he
sterste, 200
And thorough his paleys, with a swollen
herte,
To chambre he wente; of no-thing took
he hede,
Ne noon to him dar speke a word for
dredre.

30. And there his sorwes that he spared
hadde
He yaf an issue large, and 'deeth!' he
cryde; 205
And in his throwes frenetyk and madde
He cursed Jove, Appollo, and eek Cupyde,
He cursed Ceres, Bacus, and Cipryde,
His burthe, him-self, his fate, and eek
nature,
And, save his lady, every creature. 210

31. To bedde he goth, and weyleth there
and torneth
In furie, as dooth he, Ixion, in helle;
And in this wyse he neigh til day se-
jorneth.
But the bigan his herte a lyte unswelle
Thorough teres which that gommen up to
welle; 215
And pitously he cryde up-on Criseyde,
And to him-self right thus he spak, and
seyde:—

32. 'Wher is myn owene lady lief and
dere,
Wher is hir whyte brest, wher is it,
where?
Wher been hir armes and hir eyen clere,
That yesternight this tyme with me
were?' 220
Now may I wepe allone many a tere,
And grapse abouthe I may, but in this
place,
Save a pilowe, I finde nought t'enbrace.

33. How shal I do? Whan shal she com
ayeyn? 225
I noot, allas! why leet ich hir to go?
As wolde god, ich hadde as tho be sleyn!
O herte myn, Criseyde, O swete fo!
O lady myn, that I love and no mo! 229
To whom for ever-mo myn herte I dowe;
See how I deye, ye nil me not rescowe!

34. Who seeth yow now, my righte lodesterre?

Who sit right now or stant in your presence?

Who can conforten now your hertes werre?

Now I am gon, whom yeve ye audience?

Who speketh for me right now in myn absence?

Allas, no wight; and that is al my care;

For wel wot I, as yvel as I ye fare.

35. How shulde I thus ten dayes ful endure,

Whan I the firste night have al this tene?

How shal she doon eek, sorwful creature?

For tendernes, how shal she this sus-

tene,

Swich wo for me? O pitous, pale, and grene

Shal been your fresshe wommanliche face

For langour, er ye torne un-to this place.

245

36. And whan he fil in any slomeringes, Anoon biginne he sholde for to grone, And dremen of the dredfulleste thinges That mighte been; as, mete he were alone

In place horrible, makinge ay his mone, Or meten that he was amonges alle His enemys, and in hir hondes falle.

37. And ther-with-al his body sholde sterte,

And with the stert al sodeinliche awake, And swich a tremour fele aboue his herte,

That of the feir his body sholde quake; And there-with-al he sholde a noyse make,

And seme as though he sholde falle depe From heighe a-lofte; and than he wolde wepe,

38. And rewen on him-self so pitously, That wonder was to here his fantasye.

Another tyme he sholde mightyly Conforte him-self, and seyn it was folye, So causeles swich drede for to drye,

And eft biginne his aspre sorwes newe, That every man mighte on his sorwes rewre.

266

39. Who conde telle aright or ful discryve

His wo, his pleynete, his langour, and his pyne?

Nought al the men that han or been on lyve.

Thou, redere, mayst thy-self ful wel devyne

270

That swich a wo my wit can not defyne. On ydel for to wryte it sholde I swinke,

Whan that my wit is veryt to thinke.

40. On hevene yet the sterres were sene, Al-though ful pale y-waxen was the mone;

275

And whyten gan the orisonte shene Al estward, as it woned is to done.

And Phebus with his rosy carte sone Gan after that to dresse him up to fare,

Whan Troilus hath sent after Pandare.

41. This Pandare, that of al the day biforn

281

Ne mighte have comen Troilus to see, Al-though he on his heed it hadde y-sworn, For with the king Pryam alday was he, So that it lay not in his libertee No-ther to gon, but on the morwe he wente

285

To Troilus, whan that he for him sente.

42. For in his herte he conde wel devyne, That Troilus al night for sorwe wook; And that he wolde telle him of his pyne, This knew he wel y-nough, with-oute book.

291

For which to chaumbre streight the wey he took,

And Troilus tho sobreliche he grette, And on the bed ful sone he gan him sette.

43. 'My Pandarus,' quod Troilus, 'the sorwe

295

Which that I drye, I may not longe endure.

I trowe I shal not liven til to-morwe; For whiche I wolde alwey, on aventure, To thee devysen of my sepulture

The forme, and of my moeble thou dispone 300

Right as thee semeth best is for to done.

44. But of the syr and flambe funeral
In whiche my body brennes hal to glede,
And of the feste and pleyes palestral 304
At my vigile, I pray thee take good hede
That al be wel; and offre Mars my stede,
My swerd, myn helm, and, leve brother
dere,
My shield to Pallas yef, that shyneth
clere.

45. The poudre in which myn herte
brend shal torne,
That preye I thee thou take and it con-
serve 310

In a vessel, that men elepeth an urne,
Of gold, and to my lady that I serve,
For love of whom thus pitously I sterue,
So yeve it hir, and do me this plesaunce,
To preye hir kepe it for a remembraunce.

46. For wel I fele, by my maladye, 316
And by my dremes now and yore ago,
Al certeinly, that I mot nedes dye.
The owle eek, which that hight Ascaphilo,
Hath after me shright alle thise nightes
two. 320

And, god Mercurie! of me now, woful
wrecche,
The soule gyde, and, whan thee list, it
feeche!

47. Pandareanswerde, and seyde, 'Troilus,
My dere freend, as I have told thee yore,
That it is folye for to sorwen thus, 325
And causeles, for whiche I can no-more.
But who-so wol not trowen reed ne lore,
I can not seen in him no remedye,
But lete him worthen with his fantasye.

48. But Troilus, I pray thee tel me now,
If that thou trowe, er this, that any
wight 331

Hath loved paramours as wel as thou?
Ye, god wot, and fro many a worthy
knight
Hath his lady goon a fourtenight,
And he not yet made halvendel the
fare. 335

What nede is thee to maken al this care?

49. Sin day by day thou mayst thy-selven
see

That from his love, or elles from his wyf,
A man mot twinnen of necessitee,
Ye, though he love hir as his owene lyf; 340
Yet nil he with him-self thus maken
stryf.

For wel thou wost, my leve brother dere,
That alwey freendes may nougnt been
y-fere.

50. How doon this folk that seen hir loves
wedded

By freendes might, as it bi-tit ful ofte, 345
And seen hem in hir spouses bed y-bedded?
God woot, they take it wysly, faire and
softe.

For why good hope halt up hir herte on-
lofte,

And for they can a tyme of sorwe endure;
As tyme hem hurt, a tyme doth hem
cure. 350

51. So sholdestow endure, and late slyde
The tyme, and fonde to ben glad and
light.

Ten dayes nis so long not t'abyde.
And sin she thee to comen hath bilihgt,
She nil hir hestes breken for no wight. 355
For dred thee not that she nil finden weye
To come ayein, my lyf that dorste I leye.

52. Thy swevenes eek and al swich fan-
tasye

Dryf out, and lat hem faren to mis-
chaunce;
For they procede of thy malencolye, 360
That doth thee fele in sleep al this pen-
aunce.

A straw for alle swevenes signiaunce!
God helpe me so, I counte hem not a
bene,
Ther woot no man aright what dremes
mene.

53. For prestes of the temple tellen this,
That dremes been the revelacions 366
Of goddes, and as wel they telle, y-wis,
That they ben infernals illusiousns;
And leches seyn, that of complexions
Proceden they, or fast, or glotonye. 370
Who woot in sooth thus what they
signifie?

54. Eek othere seyn that thorugh im-
pressiounes,
As if a wight hath faste a thing in minde,
That ther-of cometh swiche avisiousounes;
And othere seyn, as they in bokes finde,
That, after tymes of the year by kinde,
Men dreme, an' that th'effect goth by the
mone; 377
But leve no dreem, for it is nougnt to
done.

55. Wel worth of dremes ay thise olde
wyves,
And treweliche eek augurie of thise
foules; 380
For fere of which men wenēn lese her
lyves.
As ravenes qualm, or shryking of thise
oules.
To trowen on it bothe fals and foul is.
Allas, allas, so noble a creature
As is a man, shal drede swich ordure! 385

56. For which with al myn herte I thee
besche,
Un-to thy-self that al this thou forgyve;
And rys up now with-oute more speche,
And lat us caste how forth may best be
drive

This tyme, and eek how freshly we may
live 390
Whan that she cometh, the which shal
be right sone;

God help me so, the beste is thus to done.

57. Rys, lat us speke of lusty lyf in Troye
That we han lad, and forth the tyme
dryve;

And eek of tyme cominge us rejoyce, 395
That bringen shal our blisse nowso blyve;
And langour of these twyēs dayes fyve
We shal ther-with so foryete or oppresse,
That wel unnethe it doon shal us duresse.

58. This toun is ful of lordes al aboute,
And trewes lasten al this mene whyle.
Go we pleye us in som lusty route 402
To Sarpedon, not hennes but a myle.
And thus thou shalt the tyme wel bigyle,
And dryve it forth un-to that blisful
morwe, 405
That thou hir see, that cause is of thy
sorwe.

59. Now rys, my dere brother Troilus;
For certes, it noon honour is to thee
To wepe, and in thy bed to jouken thus.
For trewely, of o thing trust to me, 410
If thou thus ligge a day, or two, or three,
The folk wol wene that thou, for
cowardyse,
Thee feynest syk, and that thou darst
not ryse.'

60. This Troilus answerde, 'O brother
dere,
This knownen folk that han y-suffred
peyne, 415
That though he wepe and make sorwful
chere,
That feleth harm and smert in every
veyne,
No wonder is; and though I ever pleyne,
Or alwey wepe, I am no-thing to blame,
Sin I have lost the cause of al my game.

61. But sin of fyne force I moot aryse,
I shal aryse, as sone as ever I may; 422
And god, to whom myn herte I sacrificysē,
So sende us hastely the tenth day!
For was ther never fowl so fayn of May,
As I shal been, whan that she cometh in
Troye, 426
That cause is of my torment and my joye.

62. But whider is thy reed,' quod Troilus,
'That we may pleye us best in al this
toun?'

'By god, my conseil is,' quod Pandarus,
'To ryde and pleye us with king Sarpe-
doun.' 431
So longe of this they spoken up and doun,
Til Troilus gan at the laste assente
To ryse, and forth to Sarpedoun they
wente.

63. This Sarpedoun, as he that honourable
Was ever his lyve, and ful of heigh
prowesse, 436
With al that mighte y-served been on
table,
That deyntee was, al coste it greet
richesse,
He fedde hem day by day, that swich
noblesse,

As seyden bothe the moste and eek the
leste, 440
Was never er that day wist at any feste.

64. Nor in this world ther is non instru-
ment

Delicious, through wind, or touche, or
corde,

As fer as any wight hath ever y-went,
That tonge telle or herte may recordre, 445
That at that feste it nas wel herd acorde;
Ne of ladies eek so fayr a companye
On daunce, er tho, was never y-seyn with
yē.

65. But what avayleth this to Troilus,
That for his sorwe no-thing of it roughte?
For ever in oon his herte piëtous 451
Ful bisly Criseyde his lady soughte.
On hir was ever al that his herte thoughte.
Now this, now that, so faste imagininge,
That glade, y-wis, can him no festeyinge.

66. These ladies eek that at this feste
been, 456
Sin that he saw his lady was a-weye,
It was his sorwe upon hem for to seen,
Or for to here on instrumentz so pleye.
For she, that of his herte berth the keye,
Was absent, lo, this was his fantasye, 461
That no wight sholde make melodye.

67. Nor ther nas houre in al the day or
night,
Whan he was ther-as no wight mighte
him here,
That he ne seyde, 'O lufsom lady bright,
How have ye faren, sin that ye were
here?' 466

Wel-come, y-wis, myn owene lady dere.
But welaway, al this nas but a mase;
Fortune his howve intended bet to glase.

68. The lettres eek, that she of olde tyme
Hadde him y-sent, he wolde allone rede,
An hundred sythe, a-twixen noon and
pryme; 472
Refiguringe hir shap, hir womanhede,

With-inne his herte, and every word and
dede;

That passed was, and thus he droof to an
ende 475

The ferthe day, and seyde, he wolde
wende.

69. And seyde, 'leve brother Pandarus,
Intendestow that we shul herë bleve
Til Sarpedoun wol forth congeyen us?
Yet were it fairer that we toke our leve.
For goddes love, lat us now sone at eve
Our leve take, and homward lat us torne;
For trewely, I nil not thus sojorne.' 483

70. Pandare answerde, 'be we comen
hider

To fecchen fyr, and rennen hoom ayeyn?
God helpe me so, I can not tellen whider
We mighten goon, if I shal soothly seyn,
Ther any wight is of us more fayn
Than Sarpedoun; and if we hennes hye
Thus sodeinly, I holde it vilanye, 490

71. Sin that we seyden that we wolda
bleve
With him a wouke; and now, thus
sodeinly,

The ferthe day to take of him our leve,
He wolde wondren on it, trewely! 494
Lat us holde forth our purpos fermely;
And sin that ye bilighten him to byde,
Hold forward now, and after lat us ryde.'

72. Thus Pandarus, with alle peyne and
wo,

Made him to dwelle; and at the woukes
ende,
Of Sarpedoun they toke hir leve tho, 500
And on hir wey they spedden hem to
wende.

Quod Troilus, 'now god me grace sende,
That I may finden, at myn hom-cominge,
Criseyde comen!' and ther-with gan he
singē.

73. 'Ye, hasel-wode!' thoughte this Pan-
dare, 505

And to him-self ful softly he seyde,
'God woot, refreyden may this hote fare
Er Calkas sende Troilus Criseyde!'
But natheles, he japed thus, and seyde,
And swor, y-wis, his herte him wel
bilighte, 510
She wolde come as sone as ever she
michte.

74. Whan they un-to the paleys were
y-comen

Of Troilus, they doun of hors alighte,

And to the chambre hir wey than han
they nomen.

And in-to tyme that it gan to nighte, 515
They speaken of Criseyde the brighte.

And after this, whan that hem bothe
leste,

They spedde hem fro the soper un-to
reste.

75. On morwe, as sone as day bigan to
clere,

This Troilus gan of his sleep t'abreyde, 520
And to Pandare, his owene brother dere,

'For love of god,' ful pitously he seyde,
'As go we seen the paleys of Criseyde;

For sin we yet may have namore feste,
So lat us seen hir paleys at the leste.' 525

76. And ther-with-al, his meynee for to
blende,

A cause he fond in toun for to go,
And to Criseydes hous they gommen wende.

But lord! this sely Troilus was wo!
Him thoughte his sorweful herte braste

a-two. 530
For whan he saugh hir dores sperred alle,
Wel neigh for sorwe a-doun he gan to
falle.

77. Therwith whan he was war and gan
biholde

How shet was every windowe of the place,
As frost, him thoughte, his herte gan to
colde; 535
For which with chaunged deedlich pale
face,

With-outen word, he forth bigan to pace;
And, as god wolde, he gan so faste ryde,
That no wight of his contenaunce aspyde.

78. Than seyde he thus, 'O paleys desolat,
O hous, of houses whylom best y-hight,
O paleys empty and disconsolat, 542
O thou lanterne, of which queynt is the
light,

O paleys, whylom day, that nowart night,
Wel oughtestow to falle, and I to dye, 545
Sin she is went that wont was us to gye!

79. O paleys, whylom croune of houses alle,
Enlumined with sonne of alle blisse!

O ring, fro which the ruby is out-falle,
O cause of wo, that cause hast been of
lisso! 550

Yet, sin I may no bet, sayn wolde I kisso
Thy colde dores, dorste I for this route;
And fare-wel shryne, of which the seynt
is oute!

80. Ther-with he caste on Pandarus his yé
With chaunged face, and pitous to biholde;
And whan he mighte his tyme aright
aspyle, 556

Ay as he rood, to Pandarus he tolde
His newe sorwe, and eek his joyes olde,
So pitously and with so dede an hewe,
That every wight mighte on his sorwe rewe.

81. Fro thennesforth he rydeth up and
doun, 561

And every thing com him to remem-
braunce

As he rood forth by places of the toun
In whiche he whylom hadde al his ples-
aunce. 564

'Lo, yond saugh I myn owene lady daunce;
And in that temple, with hir eyen clere,
Me caughte first my righte lady dere.

82. And yonder have I herd ful lustily
My dere herte laughe, and yonder pleyo
Saugh I hir ones eek ful blisfully. 570

And yonder ones to me gan she seye,
"Now goode swete, love me wel, I preye."
And yond so goodly gan she me biholde,
That to the deeth myn herte is to hir holde.

83. And at that corner, in the yonder hous,
Herde I myn alderlevest lady dere 576

So wommanly, with voys melodious,
Singen so wel, so goodly, and so clere,
That in my soule yet me thinketh I here
The blisful soun; and, in that yonder
place, 580
My lady first me took un-to hir grace.'

84. Thanne thoughte he thus, 'O blisful
lord Cupyde,

Whanne I the proces have in my memorie,
How thou me hast werreyed on every syde,
Men mighte a book make of it, lyk a storie,
What nede is thee to seke on me victorie,

Sin I am thyn, and hooly at thy wille?
What joye hastow thyn owene folk to
spille? 588

85. Wel hastow, lord, y-wroke on me thyn
ire,
Thou mighty god, and dredful for to greve!
Now mercy, lord, thou wost wel I desire
Thy grace most, of alle lustes leve. 592
And live and deye I wol in thy biley;
For which I n'axe in guerdon but a bone,
That thou Criseyde ayein me sende sone.

86. Distreyne hir herte as faste to retoerne
As thou dost myn to longen hir to see;
Than woot I wel, that she nil not sojorne.
Now, blisful lord, so cruel thou ne be
Un-to the blood of Troye, I preye thee, 600
As Juno was un-to the blood Thebane,
For which the folk of Thebes caughte hir
bane.'

87. And after this he to the yates wente
Ther-as Criseyde out-rood a ful good paas,
And up and doun ther made he many
a wente, 605
And to him-self ful ofte he seyde 'allas!
From hennes rood my blisse and my solas!
As wolde blisful god now, for his joye,
I myghte hir seen ayein come in-to Troye.

88. And to the yonder hille I gan hir gyde,
Allas! and there I took of hir my leve!
And yond I saugh hir to hir fader ryde,
For sorwe of which myn herte shal to
cleeve. 613

And hider hoom I com whan it was eve;
And here I dwelle out-cast from alle joye,
And shal, til I may seen hir eft in Troye.'

89. And of him-self imagined he ofte
To ben defet, and pale, and waxen lesse
Than he was wont, and that men seyde
softe,
'What may it be? who can the sothe
gesse 620
Why Troilus hath al this heviness?'
And al this nas but his malencolyo,
That he hadde of him-self swich fantasye.

90. Another tyme imaginен he wolde
That every wight that wente by the weye

Had of him routhe, and that they seyen
sholde, 626

'I am right sory Troilus wol deye.'
And thus he droofa day yet forth or tweye.
As ye have herd, swich lyf right gan helede,
As he that stood bitwixen hope and drede.

91. For which him lyked in his songes
shewe 631

Th'encheson of his wo, as he best myghte,
And make a song of wordes but a fewe,
Somwhat his woful herte for to lighte.
And whan he was from every mannes

sighte, 635

With softe voys he, of his lady dere,
That was absent, gan singe as ye may here.

92. 'O sterre, of which I lost have al the
light,'

With herte soor wel oughte I to bewayle,
That ever derk in torment, night by night,
Toward my deeth with wind in stere I
sayle; 641

For which the tenth night if that I fayle
The gyding of thy bemes brighte an houre,
My ship and me Caribdis wol devoure.'

93. This song when he thus songen hadde,
sone 645

He fil ayein in-to his sykes olde;
And every night, as was his wone to done,
He stood the brighte mone to beholde,
And al his sorwe he to the mone tolde;
And seyde, 'y-wis, whan thou art horned
newe, 650

I shal be glad, if al the world be trewe!

94. I saugh thyn hornes olde eek by the
morwe,

Whan hennes rood my righte lady dere,
That cause is of my torment and mysorwe;
Forwhiche, O brighte Lucina the clere, 655
For love of god, ren faste aboute thy spere!
For whan thyn hornes newe ginne springe,
Than shal she come, that may my blisse
bringe!'

95. The day is more, and lenger every
night,

Than they be wont to be, him thoughte
tho; 660

And that the sonne wente his course
unright

By lenger wey than it was wont to go;
And seyde, 'y-wis, me dredeth ever-mo,
The sonnes sone, Pheton, be on-lyve,
And that his fadres cartamis he dryve.' 665

96. Upon the walles faste eek wolde he
walke,

And on the Grekes ost he wolde see,
And to him-self right thus he wolde talke,
'Lo, yonder is myn owene lady free,
Or elles yonder, ther tho tentes be!' 670
And thennes comth this eyr, that is so
sote,

That in my soule I fele it doth me bote.

97. And hardely this wind, that more and
more

Thus stoundemele encreseth in my face,
Is of my ladyes depe sykes sore. 675
I preve it thus, for in non othere place
Of al this toun, save onliche in this space,
Fele I no wind that souneth so lyk peyne;
It seyth, "allas! why twinned be we
tweyne?"'

98. This longe tyme he dryveth forth right
thus, 680

Til fully passed was the nynthe night;
And ay bi-syde him was this Pandarus,
That bisily dide alle his fulle might
Him to conforte, and make his hertelight;
Yevinge him hopealwey, the ten themorwe
That she shal come, and stinten al his
sorwe. 686

99. Up-on that other syde eek was Cri-
seyde,

With wommen fewe, among the Grekes
stronge;
For which ful ofte a day 'allas!' she seyde,
'That I was born! Wel may myn herte
longe 690

After my deeth; for now live I to longe!
Allas! and I ne may it not amende;
For now is wors than ever yet I wende.

100. My fader nil for no-thing do me grace
To goon ayein, for nought I can him
queme; 695

And if so be that I my terme passe,

My Troilus shal in his herte deme 697
That I am fals, and so it may wel seme.
Thus shal I have unthank on every syde;
That I was born, so weylawey the tyle!

101. And if that I me putte in jupartye,
To stele away by nighte, and it bifalle
That I be caught, I shal be holde a spye;
Or elles, lo, this drede I most of alle,
If in the hondes of som wrecche I falle,
I am but lost, al be myn herte trewe; 706
Now mighty god, thou on my sorwe rew'e!

102. Ful pale y-waxen was hir brighte face,
Hir limes lene, as she that al the day
Stood whan she dorste, and loked on the
place 710

Ther she was born, and ther she dwelt
hadde ay.

And al the night wepinge, allas! she lay.
And thus despaired, out of alle cure,
She ladde hir lyf, this woful creature.

103. Ful ofte a day she sighte eek for
destresse, 715

And in hir-self she wente ay portrayinge
Of Troilus the grete worthiness,
And alle his goodly wordes recordinge.
Sin first that day hir love began to springe.
And thus she sette hir woful herte a-fyre
Thorgh remembraunce of that she gan
desyre. 721

104. In al this world ther nis so cruel
herte

That hir hadde herd compleynen in hir
sorwe,
That nolde han wopen for hir peynes
smerte,
Sotendrely she weep, bothe eve and morwe.
Hir nedede no teres for to borwe. 726
And this was yet the worste of al hir peyne,
Ther was no wight to whom she dorste hir
pleyne.

105. Ful rewfully she loked up-on Troye,
Biheld the toures heighe and eek the
halles; 730

'allas!' quod she, 'the plesaunce and the
joye
The whiche that now al torned in-to
galle is,

Have I had ofte with-inne yonder walles!
O Troilus, what dostow now,' she seyde;
'Lord! whether yet thou thenke up-on
Criseyde?' 735

106. Allas! Inel hadde trowed on your lore,
And went with yow, as ye me radde er this!
Thanne hadde I now not syked half so sore.
Who mighte have seyd, that I had doon
a-mis

To stelo away with swich on as he is? 740
But al to late cometh the letuarie,
Whan men the cors un-to the grave carie.

107. To late is now to speke of this matere;
Prudence, allas! oon of thyn eyen three
Me lakked alwey, er that I cam here; 745
On tym y-passed, wel remembred me;
And present tym eek coude I wel y-see.
But futur tym, er I was in the snare,
Coude I not seen; that causeth now my
care. 749

108. But natheles, bityde what bityde,
I shal to-morwe at night, by est or weste,
Out of this ost stelo on som maner syde,
And go with Troilus wher-as him leste.
This purpos wol I holde, and this is beste.
No fors of wikked tonges janglerye, 755
For ever on love han wrecches had envy'e.

109. For who-so wole of every word take
hede,
Or rewlen him by every wightes wit,
Ne shal he never thryven, out of drede.
For that that som men blamen ever yit,
Lo, other maner folk commenden it. 761
And as for me, for al swich variaunce,
Felicitie clepe I my suffisaunce.

110. For which, with-outen any wordes mo,
To Troye I wol, as for conclusiou'n.' 765
But god it wot, er fully monthes two,
She was ful fer fro that entenciou'n.
For bothe Troilus and Troye toom
Shal knotteles through-out hir herte
slyde;

For she wol take a purpos for tabyde. 770

111. This Diomed, of whom yow telle
I gan,
Goth now, with-inne him-self ay arguunge

With al the sleighe and al that ever he
can,

How he may best, with shortest taryinge,
In-to his net Criseydes herte bringe. 775
To this entente he coude never fyne;
To fisshen hir, he leyde out hook and lyne.

112. But natheles, wel in his herte he
thoughte,

That she nas nat with-oute a love in Troye.
For never, sithen he hir thennes broughte,
Ne coude he seen her laughe or make
joye. 781

He niste how best hir herte for t'acoye.
'But for t'assaye,' he seyde, 'it nought
ne greveth;
For he that nought n'assayeth, nought
n'acheveth.'

113. Yet seide he to him-self upon a night,
'Now am I not a fool, that woot wel how
Hir wo for love is of another wight,
And here-up-on to goon assayre hir now?
I may wel wite, it nil not been my prow. 790
For wyse folk in bookes it expresse,
"Men shal not wowe a wight in hevinesse."

114. But who-so mighte winnen swich
a flour
From him, for whom she morneth night
and day,
He mighte seyn, he were a conquerour.
And right anoon, as he that bold was ay,
Thoughte in his herte, 'happe, how happe
may, 796
Al sholde I deye, I wole hir herte seche;
I shal no more lesen but my speche.'

115. This Diomed, as bookes us declare,
Was in his nedes prest and corageous;
With sterne voys and mighty limes square,
Hardy, testif, strong, and chevalrous
Of dedes, lyk his fader Tidens.
And som men seyn, he was of tunge large;
And heir he was of Calidoine and Arge. 805

116. Criseyde mene was of hir stature,
Ther-to of shap, of face, and eek of chiere,
Ther mighte been no fairer creature.
And ofte tym this was hir manere,
To gon y-tressed with hir heres clere 810

Doun by hir coler at hir bak bihinde,
Which with a threde of gold she wolde
binde.

117. And, save hir browes joyneden y-fere,
Ther nas no lak, in ought I can espyen ;
But for to speken of hir eyen clere, 815
Lo, trewely, they writhen that hir syen,
That Paradys stood formed in hir yēn.
And with hir riche beautee ever-more
Strof love in hir, ay which of hem was
more.

118. She sobre was, eek simple, and wys
with-al, 820
The beste y-norissched eek that mighte be,
And goodly of hir speche in general,
Charitable, estatliche, lusty, and free ;
Ne never-mo ne lakkede hir pitee ;
Tendre-herted, slydinge of corage ; 825
But trewely, I can not telle hir age.

119. And Troilus wel waxen was in highte,
And complet formed by proporcions
So wel, that kinde it not amenden mighte ;
Yong, fresshe, strong, and hardy as lyoun ;
Trewe as steel in ech condicoun ; 831
On of the beste enteched creature,
That is, or shal, whyl that the world may
dure.

120. And certainly in storie it is y-founde,
That Troilus was never un-to no wight, 835
As in his tyme, in no degree secounde
In durring don that longeth to a knight.
Al mighte a geaunt passen him of might,
His herte ay with the firste and with the
beste 839
Stod paregal, to durre don that him leste.

121. But for to tellen forth of Diomede :—
It fil that after, on the tenthe day,
Sin that Criseyde out of the citee yede,
This Diomede, as fresshe as braunche in
May,
Com to the tente ther-as Calkas lay, 845
And feyned him with Calkas han to done ;
But what he mente, I shal yow telle sone.

122. Criseyde, at shorte wordes for to telle,
Welcomed him, and doun by hir him sette ;
And he was ethely-noughli to maken dwelle.

And after this, with-outen longe lette, 851
The spycs and the wyn men forth hem
fette ;
And forth they speke of this and that
y-fere,
As freendes doon, of which som shal ye
here.

123. He gan first fallen of the werre in
speche 855
Bitwixe hem and the folk of Troye toun ;
And of th'assege he gan hir eek byseche,
To telle him what was hir opinoun.
Fro that demaunde he so descendeth doun
To asken hir, if that hir straunge thoughte
The Grekes gyse, and werkes that they
wroughte ? 861

124. And why hir fader tarieth so longo
To wedden hir un-to som worthy wight ?
Criseyde, that was in hir peynes stronge
For love of Troilus, hir owene knight, 865
As fer-forth as she conning hadde or
micht,
Answerde him tho ; but, as of his entente,
It semed not sho wiste what he mente.

125. But natheles, this ilke Diomede
Gan in him-self assure, and thus he seyde,
' If ich aright have taken of yow hede, 871
Me thinketh thus, O lady myn, Criseyde,
That sin I first hond on your brydel
leyde,

Whan ye out come of Troye by the morwe,
Ne coude I never seen yow but in sorwe.

126. Can I not seyn what may the cause
be 876
But-if for love of som Troyan it were,
The which right sore wolde athinken me
That ye, for any wight that dwelleth
there,
Sholden spille a quarter of a tere, 880
Or pitously your-selven so bigyle ;
For dredlees, it is nought worth the
whyle.

127. The folk of Troye, as who seyth, alle
and some
In preson been, as ye your-selven see ;
For thennes shal not oon on-lyve come 885

For al the gold bitwixen sonne and see,
Trusteth wel, and understandeth me,
Ther shal not oon to mercy goon on-lyve,
Al were he lord of worldes twȳs fyve !

128. Swich wreche on hem, for feeching
of Eleyne, 890
Ther shal be take, er that we hennes
wende,
That Manes, which that goddes ben of
peyne,
Shal been agast that Grekes wol hem
shende.
And men shul drede, un-to the worldes
ende, 894
From hennes-forth to ravisshe any quene,
So cruel shal our wreche on hem be sene.

129. And but-if Calkas lede us with am-
bagess,
That is to seyn, with double wordes slye,
Swich as men clepe a "word with two
visages,"
Ye shul wel knownen that I nought no
lye, 900
And al this thing right seen it with your
ye,
And that anoon; ye nil not trowe how
sone;
Now taketh heed, for it is for to done.

130. What wene ye your wyse fader
wolde
Han yeven Antenor for yow anoon, 905
If he ne wiste that the citee sholde
Destroyed been? Why, nay, so mote
I goon!
He knew ful wel ther shal not scapen oon
That Troyan is; and for the grete fare,
He dorste not, ye dwelte lenger there. 910

131. What wole ye more, lufsom lady
dere?
Lat Troye and Troyan fro your herte
pace!
Dryf out that bittre hope, and make good
chere,
And clepe ayein the beantee of your face,
That ye with salte teres so deface. 915
For Troye is brought in swich a jupartye,
That, it to save, is now no remedye.

132. And thenketh wel, ye shal in Grekes
finde
A more parfit love, er it be night,
Than any Trojan is, and more kinde, 920
And bet to serven yow wol doon his
nicht.

And if ye vouche sauf, my lady bright,
I wol ben he to serven yow my-selve,
Ye, lever than be lord of Greces twelve !

133. And with that word he gan to waxen
reed, 925
And in his speche a litel wight he quook,
And caste a syde a litel wight his heed,
And stinte a whyle; and afterward awook,
And sobreliche on hir he thraw his look,
And seyde, 'I am, al be it yow no joye,
As gentil man as any wight in Troye. 931

134. For if my fader Tydeus,' he seyde,
'Y-lived hadde, I hadde been, er this,
Of Calidoine and Arge a king, Criseyde !
And so hope I that I shal yet, y-wis. 935
But he was slain, alas! the more harm
is,

Unhappily at Thebes al to rathe,
Polymites and many a man to scathe.

135. But herte myn, sin that I am your
man,
And been the ferste of whom I seche
grace, 940

To serven you as hertely as I can,
And ever shal, whyl I to live have space,
So, er that I departe out of this place,
Ye wol me graunte, that I may to-morwe,
At bettre leyser, telle yow my sorwe.' 945

136. What shold I telle his wordes that he
seyde?
He spak y-now, for o day at the meste;
It preveth wel, he spak so that Criseyde
Graunted, on the morwe, at his requeste,
For to speken with him at the leste, 950
So that he nolde speke of swich matere;
And thus to him she seyde, as ye may
here :

137. As she that hadde hir herte on
Troilus
So faste, that ther may it noon arace;
And straungely she spak, and seyde thus

'O Diomede, I love that ilke place 956
Ther I was born; and Joves, for his
grace,
Delivere it sone of al that doth it care!
God, for thy might, so leve it wel to fare!

138. That Grekes wolde hir wraththe on
Troye wreke, 960
If that they mighte, I knowe it wel,
y-wis.

But it shal not bifallen as ye speke;
And god to-forn, and ferther over this,
I wot my fader wys and redy is;
And that he me hath bought, as ye me
tolde, 965
So dere, I am the more un-to him holde.

139. That Grekes been of heigh con-
dicioun,
I woot eek wel; but certein, men shal
finde
As worthy folk with-inne Troye toun,
As conning, and as parfit and as kinde,
As been bitwixen Oreades and Inde. 971
And that ye coude wel your lady serve,
I trowe eek wel, hir thank for to deserve.

140. But as to speke of love, y-wis,' she
seyde,

'I hadde a lord, to whom I wedded was,
The whos myn herte al was, til that he
deyde; 976

And other love, as helpe me now Pallas,
Ther in myn herte nis, ne never was.
And that ye been of noble and heigh
kinrede,

I have wel herd it tellen, out of drede. 980

141. And that doth me to han so gret a
wonder,

That ye wol scornen any womman so.
Eek, god wot, love and I be fer a-sonder;
I am disposed bet, so mote I go,
Un-to my deeth, to pleyne and maken
wo. 985

What I shal after doon, I can not seye;
But trewely, as yet me list not pleye.

142. Myn herte is now in tribulacioun,
And ye in armes bisy, day by day.
Here-after, whan ye wonnen han the
toun, 990

Paraunter, thanne so it happen may,
That whan I see that I never er say,
Than wole I werke that I never wroughte!
This word to yow y-nough suffysen
oughte.

143. To-morwe eek wol I speke with yow
fayn, 995
So that ye touchen nought of this materie.
And whan yow list, ye may come here
ayeyn;

And, er ye gon, thus muche I seye yow
here:
As helpe me Pallas with hir heres clere,
If that I sholde of any Greek han routhe,
It sholde be your-selven, by my trouthe!

144. I sey not therfore that I wol yow
love, 1002
Ne I sey not nay, but in conclusioun,
I mene wel, by god that sit above:—
And ther-with-al she caste hir eyen
doun,
And gan to syke, and seyde, 'O Troye
toun, 1006
Yet bidde I god, in quiete and in reste
I may yow seen, or do myn herte breste.'

145. But in effect, and shortly for to seye,
This Diomede al freshly newe ayeyn 1010
Gan pressen on, and faste hir mercy
preye; 1011
And after this, the sothe for to seyn,
Hir glove he took, of which he was ful
fayn.

And fynally, whan it was waxen eve,
And al was wel, he roos and took his
leve. 1015

146. The brighte Venus folwede and ay
taughte
The wey, ther brode Phebus doun alighte;
And Cynthea hir char-hors over-raughte
To whirle out of the Lyon, if she mighte;
And Signifer his candelesshewed brighte,
Whan that Criseyde un-to hir bedde
wente 1021
In-with hir fadres faire brighte tente.

147. Retorning in hir soule ay up and
doun
The wordes of this sodein Diomede,

His greet estat, and peril of the toun, 1025
And that she was allone and hadde nede
Of frendes help; and thus bigan to
brede

The cause why, the sothe for to telle,
That she tok fully purpos for to dwelle.

148. The morwe com, and goostly for to
speke, 1030

This Diomede is come un-to Criseyde,
And shortly, lest that ye my tale breke,
So wel he for him-selve spak and seyde,
That alle hir sykes sore adoun he leyde.
And fynally, the sothe for to seyne, 1035
He refte hir of the grete of al hir peyne.

149. And after this the story telleth us,
That she him yaf the faire baye stede,
The which he ones wan of Troilus;
And eek a broche (and that was litel
nede) 1040

That Troilus was, she yaf this Diomede.
And eek, the bet from sorwe him to
releve,

She made him were a peneel of hir sleeve.

150. I finde eek in the stories elles-where,
Whan through the body hurt was Dio-
mede 1045

Of Troilus, tho weep she many a tere,
Whan that she saugh his wyde woundes
blede;

And that she took to kepen him good
hede,

And for to hele him of his sorwes smerte.
Men seyn, I not, that she yaf him hir
herte. 1050

151. But trewely, the story telleth us,
Ther made never womman more wo
Than she, whan that she falsed Troilus.
She seyde, 'allas! for now is clene a-go
My name of trouthe in love, for ever-mo!
For I have falsed oon, the gentileste
That ever was, and oon the worthieste!

152. Allas, of me, un-to the worldes ende,
Shal neither been y-written nor y-songe
No good word, for thise bokes wol me
shende, 1060
O, rolled shal I been on many a tonge!

Through-out the world my belle shal be
ronge;

And wommen most wol hate me of alle.
Allas, that swich a cas me sholde falle!

153. They wol seyn, in as muche as in
me is, 1065

I have hem doon dishonour, weylawey!
Al be I not the firste that dide amis.
What helpeth that to do my blame awhey?
But sin I see there is no bettre way,
And that to late is now for me to rewe.
To Diomede algate I wol be trewe. 1071

154. But Troilus, sin I no better may,
And sin that thus departen ye and I,
Yet preye I god, so yeve yow right good
day

As for the gentileste, trewely, 1075
That ever I say, to serven feithfully,
And best can ay his lady honour kepe:
And with that word she brast anon to
wepe.

155. 'And certes, yow ne haten shal I
never,

And frendes love, that shal ye han of
me, 1080

And my good word, al mighty I liven ever.
And, trewely, I wolde sory be
For to seen yow in adversitee.
And giltelees, I woot wel, I yow leve;
But al shal passe; and thus take I my
leve.' 1085

156. But trewely, how longe it was bi-
twene,

That she for-sook him for this Diomede,
Ther is non auctor telleth it, I wene.
Take every man now to his bokes hede;
He shal no terme finden, out of drede.
For though that he bigan to wowe hir
sone, 1091
Er he hir wan, yet was ther more to done.

157. Ne me ne list this sely womman
chydye

Ferther than the story wol devyse.
Hir name, allas! is published so wyde,
That for hir gilt it oughte y-now suffysa.
And if I mighte excuse hir any wyse,

For she so sory was for hir untrouth,
Y-wis, I wolde excuse hir yet for routh.

158. This Troilus, as I biforn have told,
Thus dryveth forth, as wel as he hath
micht. 1101

But often was his herte hoot and cold,
And namely, that ilke nynthe night,
Which on the morwe she hadde him
byhight

To come ayein : god wot, ful litel reste
Hadde he that night ; no-thing to slepe
him leste. 1106

159. The laurer-crowned Phebus, with his
hete,

Gan, in his course ay upward as he wente,
To warmen of þt' est see the wawes wete ;
And Nisus daughter song with fresh en-
tentte, 1110

Whan Troilus his Pandare after sente ;
And on the walles of the toun they
pleyde,

To loke if they can seen ought of Criseyde.

160. Til it was noon, they stoden for to
see

Who that ther come ; and every maner
wight, 1115

That cam fro fer, they seyden it was she,
Til that they coude knownen him a-right,
Now was his herte dul, now was it light ;
And thus by-japed stonden for to stare
Aboute nought, this Troilus and Pandare.

161. To Pandarus this Troilus tho seyde,
'For ought I wot, bi-for noon, sikerly,
In-to this toun ne comth nought here
Criseyde.

She hath y-now to done, hardily, 1124
To winnen from hir fader, so trowe I ;
Hir olde fader wol yet make hir dyne
Er that she go ; god yeve his herte pyne !'

162. Pandare answerde, 'it may wel be,
certeyn ;

And for-thy lat us dyne, I thee biseche ;
And after noon than mayst thou come
ayeyn.'

And hoom they go, with-oute more
speche ; 1130

And comen ayein, but longe may they
seche

Er that they finde that they after cape ;
Fortune hem bothe thenketh for to jape.

163. Quod Troilus, 'I see wel now, that
she 1135

Is taried with hir olde fader so,
That er she come, it wol neigh even be.
Com forth, I wol un-to the yate go.
Thise portours been unkunninge ever-mo ;
And I wol doon hem holden up the yate
As nought ne were, al-though she come
late.' 1141

164. The day goth faste, and after that
comth eve,

And yet com nought to Troilus Criseyde.
He loketh forth by hegge, by tree, by
greve,

And fer his heed over the wal he leyde.
And at the laste he torned him, and
seyde, 1146

'By god, I woot hirmening now, Pandare !
Al-most, y-wis, al newe was my care.

165. Now douteles, this lady can hir
good ;

I woot, she meneth ryden prively. 1150
I comende hir wysdom, by myn hood !

She wol not maken peple nyccely
Gaure on hir, whan she comth ; but
softely

By nighte in-to the toun she thenketh
ryde.

And, dere brother, thenk not longe t'
abide. 1155

166. We han nought elles for to deon,
y-wis.

And Pandarus, now woltow trouwen me ?
Have here my trouthe, I see hir ! yond
she is.

Heve up thyн eyen, man ! maystow not
see ?'

Pandare answerde, 'nay, so mote I thee !
Al wrong, by god ; what seystow, man,
wher art ? 1161

That I see yond nis but a fare-cart.'

167. 'Allas, thou seist right sooth,' quod
Troilus ;
'But hardly, it is not al for nought 1164

That in myn herte I now rejoysse thus.
It is ayein som good I have a thought.
Noot I not how, but sin that I was
wrought,
Ne felte I swich a confort, dar I seye;
She comth to-night, my lyf, that dorste
I leye !'

168. Pandare answerde, 'it may be wel,
y-nough'; 1170
And held with him of al that ever he
seyde;
But in his herte he thoughte, and softe
lough,
And to him-self ful sobrely he seyde :
'From hasel-wode, ther Joly Robin pleyde,
Shal come al that that thou abydest
here; 1175
Ye, fare-wel al the snow of ferne yere !'

169. The wardein of the yates gan to calle
The folk which that with-oute the yates
were,
And bad hem dryven in hir bestes alle,
Or al the night they moste bleven there.
And fer with-in the night, with many
a tere, 1181
This Troilus gan hoomward for to ryde;
For wel he seeth it helpeth nougnt ta-
byde.

170 But natheles, he gladded him in this;
He thoughte he misaccounted hadde his
day, 1185
And seyde, 'I understande have al a-mis.
For thilke night I last Criseyde say,
She seyde, "I shal ben here, if that I
may,
Er that the mone, O dere herte swete!
The Lyon passe, out of this Ariete." 1190

171. For which she may yet holde al hir
bihest'e.
Anl on the morwe un-to the yate he
wente,
And up and down, by west and eek by
este,
Up-on the walles made he many a wente.
But al for nougnt; his hope alwey him
blente; 1195

For which at night, in sorwe and sykes
sore
He wente him hoom, with-outen any
more.

172. This hope al clene out of his herte
fledde,
He nath wher-on now lenger for to longe;
But for the peyne him thoughte his herte
bledde, 1200
So were his throwes sharpe and wonder
stronge.
For when he saugh that she abood so
longe,
He niste what he juggen of it mighte,
Sin she hath broken that she him bi-
highte.

173. The thridde, ferthe, fifte, sixte day
After tho dayes ten, of which I tolde,
Bitwixen hope and drede his herte lay,
Yet som-what trustinge on hir hestesolde.
But whan he saugh she nolde hir terme
holde,
He can now seen non other remedye, 1210
But for to shape him sone for to dye.

174. Ther-with the wikked spirit, god us
blesse,
Which that men clepeth wode jalouslye;
Gan in him crepe, in al this hevinesse;
For which, by-cause he wolde sone dye,
He ne eet ne dronk, for his malencolye,
And eek from every compayne he fledde;
This was the lyf that al the tyme he
ledde.

175. He so defet was, that no maner man
Unnethe mighte him knowe ther he
wente; 1220
So was he lene, and ther-to pale and wan,
And feble, that he walketh by potente;
And with his ire he thus him-selven
shente.

And who-so axed him wher-of him smerte,
He seyde, his harm was al aboute his
herto. 1225

176. Pryam ful ofte, and eek his moder
dere,
His bretheren and his sustren gonне him
freyne

Why he so sorwful was in al his chere,
And what thing was the cause of al his
peyne?

But al for nought; he nolde his cause
pleyne, 1230
But seyde, he felte a grevous maladye
A-boute his herte, and fayn he wolde dye.

177 So on a day he leyde him doun to
slepe,
And so bifel that in his sleep him
thoughte,
That in a forest faste he welk to wepe 1235
For love of hir that him these peynes
wroughte;
And up and doun as he the forest soughte,
He mette he saugh a boor with tuskes
grete,
That sleep ayein the bright sonnes hete.

178. And by this boor, faste in his armes
folde, 1240
Lay kissing ay his lady bright Criseyde:
For sorwe of which, whan he it gan
biholde,
And for despyt, out of his slepe he breyd,
And loude he cryde on Pandarus, and
seyde,
'O Pandarus, now knowe I crop and
rote!' 1245
I nam but deed, ther nis non other bote!

179. My lady bright Criseyde hath me
bitrayed,
In whom I trusted most of any wight,
She elles-where hath now hir herte
apayed;
The blisful goddes, through hir grete
micht, 1250

Han in my dreem y-shewed it ful right.
Thus in my dreem Criseyde I have
biholde'—

And al this thing to Pandarus he tolde.

180. 'O my Criseyde, alas! what subtil-
tee,
What newe lust, what beautee, what
science, 1255
What wratthe of juste cause have ye to
me?'

What gilt of me, what fel experience
Hath fro me raft, alas! thyn advertence?

O trust, O feyth, O depe asēraunce,
Who hath me reft Criseyde, al my ple-
saunce? 1260

181. Allas! why leet I you from hennes
go,
For which wel neigh out of my wit 1
breyde?
Who shal now trowe on any othes mo?
God wot I wende, O lady bright, Criseyde,
That every word was gospel that ye seyde!
But who may bet biglyen, if him liste, 1265
Than he on whom men weneth best to
triste?

182. What shal I doon, my Pandarus,
allas!
I sele now so sharpe a newe peyne,
Sin that ther is no remedie in this cas,
That bet were it I with myn hondes
tweyne 1271

My-selven slow, than alwey thus to pleyne,
For through my deeth my wo sholde han
an ende,

Ther every day with lyf my-self I shende.'

183. Pandare answerde and seyde, 'allas
the whyle 1275
That I was born; have I not seyd er this,
That dremes many a maner man bigyle?
And why? for folk expounden hem a-mis.
How darstow seyn that fals thy ludy is,
For any dreem, right for thyn owene
drede? 1280

Lat be this thought, thou canst no dremes
rede.

184. Paraunter, ther thou dremest of this
boor,

It may so be that it may signifie
Hir fader, which that old is and eek hoor,
Ayein the sonne lyth, on poynt to dye, 1285
And she for sorwe ginneth wepe and crye,
And kisseth him, ther he lyth on the
grounde;

Thus shuldestow thy dreem a-right ex-
pounde.'

185. 'How mighte I thanne do?' quod
Troilus,
'To knowe of this, ye, were it never so
lyte?' 1290

'Now seystow wysly,' quod this Pandarus,
 'My reed is this; sin thou canst wel
 endyte,
 That hastily a letter thou hir wryte,
 Thorugh which thou shalt wel bringen it
 aboue,
 To knowe a sooth of that thou art in
 doute.' 1295

186. And see now why; for this I dar wel
 seyn,
 That if so is that she untrewe be,
 I can not trowe that she wol wryte ayeyn.
 And if she wryte, thou shalt ful sone see,
 As whether she hath any libertee 1300
 To come ayein, or elles in som clause,
 If she be let, she wol assigne a cause.

187. Thou hast not writen hir sin that
 she wente,
 Nor she to thee, and this I dorste leye,
 Ther may swich cause been in hir en-
 tente, 1305
 That hardely thou wolt thy-selven seye,
 That lira-bood the beste is for yow tweye.
 Now wryte hir thanne, and thou shalt
 fele sone
 A sothe of al; ther is no more to done.'

188. Acorded been to this conclusioun, 1310
 And that anoon, these ilke lordes two;
 And hastily sit Troilus adoun,
 And rolleth in his herto to and fro,
 How he may best discryyen hir his wo.
 And to Criseyde, his owene lady dere, 1315
 He wroot right thus, and seyde as ye may
 here.

189. 'Right fresshe flour, whos I have
 been and shal,
 With-outen part of elles-where servyse,
 With herte, body, lyf, lust, thought, and
 al;
 I, woful wight, in every humble wyse 1320
 That tonge telle or herte may devyse,
 As ofte as matere occupyeth place,
 Me recomaunde un-to your noble grace.

190. Lyketh it yow to witen, swete herte,
 As ye wel knowe how longe tyme agoon
 That ye me lafte in aspre peynes smerte,

Whan that ye wente, of which yet bote
 noon' 1327
 Have I non had, but ever wers bigoon
 Fro day to day am I, and so mot dwelle,
 While it yow list, of wele and wo my
 welle!' 1330

191. For which to yow, with dredful
 herte trewe,
 I wryte, as he that sorwe dryfth to wryte,
 My wo, that every houre encreseth newe,
 Compleyninge as I dar or can endyte.
 And that defaced is, that may ye wytte 1335
 The teres, which that fro myn eyen reyne,
 That wolde speke, if that they conde, and
 pleyne.

192. Yow first biseche I, that your eyen
 clere
 To look on this defouled ye not holde;
 And over al this, that ye, my lady dere,
 Wol vouch-sauf this letter to bisholde. 1341
 And by the cause eek of my cares colde,
 That sleeth my wit, if ought amis nie
 asterte,
 For-yeve it me, myn owene swete herte.

193. If any servant dorste or oughte of
 right 1345
 Up-on his lady pitously compleyne,
 Than wene I, that ich oughte be that
 wight,
 Considered this, that ye these monthes
 tweyne
 Han taried, ther ye seyden, sooth to
 seyne,
 But dayes ten yenolde in ost sojourne, 1350
 But in two monthes yet ye not retourne.

194. But for-as-muche as me mot nedes
 lyke
 Al that yow list, I dar not pleyne more,
 But humblyle with sorwful sykes syke;
 Yow wryte ich myn unreste sorwes sore,
 Fro day to day desyring ever-more 1355
 To knownen fully, if your wil it were,
 How ye han ferd and doon, whyl ye be
 there.

195. The whos wel-fare and hele eek god
 encresse 1359
 In honour swich, that upward in degree

It growe alwey, so that it never cesse ;
 Right as your herte ay can, my lady free,
 Devysse, I prey to god so mote it be.
 And graunte it that ye sone up-on me
 rewē

As wisely as in al I am yow trewe. 1365

196. And if yow lyketh knownen of the fare
 Of me, whos wo ther may no wight dis-
 cryve,

I can no more but, cheste of every care,
 At wrytinge of this lettē I was on-lyve,
 Al redy out my woful gost to dryve; 1370
 Which I delaye, and holde him yet in
 honde,

Upon the sight of matere of your sonde.

197. Myn eyen two, in veyn with which
 I see,

Of sorweful teres salte arn waxen welles ;
 My song, in pleynte of myn adversitee ;
 My good in harm ; myn ese eek waxen
 helle is. 1376

My joye, in wo ; I can sey yow nouȝt
 elles,

But turned is, for which my lyf I warie,
 Everich joye or ese in his contrarie.

198. Which with your cominge hoom
 ayein to Troye 1380

Ye may redresse, and, more a thousand
 sythe
 Than ever ich hadde, encresen in me joye.
 For was ther never herte yet so blythe
 To han his lyf, as I shal been as swythe
 As I yow see ; and, though no maner
 routhe 1385

Commeve yow, yet thinketh on your
 trouthe.

199. And if so be my gilt hath deeth
 deserved,

Or if you list no more up-on me see,
 In guerdon yet of that I have you served,
 Bische I yow, myn hertes lady free, 1390
 That here-upon ye wolden wryte me,
 For love of god, my righte lode-sterre,
 Ther deeth may make an ende of al my
 werre.

200. If other cause aught doth yow for to
 dwelle, 1394
 That with your lettē ye me recomforte ;

For though to me your absence is an helle,
 With pacience I wol my wo comporte,
 And with your lettē of hope I wol
 desperte.

Now wryteth, swete, and lat me thus not
 pleyne ;

With hope, or deeth, delivereth me fro
 peyne. 1400

201. Y-wis, myn owene dere herte trewe,
 I woot that, whan ye next up-on me see,
 So lost have I myn helle and eek myn hewe,
 Criseyde shal nouȝt conne knowe me !
 Y-wis, myn hertes day, my lady free, 1405
 So thursteth ay myn herte to biholde
 Your beautee, that my lyf unnethē I holde.

202. I sey no more, al have I for to seye
 To you wel more than I telle may ; 1409
 But whether that ye do me live or deye,
 Yet pray I god, so yeve yow right good day.
 And fareth wel, goodly fayre fresshe may,
 As ye that lyf or deeth me may comaunde;
 And to your trouthe ay I me recomaunde

203. With helle swich that, but ye yeven
 me 1415

The same helle, I shal noon helle have.
 In you lyth, whan yow list that it so be,
 The day in which me clothen shal my
 grave.

In yow my lyf, in yow might for to save
 Me from diseise of alle peynes smerte ; 1420
 And fare now wel, myn owene swete herte !

Le vostre T.'

204. This lettē forth was sent un-to
 Criseyde,

Of which hir awnswere in effect was this ;
 Ful pitously she wroot ayein, and seyde,
 That al-so sone as that she might, y-wis,
 She wolde come, and mende al that was
 mis. 1426

And synally she wroot and seyde him
 thanne,

She wolde come, ye, but she niste whanne.

205. But in hir lettē made she swich
 festes,

That wonder was, and swereth she loveth
 him best, 1430
 Of which he fond but botmelees bilesates.

But Troilus, thou mayst now, est or west,
Pype in an ivy leef, if that thee lest ;
Thus gooth the world ; god shilde us fro
mischaunce,
And every wight that meneth trouthe
avaunce !

1435

206. Encresen gan the wo fro day to night
Of Troilus, for taryinge of Criseyde ;
And lessen gan his hope and eek his
might,
For which al doun he in his bed him
leyde ;
He ne eet, ne dronk, ne sleep, ne word he
seyde ;

1440

Imagininge ay that she was unkinde ;
For which wel neigh he wex out of his
minde.

207. This dreem, of which I told have eek
biforn,
May never come out of his remembraunce ;
He thoughte ay wel he hadde his lady
lorn,

1445

And that Joves, of his purveyaunce,
Him shewed hadde in sleep the signifi-
aunce
Of hir untrouth and his disaventure,
And that the boor was shewed him in
figure.

208. For which he for Sibille his suster
sente,

1450

That called was Cassandra eek al aboute ;
And al his dreem he tolde hir er he stente,
And hir bisoughte assoilen him the doute
Of the strongo boor, with tuskes stoutre ;
And synally, with-inne a litel stounde,
Cassandre him gan right thus his dreem
expounde.

1456

209. She gan first smyle, and seyde, ' O
brother dere,
If thou a sooth of this desyrest knowe,
Thou most a fewe of olde stories here,
To purpos, how that fortune over-throwe
Hath lordes olde ; through which, with-
inne a throwe,

1461

Thou wel this boor shalt knowe, and of
what kinde
He comen is, as men in bokes finde.

210. Diane, which that wrooth was and in
ire

For Grekes nolde doon hir sacrificyse,

1465

Ne encens up-on hir auter sette a-fyre,
She, for that Grekes gonue hir so dispyre.
Wrak hir in a wonder cruel wyse.

For with a boor as greet as oxe in stalle
She made up frete hir corn and vynes alle.

211. To slee this boor was al the contree
reyzed,

1471

A-monges which ther com, this boor to see,
A mayde, oon of this world the best
y-preyzed ;

And Meleagre, lord of that contree,
He lovede so this fresshe mayden free

1475

That with his manhood, er he wolde stente,
This boor he slow, and hir the heed he
sente ;

212. Of which, as olde bokes tellen us,
Ther roos a contek and a greet envye ;
And of this lord descended Tydeus

1480

By ligne, or elles olde bokes lye ;
But how this Meleagre gan to dye
Thorugh his moder, wol I yow not telle,
For al to long it were for to dwelle.'

[*Argument of the 12 Books of Statius' Thebais.*]

Associat profugum Tideo *primus* Polimi-
tem ;

Tidea legatum docet insidiasque *secundus* ;
Tercius Hemoniden canit et vates lati-
tantes ;

Quartus habet reges ineuntes prelia sep-
tem ;

Mox furie Lenne *quinto* narratur et anguis ;
Archimori bustum *sesto* ludique leguntur ;
Dat Graios Thebes et vatem *septimus*
vmbbris ;

Octauo cecidit Tideus, spes, vita Pelasgis ;
Ypomedon *nono* moritur cum Partho-
nopeo ;

9

Fulmine percussus, *decimo* Capaneus
superatur ;

Vndecimo sese perimunt per vulnera
fratres ;

Argiuam flentem narrat *duodenus* et
ignem.

12

213. She tolde eek how Tydeus, er she stente, 1485
Un-to the stronge citee of Thebes,
To cleyme kingdom of the citee, wente,
For his felawe, daun Polymites,
Of which the brother, daun Ethyocles,
Ful wrongfully of Thebes held the strengthe; 1490
This tolde she by proces, al by lengthe.
214. Shetolde eek how Hemonides asterte,
Whan Tydeus slough fifty knighthes stoute.
She tolde eek al the prophesyes by herte,
And how that sevene kinges, with his route, 1495
Bisegeden the citee al aboute;
And of the holy serpent, and the welle,
And of the furies, al she gan him teile.
215. Of Archimoris buryinge and the pleyes,
And how Amphiorax fil through the grounde, 1500
How Tydeus was slayn, lord of Argeyes,
And how Ypomedoun in litel stounde
Was dreynt, and deed Parthonope of wounde;
And also how Cappanius the proude
With thonder-dint was slayn, that cryde loude. 1505
216. She gan eek telle him how that either brother,
Ethyocles and Polimyte also,
At a scarmyche, ech of hem slough other,
And of Argyves wepinge and his wo;
And how the town was brent she tolde eek tho. 1510
And so descendeth down from gestes olde
To Diomede, and thus she spak and tolde.
217. 'This ilke boor bitokneth Diomede,
Tydeus sone, that down descended is
Fro Meleagre, that made the boor to bledie. 1515
And thy lady, wher-so she be, y-wis,
This Diomede his herte hath, and she his.
Weep if thou wolt, or leef; for, out of doute,
This Diomede is inne, and thou art oute.'
218. 'Thou seyst nat sooth,' quod he,
'thou sorceresse,
With al thy false goost of prophesy! 1521
Thou wenest been a greet devyneresse;
Now seestow not this fool of fantasie
Peyneth hir on ladyes for to lye?
Awey,' quod he, 'ther Joves yeve thee sorwe! 1525
Thou shalt be fals, paraunter, yet to morwe!'
219. As wel thou mightest lyen on Alceste,
That was of creatures, but men lye,
That ever weren, kindest and the beste.
For whanne hir housbonde was in ju-
party 1530
To dye him-self, but-if she wolde dye,
She chees for him to dye and go to helle,
And starf anoon, as us the bokes telle.'
220. Cassandre goth, and he with cruel herte 1534
For-yat his wo, for angre of his speche;
And from his bed al sodeinly he sterte,
As though al hool him hadde y-mad a leche. 1537
And day by day he gan enquere and seche
A sooth of this, with al his fulle cure;
And thus he dryeth forth his aventure.
221. Fortune, whiche that permuatacion
Of thinges hath, as it is hir committed
Through purveyaunce and disposicion
Of heigh Jove, as regnes shal ben fittid
Fro folk in folk, or whan they shal ben smitted, 1545
Gan pulle away the fetheres brighte of Troye
Fro day to day, til they ben bare of joye.
222. Among al this, the fyn of the parodie
Of Ector gan approchen wonder blyve;
The fate wolde his soule sholde unbodie;
And shapen hadde a mene it out to dryve
Ayeins which fate him helpeth not to stryve; 1552
But on a day to fighten gan he wende.
At which, allas! he caughte his lyves ende.

223. For which me thinketh every maner
wight 1555

That haunteth armes oughte to biwayle
The deeth of him that was so noble
a knight;

For as he drough a king by th' aventure,
Unwar of this, Achilles through the mayle
And through the body gan him for to
ryve; 1560

And thus this worthy knight was brought
of lyve.

224. For whom, as olde bokes tellen us,
Was maad swich wo, that tonge it may
not telle;

And namely, the sorwe of Troilus, 1564
That next him was of worthinessse welle.
And in this wo gan Troilus to dwelle,
That, what for sorwe, and love, and for
unreste,

Ful ofte a day he bad his herte breste.

225. But natholes, though he gan him
dispeyre, 1569

And dradde ay that his lady was untrewe,
Yet ay on hir his herte gan repeyre.

And as these loveres doon, he soughte ay
newe

To gete ayein Criseyde, bright of hewe.
And in his herto he wente hir excusinge,
That Calkas causede al hir taryinge. 1575

226. And ofte tyme he was in purpos
grete

Him-selven lyk a pilgrim to disgysse,
To seen hir; but he may not contrefete
To been unknownen of folk that weren
wyse, 1579

Ne finde excuse aright that may suffysse,
If he among the Grekes knownen were;
For which he weep ful ofte many a tere.

227. To hir he wroot yet ofte tyme al
newe

Ful pitously, he lefte it nought for slouthe,
Bisching hir that, sin that he was trewe,
She wold come ayein and holde hir
trouthe. 1586

For which Criseyde up-on a day, for
routhe,

I take it so, touchinge al this matere,
Wrot him ayein, and seyde as ye may

hero

G.C

228. Cupydes sone, ensample of goodli-
hede, 1590

O swerd of knighthod, sours of gentilesse!
How mighte a wight in torment and in
dredre

And helelees, yow sende as yet gladnesse?
I herteles, I syke, I in distresse; 1594

Sin ye with me, nor I with yow may dele,
Yow neither sende ich herte maynor hele.

229. Your lettres ful, the papir al y-
pleynted,

Conseyved hath myn hertes piëtee;
I have eek seyn with teres al depaynted
Your lettore, and how that ye requeren me
To come ayein, which yet ne may not be.
But why, lest that this lettore founden
were, 1602

No mencioune make I now, for fere.

230. Grevous to me, god woot, is your
unreste,

Your haste, and that, the goddes or-
denaunce, 1605

It semeth not ye take it for the beste.

Nor other thing nis in your remem-
braunce,

As thinketh me, but only your plesaunce.
But beth not wrooth, and that I yow
biseche; 1609

For that I tarie, is al for wikked speche.

231. For I have herd wel more than I
wende,

Touchinge us two, how thinges han y-
stonde;

Which I shal with dissimulinge amende.

And beth nought wrooth, I have eek
understonde, 1614

How ye ne doon but holden me in honde.
But now no fors, I can not in yow gesse

But alle trouthe and alle gentilesse.

232. Comen I wol, but yet in swich dis-
joynte

I stonde as now, that what yeer or what
day

That this shal be, that can I not apoynte.
But in effect, I prey yow, as I may, 1621

Of your good word and of your frendship
ay.

For trewely, whyl that my lyf may dure,
As for a freend, ye may in me assure.

233. Yet preye I yow on yvel ye ne take,
That it is short which that I to yow
wryte; 1626

I dar not, ther I am, wel lettres make.
Ne never yet ne coude I wel endyte.
Eek greet effect men wryte in place lyte.
Th'entente is al, and nouȝt the lettres
space; 1630

And fareth now wel, god have you in his
grace!

La vostre C.'

234. This Troilus this lettre thoughte al
straunge,

Whan he it saugh, and sorwefully he
sighte;

Him thoughte it lyk a kalendes of
chaunge;

But fynally, he ful ne trowen mighte 1635
That she ne wolde him holden that she
highte;

For with ful yvel wil list him to leve
That loveth wel, in swich cas, though
him greve.

235. But natheles, men seyn that, at the
laste, 1639

For any thing, men shal the sothe see;
And swich a cas bitidde, and that as faste,
That Troilus wel understood that she
Nas not so kinde as that hir oughte be.
And fynally, he woot now, out of doute,
That al is lost that he hath been aboute.

236. Stood on a day in his malencolye 1646
This Troilus, and in suspecioune
Of hir for whom he wende for to dye.
And so bifel, that through-out Troye toun,
As was the gyse, y-bore was up and doun
A maner cote-armure, as seyth the storie,
Biforn Deiphebe, in signe of his victorie,

237. The whiche cote, as telleth Lollius,
Deiphebe it hadde y-rent from Diomede
The same day; and whan this Troilus 1655
It saugh, he gan to taken of it hede,
Avysing of the lengthe and of the brede,
And al the werk; but as he gan biholde,
Ful sodeinly his herte gan to colde.

238. As he that on the color fond with-
inne 1660

A broche, that he Criseyde yaf that morwe
That she from Troye moste nedes twinne;
In remembraunce of him and of his sorwe;
And she him leyde ayein hir feyth to
borwe 1664

To kepe it ay; but now, ful wel he wiste,
His lady nas no lenger on to triste.

239. He gooth him hoom, and gan ful
sone sende

For Pandarus; and althis newe chaunce,
And of this broche, he tolde him word
and ende, 1669

Compleyninge of hir hertes variaunce,
His longe love, his trouthe, and his pen-
aunce;

And after deeth, with-outen wordes more,
Ful faste he cryde, his reste him to restore.

240. Than spak he thus, 'O lady myn
Criseyde,

Wher is your feyth, and wher is your
biheste? 1675

Wher is your love, wher is your trouthe?
he seyde;

' Of Diomede have ye now al this feste!
Allas, I wolde have trowed at the leste,
That, sin ye nolde in trouthe to me stonde,
That ye thus nolde han holden me in
honde! 1680

241. Who shal now trowe on any othes
mo?

Allas, I never wolde han wend, or this,
That ye, Criseyde, coude han chaunged so;
Ne, but I hadde a-gilt and doon amis, 1684
So cruel wende I not your herte, y-wis,
To slee me thus; allas, your name of
trouthe

Is now for-doone, and that is al my routhe.

242. Was ther non other broche yow liste
lete

To fesse with your newe love,' quod he, 1689
'But thilke broche that I, with teres wete,
Yow yaf, as for a remembraunce of me?
Non other cause, allas, ne hadde ye
But for despyt, and eek for that ye mente
Al-outrely to shewen your entente!

243. Through which I see that cleane out
of your minde 1695
Ye han me cast, and I ne can nor may,
For al this world, with-in myn herte finde
T' unloven yow a quarter of a day !
In cursed tyme I born was, weylaway !
That ye, that doon me al this wo endure,
Yet love I best of any creature. 1701
244. Now god,' quod he, 'me sende yet
the grace
That I may meten with this Diomede !
And trewely, if I have might and space,
Yet shal I make, I hope, his sydes blede.
O god,' quod he, 'that oughtest taken hede
To fortheren trouthe, and wronges to
punyee, 1707
Why niftow doon a vengeance on this
vyce ?
245. O Pandare, that in dremes for to
triste
Me blamed hast, and wont art ofte up-
breyde, 1710
Now maystow see thy-selve, if that thee
liste,
How trewe is now thy nece, bright Cri-
seyde !
In sondry formes, god it woot,' he seyde,
'The goddes shewen bothe joye and tene
In slepe, and by my dreme it is now sene.
246. And certaynly, with-oute more
speche, 1716
From hennes-forth, as ferforth as I may,
Myn owene deeth in armes wol I seche ;
I recche not how sone be the day !
But trewely, Criseyde, swete may, 1720
Whom I have ay with al my might y-
served,
That ye thus doon, I have it nought
deserved.'
247. This Pandarus, that alle these thinges
herde,
And wiste wel he seyde a sooth of this,
He nougat a word ayein to him answerde ;
For sory of his frendes sorwe he is, 1726
And shamed, for his nece hath doon a-mis ;
And stant, astoned of these causes tweye,
As stille as stoon ; a word ne coude he
seye.

248. But at the laste thus he spak, and
seyde, 1730
' My brother dere, I may thee do no-more,
What shulde I seyn ? I hate, y-wis,
Criseyde !
And god wot, I wol hate hir evermore !
And that thou me bisoughtest doon of
yore, 1734
Having un-to myn honour ne my reste
Right no reward, I dide al that thee leste.
249. If I dide ought that mighte lyken
thee,
It is me leef; and of this treson now,
God woot, that it a sorwe is un-to me !
And dredlees, for hertes ese of yow, 1740
Right fayn wolde I amende it, wiste I how.
And fro this world, almighty god I preye,
Delivere hir sone ; I can no-more seye.'
250. Gret was the sorwe and pleynt of
Troilus ;
But forth hir cours fortune ay gan to
holde. 1745
Criseyde loveth the sone of Tydeus,
And Troilus mot wepe in cares colde.
Swich is this world ; who-so it can bi-
holde,
In eche estat is litel hertes reste ; 1749
God leve us for to take it for the beste !
251. In many cruel batayle, out of drede,
Of Troilus, this ilke noble knight,
As men may in these olde bokes rede,
Was sene his knighthod and his grete
micht.
And dredlees, his ire, day and night, 1755
Ful cruelly the Grekes ay aboughte ;
And alwey most this Diomede he soughte.
252. And ofte tyme, I finde that they
mette 1758
With blody strokes and with wordes grete,
Assayinge how hir speres weren whette ;
And god it woot, with many a cruel hete
Gan Troilus upon his helm to-bete.
But natheles, fortune it nought ne wolde,
Of othereshond that either deyen sholde.—
253. And if I hadde y-taken for to wryte
The armes of this ilke worthy man, 1766

Than wolde I of his batailles endyte,
But for that I to wryte first bigan
Of his love, I have seyd as that I can. 1769
His worthy dedes, who-so list hem here,
Reed Dares, he can telle hem alle y-fere.

254. Bisechinge every lady bright of hewe,
And every gentil womman, what she be,
That al be that Criseyde was untrewe,
That for that gilt she be not wrooth with
me. 1775

Ye may hir gilt in othere bokes see ;
And gladlier I wol wryten, if yow leste,
Penelope's trouthe and good Alceste.

255. Ne I sey not this al-only for these
men,
But most for wommen that bitraysed be
Through false folk ; god yeve hem sorwe,
amen ! 1781

That with hir grete wit and subtiltee
Bitrayne yow ! and this commeveth me
To speke, and in effect yow alle I preye,
Beth war of men, and herkeneth what
I seye !— 1785

256. Go, litel book, go litel myn tragedie,
Ther god thy maker yet, er that he dye,
So sende might to make in som comedie !
But litel book, no making thou n'envye,
But subgit be to alle poesye ; 1790
And kis the steppes, wher-as thou seest
pace

Virgile, Ovyde, Omer, Lucan, and Stace.

257. And for ther is so greet diversitee
In English and in wryting of our tonge,
So preye I god that noon miswryte thee,
Ne thee mismetre for desfante of tonge. 1796
And red wher-so thou be, or elles songe,
That thou be understande I god beseche !
But yet to purpos of my rather speche.—

258. The wraththe, as I began yow for to
seye, 1800
Of Troilus, the Grekes boughten dere ;
For thousandes his hondes maden deye,
As he that was with-outen any pere,
Save Ector, in his tyme, as I can here.
But weylaway, save only goddeswille, 1805
Dispitously him slough the fiers Achille.

259. And whan that he was slayn in this
manere,
His lighte goost ful blisfully is went
Up to the holownesse of the seventh spere,
In convers letinge every element ; 1810
And ther he saugh, with ful avysement,
The erratik sterres, herkeninge armonye
With sownes fulle of hevenish melodye.

260. And doun from thennes faste he gan
avyse 1814

This litel spot of erthe, that with the ~~see~~
Embraced is, and fully gan despysē
This wretched world, and held al vanitee
To respect of the pleyne felicitee
That is in hevene above ; and at the laste,
Ther he was slayn, his loking doun ~~he~~
caste ; 1820

261. And in him-self he lough right at
the wo

Of hem that wepten for his deeth so faste ;
And damped al our werk that folweth ~~so~~
The blinde lust, the which that may not
laste, 1824

And sholden al our herte on hevene caste.
And forth he wente, shortly for to telle,
Ther as Mercurie sorted him to dwelle.—

262. Swich fyn hath, lo, this Troilus for
love,

Swich fyn hath al his grete worthiness ;
Swich fyn hath his estat real above, 1830
Swich fyn his lust, swich fyn hath his
noblesse ;

Swich fyn hath false worldes brotelnessse.
And thus bigan his lovinge of Criseyde,
As I have told, and in this wyse he deyde.

263. O yonge fresshe folkes, he or she, 1835
In which that love up groweth with your
age,

Repeyrehoom from worldly vanitee,
And of your herte up-casteth the visage
To thilke god that after his image
Yow made, and thinketh al nis but
a fayre 1840

This world, that passeth sone as floures
fayre.

264. And loveth him, the which that
right for love
Upon a cros, our soules for to beye,

First starf, and roos, and sit in hevene
a-bove ;

For he nil falsen no wight, dar I seye, 1845
That wol his herte al hooly on him leye.
And sin he best to love is, and most meke,
What nedeth feyned loves for to seke ?

265. Lo here, of Payens cored olde rytes,
Lo here, what alle hir goddes may availle ;
Lo here, these wrecched worldes apper-
tytes ; 1851

Lo here, the fyn and guerdon for travaille
Of Jove, Appollo, of Mars, of swich
rascaille !

Lo here, the forme of olde clerkes speche
In poetrye, if ye hir bokes seche.— 1855

266. O moral Gower, this book I directe
To thee, and to the philosophical Strode,
To vouchen sauf, ther nede is, to corecte,

Of your benignitees and zeles gode.
And to that sothfast Crist, that starf on
rode, 1860
With al myn herte of mercy ever I preye ;
And to the lord right thus I speke and
seye :

267. Thou oon, and two, and three, eterne
on-lyve,
That regnest ay in three and two and
oon,
Uncircumscript, and al mayst circum-
seryve, 1865
Us from visible and invisible foon
Defende ; and to thy mercy, everychoon,
So make us, Jesus, for thy grace, digne,
For love of mayde and moder thyn
benigne ! Amen.

Explicit Liber Troili et Criseydis.

THE HOUS OF FAME.

BOOK I.

God turne us every dreem to gode !
For hit is wonder, by the rode,
To my wit, what causeth sweenes
Either on morwes, or on evenes ;
And why th'effect folweth of somme,
And of somme hit shal never come ;
Why that is an avisoun,
And þis a revelacioun ;
Why this a dreem, why that a sweene,
And nat to every man liche even ;
Why this a fantom, þese oracles,
I noot; but who-so of these miracles
The causes knoweth bet than I,
Devyne he ; for I certeinly
Ne can hem noght, ne never thinke
To besily my wit to swinke,
To knowe of hir signiaunce
The gendres, neither the distaunce
Of tymes of hem, ne the causes
For-why this þmore than that cause is ;
As if folkes complexiouns
Make hem dreame of reflexiouns ;
Or elles thus, as other sayn,
For to greet feblenesse of þbrayn,
By abstinence, or by seeknesse,
Prison, stewe, or greet distresse ;
Or elles by disordinaunce
Of naturel acustomaunce,
That som man is to curious
In studie, or melancolious,
Or thus, so inly ful of drede,

5

10

15

20

25

30

That no man may him bote bede ;
Or elles, that devocioun
Of somme, and contemplacioun
Causeth swiche dremes ofte ;
Or that the cruel lyf unsofte
Which these ilke lovers leden
That hopen over muche or dreden,
That purely hir impressiouns
Causeth hem avisouns ;
Or if that spirits have the might
To make folk to dreme a-night ;
Or if the soule, of propre kinde,
Be so parfit, as men finde,
That hit forwot that is to come,
And that hit warneth alle and somme
Of everiche of hir aventures
By avisouns, or by figures,
But that our flesh ne hath no might
To understanden hit aright,
For hit is warned to derkly ;—
But why the cause is, noght wot I.
Wel worthe, of this thing, grete clerkes,
That trete of this and other werkes ;
For I of noon opinoun
Nil as now make mencioune,
But only that the holy rode
Turne us every dreem to gode !
For never, sith that I was born,
Ne no man elles, me biforn,
Mette, I trowe stedfastly,
So wonderful a dreem as I

35

40

45

50

55

60

The tenth day [dide] of Decembre,
The which, as I can now remembre,
I wol yow tellen every del.

65

The Invocation.

But at my ginning, trusteth wel,
I wol make invocacioun,
With special devocioun,
Unto the god of slepe anoon,
That dwelleth in a cave of stoon
Upon a stream that comth fro Lete,
That is a flood of helle unsweete ;
Besyde a folk men clepe Cimerie,
Ther slepeth ay this god unmerie
With his sleepy thousand sones
That alway for to slepe hir wone is—
And to this god, that I of rede,
Preye I, that he wol me spedē
My sweven for to telle aright,
If every dreem stonde in his might.
And he, that mover is of al
That is and was, and ever shal,
So yive hem joye that hit here
Of alle that they dreme to-yere,
And for to stonden alle in grace
Of hir loves, or in what place
That hem wer levest for to stonde,
And shelde hem fro þ povert and shonde,
And fro unhappy and ech diseise,
And sende hem althat may hem plesē,
That take hit wel, and scorne hit noght,
Ne hit misdemen in her thoght
Through malicious entencioun.
And who-so, through presumpcioun,
Or hate or scorne, or through envyē,
Dispyp, or jape, or vilanyē,
Misdeme hit, preyo I Jesus god
That (dreme he barfoot, dreme he shod),
That every harm that any man
Hath had, sith [that] the world began,
Befalle him therof, or he sterveye,
And graunte he mote hit ful deserve,
Lo ! with swich a conclusioun
As had of his avisoun
Cresus, that was king of Lyde,
That high upon a getet dyde !
This prayer shal he have of me ;
I am no bet in charite !

Now herkneth, as I have you seyd,
What that I mette, or I abreyd.

110

The Dream.

Of Decembre the tenth day,
Whan hit was night, to slepe I lay
Right ther as I was wont to done,
And fil on slepe wonder sone,
As he that very was for-go

115

On pilgrimage myles two
To the corseynt Leonard,
To make lythe of that was hard.

But as I þ sleep, me mette I was
Within a temple y-mad of glas ;

120

In whiche ther were mo images
Of gold, standinge in sondry stages,
And mo riche tabernacles,
And with perree mo pinacles,
And mo curious portreytures,

125

And queynte maner of figures
Of olde werke, then I saw ever.
For certeynly, I niste never
Wher that I was, but wel wiste I,
Hit was of Venus redely,

130

The temple ; for, in portreyture,
I saw anoon-right hir figure
Naked fletinge in a see.

And also on hir heed, pardee,
Hir rose-garland whyt and reed,
And hir comb to kembe hir heed,
Hir dowves, and daun Cupido,
Hir blinde sone, and Vulcano,
That in his face was ful broun.

135

But as I romed up and doun,
I fond that on a wal ther was
Thus writen, on a table of bras :
' I wol now singe, if that I can,
The armes, and al-so the man,
That first cam, through his destinee,
Fugitif of Troye contreie,
In Itaile, with ful moche pyne,
Unto the strondes of Lavyne.'
And tho began the story anoon,
As I shal telle yow echoon.

140

First saw I the destruccioun
Of Troye, through the Greek Sinoun,
[That] with his false forsweringe,
And his chere and his lesinge
Made the hors broght into Troye,
Thorgh which Troyens loste al hir joye,
And after this was grave, alias !
How Ilioun assailed was
And wonne, and king Priam y-slayn,

145

150

155

And Polites his sone, certayn, Dispitously, of dan Pirrus.	160	To see hit paynted on the walle. Ther saw I graven eek withallos,
And next that saw I how Venus, Whan that she saw the castel brende, Doun fro the hevene gan descende, And bad hir sone Eneas flee ;	165	Venus, how ye, my lady dere, Wepinge with ful woful chere,
And how he fledde, and how that he Escaped was from al the pres, And took his fader, Anchises, And bar him on his bakke away,	170	Prayen Jupiter an hye
Cryinge, 'Allas, and welaway !' The whiche Anchises in his honde Bar the goddes of the londe, Thilkne that unbrende were.	175	To save and kepe that navye
And I saw next, in alle this fere, How Creusa, daun Eneas wyf, Which that he lovede as his lyf, And hir yonge sone Iulo,	180	Of the Troyan Eneas, Sith that he hir sone was.
And eek Ascanius also, Fledden eek with drery chere, That hit was pitee for to here ; And in a forest, as they wente,	185	Ther saw I Joves Venus kisse,
At a turninge of a wente, How Creusa was y-lost, allas ! That deed, [but] noot I how, she was ;	190	And graunted of the tempest lissee.
How he hir soughte, and how hir gost	195	Ther saw I how the tempest stente,
Bad him to flee the Grkes ost, And seyde, he moste unto Itaile, As was his destinee, sauns faille ;	200	And how with alle pyne he wente,
That hit was pitee for to here, Whan hir spirit gan appere, The wordes that she to him seyde,	205	And prevely took arrivage
And for to kepe hir sone him preyde. Ther saw I graven eek how he, His fader eek, and his meynee,	210	In the contree of Cartage ;
With his shippes gan to sayle Toward the contree of Itaile, As streight as that they mighthe go.	215	And on the morwe, how that he
Ther saw I thee, cruel Juno, That art daun Jupiteres wyf, That hast y-hated, al thy lyf,	220	And a knight, hight Achatee,
Al the Troyanissh blood, Renne and crye, as thou were wood, On Eolus, the god of windes,	225	Metten with Venus that day,
To blowen out, of alle kindes, So loude, that he shulde drenche Lord and lady, grome and wenche	230	Goinge in a queynt array,
Of al the Troyan nacioun, Without any savacioun.	235	As she had ben an hunteresse,
Ther saw I swich tempeste aryse, That every herte mighthe agryse,	240	With wind blowinge upon hir tresse ;
	245	How Eneas gan him to pleyne,
	250	Whan that he knew hir, of his peyne ;
	255	And how his shippes dreynte were,
	260	Or elles lost, he niste where ;
	265	How she gan him conforte tho,
	270	And bad him to Cartage go,
	275	And ther he shuldē his folk finde,
	280	That in the see were left behinde.
	285	And, shortly of this thing to pace,
	290	She made Eneas so in grace
	295	Of Dido, quene of that contree,
	300	That, shortly for to tellen, she
	305	Becam his love, and leet him do
	310	That that wedding longeth to.
	315	What shulde I speke more queynte,
	320	Or peyne me my wordes peynete,
	325	To speke of love ? hit wol not be ;
	330	I can not of that facultee.
	335	And eek to telle the manere
	340	How they aqueynteden in-fere,
	345	Hit were a long proces to telle,
	350	And over long for yow to dwelle.
	355	Ther saw I grave, how Eneas
	360	Tolde Dido every eas,
	365	That him was tid upon the see.
	370	And after grave was, how she
	375	Made of him, shortly, at oo word,
	380	Hir lyf, hir love, hir lust, hir lord :
	385	And dide him al the reverence,
	390	And leyde on him al the dispence.
	395	That any woman mighthe do,

Weninge hit had al be so,
As he hir swoor; and her-by demed
That he was good, for he swich semed.
Allas! what harm doth apparence, 265
Whan hit is fals in existence!
For he to hir a traitour was;
Wherfor she slow hir-self, allas!

Lo, how a woman doth amis,
To love him that unknownen is! 270
For, by Crist, lo! thus hit fareth;
'Hit is not al gold, that glareth.'
For, al-so brouke I wel myn heed,
Ther may be under goodlihee
Kevered many a shrewed vycce; 275
Therfor be no wight so nyce,
To take a love only for chere,
For speche, or for frendly manere;
For this shal every woman finde
That som man, of his pure kinde, 280
Wol shewen outward the faireste,
Til he have caught that what him leste;
And thanne wol he causes finde,
And swero how that she is unkinde,
Or fals, or prevy, or double was. 285
Al this seye I by Eneas
And Dido, and hir nyce lest,
That lovede al to sone a gest;
Therfor I wol seye a proverbe,
That 'he that fully knoweth th'erbe 290
May saufly leye hit to his yü';
Without dred, this is no lye.

But let us speke of Eneas,
How he betrayed hir, allas!
And lefte hir ful unkindely, 295
So whan she saw al-utterly,
That he wolde hir of trouthe faille,
And wende fro hir to Itaile,
She gan to wringe hir hondes two.

'Allas!' quod she, 'what me is wo! 300
Allas! is every man thus trewe,
That every yere wold have a newe,
If hit so longe tyme dure,
Or elles three, peraventure?
As thus: of oon he wolde have fame 305
In magnifying of his name;
Another for frendship, seith he;
And yet ther shal the thridde be,
That shal be taken for delyt,
Lo, or for singular profyt.' 310
In swiche wordes gan to pleyne
Dido of hir grete peyne,

As me mette redely;
Non other auctour alegge I.
'Allas!' quod she, 'my swete herte, 315
Have pitee on my sorwes smerte,
And slee me not! go noght away!
O woful Dido, wel away!'
Quod she to hir-selve tho.
'O Eneas! what wil ye do? 320
O, that your love, ne your bonde,
That ye han sworn with your right honde,
Ne my cruel deeth,' quod she,
'May holde yow still heer with me!
O, haveth of my deeth pitee! 325
Y-wis, my dere herte, ye
Knownen ful wel that never yit,
As fer-forth as I hadde wit,
Agilte [I] yow in thoght ne deed.
O, have ye men swich goodlihee 330
In speche, and never a deal of trouthe?
Allas, that ever hadde routhe
Any woman on any man!
Now see I wel, and telle can,
We wretched wimmen conne non art; 335
For certeyn, for the more part,
Thus we be served everichone.
How sore that ye men conne grone,
Anoon, as we have yow receyved,
Certeinly we ben deceyved; 340
For, though your love laste a sesoun,
Wayte upon the conclusioun,
And eek how that ye determinyen,
And for the more part diffynen.
'O, welawey that I was born: 345
For through yow is my name lorn,
And alle myn actes red and songe
Over al this lond, on every tonge.
O wikke Fame! for ther nis
Nothing so swift, lo, as she is! 350
O, sooth is, every thing is wist,
Though hit be kevered with the mist.
Eek, thogh I mighte duren ever,
That I have doon, rekever I never,
That I ne shal be seyd, allas, 355
Y-shamed be through Eneas,
And that I shal thus juged be—
"Lo, right as she hath doon, now she
Wol do eftsones, hardily;"
Thus seyth the peple prevely.'— 360
But that is doon, nis not to done;
†Al hir compleynt ne al hir mone,
Certeyn, availeth hir not a strea.

And whan she wiste sothly he
Was forth unto his shippes goon,
She ^tin hir chambre wente anon,
And called on hir suster Anne,
And gan hir to compleyne thanne;
And seyde, that she cause was
That she first lovede ^tEneas,
And thus counsilled hir thereto.
But what! when this was seyd and do,
She roof hir-selve to the herte,
And deyde through the wounde smerte.
But al the maner how she deyde,
And al the wordes that she seyde,
Who-so to knowe hit hath purpos,
Read Virgile in Eneidos
Or the Epistle of Ovyde,
What that she wroot or that she dyde:
And nere hit to long to endyte,
By god, I woldē hit here wryte.
But, welaway! the harm, the routhe,
That hath betid for swich untrouth,
As men may ofte in bokes rede,
And al day seen hit yet in dede,
That for to thenken hit, a tene is.
Lo, Demophon, duk of Athenis,
How he forswor him ful falsly
And trayed Phillis wikkedly,
The kinges daughter was of Trace,
And falsly gan his terme pace;
And when she wiste that he was fals,
She heng hir-self right by the hals,
For he had do hir swich untrouth;
Lo! was not this a wo and routhe?
Eek lo! how fals and reccheles
Was to Briseida Achilles,
And Paris to ^tOenone;
And Jason to Isiphile;
And eft Jason to Medea;
And Ercules to Dyanira;
For he lefte hir for Iôle,
That made him caceho his deeth, pardee.
How fals eek was he, Theseus;
That, as the story telleth us,
How he betrayed Adriane;
The devel be his soules bane!
For had he laughed, had he loured,
He mostē have be al devoured,
If Adriane ne had y-be!
And, for she had of him pitee,
She made him fro the dethe escape,
And he made hir a ful fals jape;

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For after this, within a whyle
He lefte hir slepinge in an yle,
Deserte alone, right in the see,
And stal away, and leet hir be;
And took hir suster Phedra tho
With him, and gan to shippe go.
And yet he had y-sworn to here,
On al that ever he mighte swere,
That, so she saved him his lyf,
He wolde have take hir to his wyf;
For she desired nothing elles,
In certein, as the book us telles.
But to excusen Eneas
Fulliche of al his greet trespass,
The book seyth, Mercurie, sauns faille,
Bad him go into Itaile,
And leve Auffrykes regioun,
And Dido and hir faire toun.
Tho saw I grave, how to Itaile
Daun Eneas is go to saile;
And how the tempest al began,
And how he loste his steresman,
Which that the stere, or he took keep,
Smot over-bord, lo! as he sleep.
And also saw I how Sibyle
And Eneas, besyde an yle,
To helle wente, for to see
His fader, Anchises the free.
How he ther fond Palinurus,
And Dido, and eek Deiphebus;
And every tourment eek in helle
Saw he, which is long to telle.
Which who-so willeth for to knowe,
He moste rede many a rowe
On Virgile or on Claudian,
Or Daunte, that hit telle can.
Tho saw I grave al th'arivaile
That Eneas had in Itaile;
And with king Latine his trotee,
And alle the batailles that he
Was at him-self, and eek his knighthes,
Or he had al y-wonne his rightes;
And how he Turnus refete his lyf,
And wan Lavyna to his wyf;
And al the meravelous signals
Of the goddes celestials;
How, maugre Juno, Eneas,
For al hir sleighe and hir compas,
Acheived al his aventure;
For Jupiter took of him cure
At the prayere of Venus

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The whiche I preye alway save us,
And us ay of our sorwes lighte !

Whan I had seyen al this sighte
In this noble temple thus,

'A, Lord !' thoughte I, 'that madest us,
Yet saw I never swich noblesse

471

Of images, ne swich richesse,

As I saw graven in this chirche ;

But not woot I who dide hem wirche,

Ne wher I am, ne in what contree.

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But now wol I go out and see,

Right at the wicket, if I can

See o-ther sterling any man,

That may me telle wher I am.'

When I out at the dores cam,

I faste aboute me beheld.

Then saw I but a large feld,

As fer as that I mythe see,

Withouten toun, or hous, or tree,

Or bush, or gras, or ered lond ;

For al the feld nas but of sond

As smal as man may see yet lye

In the desert of Libye ;

Ne I no maner creature,

That is y-formed by nature, 490

Ne saw, me [for] to rede or wissee.

'O Crist,' thoughte I, 'that art in blisse,

Fro fantom and illusioune

Me save !' and with devocioun

Myn yēn to the heven I caste.

495

Tho was I war, lo ! at the laste,

That faste by the sonne, as hyē

As kenne myghte I with myn yēn,

Me thoughte I saw an egle sore,

But that hit semed moche more

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Then I had any egle seyn.

But this as sooth as deeth, certeyn,

Hit was of golde, and shoon so brighte,

That never saw men such a sighte,

But-if the heven hadde y-wonne

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Al newe of golde another sonne ;

So shoon the egles fethres brighte,

And somewhat downward gan hit lighte.

Explicit liber primus.

BOOK II.

Incipit liber secundus.

Proem.

Now herkneheth, every maner man
That English understande can,
And listeth of my dreem to lere ;
For now at erste shul ye here
So feselly an avisoun,
That Isaye, ne Scipioun,
Ne king Nabugodonosor,
Pharo, Turnus, ne Elcanor,
Ne mette swich a dreem as this !
Now faire blissful, O Cipris,
So be my favour at this tymo !
And ye, me to endyte and ryme
Helpeth, that on Parnaso dwelle
By Elicon the clere welle.

O Thought, that wroot al that I mette,
And in the tresorie hit shette
Of my brayn ! now shal men see
If any vertu in thee be,
To tellen al my dreem aright ;
Now kythe thyn engyn and might !

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(10)

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(20)

The Dream.

This egle, of which I have yow told,
That shoon with fethres as of gold, 530
Which that so hyē gan to sore,
I gan beholde more and more,
To see hir beautee and the wonder ;
But never was ther dint of thonder,
Ne that thing that men calle foudre, 535
That smoot somtyme a tour to poudre,
And in his swifte coming brende,
That so swythe gan descende, (30)
As this foul, whan hit behelde
That I a-roume was in the felde ; 540
And with his grimme pawes stronge,
Within his sharpe nayles longe,
Me, fleinge, at a swappe he hente,
And with his souris agayn up wente,
Me caryinge in his claves starke 545
As lightly as I were a larke,
How high, I can not telle yow,
For I cam up, I niste how.
For so astonied and a-swoved

(40)

Was every vertu in my heved,	550	I wol thee telle what I am,
What with his sours and with my drede,		And whider thou shalt, and why I cam
That al my feling gan to dede ;		To þdone this, so that thou take
For-why hit was to greet affray.		Good herte, and not for fere quake.'
Thus I longe in his claves lay,	555	'Gladly,' quod I. 'Now wel,' quod he :—
Til at the laste he to me spak		'First I, that in my feet have thee,
In mannes vois, and seyde, 'Awak !		Of which thou hast a feer and wonder,
And be not þso a-gast, for shame !'		Am dwelling with the god of thonder,
And called me tho by my name.	(50)	Which that men callen Jupiter,
And, for I sholde the bet abreyde—		(101)
Me mette—' Awak,' to me he seyde,	560	That dooth me flee ful ofte fer
Right in the same vois and stevene		610
That useth oon I conde nevene ;		To do al his comaundement.
And with that vois, soth for to sayn,		And for this cause he hath me sent
My minde cam to me agayn ;		To thee : now þherkne, by thy trouthe !
For hit was goodly seyd to me,	565	Certeyn, he hath of thee routhe,
So nas hit never wont to be.		615
And herewithal I gan to stere,		That thou so longe trewely
And he me in his feet to here,		Hast served so entently
Til that he felte that I had hete,		His blinde nevew Cupido,
And felte eek tho myn herte bete.	(60)	And fair Venus [goddesse] also,
And the gan he me to disperte,		Withoute guerdoun ever yit,
And with wordes to conforte,		And nevertheles hast set thy wit—
And sayde twyȝs, 'Seynte Marie !	570	620
Thou art noyous for to carie,		Although that in thy hede ful þlyte is—
And nothing nedeth hit, pardee !		To make bokes, songes, dytees,
For al-so wis god helpe me	575	In ryme, or elles in cadence,
As thou non harm shalt have of this ;		As thou best canst, in reverence
And this eas, that betid thee is,	(70)	Of Love, and of his servants eke,
Is for thy lore and for thy prow ;—		That have his servise soght, and seke ;
Let see ! darst thou yet loke now ?		And peynest thee to preyse his art,
Be ful assured, boldely,	580	Althogh thou haddest never part ;
I am thy frend.' And therewith I		(120) Wherfor, al-so god me blesse,
Gan for to wondren in my minde.		Joves halt hit greet humblesse
'O god,' thoughte I, 'that madest kinde,		630
Shal I non other weyes dye ?	585	And vertu eek, that thou wolt make
Wher Joves wol me stellifye,		A-night ful ofte thyn heed to ake,
Or what thing may this signifie ?		In thy studie so thou wrytest,
I neither am Enok, ne Elye,	(80)	And ever-mo of love endyttest,
Ne Romulus, ne Ganymede		In honour of him and preysinges,
That was y-bore up, as men rede,		635
To hevene with dan Jupiter,		And in his folkes furtheringes,
And maad the goddes boteler.'		(129) And in hir matere al devyset,
Lo ! this was tho my fantasye !		And noght him nor his folk despyses,
But he that bar me gan espye		Although thou mayst go in the daunce
That I so thoghite, and seyde this :—	595	640
'Thou demest of thy-self amis ;		Of hem that him list not avaunce.
For Joves is not ther-aboute—		
I dar wel putte thee out of doute—		‘ Wherfor, as I seyde, y-wis,
To make of thee as yet a sterre.	(90)	Jupiter considereth this,
But er I bere thee moche ferre,		And also, beau sir, other thinges ;
		That is, that thou hast no tydinges
		645 Of Loves folk, if they be glade,
		Ne of noght elles that god made ;
		And noght only fro fer contree
		That ther no tyding comth to thee,
		(140) But of thy verray neyghbores,
		That dwellen almost at thy dores,
		650 Thou herest neither that ne this ;

For whan thy lalour doon al is, And hast y-maad thy rekeninges, In stede ofreste and newe thinges, Thou gost hoom to thy hous anon ;	655	Though that Fame hadde al the pyes In al a realme, and al the spyes, How that yet she shulde here al this,
And, also domb as any stoon, Thou sittest at another boke, Til fully daswed is thy loke,	(150)	Or they espye hit.' 'O yis, yis !' Quod he to me, 'that can I preve By resoun, worthy for to leve,
And livest thus as an hermyte, Although thyn abstinence is lyte.	660	(200) So that thou yeve thyn advertence To understande my sentence.
' And therfor Joves, through his grace, Wol that I bere thee to a place, Which that hight THE HOUS OF FAME, To do thee som dispot and game,	665	710 ' First shalt thou heren wher she dwell- eth,
In som recompensacioun Of labour and devocioun That thou hast had, lo ! causeles, To Cupido, the reccheles !	(160)	And so thyn owne book hit telleth ; Hir paleys stant, as I shal seye, Right even in middes of the weye Betwixen hevene, erthe, and see ;
And thus this god, thorg his meryte, Wol with som maner thing thee quyte, So that thou wolt be of good chere.	671	715 That, what-so-ever in al these three Is spoken, in privee or aperte, The wey thereto is so overte,
For truste wel, that thou shalt here, When we be comen ther I seye, Mo wonder thinges, dar I leye, Of Loves folke mo tydinges,	675	(210) And stant eek in so juste a place, That every soun mot to hit pace, Or what so comth fro any tonge, Be hit rouned, red, or songe,
Bothe soth-sawes and lesinges ; And mo loves newe begonne, And longe y-served loves wonne, And mo loves casuelly	(170)	720 Or spoke in seurtee or drede, Certein, hit moste thider nede.
That been betid, no man wot why, But as a blind man stert an hare ; And more jolytee and fare, Whyl that they finde love of stele,	680	' Now herkne wel ; for-why I wille 725 Tellen thee a propre skile, And þworthy demonstracioun
As thinketh hem, and over-al wele ; Mo discords, and mo jelousyes, Mo murmurs, and mo novelryes, And mo dissimulacions,	685	(220) In myn imagynacioun.
And feyned reparaciouns ; And mo berdes in two houres Withoutute rasour or sisoures Y-maad, then greynes be of sondes ;	(180)	' Geffrey, thou wost right wel this,
And eke mo holdinge in hondes, And also mo renovelances Of olde forleten aqueyntances ; Mo love-dayes and acordes	690	730 That every kindly thing that is, Hath a kindly stede ther he
Then on instruments ben cordes ; And eke of loves mo eschaunges Than ever cornes were in graunges ;	(190)	May best in hit conserved be ; Unto which place every thing, Through his kindly enclynning,
Unethe maistow twrown this ? —	699	735 Moveth for to come to, Whan that hit is awey therfro ; As thus ; lo, thou mayst al day see
Quod he. 'No, helpe me god so wis !' — Quod I. 'No ? why ?' quod he. 'For hit	(230)	740 That any thing that hevy be, As stoon or leed, or thing of wighte, And ber hit never so hye on highte,
Were impossible, to my wit,		745 Lat go thyn hand, hit falleth down. ' Right so seye I by fyre or soun,
		Or smoke, or other thinges lighte, Alwey they seke upward on highte ;
		750 Why ech of hem is at his large, Light thing up, and downward charge.
		' And for this cause mayst thou see,
		That every river to the see (240) Enclyned is to go, by kinde.
		And by these skillies, as I finde,
		Hath fish dwellinge in floode and see,
		755 And treës eek in erthe be.

Thus every thing, by this resoun,
Hath his propre mansioun,
To which hit seketh to repaire,
As ther hit shulde not apaire.
Lo, this sentence is knownen couthe
Of every philosophres mouthe, (250)
As Aristotle and dan Platon,
And other clerkes many oon ;
And to confirme my resoun,
Thou wost wel this, that speche is soun,
Or elles no man mighte hit here ;
Now þerke what I wol thee lere.
 'Soun is noght but air y-broken,
And every speche that is spoken, (260)
Loud or privee, foul or fair,
In his substaunce is but air ;
For as flaumbe is but lighted smoke,
Right so soun is air y-broke.
But this may be in many wyse,
Of which I wil thee two devyse,
As soun that comth of pype or harpe.
For whan a pype is blowen sharpe,
The air is twist with violence,
And rent ; lo, this is my sentence ; (270)
Eek, whan men harpe-stringes smyte,
Whether hit be moche or lyte,
Lo, with the strook the air to-breketh ; 779
Right so hit breketh whan men speketh.
Thus wost thou wel what thing is speche.
 'Now hennesforth I wol thee teche,
How every speche, or noise, or soun,
Through his multiplicacioun,
Thogh hit were pyped of a mouse, (280)
Moot nedē come to Fames House.
I preve hit thus—tak hede now—
By experiance ; for if that thou
Throwe on water now a stoon,
Wel wost thou, hit wol make anoon
A litel roundel as a cerele, 790
Paraventure brood as a covercle ;
And right anoon thou shalt see weel,
That wheel wol cause another wheel,
And that the thridde, and so forth,
brother,
Every cerele causing other, 795
Wyder than himselfe was ;
And thus, fro roundel to compas, (290)
Ech abouthe other goinge,
Caused of otheres steringe,
And multiplying ever-mo,
Til that hit be so fer y-go

755 That hit at bothe brinkes be.
Al-thogh thou mowe hit not y-see
Above, hit goth yet alway under, 805
Although thou thenke hit a gret wonder.
And who-so seith of trouthe I varie,
Bid him proven the contrarie. (300)
And right thus every word, y-wis,
That loude or privee spoken is, 810
Moveth first an air abouthe,
And of this moving, out of doute,
Another air anoon is meved,
As I have of the water preved,
That every cerele causeth other. 815
Right so of air, my leve brother ;
Everich air in other stereth (309)
More and more, and speche up bereth,
Or vois, or noise, or word, or soun, 820
Ay through multiplicacioun,
Til hit be atte House of Fame ;—
Tak hit in ernest or in game.
 'Now have I told, if thou have minde,
How speche or soun, of pure kinde, 825
Enclyned is upward to meve ;
This, mayst thou fele, wel I preve.
And that þe mansioun, y-wis,
That every thing enclyned to is, (320)
Hath his kindeliche stede :
þThan sheweth hit, withouten drede, 830
That kindly the mansioun
Of every speche, of every soun,
Be hit either foul or fair,
Hath his kinde place in air.
And sin that every thing, that is 835
Out of his kinde place, y-wis,
Moveth thider for to go
If hit a-weye be therfro,
As I before have preved thee, 840
Hit seweth, every soun, pardee,
Moveth kindly to pace
Al up into his kindly place.
And this place of which I telle,
Ther as Fame list to dwelle, 845
Is set amiddes of these three,
Heven, erthe, and eek the see,
As most conservativ the soun.
Than is this the conclusionn,
That every speche of every man (340)
As I thee telle first began,
Moveth up on high to pace
Kindely to Fames place.
 'Telle me this feithfully,

Have I not preved thus simply, Withouten any subtiltee Of speche, or gret prolixitee Of termes of philosophye, Of figures of poetyre, Or colours of rethoryke?	855	Was flowen fro the grounde so hyë,	905
(350) Pardee, hit oghte thee to lyke ; For hard langage and hard matere Is encombrous for to here At ones ; wost thou not wel this ? And I answerde, and seyde, 'Yis.'	860	That al the world, as to myn yë, No more semed than a prikke ; Or elles was the air so thikke (400) That I no mighte not discerne. With that he spak to me as yerne,	910
' A ha ! ' quod he, ' lo, so I can Lewedly to a lewed man Speke, and shewe him swiche skiles, That he may shake hem by the biles, (360) So palpable they shulden be. But tel me this, now pray I thee,	865	And seyde : ' Seestow any toun Or ought thou knowest yonder doun ?' I seyde, ' Nay.' ' No wonder nis,' Quod he, ' for half so high as this Nas Alexander Macedo ;	915
[Quod he]. ' A good persuasioun,' Quod I, ' hit is ; and lyk to be Right so as thou hast preved me.' ' By god,' quod he, ' and as I leve,	870	Ne the king, dan Scipio, That saw in dreme, at point devys, Helle and erthe, and paradys ; (410) Ne eek the wrecche Dedalus, Ne his child, nyce Icarus,	920
Thou shalt have yit, or hit be eve, Of every word of this sentence A preve, by experience ; And with thyn eres heren wel	875	That fleigh so highe that the hete His winges malt, and he fel wete In-mid the see, and ther he dreynte, For whom was maked moch compleynte.	925
Top and tail, and everydel, That every word that spoken is Comth into Fames Hous, y-wis, As I have seyd ; what wilt thou more ?'	880	' Now turn upward,' quod he, ' thy face, And behold this large place, 926 This air ; but loke thou ne be Adrad of hem that thou shalt see ; (420)	930
And with this word upper to sore He gan, and seyde, ' By Seynt Jame ! 885 Now wil we speken al of game.— ' How farest thou ? ' quod he to me.	885	For in this regiouun, certein, Dwellet many a citezein, Of which that speketh dan Plato. These ben the eyrish bestes, lo !'	935
' Wel,' quod I. ' Now see,' quod he, (380) ' By thy trouthe, yond adoun, Wher that thou knowest any toun, 890 Or hous, or any other thing. And whan thou hast of ought knowing, Loke that thou warne me, And I anoon shal telle thee How fer that thou art now therfro.'	895	And so saw I al that meyneo Bothe goon and also flee. ' Now,' quod he tho, ' cast up thyn yë ; 935 See yonder, lo, the Galaxyë, Which men clepeth the Milky Wey,	940
And I adoun †gan loken tho, And beheld feldes and plaines, (389) And now hilles, and now mountaines, Now valeys, and now forestes, And now, uncthes, grete bestes ;	900	For hit is whyt : and somme, parfey, (430) Callen hit Watlinge Strete : That ones was y-brent with hete, Whan the sonnes sone, the rede, That highte Pheton, wolde lede	945
Now riveres, now citees, Now tounes, and now grete trees, Now shippes sailinge in the see. But thus sone in a whyle he		Algate his fader cart, and gye. The cart-hors gonне wel espye That he ne conde no governaunce, And gonне for to lepe and launce, And beren him now up, now doun,	950
		Til that he saw the Scorpoun, (440) Which that in heven a signe is yit. And he, for ferde, loste his wit, Of that, and leet the reynes goon Of his hors ; and they anoon	955
		Gonne up to mounte, and doun descende Til bothe the eyr and erthe brende ; Til Jupiter, lo, atte laste ;	955

- Him slow, and fro the carte caste.
 Lo, is it not a greet mischaunce,
 To lete a fole han governaunce (450)
 Of thing that he can not demeine?
 And with this word, soth for to seyne,
 He gan alway upper to sore, 961
 And gladded me ay more and more,
 So feithfully to me spak he.
 Tho gan I loken under me,
 And beheld the eyrish bestes, 965
 Cloudes, mistes, and tempestes,
 Snowes, hailes, reines, windes,
 And th'engendring in hir kindes, (460)
 And al the wey through whiche I cam;
 'O god,' quod I, 'that made Adam, 970
 Moche is thy might and thy noblesse!'
 And tho thoughte I upon Boëce,
 That writ, 'a thought may flee so lyȝ,
 With fetheres of Philosophye,
 To passen everich element; 975
 And whan he hath so fer y-went,
 Than may be seen, behind his bak,
 Cloud, and al that I of spak.' (470)
 Tho gan I wexen in a were,
 And seyde, 'I woot wel I am here; 980
 But wher in body or in gost
 I noot, y-wis; but god, thou wost!
 For more cleer entendement
 Nadde he me never yit y-sent.
 And than thoughte I on Marcian, 985
 And eek on Anteclaudian,
 That sooth was hir descripecion
 Of al the hevenes regiouin,
 As fer as that I saw the preve; (480)
 Therfor I can hem now beleve.
 With that this egle gan to crye:
 'Lat be,' quod he, 'thy fantasye;
 Wilt thou lere of sterres aught?'
 'Nay, certeinly,' quod I, 'right naught; 990
 And why? for I am now to old.'
 'Elles I wolde thee have told,' 995
 Quod he, 'the sterres names, lo,
 And al the hevenes signes to, (490)
 And which they been.' 'No fors,' quod I.
 'Yis, pardee,' quod he; 'wostow why? 1000
 For whan thou redest poetrye,
 How goddes gonne stellifye
 Brid, fish, beste, or him or here,
 As the Raven, or either Bere,
 Or Ariones harpe fyn, 1005
 Castor, Pollux, or Delphyn,
- Or þ Atlantes doughtres sevene,
 How alle these arn set in hevene; (500)
 For though thou have hem ofte on honde,
 Yet nostow not wher that they stonde.
 'No fors,' quod I, 'hit is no nede: 1011
 I leve as wel, so god me spedie,
 Hem that wryte of this matere,
 As though I knew hir places here;
 And eek they shynen here so brighte,
 Hit shulde shenden al my sighte, 1016
 To loke on hem.' 'That may wel be,'
 Quod he. And so forth bar he me (510)
 A whyl, and than he gan to crye,
 That never herde I thing so hye,
 'Now up the heed; for al is wel; 1020
 Seynt Julyan, lo, bon hostel!
 See here the House of Fame, lo!
 Maistow not heren that I do?'
 'What?' quod I. 'The grete soun,' 1025
 Quod he, 'that rumbleth up and doun
 In Fames Hous, ful of tydinges,
 Bothe of fair speche and chydinges, (520)
 And of fals and soth compouned.
 Herkne wel; hit is not rounded. 1030
 Herestow not the grete swogh?
 'Yis, pardee,' quod I, 'wel y-noghi.'
 'And what soun is it lyk?' quod he.
 'Peter! lyk beting of the see,' 1035
 Quod I, 'again the roches holowe,
 Whan tempest doth the shippes swalowe;
 And lat a man stonde, out of doute,
 A myle thens, and here hit route; (530)
 Or elles lyk the last humblinge
 After the clappe of a thundringe, 1040
 When Joves hath the air y-bete;
 But hit doth me for fere swete.
 'Nay, dred thee not therof,' quod he,
 'Hit is nothing wil byten thee;
 Thou shalt non harm have, trewely.' 1045
 And with this word bothe he and I
 As nigh the place arryved were
 As men may casten with a spere. (540)
 I nist̄ how, but in a strete
 He sette me faire on my fete,
 And seyde, 'Walke forth a pas,
 And tak thyн aventure or cas,
 That thou shalt finde in Fames place.'
 'Now,' quod I, 'whyl we han space 1055
 To speke, or that I go fro thee,
 For the love of god, tel me,
 In sooth that wil I of thee lere,

If this noise that I here
Be, as I have herd thee tellen,
Of folk that down in erthe dwellen, 1060
And comth here in the same wyse
As I thee herde or this devyse ;
And that ther lyves body nis
In al that hous that yonder is,
That maketh al this loude fare ?' 1065
'No,' quod he, 'by Seynte Clare,
And also wis god rede me !
But o thinge I wil warne thee 1060
Of the which thou wolt have wonder.
Lo, to the House of Fame yonder 1070
Thou wost how cometh every speche,
Hit nedeth noght thee eft to teche.
But understand now right wel this,
Whan any speche y-comen is

(550) Up to the paleys, anon-right 1075
Hit wexeth lyk the same wight
Which that the word in erthe spak,
Be hit clothed reed or blak ; 1070
And hath so verray his lyknesse
That spak the word, that thou wilt gesse
That hit the same body be, 1081
Man or woman, he or she.
And is not this a wonder thing ?'
'Yis,' quod I tho, 'by hevene king !'
And with this worde, 'Farwel,' quod he, 1086
'And here I wol abyden thee ;
And god of hevene sende thee grace,
Som good to lernen in this place.' 1080
And I of him took leve anoon,
And gan forth to the paleys goon. 1090

Explicit liber secundus.

BOOK III.

Incipit liber tercius.

Invocation.

O god of science and of light,
Apollo, through thy grete might,
This litel laste book thou gye !
Nat that I wilne, for maistrye,
Here art poetical be shewed ; 1095
But, for the rym is light and lewed,
Yit make hit sumwhat agreeable,
Though som vers faille in a sillable ;
And that I do no diligence
To shewe craft, but o sentence. (10) 1100
And if, divyne vertu, thou
Wilt helpe me to shewe now
That in myn hede y-marked is—
Lo, that is for to menen this,
The Hous of Fame to descriyve— 1105
Thou shalt see me go, as blyve,
Unto the nexte laure I see,
And kisse hit, for hit is thy tree ;
Now entreth in my breste anoon !—

And certein, or I ferther pace,
I wol yow al the shap devyse
Of hous and fsite ; and al the wyse 1115
How I gan to this place aproche
That stood upon so high a roche,
Hyer stant ther noon in Spaine.
But up I clomb with alle paine,
And though to climbe hit greved me,
Yit I ententif was to see, (30) 1120
And for to pouren wonder lowe,
If I coude any weyes knowe
What maner stoon this roche was ;
For hit was lyk a thing of glas,
But that hit shoon ful more clere ; 1125
But of what congeled matere
Hit was, I niste redely.
But at the laste espyed I,
And found that hit was, every deel,
A roche of yse, and not of steel. (40) 1130
Thoughte I, 'By Seynt Thomas of Kent !
This were a feble foundement
To bilden on a place hye ;
He oughte him litel glorifye
That her-on bilt, god so me save !' 1135

The saw I al the half y-grave
With famous folkes names fele,
That had y-been in mochel wele,

The Dream.

Whan I was fro this egles goon, (20) 1110
I gan beholde upon this place.

And hir fames wyde y-blowe. But wel unethes coude I knowe	(50) 1140	+Babewinnes and pinacles, Imageries and tabernacles,	(100) 1190
Any lettres for to rede Hir names by ; for, out of drede,		I saw ; and ful eek of windowes, As flakes fallen in grete snowes.	
They were almost of-thowed so, That of the lettres oon or two		And eek in ech of the pinacles Weren sondry habitacles,	
Was molte away of every name,	1145	In whiche stoden, al withoute— Ful the castel, al aboute—	1195
So unfamous was wexe hir fame ; But men seyn, ' What may ever laste ? '		Of alle maner of minstrales, And gestiours, that tellen tales	
Tho gan I in myn herte caste, That they were molte awey with hete,		Bothe of weeping and of game, Of al that longeth unto Fame.	(110) 1200
And not awey with stormes bete. (60) 1150		Ther herde I pleyen on an harpe	
For on that other syde I say Of this hille, that northward lay,		That sounded bothe wel and sharpe, Orpheus ful craftely,	
How hit was witten ful of names Of folk that hadden grete fames		And on his syde, faste by, Sat the harper Orion,	1205
Of olde tyme, and yit they were	1155	And Eacides Chiron,	
As fresshe as men had witten there	hem	And other harpers many oon, And the Bret Glaseurion ;	
The selve day right, or that houre That I upon hem gan to poure.		And smale harpers with her gleës	
But wel I wiste what hit made ; Hit was conserved with the shade—	(70)	+Seten under hem in seës, (120) 1210	
Al this wrytinge that I sy—	1161	And gonne on hem upward to gape, And countrefete hem as an ape,	
Of a castel, that stood on hy, And stood eek on so cold a place,		Or as craft countrefeteth kinde.	
That hete mighte hit not deface.		Tho saugh I stonden hem behinde,	
Tho gan I up the hille to goon, And fond upon the coppe a woon,	1165	A-fro fer from him, al by hemselfe,	1215
That alle the men that ben on lyve Ne han the cunning to descriyve		Many thousand tymes twelve,	
The beautee of that ilke place, Ne coude casten no compace	(80) 1170	That maden loude monstraleyres	
Swich another for to make, That mighte of beautee be his make,		In cornemuse, and shalmyes,	
Ne [be] so wonderliche y-wrought ; That hit astonieith yit my thought,		And many other maner pipe,	1220
And maketh al my wit to swinke	1175	That craftely begunne pipe	
On this castel to bethinke.		Bothe in doucet and in rede,	
So that the grete +craft, beautee, The cast, the curiositee		That ben at festes with the brede ;	
Ne can I not to yow devyse, My wit ne may me not suffyse. (90) 1180		And many floute and lilling-horne,	
But natheles al the substance I have yit in my remembrance ;		And pypes made of grene corne,	
For why me thoughte, by Seynt Gyle !		As han thise litel herde-gromes,	1225
Al was of stone of beryle,		That kepen bestes in the bromes.	
Bothe castel and the tour,	1185	Ther saugh I than Atiteris,	
And eek the halle, and every bour,		And of Athenes dan Pseustis,	
Withouten peces or joininges.		And Marcia that lost her skin,	
But many subtil compassinges,		Bothe in face, body, and chin, (140) 1230	
		For that she wolde envyen, lo !	
		To pyppen bet then Apollo.	
		Ther saugh I famous, olde and yonge,	
		Pypers of the Duche tonge,	
		To lerne love-dances, springes,	1235
		Reyes, and these straunge thinges.	
		Tho saugh I in another place	
		Stonden in a large space,	
		Of hem that maken blody soun	

In trumpe, beme, and clarion ; (150) 1240
 For in fight and blood-shedinge
 Is used gladly clarioninge.

Ther herde I trumpenn Messenus,
 Of whom that speketh Virgilius.
 Ther herde I Joab trumpe also, 1245
 Theodosias, and other mo ;
 And alle that used clarion
 In Cataloigne and Aragon,
 That in hir tyme famous were
 To lerne, saugh I trumpe there. (160) 1250

Ther saugh I sitte in other seës,
 Pleying upon sondry gleës,
 Whiche that I cannot nevene,
 Mo then sterres been in hevene,
 Of whiche I nil as now not ryme, 1255
 For ese of yow, and losse of tyme :
 For tyme y-lost, this knownen ye,
 By no way may recovered be.

Ther saugh I þpleyen jogelours,
 Magiciens and tregetours, (170) 1260
 And phitonesses, charmeresses,
 Olde wiçches, sorceresses,
 That use exorsisacions
 And eek thise fumigacions ;
 And clerkes eek, which conne wel 1265
 Al this magyke naturel,
 That craftely don hir ententes,
 To make, in certeyn ascendentes,
 Images, lo, through which magyk
 To make a man ben hool or syk. (180) 1270
 Ther saugh I þthee, queen Medea,
 And Circes eke, and Calipsa ;
 Ther saugh I Hermes Ballenus,
 Lymote, and eek Simon Magus. 1274
 Ther saugh I, and knew hem by name,

That by such art don men han fame.
 Ther saugh I Colle tregetour
 Upon a table of sicamour
 Pleye an uncouthe thing to telle ;
 I saugh him curien a wind-melle (190) 1280
 Under a walsh-note shale.

What shuld I make lenger tale
 Of al the peple that I say,
 Fro hennes in-to domesday ?

Whan I had al this folk beholde, 1285
 And fond me lous, and noght y-holde,
 And eft y-mused longe whyle
 Upon these walles of beryle,
 That shoon ful lighter than a glas,
 And made wel more than hit was (200)

To semen, every thing, y-wis, 1291
 As kinde thing of fames is ;
 I gan forth romen til I fonde
 The castel-yate on my right hond,
 Which that so wel corven was 1295
 That never swich another nas ;
 And yit hit was by aventure
 Y-wrought, as often as by cure.

Hit nedeth noght yow for to tellen,
 To make yow to longe dwellen, (210) 1300
 Of this yates florishings,
 Ne of compasses, ne of kervinges,
 Ne how they þhatte in masonerries,
 As, corbets fulle of imageries.
 But, lord ! so fair hit was to shewe, 1305
 For hit was al with gold behewe.
 But in I wente, and that anon ;
 Ther mette I cryng many oon,—
 ‘A larges, larges, hold up wel !
 God save the lady of this pel, (220) 1310
 Our owne gentil lady Fame,
 And hem that wilnen to have name
 Of us !’ Thus herde I cryen alle,
 And faste comen out of halle,
 And shoken nobles and sterlings. 1315
 And somme crouned were as kinges,
 With crounes wrought ful of losenges ;
 And many riban, and many frenges
 Were on hir clothes trewely.

Tho atte laste aspyed I (230) 1320
 That pursevauntes and herandes,
 That cryen riche folkes laudes,
 Hit weren alle ; and every man
 Of hem, as I yow tellen can,
 Had on him throwen a vesture, 1325
 Which that men clepe a cote-armure,
 Embrowded wonderliche riche,
 Al-though they nere nought y-liche.
 But noght nil I, so mote I thryve,
 Been aboute to discryve (240) 1330
 Al these armes that ther weren,
 That they thus on hir cotes beren,
 For hit to me were impossible ;
 Men mighte make of hem a bible
 Twenty foot thikke, as I trowe. 1335
 For certeyn, who-so coude y-knowe
 Mighte ther alle the armes seen
 Of famous folk that han y-been
 In Auffrike, Europe, and Asye,
 Sith first began the chevalrye. (250) 1340
 Lo ! how shulde I now telle al this ?

Ne of the halle eek what nede is
To tellen yow, that every wal
Of hit, and floor, and roof and al
Was plated half a fote thikke 1345
Of gold, and that nas no-thing wikke,
But, for to prove in alle wyse,
As fyn as ducat in Venyse,
Of whiche to lyte al in my pouche is ?
And they wer set asthikke of nouchis (260)
Fulle of the fynest stones faire, 1351
That men rede in the Lapidaire,
As greses growen in a mede ;
But hit were al to longo to rede
The names ; and therfore I pace. 1355
But in this riche lusty place,
That Fames halle called was,
Ful moche prees of folk ther nas,
Ne crouding, for to mochil prees.
But al on hye, above a dees, 1360
†Sitte in a see imperial,
That maad was of a rubee al,
Which that a carbuncle is y-called,
I saugh, perpetually y-stalled,
A feminyne creature ; 1365
That never formed by nature
Nas swich another thing y-seye.
For altherfirst, soth for to seye,
Me thoughte that she was so lyte,
That the lengthe of a cubyte 1370
Was lenger than she semed be ;
But thus sone, in a whyle, she
Hir tho so †wonderliche streighte,
That with her feet she th'erthe reighte,
And with her heed she touched hevene,
Ther as shynen sterres sevene. 1375
And ther-to eek, as to my wit,
I saugh a gretter wonder yit,
Upon her eyen to beholde ;
But certeyn I hem never tolde ; (290) 1380
For as fele eyen hadde she
As fetheres upon foules be,
Or weren on the bestes fourre,
That goddes trone gunne honoure,
As John writ in th'apocalips. 1385
Hir heer, that oundy was and cryps,
As burned gold hit shoon to see,
And sooth to tellen, also she
Had also fela up-standing eres
And tonges, as on bestes heres ; (300) 1390
And on her feet wexen saugh I
Partriches winges redely

But, lord ! the perrie and the richesse
I saugh sitting on this goddesse !
And, lord ! the hevenish melodye 1395
Of songes, ful of armonye,
I herde abouthe her trone y-songe,
That al at the paleys-walles ronge !
So song the mighty Muse, she
That cleped is Caliopee, (310) 1400
And hir eighte sustren eke,
That in hir face semen meke ;
And evermo, eternally,
They songe of Fame, as tho theerde I :—
‘ Heried be thou and thy name, 1405
Goddesse of renoun and of fame !’
Tho was I war, lo, atte laste,
As I myn eyen gan up caste,
That this ilke noble quene
On hir shuldres gan sustene (320) 1410
Bothe th'armes and the name
Of tho that hadde large fame ;
Alexander, and Hercules
That with a sherte his lyf lees !
†Thus fond I sitting this goddesse, 1415
In nobley, honour, and richesse ;
Of which I stinte a whylo now,
Other thing to tellen yow.
Tho saugh I stonde on either syde,
Streight down to the dores wyde, (330) 1420
Fro the dees, many a pilere
Of metal, that shoon not ful cleer ;
But though they nere of no richesse,
Yet they were maad for greet noblesse,
And in hem greet [and hy]sentence ; 1425
And folk of digne reverence,
Of whiche I wol yow telle fonde,
Upon the pilere saugh I stonde.
Alderfirst, lo, ther I sigh,
Upon a pilere stonde on high, (340) 1430
That was of lede and yren fyn,
Him of seete Saturnyn,
Th' Ebrayk Josephus, the olde,
That of Jewes gestes tolde ;
And bar upon his shuldres hye 1435
The fame up of the Jewerye.
And by him stoden other sevene,
Wyse and worthy for to nevene,
To helpen him bere up the charge,
Hit was so hevy and so large. (350) 1440
And for they writhen of batailes,
As wel as other olde mervailles,
Therfor was, lo, this pilere,

Of which that I yow telle heer,
Of lede and yren bothe, y-wis.
For yren Martes metal is,
Which that god is of bataile ;
And the leed, withouten faile,
Is, lo, the metal of Saturne,
That hath ful large wheel to turne. (360)
Tho stoden forth, on every rowe,
Of hem which that I conde knowe,
Thogh I hem noght by ordre telle,
To make yow to long to dwelle.
These, of whiche I ginne rede,
Ther saugh I stonden, out of drede :
Upon an yren piler strong,
That peynted was, al endelong,
With tygres blode in every place,
The Tholosan that highte Stace, (370) 1460
That bar of Thebes up the fame
Upon his shuldres, and the name
Also of cruel Achilles.
And by him stood, withouten lees,
Ful wonder hye on a pileer
Of yren, he, the gret Omeer ;
And with him Dares and Tytus
Before, and eek he, Lollius,
And Guido eek de Columpnis,
And English Gaufride eek, y-wis; (380) 1470
And ech of these, as have I joye,
Was besy for to bere up Troye.
So hevy ther-of was the fame,
That for to bere hit was no game.
But yit I gan ful wel espye,
Betwix hem was a litel envyte.
Oon seyde, Omere made lyes,
Feyninge in his poetryes,
And was to Grekes favorable ;
Therfor held he hit but fable. (390) 1480
Tho saugh I stonde on a pileer,
That was of tinned yren cleer,
That Latin poete, [dan] Virgyle,
That bore hath up a longe whyle
The fame of Pius Eneas.
And next him on a pileer was,
Of coper, Venus clerk, Ovyde,
That hath y-sownen wonder wyde
The grete god of Loves name.
And ther he bar up wel his fame,
Upon this pileer, also hye
As I might see hit with myn yē :
For why this halle, of whiche I rede
Was woxe on thighte, lengthe and brede,

1445

1451

1455

1465

1475

1485

(400)

1491

For this folk, ful wel I wiste,
They hadde good fame ech deserved, 1545
Althogh they were diversly served ;
Right as hir suster, dame Fortune,
Is wont to serven in comune.

Now herkne how she gan to paye
That gonne hir of hir grace praye ; (460)
And yit, lo, al this compayne 1551
Seyden sooth, and noght a lye.

' Madame,' seyden they, ' we be
Folk that heer besechen thee,
That thou graunte us now good fame, 1555
And lete our werkes han that name ;
In ful recompensiacion
Of good werk, give us good renoun.'
' I werne yow hit,' quod she anoon,
' Ye gete of me good fame noon, (470) 1560
By god ! and therfor go your wey.'

' Alas,' quod they, ' and welaway !
Telle us, what may your cause be ?'
' For me list hit noght,' quod she ;
' No wight shal speke of yow, y-wis, 1565
Good ne harm, ne that ne this.'
And with that word she gan to calle
Hir messenger, that was in halle,
And bad that he shulde faste goon,
† Up peyne to be blind anon, (480) 1570
For Eolus, the god of winde ;—
' In Trace ther ye shul him finde,
And bid him bringe his clarion,
That is ful dyvers of his soun,
And hit is cleped Clere Laude, 1575
With which he wont is to heraunde
Hem that me list y-preised be :
And also bid him how that he
Bringe his other clarion,
That highte Sclaundre in every toun, (490)
With which he wont is to diffame 1581
Hem that me list, and do hem shame.'

This messenger gan faste goon,
And found wher, in a cave of stoon,
In a contree that highte Trace,
This Eolus, with harde grace, 1585
Held the windes in distresse,
And gan hem under him to presse,
That they gonne as beres rore,
He bond and pressed hem so sore.

(500) This messenger gan faste crye,
' Rys up,' quod he, ' and faste hye,
Til that thou at my lady be ;
And tak thy clarions eek with thee,

1591 And speed thee forth.' And he anon
Took to a man, that hight Triton,
His clarions to bere tho,
And leet a certeyn wind to go,
That blew so hidously and hye,

That hit ne lefte not a skye (510) 1600
In al the welken longe and brood.

This Eolus no-wher abood
Til he was come at Fames feet,
And eek the man that Triton heet ;
And ther he stood, as still as stoon. 1605
And her-withal ther com anoon

Another huge compayne
Of gode folk, and gunne crye,
' Lady, graunte us now good fame,
And lat our werkes han that name (520)
Now, in honour of gentilesse, 1611
And also god your soule blesse !
For we han wel deserved hit,
Therfor is right that we ben quit.'

' As thryve I,' quod she, ' ye shal
faile,

Good werkes shal yow noght availe 1616
To have of me good fame as now.
But wite ye what ? I graunte yow,
That ye shal have a shrewed fame 1619
And wikked loos, and worse name, (530)
Though ye good loos have wel deserved.
Now go your wey, for ye be served ;
And thou, dan Eolus, let see !

Tak forth thy trumpe anon,' quod she,
' That is y-cleped Sclaundre light, 1625
And blow hir loos, that every wight
Speke of hem harm and shrewednesse,
In stede of good and worthiness.

For thou shalt trumpe al the contraire
Of that they han don wel or faire.' 1630

' Alas,' thoughte I, ' what aventures
Han these soray creatures ! (542)

For they, amonges al the pres,
Shul thus be shamed gilteles !

But what ! hit moste nedes be.' 1635

What did this Eolus, but he
Tok out his blakke trumpe of bras,
That foulier than the devil was,
And gan this trumpe for to blowe,
As al the world shulde overthrowe ; (550)
That through-out every regioune 1641
Wente this foule trumpes soun,
As swift as pelet out of gonne,
Whan fyr is in the poudre ronne.

And swiche a smoke gan out-wende 1645
 Out of his foule trumpes ende,
 Blak, blo, grenish, swartish reed,
 As doth wher that men melte leed,
 Lo, al on high fro the tuel !
 And thereto oo thing saugh I wel, (560) 1650
 That, the ferther that hit ran,
 The gretter wexen hit began,
 As doth the river from a welle,
 And hit stank as the pit of helle.
 Alas, thus was hir shame y-ronge, 1655
 And giltelees, on every tonge.
 Tho com the thridde compayne,
 And gunne up to the dees to hye,
 And doun on knees they fille anon,
 And seyde, 'We ben everichon' (570) 1660
 Folk that han ful trewely
 Deserved fame rightfully,
 And praye yow, hit mot be knowe,
 Right as hit is, and forth y-blowe.'
 'I graunte,' quod she, 'for me list 1665
 That now your gode †werk be wist ;
 And yit yo shul han better loos,
 Right in dispyt of alle your foos,
 Than worthy is; and that anoon :
 Lat now,' quod she, 'thy trumpe goon, (580)
 Thou Eolus, that is so blak ; 1671
 And out thy other trumpe tak
 That highte Lande, and blow hit so
 That through the world hir fame go
 Al esely, and not to faste, 1675
 That hit be knownen atte laste.'
 'Ful gladly, lady myn,' he seyde ;
 And out his trumpe of golde he brayde
 Anon, and sette hit to his mouthe,
 And blew hit est, and west, and southe, (590)
 And north, as loude as any thunder, 1681
 That every wight hadde of hit wonder,
 So brode hit ran, or than hit stente.
 And, certes, al the breeth that wente
 Out of his trumpes mouthe smelde 1685
 As men a pot-ful †bawme helde
 Among a basket ful of roses ;
 This favour dide he til hir loses.
 And right with this I gan aspye,
 Ther com the ferthe compayne— (600) 1690
 But certeyn they were wonder fewe—
 And gonне stonden in a rewe,
 And seyden, 'Certes, lady brighte,
 We han don wel with al our mighte ;
 But we ne kepen have no fame.' 1695

Hyd our werkes and our name,
 For goddes love ! for certes we
 Han certeyn doon hit for bountee,
 And for no maner other thing.'
 'I graunte yow al your asking,' (610) 1700
 Quod she ; 'let your †werk be deed.'
 With that aboute I clew myn heed,
 And saugh anoon the fifte route
 That to this lady gonне loute,
 And doun on knees anoon to falle ; 1705
 And to hir tho besoughten alle
 To hyde hir gode werkes eek,
 And seyde, they yeven noght a leek
 For fame, ne for swich renoun ;
 For they, for contemplacioun (620) 1710
 And goddes love, hadde y-wrought ;
 Ne of fame woldes they nought.
 'What ?' quod she, 'and be ye wood ?
 And wene ye for to do good,
 And for to have of that no fame ?' 1715
 Have ye dispyt to have my name ?
 Nay, ye shul liven everichoon !
 Blow thy trumpe and that anoon,'
 Quod she, 'thou Eolus, I hote,
 And ring this folkes †werk by note, (630)
 That al the world may of hit here.' 1721
 And he gan blowe hir loos so clere
 In his golden clarion,
 That through the world wente the soun,
 +So kenely, and eek so softe ; 1725
 But atte laste hit was on-lofte.
 Thoo com the sexte compayne,
 And gonне faste on Fame crye.
 Right verrailly, in this manere
 They seyden : 'Mercy, lady dere ! (640) 1730
 To telle certein, as hit is,
 We han don neither that ne this,
 But ydel al our lyf y-be.
 But, natheles, yit preye we,
 That we mowe han so good a fame, 1735
 And greet renoun and knownen name,
 As they that han don noble gestes,
 And achieved alle hir lestes,
 As wel of love as other thing ;
 Al was us never broche ne ring, (650) 1740
 Ne elles nought, from wimmen sent,
 Ne ones in lir herte y-ment
 To make us only frendly chere,
 But mighte temen us on bere ;
 Yit lat us to the peple seme 1745
 Swiche as the world may of us deme,

That wimmen loven us for wood,
Hit shal don us as moche good,
And to our herte as moche availe
To countrepeise ese and travaile, (660) 1750
As we had wonne hit with labour;
For that is dere boght honour
At regard of our grete ese.
And yit thou most us more plesse;
Let us be holden eek, thereto, 1755
Worthy, wyse, and gode also,
And riche, and happy unto love.
For goddes love, that sit above,
Though we may not the body have
Of wimmen, yet, so god yow save! (670) 1760
Let men glewe on us the name;
Suffyceth that we han the fame.'

'I graunte,' quod she, 'by my trouthe!
Now, Eolus, with-outen slouthie,
Tak out thy trumpe of gold, +let see, 1765
And blow as they han axed me,
That every man wene hem at ese,
Though they gon in ful badde lese.'
This Eolus gan hit so blowe, (679) 1769
That through the world hit was y-
knowe.

The com the seventh route anoon,
And fel on kneës everichoon,
And seyde, 'Lady, graunte us sone
The same thing, the same bone,
That [ye] this nexte folk han doon.' 1775
Fy on yow,' quod she, 'everichoon!
Ye masty swyn, ye ydel wrecches,
Full of roten slowe tecches!
What? false theves! wher ye wolde
Be famous good, and no-thing nolde (690)
Deserve why, ne never roughe? 1781
Men rather yow to-hangen oughte!
For ye be lyk the sweynte cat,
That wolde have fish; but wostow what?
Ye wolde no-thing wete his clowes. 1785
Wel thrift come on your jowes,
And eek on myn, if I hit graunte,
Or do yow favour, yow to avaunte!
Thou Eolus, thou king of Trace!
O, blow this folk a sory grace,' (700) 1790
Quod she, 'anoon; and wostow how?
I shal telle thee right now;
They: 'These ben they that wolde honour
ave, and do noskinnes labour,
They do no good, and yit han laude; 1795
And that men wende that bele Isaude

Ne coude hem noght of love werne;
And yit she that grint at a querne
Is al to good to ese hir herte.''

This Eolus anon up sterte, (710) 1800
And with his blakke clarion
He gan to blasen out a soun,
As loude as belweth wind in helle.
And eek therwith, [the] sooth to tellle,
This soun was [al] so ful of japes, 1805
As ever mowes were in apes.
And that wente al the world aboute,
That every wight gan on hem shoute,
And for to laughe as they were wode;
Such game fonde they in hir hode. (720)

The com another companye, 1811
That had y-doон the traiterye,
The harm, the +gretest wikkednesse
That any herte couthe gesse;
And preyed hir to han good fame, 1815
And that she nolde hem doon no
shame,
But yeve hem loos and good renoun,
And do hit blowe in clarion.
'Nay, wis!' quod she, 'hit were a
vyce;

Al be ther in me no justyce, (730) 1820
Me listeth not to do hit now,
Ne this nil I not graunte you.'

The come ther lepinge in a route,
And gonне choppen al aboute
Every man upon the croune, 1825
That al the halle gan to soun,
And sayden: 'Lady, lefe and dere,
We ben swich folk as ye mowe here.
To tellen al the tale aright,
We ben shrewes, every wight, (740) 1830
And han delyt in wikkednesse,
As gode folk han in goodnessse;
And joye to be knownen shrewes,
And fulle of vyce and wikked thewes;
Wherfor we preyen yow, a-rowe, 1835
That our fame swich be knowe
In alle thing right as hit is.'

'I graunte hit yow,' quod she, 'y-wis.
But what art thou that seyst this tale,
That werest on thy hose a pale, (750) 1840
And on thy tipet swiche a belle!'
'Madame,' quod he, 'sooth to telle,
I am that ilke shrew, y-wis,
That brende the temple of Isidis
In Athenes, lo, that citee.' 1845

'And wherfor didest thou so?' quod she.
 'By my thrift,' quod he, 'madame,
 I wolde fayn han had a fame,
 As other folk hadde in the toun,
 Al-thogh they were of greet renoun (760)
 For hir vertu and for hir thewes; 1851
 Thoughte I, as greet a fame han shrewes,
 Thogh hit be þ but for shrewednesse,
 As gode folk han for goodnesse;
 And sith I may not have that oon, 1855
 That other nil I noght for-goon.
 And for to gette of Fames hyre,
 The temple sette I al a-syre.
 Now do our loos be blownen swythe,
 As wisly be thou ever blythe.' (770) 1860
 'Gladly,' quod she; 'thou Eolus,
 Herestow not what they preyen us?'
 'Madame, yis, ful wel,' quod he,
 'And I wil trumpē hit, parde!'
 And tok his blakke trumpe faste, 1865
 And gan to puffen and to blaste,
 Til hit was at the worldes ende.
 With that I gan aboute wende;
 For oon that stood right at my bak,
 Me thoughte, goodly to me spak, (780) 1870
 And seyde: 'Frend, what is thy name?
 Artow come hider to han fame?'
 'Nay, for-sothe, frend!' quod I;
 'I cam noght hider, graunt mercy!
 For no swich cause, by my heed! 1875
 Suffyceth me, as I were deed,
 That no wight have my name in
 honde.
 I woot my-self best how I stonde;
 For what I drye or what I thinke,
 I wol my-selven al hit drinke, (790) 1880
 Certeyn, for the more part,
 As ferforth as I can myn art.'
 'But what dost thou here than?' quod he.
 Quod I, 'that wol I tellen thee,
 The cause why I stondē here:— 1885
 Som newe tydings for to lere:—
 Som newe þthings, I not what,
 Tydinges, other this or that,
 Of love, or swiche thinges glade.
 For certeynly, he that me made (800) 1890
 To comen hider, seyde me,
 I shulde bothe here and see,
 In this place, wonder thinges;
 But these be no swiche tydinges

As I mene of.' 'No?' quod he. 1895
 And I answerde, 'No, pardee!
 For wel I þtwiste, ever yit,
 Sith that first I hadde wit,
 That som folk han desyred fame
 Dyversly, and loos, and name; (810) 1900
 But certeynly, I niste how
 Ne wher that Fame þdwelte, er now;
 Ne eek of hir descripciou,
 Ne also hir condiciou,
 Ne the ordre of hir dome, 1905
 Unto the tyme I hider come.
 'þWhiche be, lo, these tydinges,
 That thou now [thus] hider brings,
 That thou hast herd?' quod he to me;
 'But now, no fors; for wel I see (820) 1910
 What thou desyrest for to here.
 Com forth, and stand no longer here,
 And I wol thee, with-outen drede,
 In swich another place lede,
 Ther thou shalt here many oon.' 1915
 Tho gan I forth with him to goon
 Out of the castel, soth to seye.
 Tho saugh I stonde in a valeye,
 Under the castel, faste by,
 An hous, that *domus Dedali*, (830) 1920
 That *Laborintus* cleped is,
 Nas maad so wonderliche, y-wis,
 Ne half so queynteliche y-wrought.
 And evermo, so swift as thought,
 This queynte hous aboute wente, 1925
 That never-mo hit stille stente.
 And ther-out com so greet a noise,
 That, had hit stonden upon Oise,
 Men mighte hit han herd esely
 To Rome, I trowe sikerly. (840) 1930
 And the noyse which that I herde,
 For al the world right so hit ferde,
 As doth the routing of the stoon
 That from th'engyn is leten goon.
 And al this hous, of whiche I rede, 1935
 Was made of twigges, falwe, rede,
 And grene eek, and som weren whyte,
 Swiche as men to these cages thwyte,
 Or maken of these paniers,
 Or elles þhottes or dossers; (850) 1940
 That, for the swough and for the
 twigges,
 This hous was also ful of gigges,
 And also ful eek of chirkinges,
 And of many other werkinges:

And eek this hous hath of entrees As fele as leves been on trees In somer, whan they grene been ; And on the roof men may yit seen A thousand holes, and wel mo, To leten wel the soun out go. (860)	1945	What wondres in this place been ; For yit, paraventure, I may lere Som good ther-on, or sumwhat hero That leef me were, or that I wente.' ' Peter ! that is myn entente,' (910)
And by day, in every tyde, Ben al the dores open wyde, And by night, echoon, unshette ; Ne porter ther is non to lette No maner tydings in to pace ; Ne never reste is in that place, That hit nis fild ful of tydinges, Other loude, or of whispringes ; And, over alle the houses angles, Isfulo of rouninges and of jangles (870)	1955	Quod he to me ; ' therfor I dwelle ; But certein, oon thing I thee telle, That, but I bringe thee ther-inne, Ne shalt thou never cumne ginne To come in-to hit, out of doute,
Of twerre, of pees, of mariages, Of †reste, of labour of viages, Of abood, of deeth, of lyfe, Of love, of hate, acorde, of stryfe, Of loos, of lore, and of winninges, Of hele, of sekenesse, of biddinges, Of faire windes, †of tempestes, Of qualme of folk, and eek of bestes ; Of dyvers transmutaciouns Of estats, and eek of regiounis ; (880)	1965	So faste hit whirleth, lo, aboute. But sith that Joves, of his grace, As I have seyd, wol thee solace Fynally with †swiche things, Uncouthe sightes and tydinges, (920)
Of trust, of drede, of jelousy, Of wit, of winninge, of folye ; Of plentee, and of greet famyne, Of chepe, of derth, and of ruyne ; Of good or †mis governement, Of fyr, of dyvers accident.	1975	To passe with thyn hevinesse ; Suche routhe hath he of thy distresse, That thou suffrest debonairely— And wost thy-selven utterly Desperat of alle blis,
And lo, this hous, of whiche I wryte, Siker be ye, hit nas not lyte ; For hit was sixty myle of lengthe ; Al was the timber of no strengthe, (890)	1985	Sith that Fortune hath maad a-mis The †fruit of al thyn hertes reste Languishe and eek in point to breste— That he, through his mighty meryte, Wol do thee ese, al be hit lyte, (930)
Whyl that it list to Aventure, That is the moder of tydinges, As the see of welles and springes,— And hit was shapen lyk a cage.	1985	And †yaf expres commaundement, To whiche I am obedient, To furthre thee with al my might, And wisse and teche thee aright Wher thou maist most tydinges here ; (940)
' Certes,' quod I, ' in al myn age, Ne saugh I swich a hous as this.' And as I wondred me, y-wis, Upon this hous, tho war was I How that myn egle, faste by, (900)	1990	Shaltow †anoon heer many oon lere.'
Was perched hye upon a stoon ; And I gan streighe to him goon And seyde thus : ' I preye thee That thou a whyl abyde me For goddes love, and let me seen	1995	With this worde he, right anoon, Hente me up bitwene his toon, And at a windowe in me broghte, (940)
		That in this hous was, as methoghte— And ther-withal, me thoughte hit stente, And no-thing hit aboute wente—
		And me sette in the flore adoun. But which a congregacioun Of folk, as I saugh rome aboute,
		Some within and some withoute, Nas never seen, ne shal ben eft ; That, certes, in the world nis left So many formed by Nature,
		Ne deed so many a creature ; (950)
		That wel unethe, in that place, Hadde I oon foot-brede of space ; And every wight that I saugh there Rouned ech in otheres ere
		A newe tyding prevely, Or elles tolde n̄ openly

Right thus, and seyde : 'Nost not thou

That is betid, lo, late or now ?'

'No,' quod †the other, 'tel me what ;'—
And than he tolde him this and that, (960)
And swoor ther-to that hit was sooth—

'Thus hath he seyd'—and 'Thus he
dooth'—

'†Thus shal hit be'—'†Thus herde I
seye'—

'That shal be found'—'That dar I
leye :—

That al the folk that is a-lyve

Ne han the cunning to discryve
The thinges that I herde there,
What loude, and what in ere.
But al the wonder-most was this :—

Whan oon had herd a thing, y-wis,

He com †forth to another wight,
And gan him tellen, anoon-right,

The same that to him was told,
Or hit a furlong-way was old,

But gan somwhat for to echo
To this tyding in this speche

More than hit ever was.

And nat so sone departed nas
That he fro him, that he ne mette

With the thridide; and, or he lette

Any stounde, he tolde him als;

Were the tyding sooth or fals,
Yit wolde he telle hit nathelies,

And evermo with more encrees
Than hit was erst. Thus north and

southe

Went every †word fro mouth to mouthe,

And that encresing ever-mo,
As fyf is wont to quikke and go

From a sparke sponge amis,
Til al a citee brent up is.

And, whan that was ful y-sponge,
And woxen more on every tonge

Than ever hit was, †hit wente anoon
Up to a windowe, out to goon ;

Or, but hit mightē out ther pace,
Hit gan out crepe at som crevace,

And fleigh forth faste for the nones.

And somtyme saugh I tho, at ones,
A lesing and a sad soth-sawe,

That gonue of aventure drawe (1000)
Out at a windowe for to pace ;

And, when they metten in that place,

They were a-chekked bothe two,
And neither of hem mooste out go ;

For other so they gonue croude, 2095
Til eche of hem gan cryen loude,

'Lat me go first !' 'Nay, but lat me !
And here I wol ensuren thee

With the nones that thou wolt do so,
That I shal never fro thee go, (1010) 2100

But be thyn owne sworen brother !
We wil medle us ech with other,

That no man, be he never so wrothe,
Shal han †that oon of two, but bothe

At ones, al beside his leve, 2105
Come we a-morwe or on eve,

Be we cryed or stille y-rouned.'
Thus saugh I fals and sooth com-

pouned
Togeder flee for oo tydinge.

Thus out at holes gonue wringe (1020)
Every tyding straight to Fame ; 2111
And she gan yeven eche his name,

After hir disposicioun,
And yaf hem eek duracioun,

Some to wexe and wane sone, 2115
As dooth the faire whyte mone,

And leet hem gon. Ther mighte I
seen

Wenged wondres faste fleen,
Twenty thousand in a route,

As Eolus hem blew aboute. (1030) 2120

And, lord ! this hous, in alle tymes,
Was ful of shipmen and pilgrymes,

With scrippes bret-ful of lesinges,
Entremedled with tydinges,

And eek alone by hem-selve. 2125
O, many a thousand tymes twelve

Saugh I eek of these pardoneres,
Curours, and eek messangeres,

With boistes crammed ful of lyes
As ever vessel was with lyes. (1040) 2130

And as I alther-fastest wente
Aboute, and dide al myn entente

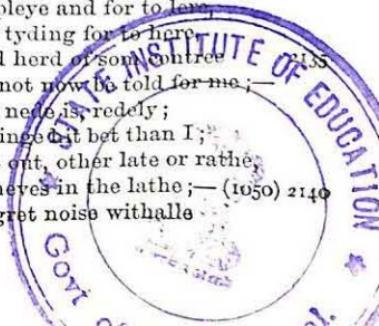
Me for to pleye and for to lese,
And eek a tyding for to here.

That I had herd of som contrée
That shal not now be told for me ;

For hit no nede is, redely ;
Folk can singedit bet than I ;

For al mot out, other late or rather,
Alle the sheves in the lathe ;— (1050) 2140

I herde a gret noise withalle.



In a corner of the halle,
 Ther men of love tydings tolde,
 And I gan thiderward beholde;
 For I saugh renninge every wight, 2145
 As faste as that they hadden might;
 And everich cryed, 'What thing is
 that?'
 And som seyde I not never what.
 And whan they were alle on an hepe,
 Tho behinde gonue up lepe, (1060) 2150

And clamben up on othere faste,
 And up the þnose on hye caste,
 And troden faste on othere heles
 And stampe, as men don after eles.
 Atte laste I saugh a man, 2155
 Which that I [nevene] naught ne can;
 But he semed for to be
 A man of greet auctoritee . . . (1068) 2158

(*Unfinished.*)

THE LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN.

TEXT A (*Earlier Version*).

The prologue of ix. goode Wimmen.

A THOUSAND sythes have I herd men
telle,
That ther is joye in heven, and peyne in
helle ;
And I acorde wel that hit be so ;
But natholes, this wot I wel also,
That ther nis noon that dwelleth in this
contree, 5
That either hath in helle or heven y-be,
Ne may of hit non other weyes witen,
But as he hath herd seyd, or founde hit
writen ;
For by assay ther may no man hit preve.
But goddes forbode, but men shulde leve
Wel more thing then men han seen with
yë ! 11
Men shal nat wenēn every-thing a lyë
For that he seigh it nat of yore ago.
God wot, a thing is never the lesse so

Thogh every wight ne may hit nat y-see.
Bernard the monk ne saugh nat al, pardé!
Than mote we to bokes that we finde,
Through which that olde thinges been in
minde,
And to the doctrine of these olde wyse,
Yeven credence, in every skilful wyse, 20
And trouwen on these olde aproved stories
Of holinesse, of regnes, of victories,
Of love, of hate, of other sundry thinges,
Of whiche I may not maken rehersinges.
And if that olde bokes were a-weye, 25
Y-loren were of remembraunce the keye.
Wel oghe us than on olde bokes leve,

TEXT B (*Later Version*).

The prologue of ix. goode Wimmen.

A THOUSAND tymes have I herd men
telle,
That ther is joye in heven, and peyne in
helle ;
And I acorde wel that hit is so ;
But natholes, yit wot I wel also,
That ther nis noon dwelling in this
contree, 5
That either hath in heven or helle y-be,
Ne may of hit non other weyes witen,
But as he hath herd seyd, or founde hit
writen ;
For by assay ther may no man hit preve.
But god forbede but men shulde leve 10
Wel more thing then men han seen with
yë !

Men shal nat wenēn every-thing a lyë
But if him-self hit seeth, or elles dooth ;
For, god wot, thing is never the lasse
sooth, 14

Thogh every wight ne may hit nat y-see.
Bernard the monk ne saugh nat al, pardé!

Than mote we to bokes that we finde,
Through which that olde thinges been in
minde,
And to the doctrine of these olde wyse,
Yeve credence, in every skilful wyse, 20
That tellen of these olde appreved stories,
Of holinesse, of regnes, of victories,
Of love, of hate, of other sundry thinges,
Of whiche I may not maken rehersinges.
And if that olde bokes were a-weye, 25
Y-loren were of remembraunce the keye.
Wel oghe us than honouren and beleve

Ther-as ther is non other assay by preve.
 And, as for me, though that my wit be
 lyte,
 On bokes for to rede I me delyte, 30
 And in myn herte have hem in reverence;

 And to hem yeve swich lust and swich
 credence,
 That ther is wel unethe game noon
 That from my bokes make me to goon,
 But hit be other up-on the haly-day, 35
 Or elles in the joly tyme of May ;

 Whan that I here the smale foules singe,

 And that the floures ginne for to springe,
 Farwel my studie, as lasting that sesoun !
 Now have I therto this condicione 40
 That, of alle the floures in the mede,
 Than love I most these floures whyte and
 rede,
 Swiche as men callen dayssies in our toun.
 To hem have I so greet affeccioun, 44
 As I seyde erst, whan comen is the May,
 That in my bed ther daweth me no day
 That I nam up, and walking in the mede
 To seen these floures agaين the sonne
 sprede,
 Whan it up-riseth by the morwe shene, 49
 The longe day, thus walking in the grene.
 And whan the sonne ginneth for to weste,
 Than closeth hit, and draweth hit to reste.
 So sore hit is afered of the night,
 Til on the morwe, that hit is dayes light.
 This dayesye, of alle floures flour, 55
 Fulfil'd of vertu and of alle honour,
 And ever y-lyke fair and fresh of hewe,
 As wel in winter as in somer newe,

[Cf. ll. 51-3, above.]

These bokes, ther we han non other preve.
 And as for me, thogh that I can but
 lyte,
 On bokes for to rede I me delyte, 30
 And to hem yeve I feyth and ful
 credence,
 And in myn herte have hem in reverence

 So hertely, that ther is game noon
 That fro my bokes maketh me to goon,
 But hit be seldom, on the holyday ; 35
 Save, certeynly, whan that the month of
 May
 Is comen, and that I here the foules
 singe,
 And that the floures ginnen for to springe,
 Farwel my book and my devocioun !
 Now have I than swich a condicione, 40
 That, of alle the floures in the mede, 41
 Than love I most these floures whyte and
 rede,
 Swiche as men callen dayssies in our toun.
 To hem have I so greet affeccioun, 44
 As I seyde erst, whan comen is the May,
 That in my bed ther daweth me no day
 That I nam up, and walking in the mede
 To seen this flour agaين the sonne sprede,

 Whan hit upryseth erly by the morwe ;
 That blisful sighte softneth al my sorwe,
 So glad am I whan that I have presence
 Of hit, to doon al maner reverence, 52

 As she, that is of alle floures flour,
 Fulfilled of al vertu and honour, 54
 And ever y-lyke fair, and fresh of hewe ;
 And I love hit, and ever y-lyke newe,
 And ever shal, til that myn herte dye ;
 Al swere I nat, of this I wol nat lye,
 Ther loved no wight hotter in his lyve.
 And whan that hit is eve, I renne
 blyve, 60
 As sone as ever the sonne ginneth weste,
 To seen this flour, how it wol go to reste,
 For fere of night, so hateth sho derknesse !
 Hir chere is pleynly sprad in the bright-
 nesse
 Of the sonne, for ther hit wol unclose. 65
 Allas ! that I ne had English, ryme or
 prose

Fain wolde I preisen, if I conde aright ; 59
But wo is me, hit lyth nat in my might !

For wel I wot, that folk han her-beforn
Of making ropen, and lad a-wey the corn ;
And I come after, glening here and
there,

And am ful glad if I may finde an ere
Of any goodly word that they han left. 65
And, if hit happe me rehersen eft
That they han in your fresshe songes sayd,
I hope that they wil nat ben evel apayd,
Sith hit is seid in forthering and honour
Of hem that either serven leef or flour. 70

[Cf. p. 354, col. 2, ll. 188-196.]
For trusteth wel, I ne have nat under-
take

As of the leef, ageyn the flour, to make ;
Ne of the flour to make, ageyn the leef,
No more than of the corn ageyn the
sheef.

For, as to me, is leefer noon ne lother ; 75
I am with-holde yit with never nother.
I not who serveth leef, ne who the flour;
That nis nothing the entent of my labour.
For this werk is al of another tunne, 79
Of olde story, er swich stryf was begunne.

But wherfor that I spak, to yeve cre-
dence

To bokes olde and doon hem reverence,
Is for men shulde autoritees beleve,
Ther as ther lyth non other assay by
preve.

For myn entent is, or I fro yow fare, 85
The naked text in English to declare
Of many a story, or elles of many a geste,
As autours seyn ; leveth hem if yow leste !

Suffisant this flour to preyse aright !
But helpeth, ye that han conning and
mighty,
Ye lovers, that can make of sentement ;
In this cas oughte ye be diligent 70
To forthren me somewhat in my labour,
Whether ye ben with the leef or with the
flour.

For wel I wot, that ye han her-bifor
Of making ropen, and lad awey the corn ;
And I come after, glening here and
there, 75

And am ful glad if I may finde an ere
Of any goodly word that ye han left.
And though it happen me rehercen eft
That ye han in your fresshe songes sayd,
For-bereth me, and beth nat evel apayd,
Sin that ye see I do hit in the honour 81
Of love, and eek in service of the flour,
Whom that I serve as I have wit or
mighty.

She is the clernessee and the verray light,
That in this derke worlde me wynt and
ledeth, 85
The herte in-with my sorowful brest yow
dredeth,

And loveth so sore, that ye ben verrayly
The maistresse of my wit, and nothing I.
My word, my werk, is knit so in your
bonde,

That, as an harpe obeyeth to the honde oo
And maketh hit sonne after his finger-
inge,

Right so mowe ye out of myn herte
bringe

Swich vois, right as yow list, to laughe
or pleyne.

Be ye my gyde and lady sovereyne ;
As to myn ertly god, to yow I calle, 95
Bothe in this werke and in my sorwes
alle.

But wherfor that I spak, to give cre-
dence

To olde stories, and doon hem reverence,
And that men mosten more thing beleve
Then men may seen at eye or elles preve ?

That shal I seyn, whan that I see my
tyme ; 101

I may not al at ones speke in ryme.
My besy gost, that thrusteth alwey newe

Whan passed was almost the month of May,
And I had romed, al the someres day, 90
The grene medew, of which that I yow tolde,
Upon the fresshe daysy to beholde,
And that the sonne out of the south gan weste,
And closed was the flour and goon to reste
For derknesse of the night, of which she dredde, 95
Hoom to myn hous ful swiftly I me spedde;
And, in a litel erber that I have,
Y-benched newe with turves fresshe y-grave,
I bad men shulde me my couche make;
For deyntee of the newe someres sake, 100
I bad hem strowe floures on my bed.
Whan I was layd, and had myn eyen led,
I fel a-slepe with-in an houre or two.
Me mette how I was in the medew tho,
And that I romed in that same gyse, 105
To seen that flour, as ye han herd devyse.
Fair was this medew, as thoughte me overal;
With floures swote embrowded was it al;
As for to speke of gomme, or erbe, or tree,
Comparisoun may noon y-maked be. 110
For hit surmounted pleylyn alle odoures,
And eek of riche beaute alle floures.
Forgeten had the erthe his pore estat
Of winter, that him naked made and mat,
And with his swerd of cold so sore had greved. 115
Now had the atempre sonne al that re-leved,
And clothed him in grene al newe agayn.
The smale foules, of the seson fayn,
That from the panter and the net ben scaped, 119
Upon the foulter, that hem made a-whaped
In winter, and distroyed had hir brood,

To seen this flour so yong, so fresh of hewe,
Constreyned me with so gledy desyr, 105
That in my herte I fele yit the fyr,
That made me to ryse er hit wer day—
And this was now the firste morwe of May—
With dredful herte and glad devocioun,
For to ben at the resureccioun 110
Of this flour, whan that it shuld unclose
Agayn the sonne, that roos as rede as rose,
That in the brest was of the beste that day,
That Agenores doghter ladde away. 114
[Cf. p. 354, col. 2, ll. 197-210.]

And doun on knees anon-right I me sette,
And, as I coude, this fresshe flour I grette;
Kneling alwey, til hit unclosed was,
Upon the smale softe swote gras,
That was with floures swote embrouded al,

Of swich swetnesse and swich odour over-al, 120
That, for to speke of gomme, or herbe, or tree,
Comparisoun may noon y-maked be;
For hit surmounteth pleylyn alle odoures,
And eek of riche beaute alle floures.
Forgeten had the erthe his pore estat 125
Of winter, that him naked made and mat,
And with his swerd of cold so sore greved;

Now hath the atempre sonne al that re-leved
That naked was, and clad hit new agayn.
The smale foules, of the seson fayn, 130
That from the panter and the net ben scaped,
Upon the foulter, that hem made a-whaped
In winter, and distroyed had hir brood,

In his despyt, hem thoughte hit did hem
good

To singe of him, and in hir song despysse
The foule cherl that, for his covetyse,
Had hem betrayed with his sophistrye.
This was hir song—‘the foulre we defye!’
Somme songen [lays] on the braunches
clere

Of love and [May], that joye hit was to
here,

In worship and in preysing of hir make,
And of the newe blisful someres sake,

That songen, ‘blissed be seynt Valentyn!
[For] at his day I chees yow to be myn,
With-oute repenting, myn herte swete!’
And therwith-al hir bekes gommen mete,
They dide honour and humble obeiaunces,
And after diden other observaunces

Right [plesing] un-to love and to nature;
So ech of hem [doth wel] to creature.
This song to herkne I dide al myn
entente,
For-why I mette I wiste what they mente.

In his despyt, hem thoughte hit did hem
good

To singe of him, and in hir song despysse
The foule cherl that, for his covetyse,
Had hem betrayed with his sophistrye.
This was hir song—‘the foulre we defye,’
And al his craft! And somme songen
clere

Layes of love, that joye hit was to here,

In worshipinge and preisinge of hir make.
And, for the newe blisful somers sake,
Upon the braunches ful of blosmes softe,
In hir delyt, they turned hem ful ofte,
And songen, ‘blessed be seynt Valentyn!
For on his day I chees yow to be myn,
Withouten repenting, myn herto swete!’
And therwith-al hir bekes gommen mete,
Yelding honour and humble obeisaunces

To love, and diden hir other obser-
vaunces

That longeth unto love and to nature;
Construeth that as yow list, I do no cure.
And tho that hadde doon unkinde-
nesse—

As dooth the tydif, for new-fangelnesse—
Besoughte mercy of hir trespassinge,
And humblye songen hir repenteinge,
And sworn on the blosmes to be trewe,
So that hir makes wolde upon hem rewe,
And at the laste maden hir acord.

Al founde they Daunger for a tyme a
lord,
Yet Pitee, through his stronge gentil
micht,

Forgaf, and made Mercy passen Right,
Through innocence and ruled curtesye.
But I ne clepe nat innocence folye,
Ne fals pitee, for ‘vertu is the mene,’
As Etik saith, in swich manere I mene.
And thus thise foules, voide of al malyce,
Acordeden to love, and laftten vyce
Of hate, and songen alle of oon accord,
‘Welcome, somer, our governour and
lord!’

And Zephyrus and Flora gentilly
Yaf to the floures, softe and tenderly,
Hir swote breth, and made hem for to
sprede,
As god and goddesse of the floury mede:

[Cf. p. 351, col. 1, ll. 71-80.]

[Cf. p. 352, col. 1, ll. 93-106.]

Til at the laste a larke song above : 151
 'I see,' quod she, 'the mighty god of love !
 Lo ! yond he cometh, I see his winges
 sprede !'
 Tho gan I loken endelong the mede,

In which me thoghte I mighte, day by
 day, 175
 Dwellen alwey, the joly month of May,
 Withouten sleep, withouten mete or
 drinke.
 A-doun ful softly I gan to sinke ;
 And, leninge on myn elbowe and my
 syde, 179
 The longe day I shoop me for to abyde
 For nothing elles, and I shal nat lye,
 But for to loke upon the dayesye,
 That wel by reson men hit calle may,
 The 'dayesye' or elles the 'ye of day,'
 The emperice and flour of floures alle. 185
 I pray to god that faire mot she falle,
 And alle that loven floures, for hir sake !
 But natholes, ne wene nat that I make
 In preysing of the flour agayn the leef,
 No more than of the corn agayn the
 sheep : 190
 For, as to me, nis lever noon ne lother ;
 I nam with-holden yit with never nother.
 Ne I not who serveth leef, ne who the
 flour ;
 Wel brouken they hir service or labour ;
 For this thing is al of another tonne, 195
 Of olde story, er swich thing was be-
 gonnew.
 Whan that the sonne out of the south
 gan weste,
 And that this flour gan close and goon to
 reste
 For derknesse of the night, the which she
 dredde,
 Hoom to myn hous ful swiftly I me
 spedde 200
 To goon to reste, and erly for to ryse,
 To seen this flour to sprede, as I devyse.
 And, in a litel herber that I have,
 That benched was on turves fresshe y-
 grave, 204
 I bad men sholde me my couche make ;
 For deyntee of the newe someres sake,
 I bad hem strawen floures on my bed.
 Whan I was leyd, and had myn eyen
 hed,
 I fel on slepe in-with an houre or two ;
 Me mette how I lay in the medew tho, 210
 To seen this flour that I so love and drede.
 And from a-fer com walking in the mede

And saw him come, and in his hond a quene, 145
Clothed in ryal abite al of grene.
A fret of gold she hadde next hir heer,
And up-on that a whyt coroun she beer
With many floures, and I shal nat lye ;
For al the world, right as the dayesye 150
I-corонed is with whyte leves lyte,
Swich were the floures of hir coroun
whyte.
For o perle fyn and oriental
Hir whyte coroun was y-maked al ;
For which the whyte coroun, above the
grene, 155
Made hir lyk a daysie for to sene,
Considered eek the fret of gold above.
Y-clothed was this mighty god of love
Of silk, y-brouded ful of grene greves ;
A garlond on his heed of rose-leves 160
Steked al with lilie floures newe ;
But of his face I can nat seyn the hewe.

For sekirly his face shoon so brighte,
That with the gleem a-stoned was the
sighte ; 164
A furlong-wey I mighte him nat beholde.
But at the laste in hande I saw him
holde
Two fyry darteres, as the gledes rede ;
And aungellicly his wenges gan he sprede.

And al be that men seyn that blind is he,
Al-gate me thoughte he mighte wel y-see ;
For sternely on me he gan biholde, 171
So that his loking doth myn herte colde.
And by the hande he held the noble
quene,
Corouned with whyte, and clothed al in
grene,
So womanly, so benigne, and so meke, 175
That in this world, thogh that men wolde
seke,
Half hir beautee shulde men nat finde
In creature that formed is by kinde,
Hir name was Alceste the debonayre ;
I prey to god that ever falle she fayre ! 180
For ne hadde confort been of hir presence,
I had be deed, withouten any defencē,

The god of love, and in his hande a
quene ;
And she was clad in real habit grene.
A fret of gold she hadde next hir heer, 215
And upon that a whyt coroun she beer
With florouns smale, and I shal nat lye ;
For al the world, ryght as a dayesye
Y-corouned is with whyte leves lyte, 219
So were the florouns of hir coroun
whyte.
For o perle fyne, oriental,
Hir whyte coroun was y-maked al ;
For which the whyte coroun, above the
grene,
Made hir lyk a daysie for to sene,
Considered eek hir fret of gold above. 225
Y-clothed was this mighty god of love
In silke, embrouded ful of grene greves,
In-with a fret of rede rose-leves,
The fresshest sin the world was first
bignonne. 229
His gilte heer was coroned with a sonne,
In-stede of gold, for heviness and wighte ;
Therwith me thoughte his face shoon so
brighte

That wel unnethes mighte I him beholde ;
And in his hande me thoughte I saugh
him holde
Two fyry darteres, as the gledes rede ; 235
And aungellyke his wings saugh I
sprede.
And al be that men seyn that blind is he,
Al-gate me thoughte that he mighte see ;
For sternely on me he gan biholde,
So that his loking doth myn herte colde.
And by the hande he held this noble
quene, 241
Corouned with whyte, and clothed al in
grene,
So womanly, so benigne, and so meke,
That in this world, thogh that men wolde
seke,
Half hir beautee shulde men nat finde 245
In creature that formed is by kinde.

[Cf. p. 357, col. 2, ll. 276-9.]

For drede of Loves wordes and his chere,
As, whan tyme is, her-after ye shal here.
Byhind this god of love, up-on this grene,
I saw cominge of ladyns nyntene 186
In ryal abite, a ful esy pas,
And after hem com of wemen swich a tras
That, sin that god Adam made of erthe,
The thredde part of wemen, ne the ferthe,
Ne wende I nat by possibilitee 191
Hadden ever in this world y-be ;
And trewe of love thise wemen were
echoon.

Now whether was that a wonder thing
or noon,
That, right anoon as that they gonne
espye 195
This flour, which that I clepe the dayesye,
Ful soleinly they stinten alle at-ones,
And kneled adoun, as it were for the
nones.
And after that they wenten in compas,
Daunsinge aboute this flour an esy pas, 200
And songen, as it were in carole-wyse,
This balade, which that I shal yow devyse.

Balade.

Hyd, Absolon, thy gilte tresses clere ;
Ester, ley thou thy meknesse al a-doun ;
Hyd, Jonathas, al thy frendly manere ; 205
Penalopee, and Marcia Catoun,
Mak of your wyfhod no comparisoun ;
Hyde ye your beautes, Isoude and Eleyne,
Alceste is here, that al that may desteyne.

Thy faire bodye, lat hit nat appere, 210
Lavyne ; and thou, Lucresse of Rome
toun,
And Polixene, that boghte love so dere,
Eek Cleopatre, with al thy passioune,
Hyde ye your trouthe in love and your
renoun ;
And thou, Tisbe, that hast for love swich
peyne : 215
Alceste is here, that al that may desteyne.

Herro, Dido, Laudomia, alle in-fere,
Eek Phyllis, hanging for thy Demophoun,
And Canace, espyed by thy chere,
Ysiphile, betrayed with Jasoun, 220

[Cf. p. 357, col. 2, ll. 280-296.]

And therfor may I seyn, as thinketh me,
This song, in preysing of this lady fre.

Balade.

Hyd, Absolon, thy gilte tresses clere ; 249
Ester, ley thou thy meknesse al a-doun ;
Hyd, Jonathas, al thy frendly manere ;
Penalopee, and Marcia Catoun,
Mak of your wyfhod no comparisoun ;
Hyde ye your beautes, Isoude and Eleyne,
My lady cometh, that al this may dis-
teyne. 255

Thy faire body, lat hit nat appere,
Lavyne ; and thou, Lucresse of Rome
toun,
And Polixene, that boghten love so dere,
And Cleopatre, with al thy passioune,
Hyde ye your trouthe of love and your
renoun ; 260
And thou, Tisbe, that hast of love swich
peyne ;
My lady cometh, that al this may dis-
teyne.

Herro, Dido, Laudomia, alle y-fere,
And Phyllis, hanging for thy Demophoun,
And Canace, espyed by thy chere, 265
Ysiphile, betrayed with Jasoun,

Mak of your trouthe in love no bost ne
soun ;
Nor Ypermistre or Adriane, ne pleyne ;
Alceste is here, that al that may desteyne.

Whan that this balade al y-songen was,

[Cf. pp. 355 6, col. 1, ll. 179-198.]

Maketh of your trouthe neyther boost ne
soun ;
Nor Ypermistre or Adriane, ye tweyne ;
My lady cometh, that al this may dis-
tayne.

This balade may ful wel y-songen be, 270
As I have seyd erst, by my lady free ;
For certeynly, alle these mow nat suffysse
To apperen with my lady in no wyse.
For as the sonne wol the fyr disteyne,
So passeth al my lady sovereyne, 275
That is so good, so fair, so debonaire ;
I prey to god that ever falle hir faire !
For, nadde comfort been of hir presence,
I had ben deed, withouten any defence,
For dred of Loves wordes and his chere ;
As, when tyme is, her-after ye shal here.
Behind this god of love, upon the grene,
I sangh cominge of ladȳs nyntene
In real habit, a ful esy paas ;
And after hem com of women swich a
traas, 285
That, sin that god Adam had maad of
erthe,
The thridde part of mankynd, or the
ferthe,
Ne wende I nat by possibilitee,
Had ever in this wyde worlde y-bo ;
And trewe of love thise women were
echoon. 290
Now whether was that a wonder thing
or noon,
That, right anoon as that they gonне
espye
This flour, which that I clepe the dayesye,
Ful sodeinly they stinten alle at ones,
And kneled doun, as it were for the
nones, 295
And songen with o vois, 'Hele and honour
To trouthe of womanhede, and to this flour
That berth our alder prys in figuringe !
Hir whyte coroun berth the witnessinge !'
And with that word, a-compas en-
viroun, 300
They setten hem ful softly adoun.
First sat the god of love, and sith his
quene
With the whyte coroun, clad in grene ;
And sithen al the remenant by and by,
As they were of degree, ful curteisly ; 305

Upon the softe and swote grene gras, 225
They setten hem ful softly adoun,
By ordre alle in compas, alle enveroun.
First sat the god of love, and than this
quene
With the whyte coroun, clad in grene ;
And sithen al the remenant by and by,
As they were of degree, ful curteisly ; 31

Ne nat a word was spoken in the place
The mountance of a furlong-wey of space.

I, lening faste by under a bente,
Abood, to knownen what this peple mente,
Asstille as any stoon ; til at the laste, 236
The god of love on me his eye caste,
And seyde, 'who resteth ther?' and I
answerde

Un-to his axing, whan that I him herde,
And seyde, 'sir, hit am I'; and cam him
neer, 240
And salued him. Quod he, 'what dostow
heer

In my presence, and that so boldely?
For it were better worthy, trewely,
A worm to comen in my sight than
thou.'

'And why, sir,' quod I, 'and hit lyke
yow?' 245
'For thou,' quod he, 'art ther-to nothing
able.

My seruaunts been alle wyse and honour-
able.

Thou art my mortal fo, and me warreyest,

And of myne olde seruaunts thou mis-
seyest,

And hinderest hem, with thy translacioun,
And lettest folk to han devocioun 251
To serven me, and haldest hit folye
To troste on me. Thou mayst hit nat
denye;

For in pleyn text, hit nedeth nat to
glose,

Thou hast translated the Romauns of the
Rose, 255

That is an heresye ageyns my lawe,
And makest wyse folk fro me withdrawe.
And thinkest in thy wit, that is ful cool,
That he nis but a verray propre fool
That loveth paramours, to harde and
hote. 260

Wel wot I ther-by thou beginnest dote
As olde foles, whan hir spirit fayleth;
Than blame they folk, and wite nat what
hem ayleth.

Hast thou nat mad in English eek the
book

How that Criseyde Troilus forsook, 265
In shewinge how that wemen han don
mis?

Ne nat a word was spoken in the place
The mountance of a furlong-wey of space.

I kneling by this flour, in good entente
Abood, to knownen what this peple mente,
As stille as any stoon ; til at the laste, 310
This god of love on me his eyen caste,
And seyde, 'who kneleth ther?' and I
answerde

Unto his asking, whan that I hit herde,
And seyde, 'sir, hit am I'; and com him
neer,

And salued him. Quod he, 'what dostow
heer 315

So nigh myn owne flour, so boldely?
For it were better worthy, trewely,
A worm to neghen neer my flour than
thou.'

'And why, sir,' quod I, 'and hit lyke
yow?'

'For thou,' quod he, 'art ther-to nothing
able. 320

Hit is my relik, digne and delytable,

And thou my fo, and al my folk wer-
reyest,

And of myn olde seruaunts thou mis-
seyest,

And hindrest hem, with thy translacioun,
And lettest folk from hir devocioun 325
To serve me, and holdest hit folye
To serve Love. Thou mayst hit nat denye;

For in pleyn text, with-outen nede of
glose,

Thou hast translated the Romaunce of
the Rose,

That is an heresye ageyns my lawe, 330
And makest wyse folk fro me withdrawe.

And of Criseyde thou hast seyd as thes
liste,

That maketh men to wommen lasse triste,
That ben as trewe as ever was any steele.

But nathles, answer me now to this,
Why noldest thou as wel han seyd good-
nesse

Of wemen, as thou hast seyd wikkednesse?
Was ther no good matere in thy minde,
Ne in alle thy bokes coudest thou nat
finde 271

Sum story of wemen that were goode and
trewe?

Yis! god wot, sixty bokes olde and newe
Hast thou thy-self, alle fulle of stories
grete,

That bothe Romans and eek Grekes
trete 275

Of sundry wemen, which lyf that they
ladde,

And ever an hundred gode ageyn oon
badde.

This knoweth god, and alle clerkes eke,
That usen swiche materes for to seke. 279

What seith Valerie, Titus, or Claudian?

What seith Jerome ageyns Jovinian?
How clene maydens, and how trewe

wyves, 282

How stedfast widwes during al hir lyves,
Telleth Jerome; and that nat of a fewe,
But, I dar seyn, an hundred on a rewe;
That hit is pitee for to rede, and routhe,
The wo that they enduren for hir trouthe.
For to hir love were they so trewe,
That, rather than they wolde take a

newe,
They chosen to be dede in sundry wyse,
And deyden, as the story wol devyse; 291

And some were brend, and some were cut
the hals,

And some dreynt, for they wolden nat be
fals.

For alle keped they hir maydenhed,
Or elles wedlok, or hir widwehed. 295
And this thing was nat kept for holli-

nesse,
But al for verray vertu and clennesse,
And for men shulde sette on hem no lak;
And yit they weren hethen, al the pak,
That were so sore adrad of alle shame. 300
These olde wemen kepte so hir name,
That in this world I trow men shal nat
finde

A man that coude be so trewe and kinde,
As was the leste woman in that tyde.

Of thyn answeres avyse thee right weel.

What seith also the epistels of Ovyde 305
 Of trewe wyves, and of hir labour?
 What Vincent, in his Storial Mirour?
 Eek al the world of autours maystow
 here,
 Cristen and hethen, trete of swich matere;
 It nedeth nat alday thus for t'endyte. 310
 But yit I sey, what eyleth thee to wryte
 The draf of stories, and forgo the corn?
 By seint Venus, of whom that I was born,
 Although [that] thou reneyed hast my
 lay,
 As otherre olde foles many a day, 315

Thou shalt repente hit, that hit shal be
 sene!

Than spak Alceste, the worthieste
 quene,
 And seyde, 'god, right of your curtesye,
 Ye moten herknen if he can replye
 Ageyns these points that ye han to him
 meved; 320
 A god ne sholde nat be thus agreved,
 But of his deitee he shal be stable,
 And therto rightful and eek merciable.
 He shal nat rightfully his yre wreke 324
 Or he have herd the tother party speke.
 Al ne is nat gospel that is to yow pleynd;
 The god of love herth many a tale
 y-feyned.

For in your court is many a losengeour,
 And many a queynte totelere accusour,
 That tabouren in your eres many a thing
 For hate, or for jelous imagining, 331
 And for to han with yow som daliaunce.
 Envye(I prey to god yeve hir mischaunce!)

Is lavender in the grete court alway.
 For she ne parteth, neither night ne day,
 Out of the hous of Cesar; thus seith
 Dante; 336
 Who-so that goth, alwey she moot [nat]
 wante.

This man to yow may wrongly been
 accused,
 Ther as by right him oughte been excused.
 Or elles, sir, for that this man is nyce, 340
 He may translate a thing in no malyce,
 But for he useth bokes for to make,

For, thogh that thou reneyed hast my
 lay, 336
 As other wrecches han doon many a day,
 By seyt Venus, that my moder is,
 If that thou live, thou shalt repente
 this
 So cruelly, that hit shal wel be sene! 340

Tho spak this lady, clothed al in grene,

And seyde, 'god, right of your curtesye,
 Ye moten herknen if he can replye
 Agayns al this that ye han to him
 meved;

A god ne sholde nat be thus agreved, 345
 But of his deitee he shal be stable,
 And therto gracious and merciable.
 And if ye nere a god, that knownen al,
 Than mighte hit be, as I yow tellen shal;
 This man to you may falsly been ac-
 cused, 350

Ther as by right him oughte been excused.
 For in your court is many a losengeour,
 And many a queynte totelere accusour,
 That tabouren in your eres many a soun,
 Right after hir imaginacioun, 355
 To have your daliance, and for envye;
 These been the causes, and I shall nat
 lye.

Envye is lavender of the court alway;
 For she ne parteth, neither night ne day,
 Out of the hous of Cesar; thus seith
 Dante; 360
 Who-so that goth, algate she wol nat
 wante.

[Cf. ll. 350-1 above.]

And eek, paraunter, for this man is nyce,
 He mighte doon hit, gessing no malyce.
 But for he useth things for to make;

And takth non heed of what matere he
take;

Therfor he wroot the Rose and eek
Crisseyde

Of innocence, and niste what he seyde;
Or him was boden make thilke tweye 346
Of som persone, and durste hit nat with-
seye;

For he hath writhen many a book er this.
He ne hath nat doon so grevously amis
To translaten that olde clerkes wryten, 350
As thogh that he of malice wolde endyten
Despyt of love, and hadde him-self hit
wroght.

This shulde a rightwys lord han in his
thoght,

And nat be lyk tiraunts of Lumbardye,
That usen wilfulhed and tirannyne, 355
For he that king or lord is naturel,
Him oghte nat be tiraunt ne cruel,
As is a fermour, to doon the harm he can.
He moste thinke hit is his lige man,
And that him oweth, of verray duetee, 360
Shewen his peple pleyn benignitee,
And wel to here hir excusacions,
And hir compleyntes and peticious,
In duewe tyme, whan they shal hit profre.
This is the sentence of the philosophre:
A king to kepe his liges in justyce; 366
With-outen doute, that is his offyce.
And thereto is a king ful depe y-sworn,
Ful many an hundred winter heer-biforn;
And for to kepe his lordes hir degree, 370
As hit is right and skilful that they be
Enhauenced and honoured, and most
dere—

For they ben half-goddes in this world
here—

This shal he doon, bothe to pore [and]
riche,

Al be that her estat be nat a-liche, 375
And han of pore folk compassioune.
For lo, the gentil kind of the lioun!
For whan a flye offendeth him or byteth,
He with his tayl awey the flye smytes
Al esily; for, of his genterye, 380
Him deyneth nat to wreke him on a flye,
As doth a curre or elles another beste.
In noble corage oghte been areste,
And weyen every thing by equitee,
And ever han reward to his ownen degree.

Him rekketh noght of what matere he
take; 365

Or him was boden maken thilke tweye
Of som persone, and durste hit nat with-
seye;

Or him repenteþ utterly of this.
He ne hath nat doon so grevously amis
To translaten that olde clerkes wryten, 370
As thogh that he of malice wolde endyten
Despyt of love, and had him-self hit
wroght.

This shulde a rightwys lord have in his
thoght,

And nat be lyk tiraunts of Lumbardye,
Than han no reward but at tirannyne. 375
For he that king or lord is naturel,
Him oghte nat be tiraunt ne cruel,
As is a fermour, to doon the harm he can.
He moste thinke hit is his lige man,

And is his tresour, and his gold in cofre.
This is the sentence of the philosophre: 381
A king to kepe his liges in justyce;
With-outen doute, that is his offyce.

Al wol he kepe his lordes hir degree,
As hit is right and skilful that they be 385
Enhauenced and honoured, and most
dere—

For they ben half-goddes in this world
here—

Yit mot he doon bothe right, to pore and
riche,

Al be that hir estat be nat a-liche,
And han of pore folk compassioune. 390
For lo, the gentil kynd of the leoun!
For whan a flye offendeth him or byteth,
He with his tayl awey the flye smytes
Al esily; for, of his genterye, 394
Him deyneth nat to wreke him on a flye,
As doth a curre or elles another beste.
In noble corage oghte been areste,
And weyen every thing by equitee,
And ever han reward to his ownen degree.

For, sir, hit is no maystrie for a lord 386
To dampne a man with-oute answere or
word;

And, for a lord, that is ful foul to use.
And if so be he may him nat excuse,
[But] axeth mercy with a sorweful herte,
And profreth him, right in his bare
sherte, 391

To been right at your owne jugement,
Than oughte a god, by short avysement,
Considre his owne honour and his trespass.
For sith no cause of deeth lyth in this
cas, 395

Yow oughte been the lighter merciable;
Leteth your yre, and beth somewhat
tretable!

The man hath served yow of his conning,
And forthred your lawe with his making.
Whyl he was yong, he kepte your estat;
I not wher he be now a renegat. 401

But wel I wot, with that he can endyte,
He hath maked lewed folk delyte
To serve you, in preyng of your name.
He made the book that hight the Hous of
Fame, 405

And eek the Deeth of Blaunche the
Duchesse,

And the Parlement of Foules, as I gesse,
And al the love of Palamon and Arcyte
Of Thebes, thogh the story is knownen lyte;
And many an ympne for your halydayes,
That highten Balades, Roundels, Vire-
layes;

And for to speke of other besinesse,
He hath in prose translated Boëce;
And of the Wretched Engendring of Man-
kinde,

As man may in pope Innocent y-finde; 415
And mad the Lyf also of seynt Cecyle;
He made also, goon sithen a greet whyl,
Origenes upon the Maudeleyne;
Him oughte now to have the lesse peyne;
He hath mad many a lay and many a
thing. 420

Now as ye been a god, and eek a king,
I, your Alcest, whylom quene of Trace,
I axe yow this man, right of your grace,
That ye him never hurte in al his lyve;
And he shal sweren yow, and that as
blyve, 425

He shal no more agilten in this wyse;

For, sir, hit is no maystrie for a lord 400
To dampne a man with-oute answere of
word;

And, for a lord, that is ful foul to use.
And if so be he may him nat excuse,
But asketh mercy with a dredful herte,
And profreth him, right in his bare
sherte, 405

To been right at your owne jugement,
Than oughte a god, by short avysement,
Considre his owne honour and his trespass.
For sith no cause of deeth lyth in this
cas,

Yow oughte been the lighter merciable; 410
Leteth your yre, and beth somewhat tret-
able!

The man hath served yow of his conning,
And forthred wel your lawe in his making.

Al be hit that he can nat wel endyte,
Yet hath he maked lewed folk delyte 415
To serve you, in preyng of your name.
He made the book that hight the Hous of
Fame,

And eek the Deeth of Blaunche the
Duchesse,

And the Parlement of Foules, as I gesse,
And al the love of Palamon and Arcyte 420
Of Thebes, thogh the story is knownen lyte;
And many an ympne for your halydayes,
That highten Balades, Roundels, Vire-
layes;

And, for to speke of other holynesse,
He hath in prose translated Boëce, 425

And mad the Lyf also of seynt Cecyle;
He made also, goon sithen a greet whyl,
Origenes upon the Maudeleyne;
Him oughte now to have the lesse peyne;
He hath mad many a lay and many
a thing. 430

Now as ye been a god, and eek a king,
I, your Alcest, whylom quene of Trace,
I aske yow this man, right of your grace,
That ye him never hurte in al his lyve;
And he shal sweren yow, and that as
blyve, 435

He shal no more agilten in this wyse;

But he shal maken, as ye wil devyse,
Of wemen trewe in lovinge al hir lyve,
Wher-so ye wil, of maiden or of wyve,
And forthren yow, as muche as he mis-
seyde 430

Or in the Rose or elles in Criseyde.'

The god of love answerde hir thus
anoon,

'Madame,' quod he, 'hit is so long agoon
That I yow knew so charitable and trewe,
That never yit, sith that the world was
newe,' 435

To me ne fond I better noon than ye.
That, if that I wol save my degree,
I may ne wol nat warne your requeste;
Al lyth in yow, doth with him what yow
leste, 439

And al foryeve, with-outen lenger space;
For who-so yeveth a yift, or doth a grace,
Do hit by tyme, his thank is wel the
more;

And demeth ye what he shal do therfore.
Go thanke now my lady heer,' quod he.

I roos, and doun I sette me on my
knee, 445

And seyde thus: 'Madame, the god above
Foryelde yow, that ye the god of love
Han maked me his wrathe to foryive;
And yeve me grace so long for to live,
That I may knowe soothly what ye be, 450
That han me holpen, and put in swich
degree.

But trewely I wende, as in this cas,
Naught have agilt, ne doon to love
trespas.

Forwhy a trewe man, with-outen drede,
Hath nat to parten with a theves dede;
Ne a trewe lover oghte me nat blame, 455
Thogh that I speke a fals lover som shame.
They oghte rather with me for to holde,
For that I of Creseyde wroot or tolde,
Or of the Rose; what-so myn auctour
mente, 460

Algat, god wot, hit was myn entente
To forthren trouthe in love and hit
cheryce;

And to be war fro falsnesse and fro vyee
By swich ensample; this was my men-
inge,'

And she answerde, 'lat be thyn argu-
inge; 465

But he shal maken, as ye wil devyse,
Of wommen trewe in lovinge al hir lyve,
Wher-so ye wil, of maiden or of wyve,
And forthren yow, as muche as he mis-
seyde 440

Or in the Rose or elles in Creseyde.'

The god of love answerde hir thus
anoon,

'Madame,' quod he, 'hit is so long agoon
That I yow knew so charitable and trewe,
That never yit, sith that the world was
newe, 445

To me ne fond I better noon than ye.
If that I wolde save my degree,
I may ne wol nat warne your requeste;
Al lyth in yow, doth with him as yow
leste.

I al foryeve, with-outen lenger space; 450
For who-so yeveth a yift, or doth a grace,
Do hit by tyme, his thank is wel the
more;

And demeth ye what he shal do therfore.
Go thanke now my lady heer,' quod he.

I roos, and doun I sette me on my
knee, 455

And seyde thus: 'Madame, the god above
Foryelde yow, that ye the god of love
Han maked me his wrathe to foryive;
And yeve me grace so long for to live,
That I may knowe soothly what ye be, 460
That han me holpe and put in this
degree.

But trewely I wende, as in this cas,
Naught have agilt, ne doon to love
trespas.

Forwhy a trewe man, with-outen drede,
Hath nat to parten with a theves dede;
Ne a trewe lover oghte me nat blame,
Thogh that I speke a fals lover som shame.
They oghte rather with me for to holde,
For that I of Creseyde wroot or tolde,
Or of the Rose; what-so myn auctour
mente, 470

Algat, god wot, hit was myn entente
To forthren trouthe in love and hit
cheryce;

And to be war fro falsnesse and fro vyee
By swich ensample; this was my men-
inge.'

And she answerde, 'lat be thyn argu-
inge; 475

For Love ne wol nat countrepleted be
In right ne wrong ; and lerne this at me !
Thou hast thy grace, and hold thee right
ther-to.

Now wol I seyn what penance thou shalt
do

For thy trespass, and understand hit here :
Thou shalt, whyl that thou livest, yeer by
yere,

471

The moste party of thy lyve spende
In making of a glorious Legende
Of Gode Wemen, maidenes and wyves,
That were trewe in lovinge al hir lyves ;
And telle of false men that hem bitrayen,
That al hir lyf ne doon nat but assayen
How many wemen they may doon a
shame ;

For in your world that is now holden
game.

And thogh thee lesteth nat a lover be, 480
Spek wel of love ; this penance yeve
I thee.

And to the god of love I shal so preye,
That he shal charge his servants, by any
weye,
To forthren thee, and wel thy labour
quyte ;
Go now thy wey, thy penance is but lyte.'

The god of love gan smyle, and than he
seyde,

'Wostow,' quod he, 'wher this be wyf or
mayde,

Or quene, or countesse, or of what degree,
That hath so litel penance yeven thee,
That hast deserved sorer for to smerte ?
But pitee renneth sone in gentil herte ;
That mayst thou seen, she kytheth what
she is.'

And I answerde, 'nay, sir, so have I blis,
No more but that I see wel she is good.'

'That is a trewe tale, by myn hood,' 495
Quod Love, 'and that thou knowest wel,
pardee,

If hit be so that thou avyse thee.
Hastow nat in a book, lyth in thy cheste,
The gret goodnesse of the quene Alceste,
That turned was into a dayesye : 500
She that for hir husbonde chees to dye,

For Love ne wol nat countrepleted be
In right ne wrong ; and lerne that of me !
Thou hast thy grace, and hold thee right
ther-to.

Now wol I seyn what penance thou shalt
do

For thy trespass, and understand hit here :
Thou shalt, whyl that thou livest, yeer
by yere,

481

The moste party of thy tymo spende
In making of a glorious Legende
Of Gode Wommen, maidenes and wyves,
That weren trewe in lovinge al hir lyves ;
And telle of false men that hem bitrayen,
That al hir lyf ne doon nat but assayen
How many wommen they may doon a
shame ;

For in your world that is now holde a
game.

And thogh thee lyke nat a lover be, 490
Spek wel of love ; this penance yive I
thee.

And to the god of love I shal so preye,
That he shal charge his servants, by any
weye,
To forthren thee, and wel thy labour
quyte ;

Go now thy wey, this penance is but lyte.
And whan this book is maad, yive hit the
quene

496

On my behalfe, at Eltham, or at Shene.
The god of love gan smyle, and than he
seyde,

'Wostow,' quod he, 'wher this be wyf or
mayde,

Or quene, or countesse, or of what degree,
That hath so litel penance yiven thee,
That hast deserved sorer for to smerte ?
But pitee renneth sone in gentil herte :
That maystow seen, she kytheth what
she is.'

504

And I answerde, 'nay, sir, so have I blis,
No more but that I see wel she is good.'

'That is a trewe tale, by myn hood,'
Quod Love, 'and that thou knowest wel,
pardee,

If hit be so that thou avyse thee. 509
Hastow nat in a book, lyth in thy cheste,
The grete goodnesse of the quene Alceste,
That turned was into a dayesye :
She that for hir husbonde chees to dye,

And eek to goon to helle, rather than he,
And Ercules rescued hir, pardee,
And broghte hir out of helle agayn to
blis?⁵⁰⁴

And I answerde ageyn, and seyde, 'yis,
Now knowe I hir! And is this good
Alceste,

The dayesye, and myn owne hertes reste?
Now fele I wel the goodnesse of this wyf,
That bothe after hir deeth, and in hir lyf,
Hir grete bountee doubleth hir renoun!
Wel hath she quit me myn affeccioun
That I have to hir flour, the dayesye!
No wonder is thogh Jove hir stellifye,
As telleth Agaton, for hir goodnesse!
Hir whyte coroun berth of hit witnesse;
For also many vertues hadde she,⁵¹⁶
As smale floures in hir coroun be.
In remembraunce of hir and in honour,
Cibella made the dayesy and the flour
Y-coroned al with whyt, as men may see;
And Mars yaf to hir coroun reed, pardee,
In stede of rubies, set among the whyte.'

Therwith this quene wex reed for shame
a lyte,⁵²³

Whan she was preyed so in hir presence.
Than seyde Love, 'a ful gret negligence
Was hit to thee, to write unstedfastnesse
Of women, sith thou knowest hir good-
nesse

By preef, and eek by stories heer-biforn;
Let be the chaf, and wryt wel of the corn.
Why noldest thou han writen of Alceste,
And leten Criseide been a-slepe and
reste?⁵³¹

For of Aleste shulde thy wryting be,
Sin that thou wost that kalender is she
Of goodnesse, for she taughte of fyn
lovinge,

And namely of wyfhood the livinge,⁵³⁵
And alle the boundes that she oughte kepe;
Thy litel wit was thilke tyme a-slepe.
But now I charge thee, upon thy lyf,
That in thy Legend thou make of this
wyf,

Whan thou hast othere smale maad be-
fore;⁵⁴⁰

And fare now wel, I charge thee no more.

And eek to goon to helle, rather than he,
And Ercules rescowed hir, pardee,⁵¹⁵
And broghte hir out of helle agayn to
blis?

And I answerde ageyn, and seyde, 'yis,
Now knowe I hir! And is this good
Alceste,⁵¹⁸

The dayesye, and myn owne hertes reste?
Now fele I wel the goodnesse of this wyf,
That bothe after hir deeth, and in hir lyf,
Hir grete bountee doubleth hir renoun!

Wel hath she quit me myn affeccioun
That I have to hir flour, the dayesye!
No wonder is thogh Jove hir stellifye!⁵²⁵
As telleth Agaton, for hir goodnesse!

Hir whyte coroun berth of hit witnesse;
For also many vertues hadde she,
As smale floures in hir coroun be.⁵²⁹

In remembraunce of hir and in honour,
Cibella made the dayesy and the flour
Y-coroned al with whyt, as men may see;
And Mars yaf to hir coroun reed, pardee,
In stede of rubies, set among the whyte.'

Therwith this quene wex reed for shame
a lyte,⁵³⁵

Whan she was preyed so in hir presence.
Than seyde Love, 'a ful gret negligence
Was hit to thee, that ilke tyme thou
made
538

"Hyd, Absolon, thy tresses," in balade,
That thou forgete hir in thy song to sette,
Sin that thou art so gretly in hir dette,

And wost so wel, that kalender is she
To any woman that wol lover be
For she taughte al the craft of fyn
lovinge,

And namely of wyfhood the livinge,⁵⁴⁵
And alle the boundes that she oughte kepe;
Thy litel wit was thilke tyme a-slepe.
But now I charge thee, upon thy lyf,
That in thy Legend thou make of this
wyf,

Whan thou hast othere smale y-maad be-
fore;⁵⁵⁰

And fare now wel, I charge thee no more.
But er I go, thus muche I wol thee
telle,

Ne shal no trewe lover come in helle.

At Cleopatre I wol that thou beginne;
And so forth; and my love so shalt thou
winne.'

543

Thise other ladies sittinge here arowe
Ben in thy balade, if thou canst hem
knowe,
And in thy bokes alle thou shalt hem
finde;
Have hem now in thy Legend alle in
minde,
I mene of hem that been in thy knowinge.
For heer ben twenty thousand mo sittinge
Than thou knowest, that been good
wommen alle
And trewe of love, for aught that may
befalle;
Make the metres of hem as the leste.
I mot gon hoom, the sonne draweth weste,
To Paradyss, with al this compayne;
And serve alway the fresshe dayesye.
At Cleopatre I wol that thou beginne;
And so forth; and my love so shalt thou
winne.
For lat see now what man that lover be,
Wol doon so strong a peyne for love as
she.
I wot wel that thou mayst nat al hit
ryme,
That swiche lovers diden in hir tyme;
It were to long to reden and to here;
Suffyceth me, thou make in this manere,
That thou reherce of al hir lyf the grete,
After thisse olde auctours listen to trete.
For who-so shal so many a storie telle,
Sey shortly, or he shal to longe dwelle.
And with that word my bokes gan I take.
And right thus on my Legend gan I make.

And with that word of sleep I gan a-awake,
And right thus on my Legend gan I make.

Explicit prohemium.

I. THE LEGEND OF CLEOPATRA.

*Incipit Legenda Cleopatricie, Martiris,
Egipti regine.*

AFTER the deeth of Tholomee the king,
That al Egipte hadde in his governing,
Regned his quene Cleopataras;
Til on a tyme besel ther swiche a cas,
That out of Rome was sent a senatour,
For to conqueren regnes and honour
Unto the toun of Rome, as was usaunce,
To have the world unto her obeisaunce;

And, sooth to seye, Antonius was his
name.
So fil hit, as Fortune him oghte a
shame
Whan he was fallen in prosperitee,
Rebel unto the toun of Rome is he.
And over al this, the suster of Cesar,
He lafte hir falsly, er that she was war,
And wolde algates han another wyf;
For whiche he took with Rome and Cesar
stryf.

Natheles, for-sooth, this ilke senatour
Was a ful worthy gentil werreyour,
And of his deeth hit was ful greet damage.
But love had brought this man in swiche
a rage, (20)

And him so narwe bounden in his las,
Al for the love of Cleopataras, 601
That al the world he sette at no value.
Him thoughte, nas to him no thing so
due

As Cleopatras for to love and serve; 604
Him roghte nat in armes for to sterue
In the defens of hir, and of hir right.

This noble quene eek lovede so this
knight,
Through his desert, and for his chivalrye;
As certeinly, but-if that bokes lye, (30)
He was, of persone and of gentilesse, 610
And of discreciooun and hardinesse,
Worthy to any wight that liven may.
And she was fair as is the rose in May.
And, for to maken shortly is the beste,
She wex his wyf, and hadde him as hir
leste. 615

The wedding and the feste to devyse,
To me, that have y-take swiche emprise
Of so many a storie for to make, (39)
Hit were to long, lest that I sholde slake
Of thing that bereth more effect and
charge; 620
For men may overlade a ship or barge;
And forthy to th'effect than wol I skippe,
And al the remenant, I wol lete hit
slippe.

Octovian, that wood was of this dede,
Shoop him an ost on Antony to lede 625
Al-outerly for his destrucciooun,
With stoute Romans, cruel as leoun;
To ship they wente, and thus I let hem
saile.

Antonius was war, and wol nat faile (50)
To meten with thise Romans, if he
may; 630
Took eek his reed, and bothe, upon
a day,
His wyf and he, and al his ost, forth
wente
To shippe anoon, no lenger they ne stente;
And in the see hit happed hem to mete—
Up goth the trompe—and for to shouthe
and shete, 635

And peynen hem to sette on with the
sonne.

With grisly soun out goth the grete
gonne,
And heterly they hurtlen al at ones,
And fro the top down cometh the grete
stones. (60)

In goth the grapnel so ful of crokes 640
Among the ropes, and the shering-hokes.
In with the polax presseth he and he;
Behind the mast beginneth he to flee,
And out agayn, and dryveth him over-
borde; 644

He stingeth him upon his speres orde;
He rent the sail with hokes lyke a sythe;
He bringeth the cuppe, and biddeth hem
be blythe;

He poureth pesen upon the hacches slider;
With pottes ful of lym they goon to-
gider; (70)

And thus the longe day in fight they
spende 650

Til, at the laste, as every thing hath ende,
Antony is shent, and put him to the
flighte,

And al his folk to-go, that best go mighte.
Fleeth eek the queen, with al her
purple sail,

For strokes, which that wente as thikke
as hail; 655

Nowonder was, she mighte hit nat endure.
And whan that Antony saw that aven-
ture,

'Allas!' quod he, 'the day that I was
born!'

My worshipe in this day thus have I
lorn! (80)

And for dispeyr out of his witte he sterte,
And roof him-self anoon through-out the
herte 661

Er that he ferther wente out of the
place.

His wyf, that coude of Cesar have no
grace,
To Egipte is fled, for drede and for dis-
tresse;

But herkneth, ye that speke of kinde-
nesse. 665

Ye men, that falsly sweren many an ooth
That ye wol dye, if that your love be
wrooth,

Heer may ye seen of women whiche a trouthe!
 This woful Cleopatre hath mad swich routhē (90)
 That ther nis tonge noon that may hit telle. 670
 But on the morwe she wol no lenger dwelle,
 But made hir subtil werkmen make a shryne
 Of alle the rubies and the stones fyne
 In al Egipte that she coude espye;
 And putte ful the shryne of spycerye, 675
 And leet the cors embaume; and forth she fette
 This dede cors, and in the shryne hit shette.
 And next the shryne a pit than doth she grave;
 And alle the serpents that she mighte have, (100)
 She putte hem in that grave, and thus she seyde:
 'Now love, to whom my sorweful herte obeye
 So ferforthly that, fro that blisful houre
 That I yow swor to been al frely youre,
 I mene yow, Antonius my knight! 684
 That never waking, in the day or night.

Ye nere out of myn hertes remembraunce
 For wele or wo, for carole or for daunce;
 And in my-self this covenant made I tho, (100)
 That, right swich as ye felten, wele or wo,
 As ferforth as hit in my power lay, 690
 Unreprovable unto my wyfhood ay.
 The same wolde I felen, lyf or deeth.
 And thilke covenant, whyl me lasteth
 breath,
 I wol fulfille, and that shal wel be sene;
 Was never unto hir love a trewer quene,
 And with that word, naked, with ful good herte, 696
 Among the serpents in the pit she sterte,
 And ther she chees to han hir buryinge.
 Anoon the neddes gonnes hir for to stinge, (120)
 And she hir deeth receyveth, with good chere, 700
 For love of Antony, that was hir so dere:
 And this is storial sooth, hit is no fable.
 Now, er I finde a man thus trewe and stable,
 And wol for love his deeth so freely take,
 I pray god lat our hedes never ake! 705
Explicit Legenda Cleopatric. Martiris.

II. THE LEGEND OF THISBE OF BABYLON.

Incipit Legenda Tesbe Babilonie, Martiris.

At Babiloine whylom fil it thus,
 The whiche toun the queen Semiramus
 Leet dichen al about, and walles make
 Ful hye, of harde tyles wel y-bake.
 Ther weren dwellinge in this noble toun
 Two lordes, which that were of greet renoun, 711
 And woneden so nigh, upon a grene,
 That ther nas but a stoon-wal hem bittwene,
 As ofte in grete tounes is the wone.
 And sooth to seyn, that o man hadde a sone, 715
 Of al that londe oon of the lustieste. (11)
 That other hadde a doghter, the faireste,

That estward in the world was tho dwelinge.
 The name of everich gan to other springe
 By wommen, that were neighebores aboute. 720
 For in that contree yit, withouten doute,
 Maidens been y-kept, for jelosye,
 Ful streite, lest they diden som folye.
 This yonge man was cleped Piramus,
 And Tisbe hight the maid, Naso seith thus; 725
 And thus by report was hir name y-shove
 That, as they wexe in age, wex hir love; (22)
 And certein, as by reson of hir age,
 Ther mighte have been bitwix hem mariage, 729

But that hir fadres nolde hit nat assente;
And bothe in love y-lyke sore they brente,
That noon of alle hir frendes mighte hit
lette

But prively somtyme yit they mette
By sleighe, and speken som of hir desyr;
As, wry the gled, and hotter is the fyr;
Forbede a love, and it is ten so wood. 736

This wal, which that bitwix hem bothe
stood, (32)

Was cloven a-two, right fro the toppe
adoun,

Of olde tyme of his fundacioun;
But yit this clifte was so narwe and
lyte, 740

It has nat sene, dere y-nogh a myte.
But what is that, that love can nat espye?
Ye lovers two, if that I shal nat lye,
Ye founden first this litel narwe clifte;
And, with a soun as softe as any shrifte,
They lete hir wordes through the clifte
pace, (41) 746

And tolden, whyl that they stode in the
place,

Al hir compleynt of love, and al hir wo,
At every tyme when they dorste so.

Upon that o syde of the wal stood he,
And on that other syde stood Tisbe, 751
The swote soun of other to receyve,
And thus hir wardeins wolde they de-
ceyve.

And every day this wal they wolde threte,
And wissho to god, that it were down
y-bete. (50) 755

Thus wolde they seyn—'allas! thou
wikked wal,

Through thyn envyē thou us lettest al!
Why nilt thou cleve, or fallen al a-two?
Or, at the leste, but thou woldest so,
Yit woldestow but ones lete us mete, 760
Or ones that we mighte kissen swete,
Than were we covered of our cares colde.
But natheles, yit be we to thee holde
In as muche as thou suffrest for to goon
Our wordes through thy lyme and eek
thy stoon. (60) 765

Yit oughte we with thee ben wel apayd.'

And whan thisē ydel wordes weren sayd,
The colde wal they wolden kisse of stoon,
And take hir leve, and forth they wolden
goon,

And this was gladly in the even-tyde 770
Or wonder erly, lest men hit espyde;
And longe tyme they wroghte in this
manere

Til on a day, whan Phebus gan to clere,
Aurora with the stremes of hir hete
Had dryed up the dew of herbes wete; 775
Unto this clifte, as it was wont to be, (71)
Com Pyramus, and after com Tisbe,
And plighten trouthe fully in hir fey
That ilke same night to stele awey,
And to begyle hir wardeins everichoone, 780
And forth out of the citee for to goon;
And, for the feldes been so brode and
wyde,

For to mete in o place at o tyde,
They sette mark hir meting sholde be
Ther king Ninus was graven, under a
tree; (80) 785

For olde payens that ydoles heried
Useden tho in feldes to ben beried;
And faste by this grave was a welle.
And, shortly of this tale for to telle,
This covenant was affermed wonder
faste; 790

And longe hem thoughte that the sonne
laste,
That hit nere goon under the see adoun.

This Tisbe hath so greet affeccioun
And so greet lyking Piramus to see,
That, whan she seigh her tyme mighte
be, (90) 795

At night she stal away ful prively
With her face y-wimpled subtilly;
For alle her frendes—for to save her
trouthe—

She hath for-sake; allas! and that is
routhe

That ever woman wolde be so trewe 800
To trusten man, but she the bet him
knewe!

And to the tree she goth a ful good pas,
For love made her so hardy in this eas;
And by the welle adoun she gan her
dressse. 804

Allas! than comth a wilde leonesse (100)
Out of the wode, withouten more areste,
With blody mouthe, of strangling of a
beste,

To drunken of the welle, ther as she sat;
And, whan that Tisbe had espyed that,

She rist her up, with a ful drery herte, 810
And in a cave with dredful foot she sterte,
For by the mone she seigh hit wel with-
alle. 812

And, as she ran, her wimpel leet she falle,
And took noon heed, so sore she was
a-whaped. (109)

And eek so glad of that she was escaped ;
And thus she sit, and darketh wonder
stille. 816

Whan that this leonesse hath dronke her
filie,

Aboute the welle gan she for to winde,
And right anoon the wimpel gan she
finde,

And with her blody mouth hit al to-
rente. 820

Whan this was doon, no lenger she ne
stente,

But to the wode her wey than hath she
nomie.

And, at the laste, this Piramus is come,
But al to longe, allas ! at hoom was he.
The mone shoon, men mighte wel y-see, 825
And in his weye, as that he com ful
faste, (121)

His eyen to the grunde adoun he caste,
And in the sonde, as he beheld adoun,
He seigh the steppes brode of a leoun,
And in his herte he sodeinly agroos, 830

And pale he wex, therwith his heer
aroos,
And neer he com, and fond the wimpel
torn.

'Allas !' quod he, 'the day that I was
born !'

This o night wol us lovers bothe slee !
How sholde I axen mercy of Tisbe 835
Whan I am he that have yow slain, allas !
My bidding hath yow slain, as in this
cas. (132)

Allas ! to bidde a woman goon by nighte
In place ther as peril fallen mighte,
And I so slow ! allas, I ne hadde be 840
Here in this place a furlong-wey or ye !
Now what leoun that be in this foreste,
My body mote he treden, or what beste
That wilde is, gnawen mote he now myn
herte !'

And with that worde he to the wimpel
sterte, (140) 845

And kiste hit ofte, and weep on hit ful
sore,

And seide, 'wimpel, allas ! ther nis no
more

But thou shalt fele as wel the blood
of me

As thou hast felt the bleding of Tisbe !'
And with that worde he smoot him to the
herte. 850

The blood out of the wounde as brode
sterete

As water, whan the conduit broken is.
Now Tisbe, which that wiste nat of
this,

But sitting in her drede, she thoghte thus,
'If hit so falle that my Piramus 855

Be comen hider, and may me nat y-finde,
He may me holden fals and eek unkinde.'

And out she comth, and after him gan
espyen (153)

Bothe with her herte and with her yēn,
And thoghte, 'I wol him tellen of my
drede 860

Bothe of the leonesse and al my dede.'
And at the laste her love than hath she
founde

Beting with his heles on the grunde,
Al blody, and therwith-al-a-bak she sterte,
And lyke the wavas quappe gan her
herte, (160) 865

And pale as box she wex, and in a throwe
Avysed her, and gan him wel to knowe,
That hit was Piramus, her herte dere.
Who coude wryte whiche a deedly chere
Hath Tisbe now, and how her heer she
rente, 870

And how she gan her-selve to turmente,
And how she lyth and swowneth on the
grunde,

And how she weep ofteres ful his wounde,
How medelethe she his blood with her
compleynte,

And with his blood her-selven gan she
peyne; (170) 875

How clippeth she the dede cors, allas !

How doth this woful Tisbe in this cas !
How kisseth she his frosty mouth so cold !
'Who hath doon this, and who hath
been so bold 879

To sleen my leef ? O spek, my Piramus !
I am thy Tisbe, that thee calleth thus !'

And therwithal she lifteth up his heed.
This woful man, that was nat fully
deed,
Whan that he herde the name of Tisbe
cryen,
On her he caste his hevy deedly yēn 885
And doun again, and yeldeth up the
gost. (181)

Tisbe rist up, withouten noise or bost,
And seigh her wimpel and his empty
shethe,
And eek his swerd, that him hath doon
to deth;
Than spak she thus: 'My woful hand,'
quod she, 890
'Is strong y-nogh in swiche a werk to
me;
For love shal yive me strengthe and
hardiness
To make my wounde large y-nogh, I gesse.
I wol thee folwen deed, and I wol be
Felawe and cause eek of thy deeth,' quod
she. (190) 895
'And thogh that nothing save the deeth
only
Mighte thee fro me departe trewely,
Thou shalt no more departe now fro
me
Than fro the deeth, for I wol go with
thee!'

'And now, ye wretched jelous fadres
oure, 900
We, that weren whylom children youre,
We prayen yow, withouten more envye,
That in o grave y-fere we moten lye,
Sin love hath brought us to this pitous
ende!' (199)

And rightwis god to every lover sende, 905
That loveth trewely, more prosperitee
Than ever hadde Piramus and Tisbe!
And lat no gentil woman her assure
To putten her in swiche an aventure,
But god forbide but a woman can 910
Been as trewe and loving as a man!
And, for my part, I shal anoon it kythe!
And, with that worde, his swerd she took
as swythe,
That warm was of her loves blood and
hoot, (209)
And to the herte she her-selven smoot. 915
And thus ar Tisbe and Piramus ago.
Of trewe men I finde but fewe mo
In alle my bokes, save this Piramus,
And therfor have I spoken of him thus.
For hit is deyntee to us men to finde 920
A man that can in love be trewe and
kinde.
Heer may ye seen, what lover so he be,
A woman dar and can as wel as he.

Explicit legenda Tesbe.

III. THE LEGEND OF DIDO, QUEEN OF CARTHAGE.

*Incipit Legenda Didonis Martiris,
Cartaginis regine.*

GLORY and honour, Virgil Mantuan,
Be to thy name! and I shal, as I can, 925
Follow thy lantern, as thou gost biforn,
How Eneas to Dido was forsworn.
In thyne Eneid and Naso wol I take
The tenour, and the grete effectes
make.

Whan Troye broght was to destruc-
cion 930
By Grekes sleighe, and namely by
Sinoun,
Feyning the hors y-offred to Minerve,
Through which that many a Trojan
moste sterfe; (10)

And Ector had, after his deeth, appered.
And fyrs so wood, it mighte nat be
stered, 935
In al the noble tour of Ilioun,
That of the citee was the cheef dungeoun;
And al the contree was so lowe y-brought,
And Priamus the king fordoon and
noght;
And Eneas was charged by Venus 940
To fleen awaye, he took Ascanius,
That was his sone, in his right hand, and
fledde;
And on his bakke he bar and with him
ledde (20)
His olde fader, cleped Anchises,
And by the weye his wyf Creusa he
lees. 945

And mochel sorwe hadde he in his minde
Er that he conde his felawshippe finde.
But, at the laste, whan he had hem
founde,

He made him redy in a certein stounde,
And to the see ful faste he gan him hye,
And saileth forth with al his companye
Toward Itaile, as wolde destinee.

But of his aventures in the see (30)

Nis nat to purpos for to speke of here,
For hit acordeth nat to my matere.

But, as I seide, of him and of Dido
Shal be my tale, til that I have do.

So longe he sailed in the salte see
Til in Libye unnethe aryved he,

With shippes seven and with no more
navye;

And glad was he to londe for to hye,
So was he with the tempest al to-shake.
And whan that he the haven had y-
take,

He had a knight, was called Achates; 964

And him of al his felawshippe he chees
To goon with him, the contre for tespye;
He took with him no more companye.

But forth they goon, and lafte his shippes
ryde,

His fere and he, with-outen any gyde. 969

So longe he walketh in this wildernesse
Til, at the laste, he mette an hunderesse.

A bowe in honde and arwes hadde she,
Her clothes cutted were unto the knee; (50)

But she was yit the fairest creature
That ever was y-formed by nature;

And Eneas and Achates she grette,
And thus she to hem spak, whan she hem
mette.

'Sawe ye,' quod she, 'as ye han walked
wyde,

Any of my sustren walke yow besyde,
With any wilde boor or other beste

That they han hunted to, in this foreste,
Y-tukked up, with arwes in her cas?' (59)

'Nay, soothly, lady,' quod this Eneas;

'But, by thy beaute, as hit thinketh me,
Thou mightest never ethely womman be,

But Phebus suster artow, as I gesse. 986
And, if so be that thou be a goddesse,
Have mercy on our labour and our wo.'

'I nam no goddes, soothly,' quod she
theo;

'For maidens walken in this contree here,
With arwes and with bowe, in this
manere.

This is the regne of Libie, ther ye been,
Of which that Dido lady is and queen —

And shortly tolde him al the occsioun (71)
Why Dido com into that regioune,

Of which as now me lusteth nat to ryme;
Hit nedeth nat; hit nere but los of tyme.

For this is al and som, it was Venus,
His owne moder, that spak with him thus;

And to Cartage she bad he sholde him
dighte,

And vanished anoon out of his sighte.
I coude folwe, word for word, Virgyle,
But it wolde lasten al to longe a whyle. (80)

This noble queen, that cleped was Dido,
That whylom was the wyf of Sitheo,

That fairer was then is the brighte sonne;
This noble toun of Cartage hath begonne;

In which she regneth in so greet honour,
That she was holde of alle quenes flour,

Of gentilesse, of freedom, of beautee;

That wel was him that mighthe her ones

see;

Of kinges and of lordes so desyred, (89)
That al the world her beaute hadde y-

fyrde;

She stood so wel in every wightes grace.

Whan Eneas was come un-to that
place,

Unto the maister-temple of al the toun
Ther Dido was in her devocioun,

Ful privily his wey than hath he nome.
Whan he was in the large temple come,

I can nat seyn if that hit be possible, 1020
But Venus hadde him maked invisible—

Thus seith the book, with-outen any lees.
And whan this Eneas and Achates (100)

Hadden in this temple been over-al,
Than founde they, depeynted on a wal,

How Troye and al the lond destroyed was.

'Allas! that I was born,' quod Eneas, 1027
'Through-out the world our shame is kid-

so wyde,
Now it is peynted upon every syde!

We, that weren in prosperitee, 1030
Be now disslaundred, and in swich degree,

No lenger for to liven I ne kepe!'

And, with that worde, he brast out for to

wepe

(110)

So tendrely, that routhe hit was to
sene.

This fresshe lady, of the citee quene, 1035
Stood in the temple, in her estat royal,
So richely, and eek so fair with-al,
So yong, so lusty, with her eyen glade,
That, if that god, that heven and erthe
made,

Wolde han a love, for beaute and good-
nesse, 1040

And womanhod, and trouthe, and seemli-
nesse,

Whom sholde he loven but this lady
swete?

There nis no womman to him half so
mete. 120)

Fortune, that hath the world in govern-
aunce,

Hath sodeinly broght in so newe a
chaunce, 1045

That never was ther yit so fremd a cas.

For al the compayne of Eneas,

Which that he wende han loren in the
see,

Aryved is, nat fer fro that citee;
For which, the grettess of his lordes some

By aventure ben to the citee come, 1051
Unto that same temple, for to seke

The quene, and of her socour her beseke;
Swich renoun was ther sponge of her

goodnesse. 131)

And, whan they hadden told al hir dis-
tresse, 1055

And al hir tempest and hir harde cas,
Unto the quene appered Eneas,

And openly beknew that hit was he.
Who hadde joye than but his meynee,

That hadden founde hir lord, hir gover-
nour? 1060

The quene saw they dide him swich
honour,

And had herd ofte of Eneas, er tho,
And in her herte she hadde routhe and

wo 140)

That ever swich a noble man as he
Shal been disherited in swich degree; 1065

And saw the man, that he was lyk a
knight,

And suffisaunt of persone and of might,
And lyk to been a veray gentil man;

And wel his wordes he besette can,

And had a noble visage for the nones, 1070
And formed wel of braunes and of bones.
For, after Venus, hadde he swich fair-
nesse,

That no man might be half so fair, I
gesse. 150)

And wel a lord he semed for to be.

And, for he was a straunger, somewhat
she 1075

Lyked him the bet, as, god do bote,
To som folk ofte newe thing is swote.

Anoon her herte hath pitee of his wo,
And, with that pitee, love com in also;

And thus, for pitee and for gentillesse,
Refreshed moste he been of his distresse.

She seide, certes, that she sory was
That he hath had swich peril and swich
cas; 160)

And, in her frendly speche, in this manere
She to him spak, and scide as ye may
here. 1085

'Be ye nat Venus sone and Anchises?
In good feith, al the worship and encrees
That I may goodly doon yow, ye shul
have.

Your shippes and your meynee shal I
save;

And many a gentil word she spak him to;
And comaundered her messengeres go 1091

The same day, with-outen any faile,
His shippes for to seke, and hem vitaile.

She many a beste to the shippes sente, 171)
And with the wyn she gan hem to pre-
sente;

And to her royal paleys she her spedde,
And Eneas alwey with her she ledde.

What nedeth yow the feste to descriyve?
He never beter at ese was his lyve.

Ful was the feste of deyntees and rich-
esse, 1100

Of instruments, of song, and of gladnesse,
And many an amorous loking and devys.

This Eneas is come to Paradys 180)

Out of the swolow of helle, and thus in
joye 1104)

Remembreth him of his estat in Troye.
To dauncing-chambres ful of parements,

Of riche beddes, and of ornaments,
This Eneas is lad, after the mete.

And with the quene whan that he had
sete.

And spyces parted, and the wyn agoon,
Unto his chambres was he lad anoon 1111
To take his ese and for to have his reste,
With al his folk, to doon what so hem
leste. (190)

Ther nas coursere wel y-brydled noon,
Ne stede, for the justing wel to goon, 1115
Ne large palfrey, esy for the nones,
Ne juwel, frettet ful of riche stones,
Ne sakkes ful of gold, of large wighte,
Ne ruby noon, that shynede by nighte,
Ne gentil hautein faucon heronere, 1120
Ne hound, for hert or wilde boor or
dere,

Ne coupe of gold, with florins newe y-bete,
That in the lond of Libie may be gete,
That Dido ne hath hit Eneas y-sent; (201)
And al is payed, what that he hath spent.
Thus can this † noble quene her gestes
calle, 1126

As she that can in freedom passen alle.
Eneas soothly eek, with-onten lees,
Hath sent un-to his shippe, by Achates,
After his sone, and after riche thinges,
Both ceptre, clothes, broches, and eek
ringes, 1131

Som for to were, and som for to presente
To her, that all thisse noble thinges him
sente; (210)

And bad his sone, how that he sholde
make

The presenting, and to the quene hit
take. 1135

Repaired is this Achates again,
And Eneas ful blisful is and fain
To seen his yonge sone Ascanius.
But natholes, our autour telleth us,
That Cupido, that is the god of love, 1140
At preyere of his moder, hye above,
Hadde the lyknes of the child y-take,
This noble quene enamoured to make (220)
On Eneas; but, as of that scripture,
Be as be may, I make of hit no cure. 1145
But sooth is this, the quene hath mad
swich chere

Un-to this child, that wonder is to here;
And of the present that his fader sente
She thanked him ful ofte, in good entente.

Thus is this quene in plesaunce and in
joye, 1150
With al this newe lusty folk of Troye.

And of the dedes hath she more en-
quered

Of Eneas, and al the story lered (230)
Of Troye; and al the longe day they
tweye

Entendeden to speken and to pleye; 1155
Of which ther gan to breden swich a fyf,
That sely Dido hath now swich desyr
With Eneas, her newe gest, to dele,
That she hath lost her hewe, and eek her
hele.

Now to th'effect, now to the fruit of al, 1160
Why I have told this story, and tellen
shal.

Thus I beginne; hit fil, upon a night,
When that the mone up-reysed had her
light, (240)

This noble quene un-to her reste wente;
She syketh sore, and gan her-self tur-
mente. 1165

She waketh, walweth, maketh many a
brayd,

As doon thise loveres, as I have herd sayd.
And at the laste, unto her suster Anne
She made her moon, and right thus spak
she thanne.

'Now, dere suster myn, what may hit
be 1170

That me agasteth in my dreme?' quod
she.

'This ilke Troyan is so in my thoght,
For that me thinketh he is so wel
y-wroght, (250)

And eek so lykly for to be a man,
And therwithal so mikel good he can, 1175
That al my love and lyf lyth in his cure.
Have ye not herd him telle his aventurē?
Now certes, Anne, if that ye rede hit me,
I wolde fain to him y-wedded be; 1179
This is th'effect; what sholde I more soyē?
In him lyth al, to do me live or deye.'

Her suster Anne, as she that coude her
good,

Seide as her thoughte, and somdel hit
with-stood. (260)

But her-of was so long a sermoning,
Hit were to long to make rehersing; 1185
But fynally, hit may not been with-
stonde;

Love wol love—for no wight wol hit
wonde.

The dawening up-rist out of the see ;
This amorous quene chargeth her meynee
The nettes dresse, and speres brode and
kene ; 1190

An hunting wol this lusty fresshe quene ;
So priketh her this newe joly wo.
To hors is al her lusty folk y-go ; (270)
Un-to the court the houndes been y-brought,
And up-on coursers, swift as any thought,
Her yonge knighting hoven al aboute, 1196
And of her wommen eek an huge route.
Up-on a thikke palfrey, paper-whyt,
With sadel rede, embrouded with delyt,
Of gold the barres up-embossed hye, 1200
Sit Dido, al in gold and perre wrye;
And she is fair, as is the brighte morwe,
That heleth seke folk of nightes sorwe. (280)

Up-on a courser, startling as the fyr,
Men mighte turne him with a litel wyr,
Sit Eneas, lyk Phebus to devyse ; 1206
So was he fresshe arayed in his wyse.
The fomy brydel with the bit of gold
Governeth he, right as him-self hath
wold.

And forth this noble quene thus lat I
ryde 1210

An hunting, with this Troyan by her syde.
The herd of hertes founden is anoon,
With 'hey! go bet! prik thou ! lat goon,
lat goon !' (290)

Why nil the leoun comen or the bere,
That I mighte ones mete him with this
spere?' 1215

Thus seyn thise yonge folk, and up they
kille

These þ hertes wilde, and han hem at hir
wille.

Among al this to-romblen gan the
heven,

The thunder rored with a grisly steven ;
Doun com the rain, with hail and sleet
so faste, 1220

With hevenes fyr, that hit so sore agaste
This noble quene, and also her meynee,
That ech of hem was glad a-wey to flee. (300)
And shortly, fro the tempest her to save,
She fledde her-self into a litel cave, 1225
And with her wente this Eneas al-so ;
I noot, with hem if ther wente any mo ;
The autour maketh of hit no mencioune.
And heer began the depe affeccioun

Betwix hem two; this was the firste
morwe 1230
Of her gladnesse, and ginning of her
sorwe.

For ther hath Eneas y-kneled so, (309)
And told her al his herte, and al his wo,
And sworn so depe, to her to be trewe,
For wele or wo, and chaunge for no
newe, 1235

And as a fals lover so wel can pleyne,
That sely Dido rewed on his peyne,
And took him for husband, þ to been his
wyf

For ever-mo, whyl that hem laste lyf.
And after this, whan that the tempest
stente, 1240
With mirth out as they comen, hoom
they wente.

The wikked fame up roos, and that
anon, (319)

How Eneas hath with the quene y-gon
In-to the cave ; and demed as hem liste ;
And whan the king, that Yarbas hight,
hit wiste, 1245

As he that had her loved ever his lyf,
And wowed her, to have her to his wyf,
Swich sorwe as he hath maked, and swich
chere,

Hit is a routhe and pitee for to here.
But, as in love, al-day hit happeneth so, 1250
That oon shal laughen at anothers wo ;
Now laugheth Eneas, and is in joye
And more richesse than ever he was in
Troye. (330)

O sely womanne, ful of innocence, 1254
Ful of pitee, of trouthe, and conscience,
What maked yow to men to trusten so ?
Have ye swich routhe upon hir feined wo,
And han swich olde ensamples yow
beforn ?

See ye nat alle, how they been for-sworn ?
Wher see ye oon, that he ne hath laft his
leef, 1260

Or been unkinde, or doon hir som mis-
cheef,

Or pilled her, or bosted of his dede ? (339)
Ye may as wel hit seen, as ye may rede ;
Tak heed now of this grete gentil-man,
This Troyan, that so wel her plesen can,
That feineth him so trewe and obeising,
So gentil and so privy of his doing, 1267

And can so wel doon alle his obeisaunces,
And waiten her at festes and at daunces,
And when she goth to temple and hoom
ageyn, 1270

And fasten til he hath his lady seyn,
And here in his devyses, for her sake,
Noot I nat what; and songes wolde he
make, 1350

Justen, and doon of armes many things,
Sendel herlettes, tokens, broches, ringes—
Now herkneth, how he shal his lady
serve! 1276

Ther-as he was in peril for to sterre
For hunger, and for mischeef in the
see,

And desolat, and fled from his contree,
And al his folk with tempest al to-driven,
She hath her body and eek her reame
yiven 1281

In-to his bond, ther-as she mighte have
been

Of other lond than of Cartage a queen,
And lived in joye y-nogh; what wolde ye
more? 1361)

This Eneas, that hath so depe y-swore,
Is wery of his craft with-in a throwe; 1286
The hote ernest is al over-blowe.

And prively he doth his shippes dighte,
And shapeth him to stele a-wey by nighte.

This Dido hath suspecioun of this, 1290
And thoughte wel, that hit was al a-mis;
For in his bedde he lyth a-night and
syketh;

She asketh him anoon, what him mis-
lyketh— 1370)

'My dere herte, which that I love most?'
'Certes,' quod he, 'this night my fadres
gost 1295

Hath in my sleep so sore me tormented,
And eek Mercurie his message hath pre-
sented,

That nedes to the conquest of Itaile
My destinee is sone for to saile;
For which, me thinketh, brosten is myn
herte!' 1300

Ther-with his false teres out they sterte;
And taketh her with-in his armes two.

'Is that in ernest,' quod she; 'wil ye
so?' 1380)

Have ye nat sworn to wyve me to take,
Alas! what womman wil ye of me make?

I am a gentil-woman and a queen, 1380
Ye wil nat fro your wyf thus foule fleen
That I was born! allas! what shal I do?

To telle in short, this noble queen Did
She seketh halwes, and doth sacrificye;
She kneleth, cryeth, that routhe is
devyse; 1390

Conjureth him, and profreth him to be
His thral, his servant in the leste gree;
She falleth him to fote, and swownet
there 1395

Dischevele, with her brighte gilte here,
And seith, 'have mercy! let me wit
yow ryde!' 1400

Thise lordes, which that wonen me besy
Wil me destroyen only for your sake.
And, so ye wil me now to wyve take,
As ye han sworn, than wol I yive yo
leve 1405

To sleep me with your swerd now sone
eve!

For than yit shal I dyen as your wyf.
I am with childe, and yive my child
lyf. 1410

Mercy, lord! have pite in your thoght!
But al this thing availeth her right nogh

For on a night, slepinge, he let her lye,
And stal a-wey un-to his compayne, 1415
And, as a traitour, forth he gan to sail
Toward the large contree of Itaile.

Thus hath he laft Dido in wo and pyne
And wedded ther a lady hight Lavyne.

A cloth he lafte, and eek his sw
stonding, 1420

Whan he fro Dido stal in her sleping,
Right at her beddes heed, so gan he hy
Whan that he stal a-wey to his navye;
Which cloth, whan sely Dido gan awak
She hath hit kist ful ofte for his sake;
And seide, 'O cloth, whyl Jupiter b
lestee,

Tak now my soule, unbind me of th
unresto!' 1425

I have fulfuld of fortune al the cours.
And thus, allas! with-outen his socour
Twentytyme y-swowned hath she thann
And, whan that she un-to her sust
Anne 1430

Compleyned had, of which I may
wryte—

So greet a routhe I have hit for t'endye

And bnd her norice and her suster goon
To fecchen fyr and other thing anoon,
And seide, that she wolde sacrificye.
And, whan she myghte her tyme wel
espye,
Up-on the fyr of sacrificys she sterte, 1350
And with his swerd she rooff her to the
herte.
But, as myn autour seith, right thus
she seyde; (429)
Or she was hurt, before that she deyde,
She wroot a lettre anoon, that thus be-
gan:—
' Right so,' quod she, ' as that the whyte
swan' 1355
Ayeins his deeth beginneth for to singe,
Right so to yow make I my compleyninge.

Nat that I trowe to geten yow again,
For wel I woot that it is al in vain,
Sin that the goddes been contraire to me.
But sin my name is lost through yow,'
quod she, 1361

' I may wel lese a word on yow, or letter,
Al-be-it that I shal be never the better;
For thilke wind that blew your ship
a-wey, (441)

The same wind hath blowe a-wey your
fey.'— 1365

But who wol al this letter have in
minde,

Rede Ovide, and in him he shal hit finde.

*Explicit Legenda Didonis Martiris,
Cartaginis regine.*

IV. THE LEGEND OF HYPSIPYLE AND MEDEA.

*Incipit Legenda Isiphile et Medee,
Martirum.*

PART I. THE LEGEND OF HYPSIPYLE.

Thou rote of false lovers, duk Jasoun !
Thou sly devourer and confusoun
Of gentil-wommen, tender creatures, 1370
Thou madest thy reclaiming and thy
lures
To ladies of thy statly apparaunce,
And of thy wordes, farced with plesaunce,
And of thy feyned trouthe and thy
manere,
With thyne obeisaunce and thy humble
chere, (8) 1375
And with thy counterfeted peyne and wo.
Ther other falsen oon, thou falsest two !
O ! ofte swore thou that thou woldest dye
For love, whan thou ne feltest maladye
Save foul delyt, which that thou callest
love ! 1380
If that I live, thy name shal be shewe
In English, that thy sleighe shal be
knowe !
Have at thee, Jasoun ! now thyne horn is
blowe !
But certes, hit is bothe routhe and wo
That love with false loveres werketh so ;

For they shul have wel better love and
chere 1386

Than he that hath aboght his love ful
dere, (20)

Or had in armes many a blody box.
For ever as tendre a capoun et the fox,
Thogh he be fals and hath the foul be-
trayed, 1390

As shal the good-man that ther-for hath
payed ;

Al have he to the capoun skille and
right,

The false fox wol have his part at night.
On Jasoun this ensample is wel y-sene
By Isiphile and Medea the quene. 1395

In Tessalye, as Guido tellet us,
Ther was a king that highte Pelleus, (30)
That had a brother, which that highte
Eson ;

And, whan for age he myghte unnethes
gon,

He yaf to Pelleus the governing 1400
Of al his regne, and made him lord and
king.

Of which Eson this Jasoun geten was,
That, in histyme, in al that lond, ther nas
Nat swich a famous knight of gentillesse,
Of freedom, and of strengthe and lusti-
nesse. 1405

After his fader deeth, he bar him so (39)
 That ther nas noon that liste been his fo,
 But dide him al honour and companye ;
 Of which this Pelleus hath greet envye,
 Imagining that Jasoun mighte be 1410
 Enhaunsed so, and put in swich degree
 With love of lordes of his regioun,
 That from his regne he may be put adoun.
 And in his wit, a-night, compassed he
 How Jasoun mighte best destroyed be 1415
 Withoute slander of his compasment.
 And at the laste he took avisement (50)
 To senden him in-to som fer contree
 Ther as this Jasoun may destroyed be.
 This was his wit; al made he to Jasoun
 Gret chere of love and of affeccioun, 1421
 For drede lest his lordes hit espyde.
 So fil hit so, as fame renneth wyde,
 Ther was swich tyding over-al and swich
 los,

That in an yle that called was Colcos, 1425
 Beyonde Troye, estward in the see,
 That ther-in was a ram, that men mighte
 see, (60)

That had a flees of gold, that shoon so
 brighte,

That no-ther was ther swich an-other
 sighte; 1429

But hit was kept alway with a dragoun,
 And many othere merveils, up and doun,
 And with two boles, maked al of bras,
 That spitten fyr, and moche thing ther
 was.

But this was eek the tale, nathelees,
 That who-so wolde winne thilke flees, 1435
 He moste bothe, or he hit winne mighte,
 With the boles and the dragoun fighte;
 And king Oetes lord was of that yle. (71)

This Pelleus bethoghte upon this wyle;
 That he his nevew Jasoun wolde enhorte
 To sailen to that lond, him to disporte,
 And seide, 'Nevew, if hit mighte be
 That swich a worship mighte fallen thee,
 That thou this famous tresor mightest
 winne,' 1444

And bringen hit my regioun with-inne,
 Hit were to me gret plesaunce and honour;
 Than were I holde to quyte thy labour. (80)
 And al the cost I wol my-selven make;
 And chees what folk that thou wilt with
 thee take; 1449

Lat see now, darstow taken this viage?
 Jasoun was yong, and lusty of corage,
 And under-took to doon this ilke em-
 pryse.

Anoon Argus his shippes gan devyse;
 With Jasoun wente the stronge Ercules,
 And many an-other that he with him
 chees. 1455

But who-so axeth who is with him gon,
 Lat him go reden Argonauticon, (90)
 For he wol telle a tale long y-now.
 Philoteots anoon the sail up-drow,
 Whan that the wind was good, and gan
 him hye 1460

Out of his contree called Tessalye.
 So long he sailed in the salte see
 Til in the yle † Lemnou aryved he—
 Al be this nat rehersed of Guido,
 Yet seith Ovyde in his Epistles so— 1465
 And of this yle lady was and quene
 The faire yonge Isiphilee, the shene, (100)
 That whylom Thoas doghter was, the
 king.

Isiphilee was goon in her playing; 1469
 And, roming on the clyves by the see,
 Under a banke anoon espyd she
 Wher that the ship of Jasoun gan aryve.
 Of her goodnesse adoun she sendeth blyve
 To witen yif that any straunge wight 1474
 With tempest thider were y-blowe a-night,
 To doon him socour; as was her usaunce
 To forthren every wight, and doon ple-
 saunce 110

Of veray bountee and of curtesye.

This messagere adoun him gan to hye,
 And fond Jasoun, and Ercules also, 1480
 That in a cogge to londe were y-go
 Hem to refresshen and to take the eyr.
 The morwening atempre was and fair;
 And in his wey the messagere hem mette.
 Ful cunningly thise lordes two he grette,
 And dide his message, axing hem anoon
 Yif they were broken, or oght wo begoon,
 Or hadde nede of lodesmen or vitaile; (121)
 For of socour they shulde no-thing faile,
 For hit was utterly the quenes wille. 1490

Jasoun answerde, mekely and stille,
 'My lady,' quod he, 'thanke I hertely
 Of hir goodnesse; us nedeth, trewely,
 No-thing as now, but that we wery be,
 And come for to pleye, out of the see, 1495

Til that the wind be better in our weye.'
 This lady rometh by the clif to pleye, (130)
 With her meynee, endelong the stronde,
 And fynt this Jasoun and this other
 stonde, 1499

In spekinge of this thing, as I yow tolde.
 This Ercules and Jasoun gan beholde
 How that the quene hit was, and faire
 her grette

Anon-right as they with this lady mette;
 And she took heed, and knew, by hir
 manere,
 By hir aray, by wordes and by chere, 1505
 That hit were gentil-men, of greet degree.
 And to the castel with her ledeth she
 Thise straunge folk, and doth hem greet
 honour, (141)

And axeth hem of travail and labour
 That they han suffred in the salte see; 1510
 So that, within a day, or two, or three,
 She knew, by folk that in his shippes be,
 That hit was Jasoun, ful of renomee,
 And Ercules, that had the grete los, 1514
 That soghten the aventures of Colcos;
 And dide hem honour more then before,
 And with hem deled ever lenger the
 more, (150)

For they ben worthy folk, with-outen lees.
 And namely, most she spak with Ercules;
 To him her herte bar, he sholde be 1520
 Sad, wys, and trewe, of wordes avisee,
 With-outen any other affeccioun
 Of love, or evil imaginacioun.

This Ercules hath so this Jasoun preyed,
 That to the sonne he hath him up
 areyed, 1525
 That half so trewe a man ther nas of love
 Under the cope of heven that is above;
 And he was wys, hardy, secre, and
 riche.— (161)

Of thise three pointes ther nas noon him
 liche;
 Of freedom passed he, and lustihede, 1530
 Alle tho that liven or ben dede;
 Ther-to so greet a gentil-man was he,
 And of Tessalie lykly king to be.

Ther nas no lak, but that he was agast
 To love, and for to speke shamefast. 1535
 He hadde lever him-self to mordre, and
 dye (169)

Than that menshilde a lover him espye:—

'As wolde almighty god that I had yive
 My blood and flesh, so that I myghte live,
 With the nones that he hadde o-ther
 a wyf 1540

For his estat; for swich a lusty lyf
 She sholde lede with this lusty knight!'
 And al this was compassed on the
 night

Betwixe him Jasoun and this Ercules.
 Of thise two heer was mad a shrewed lees
 To come to hous upon an innocent; 1546
 For to be-dote this queen was his assent.
 And Jasoun is as coy as is a maide, (181)
 He loketh pitously, but noght he saide,
 But frely yaf he to her conseileres 1550
 Yiftes grete, and to her officeres.
 As wolde god I leiser hadde, and tyme,
 By proces al his wowing for to ryme.

But in this hous if any fals lover be,
 Right as him-self now doth, right so dide
 he, 1555
 With feyning and with every soril dede.
 Ye gete no more of me, but ye wil rede
 Th'original, that telleth al the cas. (191)

The somme is this, that Jasoun wedded
 was
 Unto this quene, and took of her sub-
 staunce 1560

What-so him liste, unto his purveyaunce;
 And upon her begat he children two,
 And drow his sail, and saw her never-mo.
 A lettre sente she to him certain,
 Which were to long to wryten and to
 sein, 1565

And him repreveth of his grete untrouth,
 And preyeth him on her to have som
 routhe. (200)
 And of his children two, she seide him
 this,

That they be lyke, of alle thing, y-wis,
 To Jasoun, save they coude nat begyle;
 And preyed god, or hit were longe whyle,
 That she, that had his herte y-raft her fro,
 Moste finden him to her untrewe al-so,
 And that she moste bothe her children
 spille, 1574

And alle tho that suffreth him his wille,
 And trew to Jasoun was she al her lyf,
 And ever kepte her chast, as for his wyf;
 Ne never had she joye at her herte, (211)
 But dyed, for his love, of sorwes smerte.

PART II. THE LEGEND OF MEDEA.

To Colcos comen is this duk Jasoun,
That is of love devourer and dragoun. 1581
As matere appetyteth forme al-vey,
And from forme in-to forme hit passen
may,

Or as a welle that were botomlees,
Right so can fals Jasoun have no pees.
For, to desyren, through his appetyt, 1586
To doon with gentil wommen his delyt,
This is his lust and his felicitee. (221)

Jasoun is romed forth to the citee,
That whylom cleped was Jaconitos, 1590
That was the maister-toun of al Colcos,
And hath y-told the cause of his coming
Un-to Oetes, of that contre king,
Preying him that he moste doon his
assay 1594

To gete the flees of gold, if that he may;
Of which the king assenteth to his bone,
And doth him honour, as hit is to done,
So ferforth, that his doghter and his eyr,
Medea, which that was so wys and fair
That fairer saw ther never man with yë,
He made her doon to Jasoun compayne
At mete, and sitte by him in the halle.

Now was Jasoun a semely man with-
alle, (236)
And lyk a lord, and had a greet renoun,
And of his loke as real as leoun, 1605
And goodly of his speche, and famulere,
And conde of love al craft and art plenere
With-oute boke, with everich observaunce.
And, as fortune her oghte a foul mes-
chaunce,

She wex enamoured upon this man. 1610
'Jasoun,' quod she, 'for ought I see or
can,

As of this thing the which ye been aboute,
Ye han your-self y-put in moche doute.
For, who-so wol this aventure achieve,
He may nat wel asterten, as I leve, 1615
With-outen deeth, but I his helpe be. (249)
But nathelcs, hit is my wille,' quod she,
'To forthren yow, so that ye shal nat dye,
But turnen, sound, hoom to your Tessalye.'

'My righte lady,' quod this Jasoun tho,
'That ye han of my deth or of my wo
Any reward, and doon me this honour,
I wot wel that my might ne my labour

May nat deserve hit in my lyves day; 1624
God thanke yow, ther I ne can ne may.
Your man am I, and lowly you beseche,
To been my help, with-oute more speche;
But certes, for my deeth shal I nat
spare.' (261)

The gan this Medea to him declare
The peril of this cas, fro point to point,
And of his batail, and in what disjoint
He mote stande, of which no creature,
Save only she, ne mighte his lyf assure.
And shortly, to the point right for to go,
They been accorded ful, betwix hem two,
That Jasoun shal her wedde, as trewe
knight; 1636

And term y-set, to come sone at night (270)
Unto her chambre, and make ther his
ooth,

Upon the goddes, that he, for leef ne
looth, 1639
Ne sholde her never falsen, night ne day,
To been her husbond, whyl he liven may,
As she that from his deeth him saved
here.

And her-upon, at night they mette y-fere,
And doth his ooth, and goth with her to
bedde. 1644

And on the morwe, upward he him spedde;
For she hath taught him how he shal
nat faile (279)

The flees to winne, and stinten his bataile;
And saved him his lyf and his honour;
And gat him greet name as a conquerour
Right through the sleight of her en-
chantement. 1650

Now hath Jasoun the flees, and hoom
is went

With Medea, and tresor ful gret woon.
But unwist of her fader is she goon
To Tessaly, with duk Jasoun her leef,
That afterward hath broght her to mes-
cheef. 1655

For as a traitour he is from her go,
And with her lafte his yonge children
two, (290)

And falsly hath betrayed her, allas!
And ever in love a cheef traitour he was;
And wedded yit the thridde wyf anon, 1660
That was the daughter of the king Creon.

This is the meed of loving and guerdoun
That Medea received of Jasoun

Right for her trouthe and for her kinde-
nesse,
That loved him better than her-self, I
gesse, 1665
And lafte her fader and her heritage.
And of Jasoun this is the vassalage, (300)
That, in his dayes, nas ther noon y-founde
So fals a lover going on the grounde.
And therfor in her lettre thus she
seyde 1670
First, whan she of his falsnesse him um-
breyde,
'Why lyked me thy yellow heer to see
More then the boundes of myn honestee,

Why lyked me thy youthe and thy fair-
nesse,
And of thy tonge the infinit gracious-
nesse? 1675
O, haddest thou in thy conquest deed
y-be,
Ful mikel untrouthe had ther dyed with
thee!' (310)
Wel can Ovyde her lettre in vers endyte,
Which were as now to long for me to
wryte.

*Explicit Legenda Ysiphile et Mede,
Martirum.*

V. THE LEGEND OF LUCRETIA.

Incipit Legenda Lucretie Rome, Martiris.

Now moot I seyn the exiling of kinges
Of Rome, for hir horrible doinges, 1681
And of the laste king Tarquinius,
As saith Ovyde and Titus Livius.
But for that cause telle I nat this storie,
But for to preise and drawnen to memorie
The verray wyf, the verray trewe Lucresse,
That, for her wyfhood and her stedfast-
nesse, 1687
Nat only that thise payens her comedie,
But he, that cleped is in our legende (10)
The grete Austin, hath greet compas-
sion 1690
Of this Lucresse, that starf at Rome toun;
And in what wyse, I wol but shortly trete,
And of this thing I touche but the grete.
Whan Ardea beseged was aboute
With Romains, that ful sterne were and
stoute, 1695
Ful longe lay the sege, and litel wroghte,
So that they were half ydel, as hem
thoghte; (18)
And in his pley Tarquinius the yonge
Gan for to jape, for he was light of tonge,
And seyde, that 'it was an ydel lyf; 1700
No man did ther no more than his wyf';
And lat us speke of wyves, that is best;
Praise every man his owne, as him lest,
And with our speche lat us ese our herte.
A knight, that highte Colatyne, up
sterete, 1705

And seyde thus, 'nay, for hit is no nede
To rowen on the word, but on the
dede.
I have a wyf,' quod he, 'that, as I trowe,
Is holden good of alle that ever her
knowe; (30)
Go we to-night to Rome, and we shul
see.' 1710
Tarquinius answerde, 'that lyketh me.'
To Rome be they come, and faste hem
dighete
To Colatynes hous, and doun they lighte,
Tarquinius, and eek this Colatyne.
The husband knew the estres wel and
fyne, 1715
To Colatynes hous, and doun they lighte;
Nor at the gate porter was ther noon;
And at the chambre-dore they abyde. (39)
This noble wyf sat by her beddes syde
Dischevele, for no malice she ne thoghte;
And softe wolle our book seith that she
wroghte 1721
To kepen her fro slouth and ydelnesse;
And bad her servants doon hir businesse,
And axeth hem, 'what tydings heren ye?
How seith men of the sege, how shal hit
be?' 1725
God wolde the walles weren falle adoun;
My husband is so longe out of this toun,
For which the drede doth me so sore
smerte,
Right as a swerd hit stingeth to myn
herte (50)

Whan I think on the sego or of that place;
God save my lord, I preye him for his
grace :—

1731

And ther-with-al ful tenderly she weep,
And of her werk she took no more keep,
But mekely she leet her eyen falle ;
And thilke semblant sat her wel with-alle.
And eek her teres, ful of honestee, 1736
Embelisshed her wyfly chastitee ;
Her countenaunce is to her herte digne,
For they acordeden in dede and signe. (60)
And with that word her husband Colatyn,
Or she of him was war, com sterting in,
And seide, 'dreed thee noght, for I am
here !'

1742

And she anon up roos, with blisful chere,
And kiste him, as of wyves is the wone.

Tarquinius, this proude kinges sone,
Conceived hath her beautee and her
chere,

1746

Heryelow heer, her shap, and her manere,
Her hew, her wordes that she hath com-
pleyned,

And by no crafte her beautee nas nat
feyned;

(70)

And caughte to this lady swich desyr,
That in his herte brende as any fyr, 1751
So woodly, that his wit was al forgeten.
For wel, thoghte he, she sholde nat be
geten ;

And ay the more that he was in dispair,
The more he coveteth and thoghte her
fair.

1755

His blinde lust was al his covetinge.

A-morwe, whan the brid began to singe,
Unto the sege he comth ful privily,
And by himself he walketh soberly, (80)
Th' image of her recording alwey newe ;
'Thus lay her heer, and thus fresh was
her hewe ;

1761

Thus sat, thus spak, thus span ; this was
her chere,

Thus fair she was, and this was her
manere.'

Al this conceit his herte hath now y-take.
And, as the see, with tempest al to-shake,
That, after whan the storm is al ago, 1766
Yet wol the water quappe a day or two,
Right so, thogh that her forme wer
absent,

(89)

The plesaunce of her forme was present ;

But natheles, nat plesaunce, but delyt,
Or an unrightful talent with despyt ; 1771
'For, maugre her, she shal my leman
be ;

Hap helpehardy man alday,' quod he :
'What ende that I make, hit shal be so ;'
And girt him with his swerde, and gan
to go ;

1775

And forth he rit til he to Rome is come,
And al aloon his wey than hath he nome
Unto the house of Colatyn ful right.
Doun was the sonne, and day hath lost
his light ;

(100)

And in he com un-to a privy halke, 1780
And in the night ful theefly gan he stalke,
Whan every night was to his reste broght,
Ne no wight had of tresoun swich a
thoght.

Were hit by window or by other gin, 1784
With swerde y-drawe, shortly he comth in
Ther as she lay, this noble wyf Lucresse.
And, as she wook, her bed she felte presse.
'What beste is that,' quod she, 'that
weyeth thus ?'

'I am the kinges sone, Tarquinius,' (110)
Quod he, 'but and thou crye, or noise
make,

1790

Or if thou any creature awake,
By thilke god that formed man on lyve,
This swerd through-out thyng herte shal
I ryve.'

And ther-withal unto her throte he sterte,
And sette the point al sharp upon her
herte.

1795

No word she spak, she hath no might
thereto.

What shal she sayn ? her wit is al ago.
Right as a wolf that fynt a lamb aloon,
To whom shal she compleyne, or make
moon ?

(120)

What ! shal she fighte with an hardy
knight ?

1800

Wel wot men that a woman hath no
might.

What ! shal she crye, or how shal she
asterte

That hath her by the throte, with swerde
at herte ?

She axeth graco, and seith al that she can.

'Ne wolt thou nat,' quod he, this cruel
man,

1805

' As wisly Jupiter my soule save,
As I shal in the stable slee thy knave,
And leye him in thy bed, and loude crye,
That I thee finde in suché avouterye ; (130)
And thus thou shalt be deed, and also
lese 1810

Thy name, for thou shalt non other chese.'
This was the last word he said.

Thise Romain wyves loveden so hir
name

At thilke tyme, and dredden so the shame,
That, what for fere of slaundre and drede
of deeth, 1814

She loste bothe at-ones wit and breeth,
And in a swough she lay and wex so
deed,

Men myghte smyten of her arm or heed ;
She feleth no-thing, neither foul ne fair.

Tarquinus, that art a kinges eyr, (140)
And sholdest, as by linage and by right,
Doon as a lord and as a verray knight,
Why hastow doon dispsty to chivalrye?
Why hastow doon this lady vilanye?
Allas! of thee this was a vileins dede!

But now to purpos ; in the story I rede,
Whan he was goon, al this mischaunce is
falle. 1826

This lady sente after her frendes alle,
Fader, moder, husband, al y-fere; (149)
And al dischevele, with her heres clere,
In habit swich as women used tho 1830
Unto the burying of her frendes go,
She sit in halle with a sorweful sighte.
Her frendes axen what her aylen mighte,
And who was deed? And she sit ay
weeping,

A word for shame ne may she forth out-bringe, 1835

Ne upon hem she dorste nat beholde.
But

But atte laste of Tarquiny she hem tolde,
This reful cas, and al this thing horrible.
Tu

The wo to tellen hit were impossible, (160)
That she and alle her frendes made
atones. 1842

Attones. 1840
Al hadde folkes hertes been of stones,
Hit myghte have maked hem upon her
rewes.

Her herte was so wyfly and so trewe.
S.

She seide, that, for her gilt ne for her
blame,

Her husbond sholde nat have the foule
name. 1845

That wolde she nat suffre, by no wey.
And they answerden alle, upon hir fey,
That they foryeve hit her, for hit was
right; (160)

Hit was no gilt, hit lay nat in her might;
And seiden her ensamples many oon. 1850
But al for noght; for thus she seide
anoon,

'Be as be may,' quod she, 'of forgiving,
I wol nat have no forgiȝt for no-thing.'
But prively she caughte forth a knyf, 1854
And therwith-al she rafte her-self her lyf;
And as she fel adoun, she caste her look,
And of her clothes yit she hede took;
For in her falling yit she hadde care
Lest that her feet or swiche thing lay
bare; (180)

Sowelshe loved cleannessse and eek trouthe.
Of her had al the toun of Rome routhe,
And Brutus by her chaste blode hath
swore 1862

That Tarquin sholde y-banisht be ther-fore,
And al his kin ; and let the peple calle,
And openly the tale he tolde hem alle,
And openly let carie her on a bere 1866
Through al the toun, that men may see

and here
The horrible deed of her oppressioun.
Ne never was ther king in Rome toun (190)
Sin thilke day ; and she was holden there
A saint, and ever her day y-halwed dere
As in hir lawe : and thus endeth Lucresse,
The noble wyf, as Titus bereth witnesse.

I tell hit, for she was of love so trewe,
Ne in her wille she chaunged for no newe.
And for the stable herte, sad and kinde,
That in these women men may alday
finde: 1877

Ther as they caste hir herte, ther hit
dwelleth.

For wel I wot, that Crist +him-selve
telleth, (200)

That in Israel, as wyd as is the lond, w^sso
That so gret feith in al the lond he ne
fond

As in a woman ; and this is no lye.
And as of men, loketh which tirannyne
They doon alday ; assay hem who so liste,
The trewest is ful brotel for to triste. 1885

VI. THE LEGEND OF ARIADNE.

Incipit Legenda Adriane de Athenes.

Juge infernal, Minos, of Crete king,
Now cometh thy lot, now comestow on
the ring;
Nat for thy sake only wryte I this storie,
But for to clepe agein unto memorie 1891
Of Thesens the grete untrouthe of love;
For which the goddes of the heven above
Ben wrothe, and wreche han take for thy
sinne.

Be reed for shame! now I thy lyf beginne.
Minos, that was the mighty king of
Crete,
That hadde an hundred citees stronge
and grete, (10) 1895
To scold hath sent his sone Androgenus,
To Athenes; of the whiche hit happed
thus,
That he was slayn, lerning philosophye,
Right in that citee, nat but for envy.

The grete Minos, of the whiche I speke,
His sones deeth is comen for to wreke;
Alcathoe he bisegeth harde and longe.
But natholes the walles be so stronge,
And Nisus, that was king of that citee,
So chivalrous, that litel dredeth he; 1905
Of Minos or his ost took he no cure, (21)
Til on a day befel an aventure,
That Nisus dogharter stood upon the wal,
And of the sege saw the maner al. 1909
So happed hit, that, at a scarmishing,
She casta her herte upon Minos the king,
For his beautee and for his chivalrye,
So sore, that she wende for to dye.
And, shortly of this proces for to pace,
She made Minos winnen thilke place, 1915
So that the citee was al at his wille, (31)
To saven whom him list, or elles spille;
But wikkedly he quite her kindenesse,
And let her drenche in sorowe and dis-
tresse, 1919

Nere that the goddes hadde of her pite;
But that tale were to long as now for me.
Athenes wan this king Minos also,
And Alcathoe and other tounes mo;

And this th'effect, that Minos hath so
driven
Hem of Athenes, that they mote him
yiven (40) 1925
Fro yere to yere her owne children dere
For to be slayn, as ye shul after here.
This Minos hath a monstre, a wikked
beste,
That was so cruel that, without areste,
Whan that a man was broght in his
presence, (1930)
He wolde him ete, ther helpeth no de-
fence.
And every thridde yeer, with-outen doute,
They casten lot, and, as hit com aboute
On riche, on pore, he moste his sone
take, (49) 1934
And of his child he moste present make
Unto Mines, to save him or to spille,
Or lete his beste devoure him at his
wille.
And this hath Minos don, right in despyt;
To wreke his sone was set al his delty,
And maken hem of Athenes his thrall 1940
Fro yere to yere, whyl that he liven shal;
And hoom he saileth whan this toun is
wonne.
This wikked custome is so longe y-ronne
Til that of Athenes king Egeus
Mot sende his owne sone, Theseus, 1945
Sith that the lot is fallen him upon, (61)
To be devoured, for grace is ther non.
And forth is lad this woful yonge knight
Unto the court of king Minos ful right,
And in a prison, fetered, cast is he 1950
Til thilke tyme he sholde y-freten be.
Wel maystow wepe, O woful Theseus,
That art a kinges sone, and dampned
thus.
Me thinketh this, that thou were dep'e
y-holde 1954
To whom that saved thee fro cares colde!
And now, if any woman helpe thee, (71)
Wel oughtestow her servant for to be,
And been her trewe lover yeer by yere!
But now to come ageyn to my matere!

The tour, ther as this Theseus is throwe
 Doun in the boten derke and wonder
 lowe, 1961
 Was joyning in the walle to a foreyne ;
 And hit was longing to the doghren
 tweyne
 Of king Minos, that in hir chambres grete
 Dwelten above, toward the maister-
 strete, (80) 1965
 In mochel mirthe, in joye and in solas.
 Not I nat how, hit happed ther, per eas,
 As Theseus compleyned him by nighte,
 The kinges daughter, Adrian that highte,
 And eek her suster Phedra, herden al 1970
 His compleyning, as they stode on the wal
 And lokeden upon the brighte mone ;
 Hem leste nat to go to bedde sone.
 And of his wo they had compassiouon ;
 A kinges sone to ben in swich prisoun
 And be devoured, thoughte hem gret
 pitee. (91) 1976

Than Adrian spak to her suster free,
 And seyde, ' Phedra, leve suster dere,
 This woful lordes sone may ye nat here,
 How pitously compleyneth he his kin,
 And eek his pore estat that he is in, 1981
 And gilteless ? now certes, hit is routhe !
 And if ye wol assenten, by my trouthe,
 He shal be holpen, how so that we do !'

Phedra answerde, ' y-wis, me is as wo
 For him as ever I was for any man ; 1986
 And, to his help, the beste reed I can (102)
 Is that we doon the gayler prively
 To come, and speke with us hastily,
 And doon this woful man with him to
 come. 1990
 For if he may this monstre overcome,
 Than were he quit ; ther is noon other
 bote.

Lat us wel taste him at his herte-rote,
 That, if so be that he a wepen have,
 Wher that he dar, his lyf to kepe and
 save, (110) 1995
 Fighten with this fend, and him defende.
 For, in the prison, ther he shal descendre,
 Ye wite wel, that the beste is in a place
 That nis nat derk, and hath roum eek
 and space
 To welde an ax or swerd or staf or knyf,
 So that, methinketh, he sholde save his
 lyf ; 2001

If that he be a man, he shal do so.
 And we shul make him balles eek also
 Of wexe and towne, that, whan he gapeth
 faste, 2004
 Into the bestes throte he shal hem caste
 To slake his hunger and encombe his
 teeth ; (121)
 And right anon, whan that Theseus seeth
 The beste achoked, he shal on him lepe
 To sleen him, or they comen more to-hepe.
 This wepen shal the gayler, or that tyde,
 Ful privily within the prison hyde ; 2013
 And, for the hous is crinkled to and fro,
 And hath so queinte weyes for to go—
 For hit is shapen as the mase is wroght—
 Therto have I a remedie in my thought,
 That, by a clewe of twyne, as he hath
 goon, (131) 2016
 The same wey he may returne anonon,
 Folwing alway the threed, as he hath
 come.
 And, whan that he this beste hath over-
 come,
 Then may he felen away out of this drede,
 And eek the gayler may he with him
 lede, 2021
 And him avaunce at hoom in his contree,
 Sin that so greet a lordes sone is he.
 This is my reed, if that he dar hit take.'
 What sholde I lenger sermoun of hit
 make ? 2025
 The gayler cometh, and with him Theseus.
 And whan thise thinges been acorded
 thus, (142)
 Adoun sit Theseus upon his knee :—
 ' The righte lady of my lyf,' quod he,
 ' I, sorweful man, y-dampned to the deeth,
 Fro yow, whyl that me lasteth lyf or
 breeth, 2031
 I wol nat twinne, after this aventure,
 But in your servise thus I wol endure,
 That, as a wrecche unknowe, I wol yow
 serve 2034
 For ever-mo, til that myn herte sterwe.
 Forsake I wol at hoom myn heritage, (151)
 And, as I seide, ben of your court a page,
 If that ye vouche-sauf that, in this place,
 Ye graunte me to han so gret a grace
 That I may han nat but my mete and
 drinke ; 2040
 And for my sustenance yit wol I swinke,

Right as yow list, that Minos ne no wight—

Sin that he saw me never with eyen sight—

Ne no man elles, shal me conne espye ;
So slyly and so wel I shal me gye, 2045

And me so wel disigure and so lowe, (161)

That in this world ther shal no man me knowe,

To han my lyf, and for to han presence
Of yow, that doon to me this excellencie.
And to my fader shal I senden here 2050
This worthy man, that is now your gaylere,

And, him to guerdon, that he shal wel be
Oon of the grettest men of my contree.

And yif I dorste seyn, my lady bright,
I am a kinges sone, and eek a knight ;

As wolde god, yif that hit mighte be (171)
Ye weren in my contree, alle three,

And I with yow, to bere yow compayne,
Than shulde ye seen yif that I ther-of lye !

And, if I profre yow in low manere 2060
To ben your page and serven yow right
here,

But I yow serve as lowly in that place,
I prey to Mars to yive me swiche a grace
That shames deeth on me ther mote
falle,

And deeth and povert to my frendes
alle ; 2065

And that my spirit by nighte mote go (181)
After my deeth, and walke to and fro ;

That I mote of a traitour have a name,
For which my spirit go, to do me shame !

And yif I ever claime other degree, 2070
But-if ye vouche-sauf to yive hit me,

As I have seid, of shames deeth I deye !
And mercy, lady ! I can nat elles seye !'

A seemly knight was Theseus to see,
And yong, but of a twenty yeer and
three ; 2075

But who-so hadde y-seyn his counten-aunce,
(191)

He wolde have wept, for routhe of his penaunce ;

For which this Adriane in this manere
Answerde to his profre and to his chere.

' A kinges sone, and eek a knight,'
quod she, 2080

' To been my servant in so low degree,

God shilde hit, for the shame of women alle !

And leve me never swich a cas befall !
But sende yow grace and sleigte of herte also,

Yow to defende and knightly sleen your
fo, 2085

And leve herafter that I may yow finde
To me and to my suster here so kinde,
That I repente nat to give yow lyf ! (203)
Yit were hit better that I were your
wyf,

Sin that ye been as gentil born as I, 2090
And have a rēaume, nat but faste by,
Then that I suffred giltles yow to sterue,
Or that I let yow as a page serve ;
Hit is not profit, as unto your kinrede :
But what is that that man nil do for
dredre ? 2095

And to my suster, sin that hit is so (211)
That she mot goon with me, if that I go,
Or elles suffre deeth as wel as I,
That ye unto your sone as trewely 2099
Doon her bewedded at your hoom-coming.
This is the fynal ende of al this thing ;
Ye swere hit heer, on al that may be
sworn.'

' Ye, lady myn,' quod he, ' or elles torn
Mote I be with the Minotaur to-morwe !
And haveth her-of my herte-blood to
borwe, 2105

Yif that ye wile ; if I had knyf or spere,
I wolde hit leten out, and ther-on swere.
For than at erst I wot ye wil me leve.
By Mars, that is the cheef of my bileyve,
So that I mighte liven and nat faille 2110
To-morwe for t'acheve my bataile,
I nolde never fro this place flee,
Til that ye shuld the verray preve see.

For now, if that the sooth I shal yow say,
I have y-loved yow ful many a day, 2115

Thogh ye ne wiste hit nat, in my contree.
And aldermost desyred yow to see (232)

Of any earthly living creature ; 2118
Upon my trouthe I swere, and yow assure,
These seven yeer I have your servant be ;

Now have I yow, and also have ye me,
My dere herte, of Athenes duchessa !'

This lady smyleth at his stedfastnesse,
And at his hertly wordes, and his chere,
And to her suster seide in this manere.

Al softly, 'now, suster myn,' quod she,
 'Now be we duchesses, bothe I and ye,
 And sikered to the regals of Athenes, (243)
 And bothe her-after lykly to be quenes,
 And saved fro his deeth a kinges sone,
 As ever of gentil women is the wone 2131
 To save a gentil man, emforth hir might,
 In honest cause, and namely in his right.
 Me thinketh no wight oughte her-of us
 blame,

Ne beren us ther-for an evel name.' 2135

And shortly of this matere for to make,
 This Theseus of her hath leve y-take, (252)
 And every point þperformed was in dede
 As ye have in this covenant herd me rede.
 His wepen, his clew, his thing that I have
 said, 2140

Was by the gayler in the hous y-laid
 Ther as this Minotaur hath his dwelling,
 Right faste by the dore, at his entring.
 And Theseus is lad unto his deeth, 2144
 And forth un-to this Minotaur he geeth,
 And by the teaching of this Adriane (261)
 He overcom this beste, and was his bane;
 And out he cometh by the clewe again
 Ful prevely, whan he this beste hath
 slain; 2149

And by the gayler geten hath a barge,
 And of his wyves tresor gan hit charge,
 And took his wyf, and eek her suster free,
 And eek the gayler, and with hem alle
 three

Is stole away out of the lond by nighte,
 And to the contre of Ennopye him
 dighte 2155

Ther as he had a frend of his knowinge.
 Ther festen they, ther dauncen they and
 singe; (272)

And in his armes hath this Adriane,
 That of the beste hath kept him from his
 bane; 2159

And gat him ther a newe barge anon,
 And of his contre-folk a ful gret woon,
 And taketh his leve, and hoomward sail-
 eth he.

And in an yle, amid the wilde see,
 Ther as ther dwelte creature noon
 Save wilde bestes, and that ful many
 oon, 2165

He made his ship a-londe for to sette;
 And in that yle half a day he lette, (282)

And seide, that on the lond he moste him
 reste.

His mariners han doon right as him
 leste;

And, for to tellen shortly in this cas, 2170
 Whan Adriane his wif a-slepe was,
 For that her suster fairer was than she,
 He taketh her in his hond, and forth
 goth he

To shippe, and as a traitour stal his way
 Whyl that this Adriane a-slepe lay, 2175
 And to his contre-ward he saileth
 blyve— (291)

A twenty devil way the wind him
 dryve!—

And fond his fader drenched in the see.

Me list no more to speke of him, parde!
 These false lovers, poison be hir bane!
 But I wol turne again to Adriane 2181
 That is with slepe for werinessse atake.
 Ful sorwefully her herte may awake.
 Allas! for thee my herte hath now
 pite!

Right in the dawening awaketh she, 2185
 And gropeth in the bedde, and fond right
 noght. (301)

'Allas!' quod she, 'that ever I was
 wroght!

I am betrayed!' and her heer to-rente,
 And to the stronde bar-fot faste she
 wente,

And cryed, 'Theseus! myn herte swete!
 Wher be ye, that I may nat with yow
 mete, 2191
 And mighthe thus with bestes been y-
 slain?'

The holwe rokkes answeerde her again;
 No man she saw, and yit shyned the
 mone, 2194

And hye upon a rokke she wente alone,
 And saw his barge sailing in the see. (311)
 Cold wex her herte, and right thus seide
 she.

'Meker than ye finde I the bestes wilde!
 Hadde he nat sinne, that her thus be-
 gylde?

She cryed, 'O turne again, for routhe and
 sinne! 2200

Thy barge hath nat al his meiny inne!'

Her kerchef on a pole up stikked she,
 Ascaunce that he sholde hit wel y-see,

And him remembre that she was behinde,
And turne again, and on the stronde her
finde;
But al for noght; his wey he is y-goon.
And doun she fil a-sown upon a stoon;
And up she rist, and kiste, in al her care,
The steppes of his feet, ther he hath fare,
And to her bedde right thus she speketh
tho:—

2210

'Thou bed,' quod she, 'that hast receyved
two,
Thou shalt answeare of two, and nat of
oon!
Wher is thy gretter part away y-goon?
Allas! wher shal I, wrecched wight, be-
come!
For, thogh so be that ship or boot heer
come,

2215

Hoom to my contree dar I nat for
drede;

I can my-selven in this eas nat rede!
What shal I telle more her complein-
ing?

(331)

Hit is so long, hit were an hevy thing.
In her epistle Naso telleth al;

But shortly to the ende I telle shal.
The goddes have her holpen, for pitee;
And, in the signe of Taurus, men may
see

2220

The stones of her coroun shyne clere.—
I wol no more speke of this matere;
But thus this false lover can begyle
His trewe love. The devil +him quyte
his whyle!

(342)

Explicit Legenda Adriane de Athenes.

VII. THE LEGEND OF PHILOMELA.

Incipit Legenda Philomene.

Deus dator formarum.

THOU yiver of the formes, that hast
wroght
The faine world, and bare hit in thy
thoght
Eternally, or thou thy werk began, 2230
Why madest thou, unto the slaundre of
man,
Or—al be that hit was not thy doing,
As for that fyn to make swiche a
thing—
Why suffrest thou that Tereus was bore,
That is in love so fals and so forswore,
That, fro this world up to the firste
hevene,
Corrumpeith, whan that folk his name
nevено? 2236

(10)
And, as to me, so grisly was his dede,
That, whan that I his foule story rede,
Myn eyen wexen foule and sore also; 2240
Yit last the venim of so longe ago,
That hit enfecteth him that wol beholde
The story of Tereus, of which I tolde.
Of Trace was he lord, and kin to Marte,
The cruel god that stant with blody
darte;

2245

And wedded had he, with a blissful chere,
King Pandiones faire doghiter dere, (20)
That highte Progne, flour of her contree,
Thogh Juno list nat at the feste be,
Ne Ymceneus, that god of wedding is;
But at the feste redy been, y-wis, 2251
The furies three, with alle hir mortel
brond.

The owle al night aboute the balkes wond,
That prophet is of wo and of mischaunce.
This revel, ful of songe and ful of daunce,
Lasteth a fourtenight, or litel lasse. 2256
But, shortly of this story for to passe, (30)
For I am wary of him for to telle,
Five yeer his wyf and he togeder dwelle,
Til on a day she gan so sore longe 2260
To seen her suster, that she saw nat longe;
That for desyr she niste what to seye.
But to her husband gan she for to preyre,
For goddes love, that she moste ones
goon

(2264)
Her suster for to seen, and come anoon,
Or elles, but she moste to her wende,
She preyde him, that he wolde after her
sende; (40)
And this was, day by day, al her prayre
With al humblesse of wyfhood, word, and
chere.

2269

This Tereus let make his shippes yare,
And into Grece him-self is forth y-fare
Unto his fader in lawe, and gan him
preye.

To vouche-sauf that, for a month or
tweye,
That Philomene, his wyves suster,是一种
On Pregne his wyf but ones have a
sighte—

'And she shal come to yow again anon.
Myself with her wol bothe come and
goon,'

And as myn hertes lyf I wol her kepe.'

This olde Pandion, this king, gan
wepe

For tendernes of herte, for to leve
His doghiter goon, and for to yive her
leve;

Of al this world he lovede no-thing so;
But at the laste leve hath she to go.

For Philomene, with salte teres eke,
Gan of her fader grace to beseke

To seen her suster, that her longeth so;
And him embraceth with her armes two.

And therwith-al so yong and fair was she
That, whan that Terēus saw her beautee,
And of array that ther was noon her

liche,

And yit of bountee was she two so riche,
He caste his fyry herte upon her so
That he wol have her, how so that hit go,
And with his wyles kneled and so preyde,
Til at the laste Pandion thus seyde:—

'Now, sone,' quod he, 'that art to me
so dere,

I thee betake my yonge doghiter here,
That bereth the key of al my hertes lyf.

And grete wel my doghiter and thy wyf,
And yive her leve somtyme for to pleye,
That she may seen me ones er I deye.'

And soothly, he hath mad him riche
teste,

And to his folk, the moste and eek the
lest'e,

That with him com; and yaf him yiftes
grete,

And him conveyeth through the maister-
strete

Of Athenes, and to the see him broghte,
And turneth hoom; no malice he ne
thoghte.

(80)

The ores pulleth forth the vessel faste,
And into Trice arriveth at the laste,
And up into a forest he her ledde,
And to a cave privily him spedde;

And, in this derke cave, yif her leste,
Or leste noght, he bad her for to reste;
Of whiche her herte agroos, and seyde
thus,

'Wher is my suster, brother Tereus?' 2315
And therwith-al she wepte tenderly,
And quook for fere, pale and pitously,
Right as the lamb that of the wolf is
biten;

Or as the colver, that of the egle is
smiten,

And is out of his clawes forth escaped, 2320
Yet hit is afered and aw shaped

Lest hit be hent eft-sones, so sat she

But utterly hit may non other be.

By force hath he, this traitour, doon that
dede,

That he hath rest her of her mayden-
hede,

Maugree her heed, by strengthe and by
his might.

Lo! here a dede of men, and that a right!
She cryeth 'suster!' with ful loud
stevene,

And 'fader dere!' and 'help me, god in
hevene!'

Al helpeth nat; and yet this false theef

Hath doon this lady yet a more mischeef;

For fere lest she sholde his shame crye,
And doon him openly a vilanye,

And with his swerd her tong of kerveth
he,

And in a castel made her for to be

Ful privily in prison evermore,

And kepte her to his usage and his
store,

So that she mighte him nevermore asterte.

O sely Philomene! wo is thyn herte;
God wreke thee, and sende thee thy
bone!

Now is hit tyme I make an ende sone.

This Tereus is to his wyf y-come,

And in his armes hath his wyf y-nome,

And pitously he weep, and shook his
heed,

And swor her that he fond her suster
deed;

2340

For which this sely Progne hath swich
wo, (119) 2346
That ny her sorwful herte brak a-two;
And thus in teres lete I Progne dwelle,
And of her suster forth I wol yow telle.
This woful lady lerned had in youthe
So that she werken and embronden conthe,
And weven in her stole the radevore
As hit of women hath be woned yore.
And, shortly for to seyn, she hath her
fille
Of mete and drink, and clothing at her
wille, 2355
And coude eek rede, and wel y-nogh
endyte,
But with a penne coude she nat wryte;
But lettres can she weven to and fro, (131)
So that, by that the yeer was al a-go,
She had y-woven in a stamin large 2360
How she was broght from Athenes in a
barge,
And in a cave how that she was broght;
And al the thing that Tereus hath wroght,
She waf hit wel, and wroot the story
above,
How she was served for her suster love;
And to a knave a ring she yaf anoon, 2366
And prayed him, by signes, fortogoon (140)
Unto the quene, and beren her that clooth,
And by signes swor him many an ooth,
She sholde him yeve what she geten
michte. 2370
This knave anoon unto the quene him
dighte,

And took hit her, and al the maner tolde,
And, whan that Progne hath this thing
beholde,
No word she spak, for sorwe and eek for
rage;
But feynd her to goon on pilgrimage 2375
To Bachus temple; and, in a litel
stounde,
Her dombe suster sitting hath she founde,
Weping in the castel her aloon. (151)
Allas! the wo, the complaint, and the
moon
That Progne upon her dombe suster
maketh! 2380
In armes everich of hem other taketh,
And thus I lete hem in hir sorwe dwelle.
The remenant is no charge for to
telle,
For this is al and som, thus was she
served,
That never harm a-gilte ne deserved 2385
Unto this cruel man, that she of wiste.
Ye may be war of men, yif that yow
liste. (160)
For, al be that he wol nat, for his shame,
Doon so as Tereus, to lese his name,
Ne serve yow as a mordrour or a knave,
Ful litel whyle shul ye trewe him have,
That wol I seyn, al were he now my
brother, 2392
But hit so be that he may have non
other. (166)

Explicit Legenda Philomene.

VIII. THE LEGEND OF PHYLLIS.

Incipit Legenda Phillis.

By preve as wel as by auctoritee,
That wikked fruit cometh of a wikked
tree, 2395
That may ve finde, if that it lyketh
yow.
But for this ende I speke this as now,
To telle you of false Demophon.
In love a falser herde I never non,
But-if hit were his fader Theseus. 2400

'God, for his grace, fro swich oon kepe^o
us!'
Thus may thise women prayen that hit
here. (9)
Now to th'effect turne I of my matere.
Destroyed is of Troye the citee; 2404
This Demophon com sailing in the see
Toward Athenes, to his paleys large;
With him com many a ship and many a
barge

Ful of his folk, of which ful many eon
Is wounded sore, and seek, and wo be-
goon. 2409

And they han at the sege longe y-lain.
Behinde him com a wind and eek a rain
That shoof so sore, his sail ne mighte
stonde, (19)

Him were lever than al the world a-londe,
So hunteth him the tempest to and fro.
So derk hit was, he coude nowher go; 2415
And with a wawe brosten was his stere.
His ship was rent so lowe, in swich
manere,

That carpenter ne coude hit nat amende.
The see, by nighte, as amy torche brende
For wood, and posseth him now up now
doun, 2420

Til Neptune hath of him compassioune,
And Thetis, Chorus, Triton, and they
alle,

And maden him upon a lond to falle, (30)
Wher-of that Phyllis lady was and quene,
Ligurgus doghter, fairer on to sene 2425
Than is the flour again the brighte sonne.
Unnethe is Demophon to lond ey-wonne,
Wayk and eek wary, and his folk for-
pyned

Of werinessse, and also enfamyned; 2429
And to the deeth he almost was y-driven.
His wyse folk to conseil han him yiven
To seken help and socour of the queen,
And loken what his grace mighte been, (40)
And maken in that lond som chevisaunce,
To kepen him fro wo and fro mischaunce.
For seek was he, and almost at the deeth;
Unnethe mighte he speke or drawe his
breeth, 2437

And lyth in Rodopeya him for to reste.
Whan he may walke, him thoughte hit
was the beste

Unto the court to seken for socour. 2440
Men knewe him wel, and diden him
honour;

For at Athenes duk and lord was he,
As Theseus his fader hadde y-be, (50)
That in his tyme was of greet renoun,
No man so greet in al his regioun; 2445
And lyk his fader of face and of stature,
And fals of love; hit com him of nature;
As doth the fox Renard, the foxes sone,
Of kinde he coude his olde faders wone

Withouture lore, as can a drake swimme,
Whan hit is caught and caried to the
brimme. 2451

This honourable Phyllis doth him chere,
Her lyketh wel his port and his manere.
But for I am agroted heer-bifore (61)
To wryte of hem that been in love for-
sworn,

2455
And eek to haste me in my legende,
Which to performe god me grace sende,
Therfor I passe shortly in this wyse;
Ye han wel herd of Theseus devyse
In the bretairing of fair Adriane, 2460
That of her pite kepte him from his
bane.

At shorte wordes, right so Demophon
The same wey, the same path hath gon (70)
That dide his false fader Thesceus.
For unto Phyllis hath he sworn thus, 2465
To wedden her, and her his trouthe
plighte,

And piked of her al the good he mighte,
Whan he was hool and sound and hadde
his reste;

And doth with Phyllis what so that him
leste.

And wel coude I, yif that me leste so, 2470
Tellen al his doing to and fro.

He seide, unto his contree moste he
saile,

For ther he wolde her wedding apparaile
As fil to her honour and his also. (81)
And openly he took his leve tho, 2475
And hath her sworn, he wolde nat sojorne,
But in a month he wolde again retorne.
And in that lond let make his ordinaunce
As verray lord, and took the obeisaunce
Wel and hoomly, and let his shippes
dighte, 2480

And hoom he goth the nexte wey he
mighth;

For unto Phyllis yit ne com he noght.
And that hath she so harde and sore
aboghit, (90)

Allas! that, as the stories us recorde,
She was her owne deeth right with a
corde, 2485

Whan that she saw that Demophon her
trayed.

But to him first she wroot and faste
him prayed

He wolde come, and her deliver of peyne,
As I rehersel a word or tweyne.
Me list nat vouche-sauf on him to swinke,
Ne spende on him a penne ful of inke, 249¹
For fals in love was he, right as his syre;
The devil sette hir soules bothe a-fyre!
But of the lettre of Phillis wol I wryte
A word or tweyne, al-thogh hit be but
lyte. (102) 249⁵

'Thyn hostesse,' quod she, 'O Demophon,
Thy Phillis, which that is so wo begon,
Of Rodopeye, upon yow moot compleyne,
Over the terme set betwix us tweyne,
That ye ne holden forward, as ye seyde;
Your anker, which ye in our haven
leyde, 250¹

Highte us, that ye wolde comen, out of
doute,
Or that the mone ones wente aboute. (110)
But tymes foure the mone hath hid her
face

Sin thilke day ye wente fro this place, 250⁵
And fourtymys light the world again.
But for al that, yif I shal soothly sain,
Yit hath the strem of Sitho nat y-brought
From Athenes the ship; yit comth hit
noght.

And, yif that ye the terme rekne wolde,
As I or other trewe lovers sholde, 251¹
I pleyne not, god wot, befor my day.'

But al her lettre wryten I ne may (120)
By ordre, for hit were to me a charge;
Her lettre was right long and thereto
large; 251⁵

But here and there in ryme I have hit
laid,
Ther as me thoughte that she wel hath
said.—

She seide, 'thy sailes comen nat again,
Ne to thy word ther nis no fey certein;
But I wot why ye come nat,' quod she;
'For I was of my love to you so free. 252¹
And of the goddes that ye han forswore,
Yif that hir vengeance falle on yow ther-
fore, (130)

Ye be nat suffisaunt to bere the peyne.
To moche trusted I, wel may I pleyne, 252⁵

Upon your linage and your faire tonge,
And on your teres falsly out y-wronge.
How coude ye wepe so by craft?' quod
she;

'May ther swiche teres feyned be?
Now certes, yif ye wolde have in memorie,
Hit oghte be to yow but litel glorie 253¹
To have a sely mayde thus betrayed!
To god,' quod she, 'preye I, and ofte have
prayed, (140)

That hit be now the grettest prys of alle,
And moste honour that ever yow shal
befalle! 253⁵

And whan thyn olde auncestres peynted
be,

In which men may hir worthiness see,
Than, preye I god, thou peynted be also,
That folks may reden, for-by as they go,
"Lo! this is he, that with his flaterye 254⁰
Betrayed hath and doon her vilanye.
That was his trewe love in thoghte and
dede!"

But soothly, of oo point yit may they rede,
That ye ben lyk your fader as in this; (151)
For he begyled Adriane, y-wis, 254⁵
With swiche an art and swiche sotelte

As thou thy-selven hast begyled me.
As in that point, al-thogh hit be nat fayr,
Thou folwest him, certein, and art his eyr.
But sin thus sinfully ye me begyle, 255⁰
My body mote ye seen, within a whyle,
Right in the haven of Athenes fletinge,
With-outen sepulture and buryinge; (160)
Thogh ye ben harder then is any stoon.'

And, whan this lettre was forth sent
anoon, 255⁵

And knew how brotel and how fals he
was,
She for dispeyr for-dide herself, allas!
Swich sorwe hath she, for she besette her
so.

Be war, ye women, of your solil fo, 255⁹
Sin yit this day men may ensample see;
And trusteth, as in love, no man but
me. (168)

Explicit Legenda Phillis.

IX. THE LEGEND OF HYPERMNESTRA.

Incipit Legenda Ypermistre.

In Grece whylom weren brethren two,
Of whiche that oon was called Danao,
That many a sone hath of his body wonne,
As swiche false lovers ofte conne; 2565
Among his sones alle ther was oon
That aldermost he lovede of everichoon.
And whan this child was born, this Danao
Shooper him a name, and called him
Lino.
That other brother called was Egiste, 2570
That was of love as fals as ever him
liste, 2575
And many a daughter gat he in his lyve;
Of which he gat upon his righte wyve
A daughter dere, and dide her for to calle
Ypermistra, yongest of hem alle; 2575
The whiche child, of her nativitee,
To alle gode thewes born was she,
As lyked to the goddes, or she was born,
That of the shefe she sholde be the
corn; 2580
The Wirdes, that we clepen Destinee,
Hath shapen her that she mot nedes be
Pitousse, sadde, wyse, and trewe as steel;
And to this woman hit accordeth weel.
For, though that Venus yaf her greet
beautee, 2585
With Jupiter compouned so was she
That conscience, trouthe, and dred of
shame,
And of her wyfhood for to kepe her name,
This, thoughte her, was felicitee as here.
And rede Mars was, that tyme of the
vere,
So feble, that his malice is him raft, 2590
Repressed hath Venus his cruel craft; (30)
† What with Venus and other oppression
Of houses, Mars his venim is adoun,
That Ypermistra dar nat handle a knyf.
In malice, thogh she sholde lese her lyf.
But natheles, as heven gan tho turne, 2595
To badde aspectes hath she of Saturne,

That made her for to deyen in prisoun,
As I shal after make mencioune.

To Danao and Egistes also— 2600
Al-thogh so be that they were brethren
two, (40)

For thilke tyme nas spared no linage—
Hit lyked hem to maken mariage
Betwix Ypermistra and him Lino,
And casten swiche a day hit shal beso; 2605
And ful acorded was hit witterly;
The array is wroght, the tyme is faste by.
And thus Lino hath of his fadres brother
The doghter wedded, and eche of hem
hath other.

The torches brennen and the lampes
brighte, 2610
The sacrifices been ful redy dighte; (50)
Th'encens out of the fyre reketh sote,
The flour, the leef is rent up by the
rote

To maken garlands and corounes hye;
Ful is the place of soun of minstraleye,
Of songes amorous of mariage, 2616
As thilke tyme was the pleyn usage.
And this was in the paleys of Egiste,
That in his hous was lord, right as him
liste;

And thus the day they dryven to an
ende; 2620
The frenedes taken leve, and hoom they
wende. (60)

The night is come, the bryd shal go to
bedde;

Egiste to his chambre faste him spedde,
And privily he let his doghter calle.
Whan that the hous was voided of hem
alle, 2625

He loked on his doghter with glad
chere,
And to her spak, as ye shul after here.
'My righte doghter, tresor of myn
herte!

Sin first that day that shapen was my
sherte,

Or by the fatal sustren had my dom, 2630
So ny myn herte never thing me com (70)
As thou, myn Ypermistra, daughter
dere!

Tak heed what I thy fader sey thee
here,

And werk after thy wyser ever-mo.
For alderfirste, doghter, I love thee so 2635
That al the world to me nis half so leef;
Ne I nolde rede thee to thy mischeef
For al the gode under the colde mone;
And what I mene, hit shal be seid right
sone,

With protestacioun, as in this wyse, 2640
That, but thou do as I shal thee devyse,
Thou shalt be deed, by him that al hath
wroght!

(81)
At shorte wordes, thou n'escapest noght
Out of my paleys, or that thou be deed,
But thou consente and werke after my
reed;

2645 Tak this to thee for ful conclusioun.'

This Ypermistra caste her eyen doun,
And quook as dooth the leef of aspe
grene;

Deed wex her hewe, and lyk as ash to
sene,

2649 And seyde, 'lord and fader, al your wille,
After my might, god wot, I shal fulfille,
So hit to me be no confusioun.'

(91)
'Inil,' quod he, 'have noon excepciou';
And out he caughte a knyf, as rasour kene;
'Hyd this,' quod he, 'that hit be nat y-
sene;

2655 And, whan thyn husband is to bedde y-go,
Whyl that he slepeth, cut his throte a-two.
For in my dremes hit is warned me
How that my nevew shal my bane be,
But whiche I noot, wherfor I wol be
siker.

2660 Yif thou sey nay, we two shul have a
biker

(100)
As I have seyd, by him that I have
sworn.'

This Ypermistra hath ny her wit forlon;
And, for to passen harmles of that place,
She graunted him; ther was non other
grace.

2665 And therwith-al a costrel taketh he,
And seyde, 'herof a draught, or two or
three;

Yif him to drinke, whan he goth to
reste,
And he shal slepe as longe as ever thea
lest,
The narcotiks and opies been so stronge:
And go thy wey, lest that him thinke
longe.'

(110) 2671
Out comth the bryd, and with ful sober
chere,

As is of maidens ofte the manere,
To chambre is brought with revel and with
songe,

2675 And shortly, lest this tale be to longe,
This Lino and she ben sone brought to
bedde;

And every wight out at the dore him
spedde.

The night is wasted, and he fel a-slepe:
Ful tenderly beginneth she to wepe.
She rist her up, and dredfully she
quaketh,

2680 As doth the braunche that Zephyrus
shaketh,

(120)
And husht were alle in Argon that citeme.
As cold as any frost now wexeth she;
For pite by the herte her streyneth so,
And dred of deeth doth her so moche wo,
That thryes doun she fil in swiche a
were.

2686
She rist her up, and stakereth heer and
there,

And on her handes faste loketh she.
'Allas! and shul my handes blody be?

2690 I am a maid, and, as by my nature,
And by my semblant and by my vesture,
Myn handes been nat shapen for a knyf,
As for to reve no man fro his lyf.

(132)
What devil have I with the knyf to do?
And shal I have my throte corve a-two?

Then shal I blede, allas! and me be-
shende;

2696
And nedes cost this thing mot have an
ende;

Or he or I mot nedes lese our lyf.
Now certes,' quod she, 'sin I am his wif,
And hath my feith, yit is it bet for me
For to be deed in wyfly honestee (140) 2701
Than be a traitour living in my shame.
Be as be may, for ernest or for game,
He shal awake, and ryse and go his way
Out at this goter, or that hit be day!'—

And weep ful tenderly upon his face, 2706
 And in her armes gan him to embrace,
 And him she rogeth and awaketh softe;
 And at the window leep he fro the
 lofte

Whan she hath warned him, and doon
 him bote. 2710

This Lino swifte was, and light of fote,
 And from his wyf he ran a ful good pas.
 This sely woman is so wayk, alas! (152)
 And helpeles so, that, or that she fer
 wente,

Her cruel fader dide her for to hente. 2715

Allas! Lino! why art thou so unkinde?
 Why ne haddest thou remembred in thy
 minde

To taken her, and lad her forth with
 thee?

For, whan she saw that goon awey was he,
 And that she mighte nat so faste go, 2720
 Ne folwen him, she sette her doun right
 tho, (160)
 Til she was caught and fettered in prisoun.

This tale is seid for this conclusiou...

(*Unfinished.*)

A TREATISE ON THE ASTROLABE.

PROLOGUS.

LITEL Lowis my sone, I have perceived
wel by certeyne evidences thyn abilite to
lerne sciencez touchinge noumbres and
proporcions; and as wel considere I thy
5 bisy preyere in special to lerne the Tretis
of the Astrolabie. Than, for as mechel
as a philosofre seith, 'he wrappeth him in
his frend, that condescendeth to the
rightful preyers of his frend,' ther-for
10 have I geven thee a suffisaunt Astrolabie
as for oure orizonte, compowned after the
latitude of Oxenford; up-on which, by
mediacion of this litel tretis, I purpose to
teche thee a certain nombre of conclusi-
15 ons apertening to the same instrument.
I seye a certain of conclusiouns, for three
causes. The furste cause is this: truste wel
that alle the conclusiouns that han ben
founde, or elles possibly mighten be
20 founde in so noble an instrument as an
Astrolabie, ben un-knowe perfity to any
mortal man in this regioun, as I suppose.
A-nother cause is this; that sothly, in any
tretis of the Astrolabie that I have seyn,
25 there ben some conclusions that wole nat
in alle thinges performen hir bihestes;
and some of hem ben to harde to thy
tendre age of ten yeer to conseyye. This
tretis, divided in fyve parties, wole I shewe
30 thee under ful lighte rewles and naked
wordes in English; for Latin ne canstow

yit but smal, my lyte sone. But natholes,
suffysse to thee thise trewe conclusiouns in
English, as wel as suffyseth to thise noble
clerkes Grekes thise same conclusiouns in 35
Greek, and to Arabiens in Arabik, and to
Jewes in Ebrew, and to the Latin folk in
Latin; whiche Latin folk han hem furst
out of othre diverse langages, and writen
in hir owne tonge, that is to sein, in 40
Latin. And god wot, that in alle thise
langages, and in many mo, han thise
conclusiouns ben suffisantly lerned and
taught, and yit by diverse rewles, right as
diverse pathes ledn diverse folk the 45
righte wey to Rome. Now wol I prey
meekly every discreet persone that redeth
or hereth this litel tretis, to have my
rewde endyng for excused, and my
superfluite of wordes, for two causes. The 50
furste cause is, for that curious endyng
and hard sentence is ful hevy atones for
swich a child to lerne. And the seconde
cause is this, that sothly me semeth betre
to wryten un-to a child twyes a good 55
sentence, than he forgets it ones. And
Lowis, yif so be that I shewe thee in my
lighte English as trewe conclusiouns
touching this matere, and naught only as
trewe but as many and as subtil con- 60
clusiouns as ben shewed in Latin in any
commune tretis of the Astrolabie, con me

the more thank; and preye god save the king, that is lord of this langage, and alle
65 that him feyth bereth and obeyeth, evere-
eich in his degree, the more and the lasse.
But considere wel, that I ne usurpe nat to
have founde this werk of my labour or of
myn engyn. I nam but a lewd com-
70 pilatour of the labour of olde Astro-
logiens, and have hit translated in myn
English only for thy doctrine; and with
this swerd shal I sleen envyee.

I. The firste partie of this tretis shal
75 reherse the figures and the membres of
thy Astrolabie, bi-cause that thou shalt
han the grettre knowing of thy owne
instrument.

II. The second partie shal teche thee
80 werken the verrey practik of the forseide
conclusiounes, as ferforth and as narwe
as may be shewed in so smal an instru-
ment portatif aboute. For wel wot every
85 astrologien that smalest fraccions ne wol
nat ben shewed in so smal an instrument,
as in subtil tables calculed for a cause.

III. The thridde partie shal contienen
diverse tables of longitudes and latitudes
90 of sterres fixe for the Astrolabie, and
tables of declinacions of the sonne, and
tables of longitudes of citeez and of
townes; and as wel for the governance

of a clokke as for to finde the altitude
meridian; and many another notable
conclusioun, after the kalendres of the
95 reverent clerkes, frere I. Somer and frere
N. Lenne.

IV. The ferthe partie shal ben a theorik
to declare the moevinge of the celestial
bodies with the causes. The whiche
100 ferthe partie in special shal shewen a
table of the verray mooving of the mone
from houre to houre, every day and in
every signe, after thy almenak; upon
which table ther folwith a canon, suffi-
105 cant to teche as wel the maner of the
wyrking of that same conclusioun, as to
knowe in oure orizonte with which de-
gree of the zodiac that the mone ariseth
in any latitude; and the arising of any
110 planete after his latitude fro the ecliptik
lyne.

V. The fifte partie shal ben an intro-
ductorie after thestatutz of oure doctours,
in which thou maist lerne a gret part of
115 the general rewles of theorik in astrologie.
In which fifte partie shal townd finde tables
of equacions of houses astur the latitude
of Oxenford; and tables of dignetes of
planete, and other noteful thinges, yif
120 god wol vouche-sauf and his modur the
mayde, mo than I behete, &c.

PART I.

HERE BIGINNETH THE DESCRIPCION OF THE ASTROLABIE.

1. Thyn Astrolabie hath a ring to
putten on the thounbe of thy right
hand in taking the heighth of thinges.
And tak keep, for from hennes-forthward,
5 I wol clepe the heighth of any thing that
is taken by thy rewle, the altitude, with-
oute mo wordes.

2. This ring renneth in a maner turet,
fast to the moder of thy Astrolabie, in
so rowm a space that hit desturbeth nat
the instrument to hangen after his righte
5 centre.

3. The Moder of thy Astrolabie is the
thikkeste plate, perced with a large hole,
that resseyveth in hir wombe the thinne
plates compowned for diverse clymatz,
and thy riet shapen in manere of a net or
5 of a webbe of a loppe; and for the more
declaracioun, lo here the figure.

4. This moder is devyded on the bak-
half with a lyne, that cometh dessend-
inge fro the ring down to the nethereste
bordure. The whiche lyne, fro the for-
seide ring un-to the centre of the large
hole amidde, is cleped the south lyne, or
elles the lyne meridional. And the
remenant of this lyne downe to the bor-

dure is cleped the north lyne, or elles the lyne of midnight. And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

5. Over-thwart this for-seide longe lyne, ther crosseth him another lyne of the same lengthe from est to west. Of the whiche lyne, from a litel croys + in 5 the bordure un-to the centre of the large hole, is cleped the Est lyne, or elles the lyne Orientale; and the remenant of this lyne fro the forseide + un-to the bordure, is cleped the West lyne, or the lyne Occidental. Now hastow here the four quarters of thin astrolabie, devyded after the four principals plages or quarters of the firmament. And for the more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

6. The est side of thyn Astrolabie is cleped the right side, and the west side is cleped the left side. Forget nat this, litel Lowis. Put the ring of thyn Astro-
5 labie upon the thoumbe of thy right hand, and thanne wole his right syde be toward thy left syde, and his left syde wol be toward thy right syde; tak this rewle general, as wel on the bak as on 10 the wombe-side. Upon the ende of this est lyne, as I first seide, is marked a litel +, wher-as evere-mo generaly is considered the entring of the first degree in which the sonne aryseth. And for the 15 more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

7. Fro this litel + up to the ende of the lyne meridional, under the ring, shalتوуinden the bordure devyded with 90 degrees; and by that same proporcional 5 is every quarter of thin Astrolabie devyded. Over the whiche degrees ther ben noumbres of augrim, that devyden thilke same degrees fro fyve to fyve, as sheweth by longe strykes by-twene. Of 10 whiche longe strykes the space by-twene **contienith** a mile-wey. And every degree of the bordure contieneth fourre minutes, that is to seyn minutes of an houre. And for more declaracioun, lo here the 15 figure.

8. Under the compas of thilke degrees ben writhen the names of the Twelve Signes, as Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius,

Capricornus, Aquarius, Pisces; and the 5 nombres of the degrees of tho signes ben writhen in augrim above, and with longe devisiouns, fro fyve to fyve; devyded fro tyme that the signe entreth un-to the laste ende. But understand wel, that 10 thise degrees of signes ben everich of hem considered of 60 minutes, and every minute of 60 secondes, and so forth in-to smale fracciouns infinit, as seith Alkabucius. And ther-for, know wel, that 15 a degree of the bordure contieneth fourre minutes, and a degree of a signe contieneth 60 minutes, and have this in minde. And for the more declaracioun, 20 lo here thy figure.

9. Next this folweth the Cercle of the Dayes, that ben figured in maner of degrees, that contienen in noumbre 365; divyded also with longe strykes fro fyve to fyve, and the nombres in augrim 5 writhen under that cercle. And for more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

10. Next the Cercle of the Dayes, folweth the Cercle of the names of the Monthes; that is to seyen, Januare, Februare, Marcius, Aprile, Mayus, Juin, Julius, Augustus, Septembre, October, 5 Novembre, Decembre. The names of thise monthes were cleped in Arabiens, somme for hir propreties, and some by statutz of lordes, some by other lordes of Rome. Eek of thise monthes, as lyked to Julius Cesar and to Cesar Augustus, some were compowned of diverse noumbres of dayes, as Juil and August. Thanne hath Januare 31 dayes, Februare 28, March 31, Aprile 30, May 31, Junius 30, 15 Julius 31, Augustus 31, September 30, Octobre 31, Novembre 30, December 31. Natheles, al-though that Julius Cesar took 2 dayes out of Feverer and put hem in his moneth of Juille, and Augustus 20 Cesar cleped the moneth of August after his name, and ordeyned it of 31 dayes, yit truste wel, that the sonne dwelleth ther-for nevere the more ne lesse in oon signe than in another.

11. Than folwen the names of the Halidayes in the Kalender, and next hem the lettres of the Abc. on which

they fallen. And for the more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

12. Next the forseide Cercle of the Abc., under the cros-lyne, is marked the scale, in maner of two squyres, or elles in manere of laddres, that serveth by his 5 12 poyntes and his devisions of ful many a subtil conclusioun. Of this forseide scale, fro the croos-lyne un-to the verre angle, is cleped *umbra versa*, and the nether partie is cleped the *umbra recta*, or elles *umbra extensa*. And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

13. Thanne hastow a brood Rewle, that hath on either ende a square plate perced with a certain holes, some more and some lesse, to resseyven the stremes 5 of the sonne by day, and eek by mediacioun of thyn eye, to knowe the altitude of sterres by nighte. And for the more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

14. Thanne is ther a large Pyn, in maner of an extree, that goth thorow the hole, that halt the tables of the clymates and the riet in the wombe of 5 the Moder, thorw which Pyn ther goth a litel wegge which is cleped 'the hors,' that streyneth alle this parties to hepe; this forseide grete Pyn, in maner of an extree, is imagined to be the Pol 10 Artik in thyn Astrolabie. And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

15. The wombe-side of thyn Astrolabie is also devyded with a longe croys in four quarters from est to west, fro south to north, fro right syde to left syde, as is 5 the bak-syde. And for the more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

16. The bordure of which wombe-side is devyded fro the poynt of the est lyne un-to the poynt of the south lyne under the ring, in 90 degrees; and by that same 5 proporcional is every quarter devyded as is the bak-syde, that amounteth 360 degrees. And understand wel, that degrees of this bordure ben answering and consentrik to the degrees of the Equinoxial, 10 that is devyded in the same nombre as every other cercle is in the heye hevene. This same bordure is devyded also with 23 lettres capitals and a smal croys +

above the south lyne, that sheweth the 24 hours equals of the clokke; and, as 15 I have said, 5 of these degrees maken a mile-wey, and 3 mile-wey maken an honre. And every degree of this bordure conteneneth 4 minutes, and every minut 60 secoundes; now have I told thee twye. 20 And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

17. The plate under thy riet is descryvyd with 3 principal cereles; of whiche the leste is cleped the cercle of Cancer, by-cause that the heved of Cancer turneth evermor consentrik up-on the same 5 cercle. In this heved of Cancer is the grettest declinacioun northward of the sonne. And ther-for is he cleped the Solsticioun of Somer; whiche declinacioun, aftur Ptholome, is 23 degrees 10 and 50 minutes, as wel in Cancer as in Capricorne. This signe of Cancer is cleped the Tropik of Somer, of *tropos*, that is to seyn 'agaynard;' for thanne by-ginneth the sonne to passe fro us- 15 ward. And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

The middel cercle in wydnesse, of these 3, is cleped the Cercle Equinoxial; up-on whiche turneth evermo the hedes of Aries and Libra. And understand wel, that evermo this Cercle Equinoxial turneth justly fro verrey est to verrey west; as I have shewed thee in the spere solide. This same cercle is cleped also the Weyere, 25 *equator*, of the day; for whan the sonne is in the hevedes of Aries and Libra, than ben the dayes and the nighetes ilyke of lengthe in al the world. And therfore ben these two signes called the 30 Equinoxies. And alle that moeveth with-in the hevedes of thise Aries and Libra, his mooving is cleped north-ward; and alle that moeveth with-outte these hevedes, his mooving is cleped south-ward as fro 35 the equinoxial. Tak keep of thise latitudes north and sowth, and forget it nat. By this Cercle Equinoxial ben considered the 24 hours of the clokke; for evermo the arysing of 15 degrees of the equinoxial maketh an honre equal of the clokke. 40 This equinoxial is cleped the girdel of

70 reckned, that yit is the planete *in horoscopo*, be it in nativite or in elecciooun, &c. And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

5. To knowe the verrey equacioun of the degree of the sonne, yif so be that it falle by-twixe thyn Almikanteras.

For as moche as the almikanteras in thyn Astrolabie been compouned by two and two, where-as some almikanteras in sondry Astrolabies ben compouned by 5 oon and oon, or elles by two and two, it is necessarie to thy lerning to tech thee first to knowe and worke with thy owne instrument. Wher-for, whan that the degree of thy sonne falleth by-twixe

10 two almikanteras, or elles yif thyn almikanteras ben graven with over gret a point of a compas, (for bothe these things may causen errorre as wel in knowing of the tyme of the day as of the 15 verrey assendent), thou most werken in this wyse. Set the degree of thy sonne up-on the heyer almikanteras of bothe, and waite wel wher as thin almury toucheth the bordure, and set 20 ther a prikke of inke. Set doun agayn the degree of thy sonne up-on the nethere almikanteras of bothe, and set ther another prikke. Remewe thanne thyn almury in the bordure evene amid- 25 des bothe prikkes, and this wol lede justly the degree of thy sonne to sitte by-twixe bothe almikanteras in his right place. Ley thanne thy label over the degree of thy sonne; and find in the 30 bordure the verrey tyme of the day or of the night. And as verreyly shal low finde up-on thyn est orisonte thyn assendent. And for more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

6. To knowe the spring of the dawing and the ende of the evening, the which ben called the two crepusculis:

Set the nadir of thy sonne up-on 18 degrees of heighth among thyn almikanteras on the west syde, and ley thy label on the degree of thy sonne, and thanne 5 shal the poynt of thy label schewe the spring of day. Also set the nadir of thy

sonne up-on 18 degrees of heighth a-mong thyn almikanteras on the est side, and ley over thy label up-on the degree of the sonne, and with the point of thy label 10 find in the bordure the ende of the evening, that is, verrey night. The nadir of the sonne is thilke degree that is opposit to the degree of the sonne, in the seventhe signe, as thus: every degree 15 of Aries by ordre is nadir to every degree of Libra by ordre; and Taurus to Scorpion; Gemini to Sagittare; Cancer to Capricorne; Leo to Aquarie; Virgo to Pisces; and yif any degree in thy zodiak 20 be dirk, his nadir shal declare him. And for the more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

7. To knowe the arch of the day, that *sone*^{some} folk callen the day artificial, from the sonne arysing til hit go to reste.

Set the degree of thy sonne up-on thy est orisonte, and ley thy label on the degree of the sonne, and at the poynt of thy label in the bordure set a prikke. Turn thanne thy rict aboue til the 5 degree of the sonne sit up-on the west orisonte, and ley thy label up-on the same degree of the sonne, and at the point of thy label set a nother prikke. Rekne thanne the quantitee of tyme in 10 the bordure by-twixe bothe prikkes, and tak ther thyn ark of the day. The remenant of the bordure under the orisonte is 15 the ark of the night. Thus maistow rekne bothe arches, or every porcion, of whether that thee lyketh. And by this manere of wyrking maistow see how longe that any sterre fix dwelleth a-bove the erthe, fro tyme that he ryseth til he go to reste. But the day natural, that 20 is to seyn 24 hours, is the revolucion of the equinoxial with as moche partie of the zodiak as the sonne of his propre moevinge passeth in the mene whyle. And for the more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

8. To turn the houres in-equaless in houres equales.

Knowe the nombre of the degrees in the houres in-equaless, and departe hem

by 15, and tak ther thyn houres equales. And for the more declaracioun, lo here 5 thy figure.

9. *To knowe the quantitee of the day vulgar, that is to seyen, from spring of the day un-to verrey night.*

Know the quantitee of thy crepusculis, as I have taught in the chapitre bi-forn, and adde hem to the arch of thy day artificial; and tak ther the space of alle 5 the hole day vulgar, un-to verrey night. The same manere maystow worke, to knowe the quantitee of the vulgar night. And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

10. *To knowe the quantitee of houres inequailes by day.*

Understand wel, that thise houres inequailes ben cleded houres of planetes, and understand wel that som-tyme ben they lengere by day than by night, and 5 som-tyme the contrarie. But understand wel, that evermo, generaly, the hour in-equal of the day with the houre in-equal of the night contenen 30 degrees of the bordure, whiche bordure is evermo 10 answering to the degrees of the equinoctial; wher-for departe the arch of the day artificial in 12, and tak ther the quantitee of the houre in-equal by day. And yif thou abate the quantitee of the 15 houre in-equal by daye out of 30, than shal the remenant that leveth performe the houre in-equal by night. And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

11. *To knowe the quantitee of houres equales.*

The quantitee of houres equales, that is to seyn, the houres of the clokke, ben departed by 15 degrees al-redy in the bordure of thy Astrolabie, as wel by 5 night as by day, generaly for evere. What nedeth more declaracioun? Wherfor, whan thee list to know how manyo houres of the clokke ben passed, or any part of any of thise houres that ben 10 passed, or elles how many houres or partie of houres ben to come, fro swich a tyme to swich a tyme, by day or by nighte, knowe the degree of thy sonne,

and ley thy label on it; turne thy riet aboute joynlyt with thy label, and with 15 the point of it rekne in the bordure fro the sonne aryse un-to the same place ther thou desirest, by day as by nighte. This conclusioun wol I declare in the laste chapitre of the 4 partie of this tretis so openly, that ther shal lakke no worde that nedeth to the declaracioun. And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

12. *Special declaracioun of the houres of planetes.*

Understand wel, that evere-mo, fro the arysing of the sonne til it go to reste, the nadir of the sonne shal shewe the houre of the planete, and fro that tyme forward al the night til the sonne aryse; than 5 shal the verrey degree of the sonne shewe the houre of the planete. Ensample as thus. The 13 day of March fil up-on a Saterday per aventure, and, at the arising of the sonne, I fond the secounde 10 degree of Aries sitting up-on myn est orisonte, al-be-it that it was but lite; than fond I the 2 degree of Libra, nadir of my sonne, dessending on my west orisonte, up-on which west orisonte every 15 day generally, at the sonne ariste, entreth the houre of any planete, after which planete the day bereth his name; and endeth in the nexte stryk of the plate under the forscide west orisonte; and 20 evere, as the sonne climbeth uppero and uppere, so goth his nadir dounere and dounere, teching by swich strykes the hours of planetes by ordre as they sitten in the hevene. The first houre ineqaul 25 of every Satterday is to Saturne; and the secounde, to Jupiter; the 3, to Mars; the 4, to the Sonne; the 5, to Venus; the 6, to Mercurius; the 7, to the Mone; and thanne agayn, the 8 is to Saturne; the 9, 30 to Jupiter; the 10, to Mars; the 11, to the Sonne; the 12, to Venus; and now is my sonne gon to reste as for that Setterday. Thanno sheweth the verrey degree of the sonne the houre of Mercurie 35 entring under my west orisonte at eve; and next him succedeth the Mone; and so

ward fro the equinoctal, than is his declinacion north; yif it be southward, than is it south. And for the more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

21. To knowe for what latitude in any regiouen the almikanteras of any table ben compouned.

Rikne how manye degrees of almikanteras, in the meridional lyne, be fro the cercle equinoctal un-to the senith; or elles fro the pool artik un-to the north orisonte; and for so gret a latitude or for so smal a latitude is the table compounded. And for more declaracion, lo here thy figure.

22. To knowe in special the latitude of oure country, I mene after the latitude of Oxenford, and the heigthe of oure pol.

Understand wel, that as fer is the heved of Aries or Libra in the equinoctal from oure orisonte as is the senith from the pole artik; and as hey is the pol artik fro the orisonte, as the equinoctal is fer fro the senith. I prove it thus by the latitude of Oxenford. Understand wel, that the heyghe of oure pool artik fro oure north orisonte is 51 degrees and 50 minutes; than is the senith from oure pool artik 38 degrees and 10 minutes; than is the equinoctal from oure senith 51 degrees and 50 minutes; than is oure south orisonte from oure equinoctal 38 degrees and 10 minutes. Understood wel this reckning. Also for-get nat that the senith is 90 degrees of heylite fro the orisonte, and oure equinoctal is 90 degrees from oure pool artik. Also this shorte rewle is sooth, that the latitude of any place in a regiouen is the distance fro the senith unto the equinoctal. And for more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

23. To prove evidently the latitude of any place in a regiouen, by the preve of the heyghe of the pol artik in that same place.

In some winters night, whan the firmament is clere and thikke-sterred, waite a tyme til that any sterre fixe sit lyne-right perpendicular over the pol artik, and clepe that sterre A. And wayte a nother

sterre that sit lyne-right under A, and under the pol, and clepe that sterre F. And understand wel, that F is nat considered but only to declare that A sit evene over the pool. Tak thanne a non right the altitude of A from the orisonte, and forget it nat. Lat A and F go furwel til agayns the dawening a gret whyle; and come thanne agayn, and abyd til that A is evene under the pol and under F; for soothly, than wol F sitte over the pool, and A wol sitte under the pool. Tak than eft-sones the altitude of A from the orisonte, and note as wel his seconde altitude as his firste altitude; and whan that this is don, rikne how manye degrees that the firste altitude of A excedeth his seconde altitude, and tak half thilke porcioun that is exceded, and adde it to his seconde altitude; and tak ther the elevacioun of thy pool, and eke the latitude of thy regiouen. For thise two ben of a nombre; this is to seyn, as many degrees as thy pool is elevat, so michel is the latitude of the regiouen. Ensample as thus: par aventure, the altitude of A in the evening is 56 degrees of heylite. Than wol his seconde altitude or the dawing be 48; that is 8 lasse than 56, that was his firste altitude at even. Take thanne the half of 8, and adde it to 48, that was his seconde altitude, and than hastow 52. Now hastow the heyghe of thy pol, and the latitude of the regiouen. But understand wel, that to prove this conclusioun and many a nother fair conclusioun, thou most have a plomet hanging on a lyne heyer than thin heved on a perch; and thilke lyne mot hange evene perpendicular by-twixe the pool and thy eye; and thanne shaltow seen yif A sitte evene over the pool and over F at evene; and also yif F sitte evene over the pool and over A or day. And for more declaracion, lo here thy figure.

24. Another conclusioun to prove the heyghe of the pool artik fro the orisonte.

Tak any sterre fixe that nevere dissendeth under the orisonte in thilke

region, and considere his heyst altitude and his lowest altitude fro the orisonte; 5 and make a nombre of bothe thise altitudes. Tak thanne and abate half that nombre, and tak ther the elevacioun of the pol artik in that same region. And for more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

25. *A nother conclusioun to prove the latitude of the region, &c.*

Understond wel that the latitude of any place in a region is verreyly the space by-twixe the zenith of hem that dwellen there and the equinoctal cercle, 5 north or southe, taking the mesure in the meridional lyne, as sheweth in the almkanteras of thyn Astrolabie. And thilke space is as moche as the pool artik is hey in the same place fro the orisonte. 10 And than is the depression of the pol antartik, that is to seyn, than is the pol antartik by-nethe the orisonte, the same quantite of space, neither more ne lasso. Thanne, yif thou desire to knowe this 15 latitude of the region, tak the altitude of the sonne in the middel of the day, whan the sonne is in the hevedes of Aries or of Libra; (for thanne moeveth the sonne in the lyne equinoctal); and 20 abate the nombre of that same sonnes altitude out of 90, and thanne is the remenaunt of the noumber that leveth the latitudo of the region. As thus: I suppose that the sonne is thilke day 25 at noon 38 degrees and 10 minutes of heyste. Abate thanne thise degrees and minutes out of 90; so leveth there 51 degrees and 50 minutes, the latitude. I say nat this but for ensample; for wel 30 I wot the latitude of Oxenforde is certain minutes lasse, as I myghte prove. Now yif so be that thee semeth to long a taryinge, to abyde til that the sonne be in the hevedes of Aries or of Libra, thanne 35 waite whan the sonne is in any other degree of the zodiak, and considere the degree of his declinacion fro the equinoctal lyne; and yif it so be that the sonnes declinacion be northward fro the 40 equinoctal, abate thanne fro the sonnes altitude at noon the nombre of his de-

clinacion, and thanne hastow the heyste of the hevedes of Aries and Libra. As thus: my sonne is, par aventure, in the firste degree of Leoun, +58 degrees and 10 minutes of heyste at noon and his declinacion is almost +20 degrees northward fro the equinoctal; abate thanne thilke +20 degrees of declinacion out of the altitude at noon, than leveth thee 53 degrees and oddes minutes; lo ther the hevede of Aries or Libra, and thyn equinoctal in that region. Also yif so be that the sonnes declinacion be southward fro the equinoctal, adde thanne 55 thilke declinacion to the altitude of the sonne at noon; and tak ther the hevedes of Aries and Libra, and thyn equinoctal. Abate thanne the heyste of the equinoctal out of 90 degrees, and thanne 60 leveth there the distans of the pole, 51 degrees and 50 minutes, of that region fro the equinoctal. Or elles, yif thee list, take the heyst altitude fro the equinoctal of any sterre fix that thou 65 knowest, and tak his nethere elongacioun lengthing fro the same equinoctal lyne, and wirke in the maner forseid. And for more declaracion, lo here thy figure.

26. *Declaracioun of the assensioun of signes, &c.*

The excellencye of the spere solide, amonges other noble conclusiounes, sheweth manifeste the diverse assencions of signes in diverse places, as wel in the righte cercle as in the embelif cercle. 5 Thise anctours wryten that thilke signe is cleped of right ascensioun, with which more part of the cercle equinoctal and lasse part of the zodiak ascendeth; and thilke signe assendeth embelif, with 10 whiche lasse part of the equinoctal and more part of the zodiak assendeth. Ferther-over they seyn, that in thilke cuntrey where as the zenith of hem that dwellen there is in the equinoctal lyne, 15 and her orisonte passing by the poles of this worlde, thilke folke han this right cercle and the right orisonte; and everemo the arch of the day and the arch of the night is ther y-like long, and the sonne 20

twytes every yeer passinge thorow the senith of her heved; and two someres and two winteres in a yeer han this forseide poeple. And the almikanteras in her Astrolabies ben streighte as a lyne, so as sheweth in this figure. The utilite to knowe the assencions in the righte cercle is this: truste wel that by media-
cione of thilke assencions thisis astro-
logiens, by hir tables and hir instrumen-
tz, knownen verreyly the assencion of
every degree and minut in al the zodiak,
as shal be shewed. And nota, that this
forseid righte orisonte, that is cleped
35 *orison rectum*, divydeth the equinoxial
in-to right angles; and the embelif orisonte,
wher-as the pol is enhauised up-on
the orisonte, overkerveth the equinoxial
in embelif angles, assheweth in the figure.
40 And for the more declaracioun, lo here
the figure.

27. *This is the conclusioun to knowe the assencions of signes in the right cercle, that is, circulus directus, &c.*

Set the heved of what signe thee liste to knowe his assending in the right cercle up-on the lyne meridional; and waite wher thyn almury toucheth the bordure, and set ther a prikke. Turne thanne thy riet westward til that the ende of the forseide signe sitte up-on the meridional lyne; and eft-sones waite wher thyn almury toucheth the bordure, and set ther another prikke. Rikne thanne the nombre of degrees in the bordure bytwixe bothe prikkes, and tak the assencion of the signe in the right cercle. And thus maystow wyrke with every porcioun of thy zodiak, &c. And for the more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

28. *To knowe the assencions of signes in the embelif cercle in every regiou[n], I mene, in circulo obliquo.*

Set the heved of the signe which as thee list to knowe his ascensioun up-on the est orisonte, and waite wher thyn almury toucheth the bordure, and set ther a prikke. Turne thanne thy riet upward til that the ende of the same

signe sitte up-on the est orisonte, and waite eft-sones wher as thyn almury toucheth the bordure, and set ther a-nother prikke. Rikne thanne the nombre of degrees in the bordure bytwixe bothe prikkes, and tak ther the assencion of the signe in the embelif cercle. And understand wel, that alle signes in thy zodiak, fro the heved of Aries unto the ende of Virgo, ben cleped signes of the north fro the equinoxial; and these signes arysen by-twixe the verrey est and the verrey north in oure orisonte generaly for evere. And alle signes fro the heved of Libra un-to the ende of Pisces ben cleped signes of the south fro the equinoxial; and these signes arysen ever-mo by-twixe the verrey est and the verrey south in oure orisonte. Also every signe by-twixe the heved of Capricorne un-to the ende of Geminis aryseth on oure orisonte in lassa than two houres equales; and these same signes, fro the heved of Capricorne un-to the 30 ende of Geminis, ben cleped 'tortnos signes' or 'crooked signes,' for they arisen embelif on oure orisonte; and these crookede signes ben obedient to the signes that ben of right assencion. The signes 35 of right assencion ben fro the heved of Cancer to the fende of Sagittare; and thise signes arysen more upright, and they ben called eke sovereyn signes; and everich of hem aryseth in more space 40 than in two houres. Of which signes, Gemini obeyeth to Cancer; and Taurus to Leo; Aries to Virgo; Pisces to Libra; Aquarius to Scorpioni; and Capricorne to Sagittare. And thus ever-mo two 45 signes, that ben y-lyke fer fro the heved of Capricorne, obeyen everich of hem til other. And for more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

29. *To knowe justly the fourre quarters of the world, as est, west, north, and south.*

Take the altitude of thy sonne whan thee list, and note wel the quarter of the world in which the sonne is for the tyme by the azimutz. Turne thanne thyn Astrolabie, and set the degree of the 5

sonne in the almikanteras of his altitude, on thilke side that the sonne stant, as is the manere in taking of houres; and ley thy label on the degree of the sonne, and rikene how many degrees of the bordure ben by-twixe the lyne meridional and the point of thy label; and note wel that noumbre. Turne thanne a-gayn thy Astrolabie, and set the point of thy gret rewle, ther thou takest thyne altitudes, up-on as many degrees in his bordure fro his meridional as was the point of thy label fro the lyne meridional on the wombe-syde. Tak thanne thy Astrolabie with bothe handes sadly and sleyly, and lat the sonne shyne thorow bothe holes of thy rewle; and sleyly, in thilke shyninge, lat thy Astrolabie couch adoun evene up-on a smothe grond, and thanne 25 wol the verrey lyne meridional of thy Astrolabie lye evene south, and the est lyne wole lye est, and the west lyne west, and north lyne north, so that thou werke softly and avisely in the conching; and thus hastow the 4 quarters of the firma- 30 ment. And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

30. To knowe the altitude of planetes fro the wey of the sonne, whether so they be north or south fro the forseide wey.

Lok whan that a planete is in the lyne meridional, yif that hir altitude be of the same heyghte that is the degree of the sonne for that day, and than is the planete 5 in the verrey wey of the sonne, and hath no latitude. And yif the altitude of the planete be heyere than the degree of the sonne, than is the planete north fro the wey of the sonne swich a quantite of lati- 10 tude as sheweth by thy almikanteras. And yif the altitude of the planete be lasse than the degree of the sonne, thanne is the planete south fro the wey of the sonne swich a quantite of latitude as sheweth by thy almikanteras. This is to seyn, 15 fro the wey wher-as the sonne wente thilke day, but nat from the wey of the sonne in every place of the zodiak. And for the more declaracioun, lo here the 20 figure.

31. To knowe the senith of the arysing of the sonne, this is to seyn, the partie of the orisonte in which that the sonne aryseth.

Thou most first considere that the sonne aryseth nat al-wey verrey est, but some tyme by north the est, and som tyme by southe the est. Sothly, the sonne aryseth never-mo verrey est in oure ori- 5 sante, but he be in the heved of Aries or Libra. Now is thy orisonte departed in 24 parties by thy azimutz, in significacion of 24 partiez of the world; al-be-it so that shipmen rikne thilke partiez in 32. 10 Thanne is ther no more but waite in which azimut that thy sonne entreth at his arysing; and take ther the senith of the arysing of the sonne. The manere of the devisioun of thy Astrolabie is this; 15 I mene, as in this cas. First is it devided in 4 plages principals with the lyne that goth from est to west, and than with a-otherlyne that goth fro south to north. Than is it devided in smale partiez of 20 azimutz, as est, and est by southe, whereas is the firste azimut above the est lyne; and so forth, fro partie to partie, til that thou come agayn un-to the est lyne. Thus maistow understand also the senith of 25 any sterre, in which partie he ryseth, &c. And for the more declaracion, lo here the figure.

*32. To knowe in which partie of the firma-
ment is the conjuncion.*

Consider the tyme of the conjuncion by thy kalender, as thus; lok how many houres thilke conjuncion is fro the mid-day of the day precedent, as sheweth by the canoun of thy kalender. Rikne 5 thanne thilke nombre of houres in the bordure of thy Astrolabie, as thou art wont to do in knowing of the houres of the day or of the night; and ley thy label over the degree of the sonne; and thanne 10 wol the point of thy label sittre up-on the hour of the conjuncion. Loke thanne in which azimut the degree of thy sonne sitteth, and in that partie of the firma- 15 ment is the conjuncion. And for the more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

33. To knowe the senith of the altitude of
the sonne, &c.

This is no more to seyn but any tyme of the day tak the altitude of the sonne; and by the azimut in which he stondeth, maystow seen in which partie of the fir-
5 mament he is. And in the same wyse maystow seen, by the night, of any sterre, whether the sterre sitte est or west or north, or any partie by-twene, after the name of the azimut in which is the sterre.
10 And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

34. To know soothly the degree of the longitude of the mone, or of any planete that hath no latitude for the tyme fro the ecliptik lyne.

Tak the altitude of the mone, and rikne thyn altitude up among thyne al-
5 mikanteras on which syde that the mone stande; and set there a prikke. Tak themne anon-right, up-on the mones syde, the altitude of any sterre fix which that thou knowest, and set his centre up-on his altitude among thy al-
10 mikanteras ther the sterre is founde. Waite thanne which degree of the zodiak toucheth the prikke of the altitude of the mone, and tak ther the degree in which the mone standeth. This conclusioun is verrey
15 stonden after the trowthe; of comunie, tretis of Astrolabie ne make non exceptioun whether the mone have latitude, or non; ne on whether syde of the mone the altitude of the sterre fix be taken. And
20 nota, that yif the mone shewe himself by light of day, than maystow wyrke this same conclusioun by the sonne, as wel as by the fix sterre. And for the more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

35. This is the workinge of the conclusioun, to knowe yif that any planete be directe or retrograde.

Tak the altitude of any sterre that is cleped a planete, and note it wel. And tak eek anon the altitude of any sterre fix that thou knowest, and note it wel
5 also. Come thanne agayn the thridde or

the ferthe night next folwing; for thanne shal tow aperceyve wel the moeving of a planete, whether so he moeve forthward or bakward. Awaite wel thanne whan that thy sterre fix is in the same altitude
10 that she was whan thou toke hir firste altitude; and tak than eftsones the altitude of the forseide planete, and note it wel. For trust wel, yif so be that the planete be on the right syde of the meridional lyne, so that his seconde altitude be lasse than his firste altitude was, thanne is the planete directe. And yif he be on the west syde in that condicione,
15 thanne is he retrograd. And yif so be that this planete be up-on the est syde whan his altitude is taken, so that his secounde altitude be more than his firste altitude, thanne is he retrograde, and yif he be on the west syde, than is he directe.
20 But the contrarie of thise parties is of the cours of the mone; for soothly, the mone moeveth the contrarie from oþere planete as in hir episicle, but in non other manere. And for the more declaracioun,
25 lo here thy figure.

36. The conclusiouns of equacionis of houses, after the Astrolabie, &c.

Set the by-ginning of the degree that assendeth up-on the ende of the 8 houre unequal; thanne wol the by-ginning of the 2 houres sitte up-on the lyne of midnight. Remeve thanne the degree that
5 assendeth, and set him on the ende of the 10 hour unequal; and thanne wol the beginning of the 3 houres sitte up-on the midnight lyne. Bring up agayn the same degree that assendeth first, and set him up-on the orisonte; and thanne wol the beginning of the 4 houres sitte up-on the lyne of midnight. Tak thanne the nadir
10 of the degree that first assendeth, and set him on the ende of the 2 houres unequal; and thanne wol the beginning of the 5 houres sitte up-on the lyne of midnight; set thanne the nadir of the assen-
15 dent on the ende of the 4 houre, than wol the beginning of the 6 house sitte on the 20 midnight lyne. The beginning of the 7 hous is nadir of the assendent, and

the beginning of the 8 houſe is nadir of the 2; and the beginning of the 9 houſe is
 25 nadir of the 3; and the beginning of the 10 houſe is the nadir of the 4; and the begin-
 ning of the 11 houſe is nadir of the 5; and the beginning of the 12 houſe is nadir
 30 of the 6. And for the more declaracion,
 lo here the figure.

37. *A nother manere of equacionis of houses by the Astrolabie.*

Tak thyn assendent, and thanne hastow thy 4 angles; for wel thou wost that the
 opposit of thyn assendent, that is to seyn,
 thy beginning of the 7 houſe, sit up-on the
 5 west orizonte; and the beginning of the
 10 houſe sit up-on the lyne meridional;
 and his opposit up-on the lyne of mid-
 night. Thanne ley thy label over the
 degree that assendeth, and rekne fro the
 10 point of thy label alle the degrees in the
 bordure, til thou come to the meridional
 lyne; and departe alle thilke degrees in
 3 evene parties, and take the evene
 equacion of 3; for ley thy label over
 15 everich of 3 parties, and than maistow
 see by thy label in which degree of the
 zodiak [is] the beginning of everich of
 these same houses fro the assendent:
 that is to seyn, the beginning of the
 20 12 house next above thyn assendent; and
 thanne the beginning of the 11 house;
 and thanne the 10, up-on the meridional
 lyne; as I first seide. The same wyse
 wirke thou fro the assendent down to the
 25 lyne of midnight; and thanne thus
 hastow other 3 houses, that is to seyn,
 the beginning of the 2, and the 3, and the
 4 houses; thanne is the nadir of these
 3 houses the beginning of the 3 houses
 30 that folwen. And for the more declar-
 cion, lo here thy figure.

38. *To finde the lyne meridional to dicelle fix in any certein place.*

Tak a rond plate of metal; for warping,
 the brodere the bettre; and make ther-
 upon a just compas, a lite with-in the
 bordure; and ley this ronde plate up-on
 5 an evene grond, or on an evene ston, or
 on an evene stok fix in the gronde; and

ley it even by a level. And in centre of
 the compas stike an evene pin or a wyr
 upright; the smallere the bettere. Set
 thy pin by a plom-rewle evene upright; 10
 and let this pin be no lengere than
 a quarter of the diametre of thy compas,
 fro the centre. And waite bisily aboue
 10 or 11 of the clokke; and whan the
 sonne shyneth, whan the shadwe of the
 15 pin entreth any-thing with-in the cercle
 of thy plate an heer-mele, and mark ther
 a prikke with inke. Abyde thanne stillle
 waiting on the sonne after 1 of the clokke,
 til that the schadwe of the wyr or of the
 20 pin passe ony-thing out of the cercle of
 the compas, be it never so lyte; and set
 ther a nother prikke of inke. Take than
 a compas, and mesure evene the middel
 by-twixe bothe prikkes; and set ther a 25
 prikke. Take thanne a rewle, and draw
 a stryke, evene a-lyne fro the pin un-to
 the middel prikke; and tak ther thy lyne
 meridional for evere-mo, as in that same
 place. And yif thou drawe a cros-lyne 30
 over-thwart the compas, justly over the
 lyne meridional, than hastow est and
 west and south; and, par consequence,
 than the nadir of the south lyne is the
 north lyne. And for more declaracioun, 35
 lo here thy figure.

39. *Descripcion of the meridional lyne, of longitudes, and latitudes of citees and townes from on to a nother of clymatz.*

This lyne meridional is but a maner
 descripcion of lyne imagined, that passeth
 upon the poles of this world and by the
 senith of oure heved. And hit is y-cleped
 the lyne meridional; for in what place 5
 that any maner man is at any tyme of
 the yeer, whan that the sonne by moeving
 of the firmament cometh to his verrey
 meridian place, than is hit verrey midday,
 that we clepen oure noon, as to thilke 10
 man; and therfore is it cleped the lyne
 of midday. And nota, for evermo, of
 2 citees or of 2 tounes, of whiche that o
 toun aprocheth more toward the est than
 deth that other toun, truste wel that 15
 thilke tounes han diverse meridians.
 Nota also, that the arch of the equinoxial,

that is conteyned or bounded by-twixe the 2 meridians, is cleped the longitude of the toun. And yif so be that two tounes have y-lyke meridian, or oon meridian, than is the distance of hem bothe y-lyke fer fro the est; and the contrarie. And in this manere they chaunge nat her 25 meridian, but soothly they chaungen her almkanteras; for the enhausing of the pool and the distance of the sonne. The longitude of a clymat is a lyne imagined fro est to west, y-lyke distant by-twene them alle. The latitude of a clymat is a lyne imagined from north to south the space of the erthe, fro the byginning of the firste clymat unto the verrey ende of the same climat, evene directe agayns 35 the pole artik. Thus seyn some auctours; and somme of hem seyn that yif men clepen the latitude, thay mene the arch meridian that is contiened or intercept by-twixe the senith and the equinoxial. 40 Thanne sey they that the distaunce fro the equinoxial unto the ende of a clymat, evene agayns the pole artyk, is the latitude of a clymat for sothe. And for more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

40. *To knowe with which degree of the zodiak that any planete assendith on the orisonte, whether so that his latitude be north or south.*

Knowe by thyng almenak the degree of the ecliptik of any signe in which that the planete is reckned for to be, and that is cleped the degree of his longitude; and 5 knowe also the degree of his latitude fro the ecliptik, north or south. And by this samples folwinge in special, maystow wirke þor sothe in every signe of the zodiak. The degree of the longitude, 10 par aventure, of Venus or of another planete, was 6 of Capricorne, and the latitude of him was northward 2 degrees fro the ecliptik lyne. I tok a subtil compas, and cleped that oon poynt of my 15 compas A, and that other poynt F. Than tok I the point of A, and set it in the ecliptik lyne evene in my zodiak, in the degree of the longitude of Venus, that is to seyn, in the 6 degree of Capricorne;

and thanne sette I the point of F upward 20 in the same signe, bycause that the latitude was north, up-on the latitude of Venus, that is to seyn, in the 6 degree fro the heved of Capricorne; and thus have I 2 degrees by-twixe my two prikkes.²⁵ Than leide I doun softly my compas, and sette the degree of the longitude up-on the orisonte; tho tok I and wexede my label in maner of a peyre tables to resceyve distinctly the prikkes of my 30 compas. Tho tok I this forseide label, and leide it fix over the degree of my longitude; tho tok I up my compas, and sette the point of A in the wex on my label, as evene as I coude gesse over the 35 ecliptik lyne, in the ende of the longitude; and sette the point of F endlang in my label up-on the space of the latitude, inwardre and over the zodiak, that is to seyn, north-ward fro the ecliptik.⁴⁰ Than leide I doun my compas, and lokede wel in the wey upon the prikke of A and of F; tho turned I my riet til that the prikke of F sat up-on the orisonte; than saw I wel that the body of Venus, in hir 45 latitude of 2 degrees septentrionalis, assended, in the ende of the 6 degree, in the heved of Capricorne. And nota, that in the same maner maistow wirke with any latitude septentrional in alle 50 signes; but soothly the latitude meridional of a planete in Capricorne may not be take, by-cause of the litel space by-twixe the ecliptik and the bordure of the Astrolabie; but soothly, in alle other signes it 55 may.

Also the degree, par aventure, of Jupiter or of a-other planete, was in the first degree of Pisces in longitude, and his latitude was 3 degrees meridional;⁶⁰ tho tok I the point of A, and sette it in the firste degree of Pisces on the ecliptik, and thanne sette I the point of F dounward in the same signe, by-cause that the latitude was south 3 degrees, that is to 65 seyn, fro the heved of Pisces; and thus have I 3 degrees by-twixe bothe the prikkes; thanne sette I the degree of the longitude up-on the orisonte. Tho tok I my label, and leide it fix upon the degree of the 70

longitude; tho sette I the point of A on my label, evene over the ecliptik lyne, in the ende evene of the degree of the longitude, and sette the point of F endlang in 75 my label the space þof 3 degrees of the latitude fro the zodiak, this is to seyn, southward fro the ecliptik, toward the bordure; and turned my riet til the prikke of F sat up-on the orisonte; 80 thanne saw I wel that the body of Jupiter, in his latitude of 3 degrees meridional, ascended with 14 degrees of Pisces in horoscopo. And in this maner maistow wirke with any latitude meridional, as I first seide, save in Capricorne. 85 And yif thou wolt pleye this craft with

the arysing of the mone, loke thou rekne wel hir cours houre by houre; for she ne dwelleth nat in a degree of hir longitude but a litel whyle, as thou wel knowest; 90 but natholes, yif thou rekne hir verreye moeving by thy tables houre after houre, þ thou shalt do wel y-now.

Explicit tractatus de Conclusionibus Astrolabii, compilatus per Galfridum Chanciers ad Filium suum Lodewicum, scolarem tunc temporis Oxonie, ac sub tutela illius nobilissimi philosophi Magistri N. Strode, etc.

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SUPPLEMENTARY PROPOSITIONS.

41. *Umbra Recta.*

Yif it so be that thou wilt werke by *umbra recta*, and thou may come to the bas of the toure, in this maner thou schalt werke. Tak the altitude of the 5 tour by bothe holes, so that thy rewle ligge even in a poynt. Ensample as thus: I see him thorw at the poynt of 4; than mete I the space be-tween me and the tour, and I finde it 20 feet; than 10 be-holde I how 4 is to 12, right so is the space betwixe thee and the tour to the altitude of the tour. For 4 is the thridde part of 12, so is the space be-tween thee and the tour the thridde part of the 15 altitude of the tour; than thryes 20 feet is the heyghte of the tour, with adding of thyn owne persone to thyn eye. And this rewle is so general in *umbra recta*, fro the poynt of oon to 12. And yif thy 20 rewle falle upon 5, than is 5 12-partyes of the heyght the space be-tween thee and the toure; with adding of thyn owne heyght.

42. *Umbra Versa.*

Another maner of werkinge, by *umbra versa*. Yif so be that thou may nat come

to the bas of the tour, I see him thorw the nombre of 1; I sette ther a prikke at my fote; than go I neer to the tour, and 5 I see him thorw at the poynt of 2, and there I sette a-other prikke; and I beholde how 1 hath him to 12, and ther finde I that it hath him twelfe sythes; than beholde I how 2 hath him to 12, and 10 thou shalt finde it sexe sythes; than thou shalt finde that as 12 above 6 is the nombre of 6, right so is the space between thy two prikkes the space of 6 tymes thyn altitude. And note, that at 15 the ferste altitude of 1, thou settest a prikke; and afterward, whan thou seest him at 2, ther thou settest an-other prikke; than thou findest between two prikkys 60 feet; than thou shalt finde 20 that 10 is the 6-party of 60. And then is 10 feet the altitude of the tour. For other poyntis, yif it fille in *umbra versa*, as thus: I sette caas it fill upon þ2, and at the secunde upon þ3; than schalt thou finde that 2 is 6 partyes of 12; and 3 is 4 partyes of 12; than passeth 6 4, by nombre of 2; so is the space between two prikkes twyes the heyghte of the tour. And yif the differens were thryes, than 30

shulde it be three tymes; and thus mayst thou werke fro 2 to 12; and yif it be 4, 4 tymes; or 5, 5 tymes; *et sic de ceteris.*

43. *Umbra Recta.*

An other maner of wyrking be *umbra recta*. Yif it so be that thou mayst nat come to the baas of the tour, in this maner thou schalt werke. Sette thy rewle upon 1 till thou see the altitude, and sette at thy foot a prikke. Than sette thy rewle upon 2, and beholde what is the differense be-tween 1 and 2, and thou shalt finde that it is 1. Than mete the space be-tween two prikkes, and that is the 12 partie of the altitude of the tour. And yif ther were 2, it were the 6 partie; and yif ther were 3, the 4 partie; *et sic deinceps*. And note, yif it were 5, it were 15 the 5 party of 12; and 7, 7 party of 12; and note, at the altitude of thy conclusioun, adde the stature of thyn heylghte to thyne eye.

* * * * *

44. *Another maner conclusion, to knowe the mene mote and the argumentis of any planete. To knowe the mene mote and the argumentis of every planete fro yere to yere, from day to day, from houre to houre, and from smale fraccionis infinite.*

In this maner shalt thou worche: consider thy rote first, the whiche is made the beginning of the tables fro the yere of oure lord 1397, and entere hit in-to thy slate for the laste meridie of Decembre; and than consider the yere of oure lord, what is the date, and be-hold whether thy date be more or lasse than the yere 1397. And yf hit so be that hit be more, loke how many yeres hit passeth, and with so many entere into thy tables in the first lyne ther-as is written *anni collecti et expansi*. And loke where the same planet is writen in the heede of thy table, and than loke what thou findest in directe of the same yere of oure lord whiche is passid, be hit 8, or 9, or 10, or

what nombre that evere it be, til the tyme that thou come to 20, or 40, or 60. And that thou findest in directe þwryte 20 in thy slate under thy rote, and adde hit to-geder, and that is thy mene mote, for the laste meridian of the December, for the same yere whiche that thou hast purposed. And if hit so be that hit passe 20, consider wel that fro 1 to 20 ben *anni expansi*, and fro 20 to 3000 ben *anni collecti*; and if thy nombre passe 20, than take that thou findest in directe of 20, and if hit be more, as 6 or 18, than take that 30 thou findest in directe there-of, that is to sayen, signes, degrees, minutes, and seconde, and adde to-gedere un-to thy rote; and thus to make rotes. And note, that if hit so be that the yere of oure lord 35 be þlassed than the rote, which is the yere of oure lord 1397, than shalt thou wryte in the same wyse furst thy rote in thy slate, and after entere in-to thy table in the same yere that be lasse, as I taught 40 be-fore; and than consider how many signes, degrees, minutes, and secoundes thyne entringe conteyneth. And so be that ther be 2 entrees, than adde hem to-geder, and after with-drawe hem from 45 the rote, the yere of oure lord 1397; and the residue that leveth is thy mene mote fro the laste meridie of December, the whiche thou hast purposed; and if hit so be that thou wolt weten thy mene mote 50 for any day, or for any fraccion of day, in this maner thou shalt worche. Make thy rote fro the laste day of Decembre in the maner as I have taught, and afterward behold how many monethes, dayes, 55 and houres ben passid from the meridie of Decembre, and with that entere with the laste moneth that is ful passed, and take that thou findest in directe of him, and wryte hit in thy slate; and entere 60 with as mony dayes as be more, and wryte that thou findest in directe of the same planete that thou worchest for; and in the same wyse in the table of houres, for houres that ben passed, and adde alle 65 these to thy rote; and the residue is the mene mote for the same day and the same houre.

45. Another manere to knowe the mene
mote.

Whan thou wolt make the mene mote
of eny planete to be by Arschieles tables,
take thy rote, the whiche is for the yere
of oure lord 1397; and if so be that thy
5 yere be passid the date, wryte that date,
and than wryte the nomberes of the yeres.
Than with-drawe the yeres out of the
yeres that ben passed that rote. En-
sampul as thus: the yere of oure lord
10 1400, + I wolde witen, precise, my rote;
than wroot I furst 1400. And under that
nomber I wrote a 1397; than withdraw
I the laste nomber out of that, and than
fond I the residue was 3 yere; I wiste
15 that 3 yere was passed fro the rote, the
whiche was writen in my tables. Than
after-ward soghite I in my tables the *annis
collectis et expansis*, and amonge myn
expansse yeres fond I 3 yeer. Than tok
20 I alle the signes, degrees, and minutes,
that I fond direete under the same
planete that I wroghte for, and wroot so
many signes, degrees, and minutes in my
slate, and after-ward added I to signes,
25 degrees, minutes, and secoundes, the
whiche I fond in my rote the yere of oure
lord 1397; and kepte the residue; and
than had I the mene mote for the laste
day of Decembre. And if thou woldest
30 wete the mene mote of any planete in
March, Aprile, or May, other in any other
tyme or moneth of the yere, loke how
many monethes and dayes ben passed
from the laste day of Decembre, the yere
35 of oure lord 1400; and so with monethes
and dayes entere in-to thy table ther
thou findest thy mene mote y-writen in
monethes and dayes, and take alle the
signes, degrees, minutes, and secoundes
40 that thou findest y-write in direete of thy
monethes, and adde to signes, degrees,
minutes, and secoundes that thou findest
with thy rote the yere of oure lord 1400,
and the residue that leveth is the mene
45 mote for that same day. And note, if hit
so be that thou woldest wete the mene
mote in any yere that is lasse than thy

rote, with-drawe the nomberes of so many
yeres as hit is lasse than the yera of oure
lord a 1397, and kepe the residue; and so 5,
many yeres, monethes, and dayes entere
in-to thy tabelis of thy mene mote. And
take alle the signes, degrees, and minutes,
and secoundes, that thou findest in
direete of alle the yeres, monethes, and 55
dayes, and wryte hem in thy slate; and
above thilke nomberes wryte the signes,
degrees, minutes, and secoundes, the
whiche thou findest with thy rote the
yere of oure lord a 1397; and with-drawe 60
alle the nethere signes and degrees fro
the signes and degrees, minutes, and
secoundes of other signes with thy rote;
and thy residue that leveth is thy mene
mote for that day. 65

46. For to knowe at what houre of the day,
or of the night, shal be flode or ebbe*.

First wite thou certeinly, how that
haven stondeth, that thou list to werke
for; that is to say in whiche place of the
firmament the mone being, maketh fulle
see. Than awayte thou redily in what 5
degree of the zodiak that the mone at
that tyme is inne. Bringe furth than
the labelle, and set the point therof in
that same cost that the mone maketh
flore, and set thou there the degree of 10
the mone according with the egge of the
label. Than afterward awayte where is
than the degree of the sonne, at that
tyme. Remeve thou than the label fro
the mone, and bringe and sette it justly 15
upon the degree of the sonne. And the
point of the label shal than declare to
thee, at what houre of the day or of the
night shal be flode. And there also
maist thou wite by the same point of the 20
label, whether it be, at that same tyme,
flore or ebbe, or half flode, or quarter
flore, or ebbe, or half or quarter ebbe; or
ellis at what houre it was last, or shal
be next by night or by day, thou than 25
shalt esely knowe, &c. Furthermore, if
it so be that thou happe to werke for this
matere aboute the tyme of the conjunc-
cioun, bringe furthe the degree of the

* Perhaps not genuine.

to mone with the labelle to that coste as it
is before seyd. But than thou shalt
understonde that thou may not bringe
furthe the label fro the degree of the
mone as thou dide before; for why the
sonne is than in the same degree with
the mone. And so thou may at that
tyme by the point of the labelle un-
remewe knowe the houre of the flode or
of the ebbe, as it is before seyd, &c. And
evermore as thou findest the mone passe

fro the sonne, so remewe than the labelle
than fro the degree of the mone, and
bringe it to the degree of the sonne.
And worke thou than as thou dide before,
&c. Or elles knowe thou what houre it
is that thou art inne, by thyng instru-
ment. Than bringe thou furth fro
thennes the labelle and ley it upon the
degree of the mone, and therby may
thou wite also whan it was flode, or whan
it wol be next, be it night or day; &c.

THE CANTERBURY TALES.

GROUP A. THE PROLOGUE.

Here biginneth the Book of the Tales of Caunterbury.

Whan that Aprille with his shoures sote
The droghte of Marche hath perced to
the rote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendred is the flour; 5
Whan Zephirus seek with his swete breeth
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours y-ronne,
And smale fowles maken melodye,
That slepen al the night with open yë, 10
(So priketh hem nature in his corages):
Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages
(And palmers for to seken straunge
strondes)

To ferne halwes, couthe in sondry londes;
And specially, from every shires ende 15
Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,
The holy blisful martir for to seke,
That hem hath holpen, whan that they
were seke.

Bifel that, in that seson on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay 20
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Caunterbury with ful devout corage,
At night was come in-to that hostelrye
Wel nyne and twenty in a compayne,
Of sondry folk, by aventure y-falle 25
In felawshipe, and pylgrims were they alle,
That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde;
The chambres and the stables weren wyde,
And wel we weren esed atte beste.
And shortly, whan the sonne was to reste,

So hadde I spoken with hem everichon, 31
That I was of hir felawshipe anon,
And made forward erly for to ryse,
To take our wey, ther as I yow devyse.

But natheles, whyl I have tyme and
space, 35

Er that I ferther in this tale pace,
Me thinketh it acordaunt to resoun,
To telle yow al the condicione
Of ech of hem, so as it semed me,
And whiche they weren, and of what
degree; 40

And eek in what array that they were
inne:

And at a knight than wol I first biginne. *(Mid. touch)*

A Knight ther was, and that a worthy
man, 63
That fro the tyme that he first bigan
To ryden out, he loved chivalrye, 45
Trouthe and honour, fredom' and cur-
teisye. *Fingal King*

Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre, *bore king*
And therto hadde he riden (no man
ferre)

As wel in Cristendom as hethenesse,
And ever honoured for his worthinessse. 50
At Alisaundre he was, whan it was
wonne;

Ful ofte tyme he hadde the bord bigonne
Aboven alle naciouns in Pruce.
In Lettow hadde he reysed and in Ruce,
No Cristen man so ofte of his degree. 55
In Gernade at the sege eek hadde he be-

Of Algezir, and riden in Belmarye.
At Lyeys was he, and at Satalye,
Whan they were wonne; and in the
Grete See

At many a noble aryve hadde he be. 60
At mortal batailles hadde he been fistene,
And foughten for our feith at Tramissene
In listes thryes, and ay slayn his fo.
This ilke worthy knight had been also
Somtyme with the lord of Palatye, 65
Agyen another hethen in Turkye:
And evermore he hadde a sovereyn prys.
And though that he were worthy, he was
wys,

And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
He never yet no vilcinye ne sayde 70
In al his lyf, un-to no maner wight.
He was a verry parfit gentil knyght.
But for to tellen yow of his array,
His hors were gode, but he was nat gay.
Of fustian he wered a gipoun 75
Al bismotered with his habergeoun;
For he was late y-come from his viage,
And wente for to doon his pilgrimage.

With him ther was his sone, a yong
SQUYER, Squyer.

A lovyere, and a lusty bacheler, 80
With lokkes crulle, as they were leyd in
presse.

Of twenty yeer of age he was, I gesse.
Of his stature he was of evene lengthe,
And wonderly deliver, and greet of
strengthe.

And he had been somtyme in chivachye, 85
In Flaundres, in Artoys, and Picardye,
And born him wel, as of so litel space,
In hope to stonden in his lady grace.
Embroouded was he, as it were a mede
Al ful of fresshe floures, whyte and rede. 90
Singinge he was, or floytinge, al the day;
He was as fresh as is the month of May.
Short was his goune, with sleves longe
and wyde.

Wel coude he sitte on hors, and faire ryde.
He coude songes make and wel endyte, 95
Juste and eek daunce, and wel purtreye
and wryte.

So hote he lovede, that by nightertale
He sleep namore than dooth a nightingale.
Curteys he was, lowly, and servisable,
And carf bifor his fader at the table. 100

A YEMAN hadde he, and seruaunts name
At that tyme, for him liste ryde so;
And he was clad in cote and hood of
grene; 105
Yeman.
A sheef of pecok-arwes brighte and
kene

Under his belt he bar ful thriftily; 110
(Wel coude he dresse his takel yemanly:
His arwes drouped noght with fetheres
lowe),

And in his hand he bar a mighty bowe.
A not-heed hadde he, with a brun visage,
Of wode-craft wel coude he al the usage. 115
Upon his arm he bar a gay bracer,
And by his syde a swerd and a bokele,
And on that other syde a gay daggere,
Harmeised wel, and sharp as point of
spere;

A Cristofre on his brest of silver shene. 120
An horn he bar, the bawdrik was of
grene;

A forster was he, soothly, as I gesse.
Ther was also a Nonne, a PRIORESSE,
That of hir smyling was ful simple and
coy; 125
Prioresse.
Hir gretteste ooth was but by seyn
Loy;

And she was cleped madame Eglentyne.
Ful wel she song the service divyne,
Entuned in hir nose ful semely;
And Frensh she spak ful faire and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe, 130
For Frensh of Paris was to hir unknowe.
At mete wel y-taught was she with-alle;
She leet no morsel from hir lippes falle,
Ne wette hir fingres in hir sauce depe.
Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel
kepe,

135
That no drope ne fille up-on hir brest.
In curteisye was set ful muche hir lest.
Hir over lippe wyped she so clene,
That in hir coppe was no ferthing sene
Of grece, whan she dronken hadde hir
draughte.

Ful semely after hir mete she raughte,
And sikerly she was of greet disport,
And ful plesaunt, and amiably of port,
And peyned hir to countrefete chere
Of court, and been estatlich of manere, 140
And to ben holden digne of reverence.
But, for to speken of hir conscience,

She was so charitable and so pitous,
She wolde wepe, if that she sawe a mous
Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or
bledde. 145

Of smale houndes had she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, or milk and wastel-
breed.

But sore weep she if oon of hem were
deed,

Or if men smoot it with a yerde smerte :
And al was conscience and tendre herte.
Ful semely hir wimpel pinched was ; 151
Hir nose tretys ; hir eyen greye as glas ;
Hir mouth ful smal, and ther-to softe and
reed ;

But sikerly she hadde a fair forheed ;
It was almost a spanne brood, I trowe ; 155
For, hardily, she was nat undergrouwe.
Ful fetis was hir cloke, as I was war.
Of smal coral aboute hir arm she bar
A peire of bedes, gauded al with grene ;
And ther-on heng a broche of gold ful
shene, 160

On which ther was first write a crowned A,
And after, *Amor vincit omnia*. Nonne.

Another Nonne with hir hadde she,
That was hir chapeleyne, and PREESTES
✓ THREE. 3 Preestes.

A Monk ther was, a fair for the maistrye,
An out-rydere, that lovede venerye ; 166
A manly man, to been an abbot able. *John*
Ful many a deyntee hors hadde he in
stable : Monk.

And, whan he rood, men mighte his
brydel here

Ginglen in a whistling wind as clere, 170
And eek as loude as dooth the chapel-
belle

Ther as this lord was keper of the celle.
The reule of saint Maure or of saint
Beneit,

By-cause that it was old and som-del
streit,

This ilke monk leet olde thinges passe, 175
And held after the newe world the
space.

He yaf nat of that text a pulled hen,
That seith, that hunters been nat holy
men ;

Ne that a monk, whan he is cloisterlees,
Is lykned til a fish that is waterlees ; 180
to

This is to seyn, a monk out of his cloistre.
But thilke text held he nat worth an
oistre ;

And I seyde, his opinoun was good. *wrong*
What sholde he studie, and make him-
selven wood,

Upon a book in cloistre alwey to poure, 185
Or swinken with his handes, and laboure,
As Austin bit ? How shal the world be *amend*
served ?

Lat Austin have his swink to him reserved.
Therfore he was a pricasour aright ;
Grehoundes he hadde, as swifte as fowel
in flight ; 190

Of priking and of hunting for the hare
Was al his lust, for no cost wolde he
spare.

I seigh his sleves purfled at the hond
With grys, and that the fyneste of a lond ;
And, for to festne his hood under his
chin, 195

He hadde of gold y-wroght a curious pin :
A love-knotte in the gretter endethe was.
His heed was balled, that shoon as any
glas,

And eek his face, as he had been anoint.
He was a lord ful fat and in good point ; 200
His eyen stepe, and rollinge in his heed,
That stemed as a forneys of a leed ;
His boote souple, his hors in greet estat.
Now certeinly he was a fair prelat ;
He was nat pale as a for-pyned goost. 205
A fat swan loved he best of any roost.
His palfrey was as broun as is a berye.

✓ A FRERE ther was, a wantown and a
merrye, Frere.

A limitour, a ful solempne man. 209

In alle the ordres fourre is noon that can *knowes*
So muche of daliaunce and fair langage. *easylife*

He hadde maad ful many a mariage
Of yonge wommen, at his owne cost.
Un-to his ordre he was a noble post.
Ful wel biloved and famulier was he 215
With *frankeleysns* over-al in his contree,
And eek with worthy wommen of the
toun :

For he had power of confessioun,
As seyde him-self, more than a curat,
For of his ordre he was licentiat.

Ful sweetly herde he confessioun,
And plesaunt was his absolucioun ;

He was an esy man to yeve penaunce
 Ther as he wiste to han a good pitaunce ;
 For unto a povre ordre for to yive ²²⁵
 Is signe that a man is wel y-shrive. ²²⁵
 For if he yaf, he dorste make avaunt, ²²⁶
 He wiste that a man was repentaunt.
 For many a man so hard is of his herte,
 He may nat wepe al-thogh him sore
 smerte. ²³⁰

Therfore, in stede of weeping and preyeres,
 Men moot yeve silver to the povre freres.
 His tipet was ay farsed ful of knyves
 And pinnes, for to yeven faire wyves.
 And certeinly he hadde a mery note ; ²³⁵
 Wel coude he singe and pleyen on a rote.
 Of yeddinges he bar utterly the prys. ²⁴⁰
 His nekke whyt was as the flour-de-lys ;
 Ther-to he strong was as a champioun.
 He knew the tavernes wel in every toun,
 And everich hostiler and tappestere ²⁴⁵
 Bet than a lazor or a beggestere ;
 For un-to swich a worthy man as he
 Acorded nat, as by his facultee, ²⁴⁴
 To have with seke lazars aqueyntaunce.
 It is nat honest, it may nat avaunce
 For to delen with no swich poraille,
 But al with riche and sellers of vitaille.
 And over-al, ther as profit sholde aryse,
 Curteys he was, and lowly of servyse. ²⁵⁰
 Ther nas no man no-wher so vertuous.
 He was the beste beggere in his hous ;
 †And yaf a certeyn ferme for the
 graunt ; ^{252 b}
 †Noon of his bretheren cam ther in his
 haunt ; ^{252 c}
 For thogh a widwe hadde noght a sho,
 So plesaunt was his 'In principio,'
 Yet wolde he have a ferthing, er he
 wente. ²⁵⁵
 His purchas was wel bettre than his rente.
 And rage he coude, as it were right a
 whelpe.
 In love-dayes ther coude he muchel
 helpe. ⁽²⁶⁰⁾
 For there he was nat lyk a cloisterer,
 With a thredbar cope, as is a povre
 scoler, ²⁶⁰
 But he was lyk a maister or a pope.
 Of double worsted was his semi-cope,
 That rounded as a belle out of the presse.
 Somwhat he lised, for his wantownesse,

To make his English swete up-on his
 tonge ; ²⁶⁵
 And in his harping, whan that he had
 songe,
 His eyen twinkled in his heed aright,
 As doon the sterres in the frosty
 night. ⁽²⁷⁰⁾
 This worthy limitour was cleped Huberd.
 A MARCHANT was ther with a forked
 berd, ²⁷⁵
 Marchant.
 In mottelee, and hye on horse he sat, ²⁷¹
 Up-on his heed a Flaundrish bever hat ;
 His botes clasped faire and fetisly.
 His reson he spak ful solempnely, ²⁷⁴
 Souninge alway th'encrees of his winning.
 He wolda the see were kept for any thing
 Bitwixe Middelburgh and Orewelle.
 Wel coude he in eschaunge sheeldes
 selle. ⁽²⁸⁰⁾
 This worthy man ful wel his wit bisette ;
 Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette,
 So estately was he of his governaunce, ²⁸¹
 With his bargaynes, and with his chevi-
 saunce.
 For sothe he was a worthy man with-alle,
 But sooth to seyn, I noot how men him
 calle. ^{Clerk.}
 A CLERK ther was of Oxenford also,
 That un-to logik hadde longe y-go. ²⁸⁶
 As lene was his hors as is a rake,
 And he nas nat right fat, I undertake; ⁽²⁹⁰⁾
 But loked holwe, and ther-to soberly.
 Ful thredbar was his overest courtepy; ²⁹⁰
 For he had geten him yet no benefyce,
 Ne was so worldly for to have offyce.
 For him was never have at his beddes
 heed
 Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed,
 Of Aristotle and his philosophye, ²⁹⁵
 Than robes riche, or fithele, or gay sauntrye.
 But al be that he was a philosophre,
 Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre; ⁽³⁰⁰⁾
 But al that he mighte of his freendes
 hente,
 On bokes and on lerninges he it spente, ³⁰⁰
 And bisily gan for the soules preyre
 Of hem that yaf him wher-with to scoleyse.
 Of studie took he most cure and most
 hede.
 Noght o word spak he more than was
 nede,

And that was seyd in forme and reverence,
And short and quik, and ful of hy sentence.
305

Souninge in moral vertu was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.
Man of Lawe. (310)

A SERGEANT OF THE LAWE, war and wys,
That often hadde been at the parvys,
310 Ther was also, ful riche of excellency.
Discreet he was, and of greet reverence:
He semed swich, his wordes weren so wyse.

Justyce he was ful often in assyse,
By patente, and by pleyn commissioune;
For his science, and for his heigh renoun
314 Of fees and robes hadde he many oon.
So greet a purchasour was no-ther noon.
(320)

Al was fee simple to him in effect,
His purchasing mighte nat been infect,
320 No-ther so busy a man as he ther nas,
And yet he semed bisier than he was.
In termes hadde he caas and domes alle,
That from the tyme of king William were falle.

Therto he coude endyte, and make a thing,
325 Ther coude no wight pinche at his wryting;

And every statut coude he pleyn by rote.
He rood but hoomly in a medlee cote
(330) Girt with a ceint of silk, with barres smale;

Of his array telle I no lenger tale. 330

A FRANKELEYN was in his company;
Whyt was his berd, as is the dayesye.
Of his complexioun he was sangwyn.
Wel loved he by the morwe a sop in wyn.
Frankelyn. (340)

To liven in delyt was ever his wone,
335 For he was Epicurus owne sone,
That heedl opinoun, that pleyn delyt Was verrailly felicitee parfyt.
An housholdere, and that a greet, was he;
Seint Julian he was in his contree. 340
His breed, his ale, was alwey after oon;
A bettre envyned man was no-ther noon.
With-oute bake mete was never his hous,
Of fish and flesh, and that so plentevous,

It snowed in his hous of mete and drinke,
345 Of alle deyntees that men coude thinken.

After the sondry sesons of the yeer, (340)
So chaunged he his mete and his soper.
Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mewe,

And many a breem and many a luce in stewe.
350

Wo was his cook, but-if his sauce were Poyaunt and sharp, and redy al his gere.
His table dormant in his halle alway Stood redy covered al the longe day.
At sessiouns ther was he lord and sire; 355
Ful ofte tyme he was knight of the shire.
An anlas and a gipser al of silk
Heng at his girdel, whyt as morne milk.
A shirreve hadde he been, and a countour;
Was no-ther such a worthy vavasour. 360

An HABERDASSHER and a CARPENTER,
Haberdassher. Carpenter.

A WEBBE, a DYERE, and a TAPICER,
Webbe. Dyere. Tapicer.

Were with us eek, clothed in o liveree,
Of a solempne and greet fraternitee. 364
Ful fresh and newe hir gere apyked was;
Hir knyves were y-chaped noght with bras,

But al with silver, wrought ful clene and weel,
(369)

Hir girdles and hir pouches every-deel.
Wel semed eek of hem a fair burgeys,
To sitten in a yeldhalle on a deys. 370
Everich, for the wisdom that he can,
Was shaply for to been an alderman.
For catel hadde they y-nogh and rente,
And eek hir wyves wolde it wel assente;
And elles certein were they to blame. 375
It is ful fair to been y-elept 'ma dame,'
And goon to vigilyes al bifore,
And have a mantel royallichey-bore. (380)

A COOK they hadde with hem for the nones,
Cook

To boille the chiknes with the mary-bones,
380 And poudre-marchant tart, and galengale.
Wel coude he knowe a draughte of London ale.

He coude roste, and sethe, and braille,
and frye,
Maken mortreux, and wel bake a pye.

But greet harm was it, as it thoughte
me,

385

That on his shine a mormal hadde he;
For blankmanger, that made he with the
beste.

(389)

A SAIPMAN WAS ther, woning fer by
weste : Shipman.

For aught I woot, he was of Dertemouthe.
He rood up-on a rounchy, as he couthe, 390
In a gowne of falding to the knee.

A daggere hanging on a laas hadde he
Aboute his nekke under his arm adoun.
The hote somer had maad his hewe al
broun;

And, certeinly, he was a good felawe. 395
Ful many a draughte of wyn had he
y-drawe

From Burdeux-ward, whyl that the chap-
man sleep.

Of nyce conscience took he no keep. (400)
If that he faught, and hadde the hyer
hond,

By water he sente hem hoom to every
lond.

400

But of his craft to rekene wel his tydes,
His stremes and his daungers him bisydes,
His herberwe and his mone, his lode-
menage,

Ther nas noon swich from Hulle to
Cartage.

Hardy he was, and wys to undertake; 405
With many a tempest hadde his berd
been shake.

He knew wel alle the havenes, as they
were,

(409)

From Gootlond to the cape of Finistere,
And every cryke in Britayne and in
Spayne;

409

His barge y-cleped was the Maudelayne.
With us ther was a Doctour of Phisyk,

In al this world ne was ther noon him
lyk

Doctour.

To speke of phisik and of surgerye;
For he was grounded in astronomye.

He kepte his pacient a ful greet del
In houres, by his magik naturel.

415

Wel coude he fortunen the ascendent
Of his images for his pacient.

(420)

He knew the cause of everich maladye,
Were it of hoot or cold, or moiste, or
drye,

420

And where engendred, and of what
humour;

He was a verrey parfit practisour.
The cause y-knowe, and of his harm the
rote,

Anon he yaf the seke man his bote.
Ful redy hadde he his apothecaries, 425
To sende him drogges and his letuaries,
For ech of hem made other for to
winne;

Hir frendschiphe nas nat newe to biginne.
Wel knew he th'olde Esculapius,

(431)

And Deiscorides, and eek Rufus,

430

Old Ypocras, Haly, and Galien;
Serapion, Razis, and Avicen;

Averrois, Damascien, and Constantyn:
Bernard, and Gatesden, and Gilbertyn.

Of his diete mesurable was he,

435

For it was of no superfluitee,
But of greet norissing and digestible.

His studie was but litel on the bible. (440)
In sangwin and in pers he clad was al,

Lyned with taffata and with sendal; 440
And yet he was but esy of dispence;

He kepte that he wan in pestilence.
For gold in phisik is a cordial,

Therfore he lovede gold in special. 444
A good Wyf was ther of bisyde Bathe,

But she was som-del deaf, and that was
scathe.

Wyf of Bathe.

Of clooth-making she hadde swiche an
haunt,

(459)

She passed hem of Ypres and of Gaunt.
In al the parisshе wyf ne was ther

noon

That to th' offring bifore hir sholdē
goon;

450

And if ther dide, certeyn, so wrooth was
she,

That she was out of alle charitee.
Hir coverchiefs ful fyne were of ground;

I dorste swere they weyeden ten pound
That on a Sonday were upon hir heed. 455

Hir hosen weren of fyn scarlet reed,
Ful streite y-teyd, and shoos ful moiste

and newe.

Bold was hir face, and fair, and reed of
hewe.

(460)

She was a worthy womman al hir lyve,
Housbondes at chirche-dore she hadde

fyve,

460

Withouten other compayne in youthe ;
But therof nedeth nat to speke as nouthe.
And thryes hadde she been at Jerusalem ;
She hadde passed many a straunge
strem ; 464

At Rome she hadde been, and at Boloigne,
In Galice at saint Jame, and at Coloigne.
She coude muche of wandring by the
weye :

Gat-tothed was she, soothly for to seye.
Up-on an amblere esily she sat, (471)
Y-wimpled wel, and on hir heed an hat
As brood as is a bokeler or a targe ; 471
A foot-mantel aboute hir hipes large,
And on hir feet a paire of spores sharpe.
In felawship wel coude she laughe and
carpe.

Of remedyes of love she knew per-
chance, 475
For she coude of that art the olde daunce.
Persoun.

A good man was ther of religiou恩,
And was a povre **PERSOUN** of a toun ; (480)
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
He was also a lerned man, a clerk, 480
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche;
His parisshens devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in aduersitee ful pacient ;
And swich he was y-preved ofte sythes.
Ful looth were him to cursen for his
tythes, 486

But rather wolde he yeven, out of doute,
Un-to his povre parisshens aboute (490)
Of his offring, and eek of his substancialce.
He coude in litel thing han suffisaunce.
Wyd was his parisshe, and houses fer
a-sonder, 491

But he ne lafte nat, for reyn ne thondre,
In siknes nor in meschief, to visyte
The ferreste in his parisshe, muche and
lyte,
Up-on his feet, and in his hand a staf. 495
This noble ensample to his sheep he yaf,
That first he wroghte, and afterward he
taughte ;

Out of the gospel he tho wordes caughte ;
And this figure he added eek ther-to, (501)
That if gold ruste, what shal iren do ? 500
For if a preest be foul, on whom we truste,
No wonder is a lewed man to ruste ;

And shame it is, if a preest take keep,
A shiten shepherde and a clene sheep.
Wel oughte a preest ensample for to yive,
By his clennesse, how that his sheep
shold live. 506

He sette nat his benefice to hyre,
And leet his sheep encombred in the
myre, (510)
And ran to London, un-to sÿnt Poules,
To seken him a chaunterie for soules, 510
Or with a bretherherd to been withholdre ;
But dwelte at hoom, and kepte wel his
folde,

So that the wolf ne made it nat misarie ;
He was a shepherde and no mercenarie.
And though he holy were, and vertuous,
He was to sinful man nat despitous, 516
Ne of his speche daungerous ne digne,
But in his teching discreet and benigne.
To drawen folk to heven by fairnesse (521)
By good ensample, was his bisiness : 520
But it were any persone obstinat,
What-so he were, of heigh or lowe estat,
Him wolde he snibben sharply for the
nones.

A bettre preest, I trowe that nowher
noon is.

He wayted after no pompe and reverence,
Ne maked him a spyced conscience, 526
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taughte, and first he folwed it him-
selfe. 530

With him ther was a **PLOWMAN**, was his
brother, 530
Plowman.
That hadde y-lad of dong ful many a
fother,

A trewe swinker and a good was he,
Livinge in pees and parfit charitee.
God loved he best with al his hole herte
At alle tymes, thogh him gamed or
smerte,

And thanne his neighebour right as him-
selfe. 535

He wolde thresshe, and ther-to dyke and
delve,

For Cristes sake, for every povre wight,
Withouten hyre, if it lay in his might.
His tythes payded he ful faire and wel, (541)
Bothe of his propre swink and his catel.
In a tabard he rood upon a mere. 541

Ther was also a **Reve** and a **Millere**,

A Somnour and a Pardoner also,
A Maunciple, and my-self; ther were
namo.

The MILLER was a stout carl, for the
nones, Miller.
Ful big he was of braun, and eek of
bones; 546

That proved wel, for over-al ther he cam,
At wrastling he wolde have alwey the
ram. 550

He was short-sholdred, brood, a thikke
knarre,

Ther nas no dore that he nolde heve of
harre, 550

Or breke it, at a renning, with his heed.
His berd as any sowe or fox was reed,
And ther-to brood, as though it were
a spade.

Up-on the cop right of his nose he hade
A werte, and ther-on stood a tuft of heres,
Reed as the bristles of a sowes eres; 556
His nose-thirles blake were and wyde.
A swerd and bokeler bar he by his syde;
His mouth as greet was as a greet forneys.
He was a janglere and a goliardeys, 560
And that was most of sinne and har-
lotryes. 563

Wel coude he stelen corn, and tollen
thryes;

And yet he hadde a thombe of gold,
pardoe.

A whyt cote and a blew hood wered he.
A baggeype wel coude he blowe and
sowne, 565

And ther-with-al he broghte us out of
towne. Maunciple.

A gentil MAUNCIPLE was ther of a temple,
Of which achatours mighthe take exemplē
For to be wyse in bying of vitaille 571
For whether that he payde, or took by
taille, 570

Algatc he wayted so in his achat,
That he was ay biforn and in good stat.
Now is nat that of God a ful fair grace,
That swich a lewed mannes wit shal pace
The wisdom of an heep of lerned men? 575
Of maistres hadde he mo than thryes
ten,

That were of lawe expert and curious;
Of which ther were a doseyn in that
hous

Worthy to been stiwardes of rente and
lond 581

Of any lord that is in Engelond, 580
To make him live by his propre good,

In honour dettelees, but he were wood,
Or live as scarsly as him list desire;

And able for to helpen al a shire
In any eas that mighthe falle or happe; 585

And yit this maunciple sette his aller
cappe. Reve.

The REVE was a scelendre colerik man,
His berd was shave as ny as ever he
can. 590

His heer was by his eres round y-shorn.

His top was dokked lyk a preest biforn.
Ful longe were his legges, and ful lene,

Y-lyk a staf, ther was no calf y-sene.
Wel coude he kepe a gerner and a binne;

Ther was noon auditour coude on him
winne.

Wel wiste he, by the droghe, and by the
reyn, 595

The yelding of his seed, and of his
greyn.

His lordes sheep, his neet, his dayerye,
His swyn, his hors, his stoor, and his
pultrye, 600

Was hooly in this reves governing, 599
And by his covenant yaf the reckening,

Sin that his lord was twenty yeer of age;
Ther coude no man bringe him in
arrerage.

Ther nas baillif, ne herde, ne other hyne,
That he ne knew his sleighe and his
covyne; 604

They were adrad of him, as of the deeth.
His woning was ful fair up-on an heeth,

With grene treēs shadaw was his place.
He coude bettre than his lord purchace.

Ful riche he was astored privily, 611
His lord wel coude he plesen subtilly,

To yeve and lene him of his owno good,
And have a thank, and yet a cote and
hood.

In youthe he lerned hadde a good mister;
He was a wel good wrighte, a carpenter.

This reve sat up-on a ful good stot, 615
That was al pomely grey, and highte

Scot.

A long surcof of pers up-on he hade,

And by his syde he bar a rusty blade. 620)

Of Northfolk was this reve, of which I
telle, 619

Biside a toun men clepen Baldeswelle.

Tukked he was, as is a frere, aboute,
And ever he rood the hindreste of our
route.

A Somnour was ther with us in that
place, Somnour.

That hadde a fyr-reed chernbinnes face,
For sawcefleem he was, with eyen narwe.
As hoot he was, and lecherous, as a
sparwe; 626

With scalled browes blake, and piled berd ;
Of his visage children were aferd. (630)

Ther nas quik-silver, litargo, ne brim-
stoon,

Boras, ceruce, ne oille of tartre noon, 630
Ne oynement that wolde clese and
byte,

That him mighte helpen of his whelkes
whyte,

Nor of the knobbes sittinge on his chekies.
Wel loved he garleek, oynons, and eek
lukes,

And for to dricken strong wyn, reed as
blood. 635

Than wolde he speke, and crye as he
were wood.

And whan that he wel dronken hadde the
wyn, (630)

Than wolde he speke no word but Latyn.
A fewe termes hadde he, two or three,

That he had lerned out of som decree ; 640
No wonder is, he herde it al the day ;

And eek ye knownen wel, how that a jay
Can clepen 'Watte,' as well as can the
pope.

But who-so coude in other thing him
groepe, 644

Thanne hadde he spent al his philosophye ;
Ay 'Questio quid iuris' wolde he crye.

He was a gentil harlot and a kinde ; (649)
A bettre felawe sholde men noght finde.

He wolde suffre, for a quart of wyn,
A good felawe to have his concubyn, 650

A twelf-month, and excuse him atte fulle :
Ful privily a finch eek coude he pulle.

And if he fond o-ther a good felawe,
He wolde techen him to have non awe,

In swich cas, of the erchedeknes curs, 655
But-if a mannes soule were in his purs ;

For in his purs he sholde y-punished be.
'Purs is the erchedeknes helle,' seyde
he. (660)

But wel I woot he lyed right in dede ;
Of cursing oghte ech gilty man him
drede— 660

For ews wol slee, right as assoilling
saveth—

And also war him of a *significavit*.
In daunger hadde he at his owne gyse
The yonge girles of the diocese,
And knew hir counseil, and was al hir
reed. 665

A gerland hadde he set up-on his heed,
As greet as it were for an ale-stake ;
A bokeler hadde he maad him of a cake.

With him ther rood a gentil PARDONER
Of Rouncival, his freend and his compeer,
That streight was comen fro the court of
Rome. Pardon.

Ful loude he song, 'Com hider, love, to
me.' (670) 672

This somnour bar to him a stif burdoun,
Was never trompe of half so greet a soun.
This pardoner hadde heer as yelow as
wex, 675

But smothe it heng, as dooth a strike of
flex ;

Byounces henge his lokkes that he hadde,
And ther-with he his shuldres over-
spradde ; (680)

But thinne it lay, by colpons oon and
oon ;

But hood, for jolitee, ne wered he noon,
For it was trussed up in his walet. 681
Him thoughte, he rood al of the newe jet ;

Dischevele, save his cappe, he rood al
bare.

Swiche glaring eyen hadde he as an
hare.

A vernicle hadde he sowed on his cappe.
His walet lay biforn him in his lappe, 686
Bretful of pardoun come from Rome al
hoot. (689)

A voys he hadde as smal as hath a goot.
Ne berd hadde he, ne never sholde have,
As smothe it was as it were late y-shave ;
I trowe he were a gelding or a mare. 691
But of his craft, fro Berwik into Ware,
Ne was ther swich another pardoner.
For in his male he hadde a pilwe-beer,

Which that, he seyde, was our lady
veyl : 695
He seyde, he hadde a gobet of the seyl
That s̄ynt Peter hadde, whan that he
wente (699)
Up-on the see, til Jesu Crist him hente.
He hadde a croys of latoun, ful of stones,
And in a glas he hadde pigges bones. 700
But with thise relikes, whan that he
fond
A povre person dwelling up-on lond,
Up-on a day he gat him more moneye
Than that the person gat in monthes
tweye.
And thus, with feyned flaterye and japes,
He made the person and the peple his
apes. 706
But trewely to tellen, atte laste, (709)
He was in chirche a noble ecclesiaste.
Wel coude he rede a lessoun or a storie,
But alderbest he song an offertorie ; 710
For wel he wiste, whan that song was
songe,
He moste preche, and wel affyle his
tonge,
To winne silver, as he ful wel coude ;
Therefore he song so merily and loude.
Now have I told you shortly, in a clause,
Th'estat, th'array, the nombre, and eek the
cause 716
Why that assembled was this companye
In Southwerk, at this gentil hostelrye,
That highte the Tabard, faste by the
Belle. (721)
But now is tyme to yow for to telle 720
How that we baren us that ilke night,
Whan we were in that hostelrye alight.
And after wol I telle of our viage,
And al the remenaunt of our pilgrimage.
But first I pray yow, of your curteisye, 725
That ye n'arette it nat my vileyne,
Thogh that I pleynly speke in this
matere, (729)
To telle yow hir wordes and hir chere ;
Ne thogh I speke hir wordes properly.
For this ye knownen al-so wel as I, 730
Who-so shal telle a tale after a man,
He moot reherce, as ny as ever he can,
Everich a word, if it be in his charge,
Al speke he never so rueliche and
large;

Or elles he moot telle his tale untrewe, 735
Or feyne thing, or finde wordes newe.
He may nat spare, al-thogh he were his
brother ; (739)
He moot as wel seye o word as another.
Crist spak him-self ful brode in holy
writ,
And wel ye woot, no vileyne is it. 740
Eek Plato seith, who-so that can him
rede,
The wordes mote be cosin to the dede.
Also I prey yow to foryeve it me,
Al have I nat set folk in hir degréo
Here in this tale, as that they sholde
stonde ; 745
My wit is short, ye may wel understande.
Greet chere made our hoste us everichon,
And to the soper sette us anon ; (750)
And served us with vitaille at the beste.
Strong was the wyn, and wel to drinke
us leste. 755
A semely man our hoste was with-alle
For to han been a marshal in an halle ;
A large man he was with eyen stepe,
A fairer burgeys is ther noon in Chepe :
Bold of his speche, and wys, and wel
y-taught, 755
And of manhood him lakkede right naught.
Eek thereto he was right a mery man,
And after soper pleyen he bigan, (760)
And spak of mirthe amonges othere
thinges,
Whan that we hadde maad our reken-
inges ; 760
And seyde thus : ' Now, lordinges, trewely,
Ye been to me right welcome hertely :
For by my trouthe, if that I shal nat
lye,
I ne saugh this yeer so mery a companye
At ones in this herberwe as is now. 765
Fayn wolde I doon yow mirthe, wiste
I how.
And of a mirthe I am right now bithoght,
To doon yow ese, and it shal coste
nocht. (770)
Ye goon to Caunterbury ; God yow
spede,
The blisful martir quyto yow your
mede. 770
And wel I woot, as ye goon by the weye,
Ye shapen yow to talen and to pleye ;

For trewely, confort ne mirthe is noon
To ryde by the weye doumb as a stoon;
And therfore wol I maken yow dispert,
As I seyde erst, and doon yow som confort.

776

And if yow lyketh alle, by oon assent,
Now for to stonden at my jugement, (780)
And for to werken as I shal yow seye,
To-morwe, whan ye ryden by the weye,
Now, by my fader soule, that is deed, 781
But ye be merye, I wol yeve yow myn heede.

Hold up your hond, withouten more speche.'

Our counsel was nat longe for to seche;

Us thoughte it was noght worth to make it wys,

785

And graunted him withouten more avys,

And bad him seye his verdit, as him leste.

'Lordinges,' quod he, 'now herkneth for the beste; (790)

But tak it not, I prey yow, in desdeyn; This is the pcynt, to speken short and pleyn,

790

That ech of yow, to shorte with your weye,

In this viage, shal telle tales tweye,
To Caunterbury-ward, I mene it so,

And hom-ward he shal tellen othere two,

Of aventures that whylom han bifalle. 795
And which of yow that bereth him best of alle,

That is to seyn, that telleth in this eas
Tales of best sentence and most solas, (800)

Shal have a soper at our aller cost
Here in this place, sitting by this post,

Whan that we come agayn fro Caunterbury.

801

And for to make yow the more mery,
I wol my-selven gladly with yow ryde,
Right at myn owne cost, and be your gyde.

And who-so wol my judgement withseye
Shal paye al that we spenden by the weye.

806

And if ye vouche-sauf that it be so,
Tel me anon, with-outen wordes mo, (810)

And I wol erly shape me therfore.'
This thing was graunted, and our othes swore
With ful glad herte, and preyden him also

810

That he wold vouche-sauf for to do so,
And that he wolde been our governour,
And of our tales juge and reportour,
And sette a soper at a certeyn prys; 815
And we wold reuled been at his devys,
In heigh and lowe; and thus, by oon assent,

We been accorded to his jugement. (820)
And ther-up-on the wyn was fet anon;
We dronken, and to reste wente echon,
With-outen any lenger taryinge.

821

A-morwe, whan that day bigan to springe,
Up roos our host, and was our aller cok,
And gadrede us togidre, alle in a flok,
And forth we riden, a litel more than pas,

825

Un-to the watering of saint Thomas.
And there our host bigan his hors areste,
And seyde; 'Lordinges, herkneth, if yow leste.

830

Ye woot your forward, and I it yow recorde.

If even-song and morwe-song acorde, 830
Lat see now who shal telle the firste tale.

As ever mote I drinke wyn or ale,
Who-so be rebel to my judgement
Shal paye for al that by the weye is spent.

Now draweth cut, er that we ferrer twinne;

835

He which that hath the shortest shal biginne.

Sire knight,' quod he, 'my maister and my lord,

839

Now draweth cut, for that is myn acord.
Cometh neer,' quod he, 'my lady prior esse;

And ye, sir clerk, lat be your shamfastnesse,

840

Ne studieth noght; ley hond to, every man,'

Anon to drawen every wight bigan,
And shortly for to tellen, as it was,
Were it by aventure, or sort, or eas,

The sothe is this, the cut fil to the knight,
Of which ful blythe and glad was every
wight ; 846
And telle he moste his tale, as was resoun,
By forward and by composicioun, (850)
As ye han herd ; what nedeth wordes mo ?
And whan this gode man saugh it
was so, 850
As he that wys was and obedient
To kepe his forward by his free assent,

He seyde : ' Sin I shal beginne the
game,
What, welcome be the cut, a Goddes
name !
Now lat us ryde, and herkneth what I
seye.' 855
And with that word we ride forth our
weye ; (858)
And he bigan with right a mery chere
His tale anon, and seyde in this manere.

Here endeth the prolog of this book; and here biginneth the first tale,
which is the Knights Tale.

THE KNIGHTES TALE.

*Iamque domos patrias, Scithice post aspera gentis
Prelia, laurigero, &c.* [Statius, *Theb.* xii, 519.]

WHYLOM, as olde stories tellen us,
Ther was a duk that highte Theseus ; 860
Of Athenes he was lord and governour,
And in his tyme swich a conquerour,
That gretter was ther noon under the
sonne.

Ful many a riche contree hadde he
wonne ; 864
What with his wisdom and his chivalrye,
He conquered al the regne of Femenye,
That whylom was y-cleped Seithia;
And weddede the quene Ipolita, (10)
And broghte hir hoom with him in his
contree 869
With muchel glorie and greet solempnitez,
And eek hir yonge suster Emelye.
And thus with victorie and with melodye

Lete I this noble duk to Athenes
ryde,
And al his hoost, in armes, him bisyde.
And certes, if it nere to long to here, 875
I wolde han told yow fully the manere,
How wonnen was the regne of Femenye
By Theseus, and by his chivalrye ; (20)
And of the grete bataille for the nones
Bitwixen Athenes and Amazones ; 880
And how assaged was Ipolita,
The faire hardy quene of Scithia ;
And of the feste that was at hir weddinge,
And of the tempest at hir hoom-cominge ;
But al that thing I moot as now forbere.
I have, God woot, a large feeld to ere, 886
And wayke been the oxen in my plough.
The remenant of the tale is long y-nough.

I wol nat letter eek noon of this route;
Lat every felawe telle his tale aboute, 890
And lat see now who shal the soper
winne: (33)

And ther I leste, I wol ageyn biginne.

This duk, of whom I make mencioune,
When he was come almost unto the
toun,

In al his wele and in his moste prydye, 895
He was war, as he caste his eye asyde,
Wher that ther kneled in the hye weye
A compayne of ladies, tweye and tweye,
Ech after other, clad in clothes blake; (41)
But swich a cry and swich a wo they
make, 900

That in this world nis creature livinge,
That herde swich another weymentinge;
And of this cry they nolde never stenten,
Til they the raynes of his brydel henten.

'What folk ben ye, that at myn hoom-
cominge' 905

Perturben so my feste with cryinge?'

Quod Theseus, 'have ye so greet envyne
Of myn honour, that thus compleyne and
crye?' (50)

Or who hath yow misboden, or offended?
And telleth me if it may been amended;
And why that ye ben clothed thus in
blak?' 911

The eldest lady of hem alle spak,
When she hadde swoond with a deedly
chere,

That it was routhe for to seen and here,
And seyde: 'Lord, to whom Fortune hath
yiven' 915

Victorie, and as a conquerour to liven,
Noght greveth us your glorie and your
honour;

But we biseken mercy and socour. (60)
Have mercy on our wo and our distresse.
Som drope of pitee, thurgh thy gentil-

esse, 920

Up-on us wretched wommen lat thou falle.
For certes, lord, ther nis noon of us alle,
That she nath been a duchesse or a quene;
Now be we caitifs, as it is wel sene:

Thanked be Fortune, and hir false wheel,
That noon estat assureth to be weel. 926

And certes, lord, t'abyden your presence,
Here in the temple of the goddesse

Clemence (70)

We han ben waytinge al this fourtenight;
Now help us, lord, sith it is in thy might.
I wrecche, which that wepe and waille
thus, 931

Was whylom wyf to king Capaneus,
That starf at Thebes, cursed be that day!
And alle we, that been in this array,
And maken al this lamentacioun, 935
We losten alle our housbondes at that
toun,

Whyl that the sege ther-aboute lay.
And yet now th'olde Creon, weylaway!
The lord is now of Thebes the citee, (81)
Fulfilde of ire and of iniquitee, 940
He, for despyt, and for his tirannyne,
To do the dede bodyes vileyne,
Of alle our lordes, whiche that ben slawe,
Hath alle the bodyes on an heep y-drawe,
And wol nat suffren hem, by noon assent,
Neither to been y-buried nor y-brent, 945
But maketh houndes ete hem in despyt.
And with that word, with-outen more
respyt, 950

They fallen gruf, and cryden pitously,
'Have on us wretched wommen som
mercy,' 950

And lat our sorwe sinken in thyn herte.
This gentil duk doun from his courser
sterke

With herte pitous, whan he herde hem
speke.

Him thoughte that his herte wolde breke,
Whan he sangh hem so pitous and so
mat, 955

That whylom weren of so greet estat.
And in his armes he hem alle up hente,
And hem conforteth in ful good entente;
And swoor his ooth, as he was trewe
knight, (101)

He wolde doon so ferforthly his might 960
Up-on the tyraunt Creon hem to wreke,
That al the peple of Grece sholde speke
How Creon was of Theseus y-served,
As he that hadde his deeth ful wel de-
served.

964
And right anoon, with-outen more aboode,
His baner he displayeth, and forth rood
To Thebes-ward, and al his host bisyde;
No neir Athenēs wolde he go ne ryde,
Ne take his ese fully half a day, (111)
But onward on his wey that night he lay;

And sente anoon Ipolita the quene, 971
 And Emelye hir yonge suster shene,
 Un-to the toun of Athenës to dwelle;
 And forth he rit; ther nis namore to
 telle.

The rede statue of Mars, with spere
 and targe, 975

So shyneth in his whyte baner large,
 That alle the feeldes gliteren up and doun;
 And by his baner born is his penoun (120)
 Of gold ful riche, in which ther was
 y-bete

The Minotaur, which that he slough in
 Crete. 980

Thus rit this duk, thus rit this conquerour,
 And in his host of chivalrye the flour,
 Til that he cam to Thebes, and alighte
 Faire in a feeld, ther as he thoghite fighte.
 But shortly for to speken of this thing, 985
 With Creon, which that was of Thebes
 king,

He faught, and slough him manly as
 a knight

In pleyn bataille, and putte the folk to
 flight; (130)

And by assaut he wan the citee after,
 And rente adoun bothe wal, and sparre,
 and rafter;

And to the ladyes he restored agayn
 The bones of hir housbondes that were
 slain,

To doon obséquies, as was tho the gyse.
 But it were al to long for to devyse 994
 The grete clamour and the waymentinge
 That the ladyes made at the brenninge
 Of the bodyes, and the grete honour
 That Theseus, the noble conquerour, (140)
 Doth to the ladyes, whan they from him
 wente;

But shortly for to telle is myn entente.
 Whan that this worthy duk, this Theseus,
 Hath Creon slayn, and wonne Thebes
 thus,

Stille in that feeld he took al night his
 resto,

And dide with al the contree as him
 leste.

To ransake in the tas of bodyes dede,
 Hem for to strepe of harneys and of wede,
 The pilours diden bisinesse and cure,
 After the bataille and disconfiture. (150)

And so bifel, that in the tas they founde,
 Thurgh-girt with many a grevous bledy
 wounde, 1010

Two yonge knightes ligging by and by,
 Bothe in oon armes, wrought ful richely,
 Of whiche two, Arcita hight that oon,
 And that other knight hight Palamon.
 Nat fully quike, ne fully dede they were,
 But by hir cote-armures, and by hir gerte,
 The heraudes knewe hem best in special,
 As they that weren of the blood royal (160)
 Of Thebes, and of sustren two y-born.
 Out of the tas the pilours han hem torn,
 And han hem caried softe un-to the
 tente 1021

Of Theseus, and he ful sone hem sente
 To Athenës, to dwellen in prisoun
 Perpetually, he nolde no raunsoun.
 And whan this worthy duk hath thus
 y-don, 1025

He took his host, and loom he rood anon
 With laurer crowned as a conquerour;
 And there he liveth, in joye and in
 honour, (170)

Terme of his lyf; what nedeth wordes
 mo?

And in a tour, in angwisch and in wo, 1030
 Dwellen this Palamoun and eek Arcite,
 For evermore, ther may no gold hem
 quyte.

This passeth yeer by yeer, and day by
 day,

Til it fil ones, in a morwe of May,
 That Emelye, that fairer was to sene 1035
 Than is the lillie upon his stalke grene,
 And fressher than the May with floures
 newe— (179)

For with the rose colour stroof hir hewe,
 I noot which was the fairer of hem two—
 Er it were day, as was hir wone to do,
 She was arisen, and al redy dight; 1041
 For May wol have no sloganys a-night.
 The sesoun priketh every gentil herte,
 And maketh him out of his sleep to sterte,
 And seith, ‘Arys, and do thy obser-
 vaunce.’ (187) 1045

This maked Emelye have remembrance
 To doon honour to May, and for to ryse.
 Y-clothed was she fresh, for to devyse;
 Hir yellow heer was broyded in a tresse,
 Bihinde hir bak, a yerde long, I gesse.

And in the gardin, at the sonne up-riste,
She walketh up and doun, and as hir
liste

She gadereth floures, party whyte and
rede,
To make a solil gerland for hir hede,
And as an aungel hevenly she song. 1055
The grete tour, that was so thikke and
strong,
Which of the castel was the chief don-
geoun, 1099

(Ther-as the knightes weren in prisoun,
Of whiche I tolde yow, and tellen shal)
Was evene joynant to the gardin-wal, 1060
Ther as this Emelye hadde hir pleyinge.
Bright was the sonne, and clear that
morweninge,
And Palamon, this woful prisoner,
As was his wone, by leve of his gayler,
Was risen, and romed in a chambre on
heigh, 1065
In which he al the noble citee seigh,
And eek the gardin, ful of braunches
grene, 1099
Ther-as this fresshe Emelye the shene
Was in hir walk, and romed up and
doun. 1069

This sorweful prisoner, this Palamoun,
Goth in the chambre, roming to and fro,
And to him-self compleyning of his wo;
That he was born, ful ofte he seyde, 'alas!'
And so bifel, by aventure or eas,
That thurgh a window, thikke of many
a barre 1075

Of yren greet, and square as any sparre,
He caste his eye upon Emelya,
And ther-with-al he bleynte, and cryde
'a!' 1120

As though he stongen were un-to the
herte. 1079

And with that cry Arcite anon up-sterte,
And seyde, 'Cosin myn, what eyleth
thee,

That art so pale and deadly on to see?
Why crydestow? who hath thee doon
offence?

For Goddes love, tak al in pacience 1084
Our prisoun, for it may non other be;
Fortune hath yeven us this adversitee.
Som wikke aspect or disposiciooun
Of Saturne, by sum constellacion, 1130

Hath yeven us this, al-though we hadde
it sworn;

So stood the heven whan that we were
born; 1090
We mest endure it: this is the short and
pleyn.'

This Palamon answerde, and seyde
ageyn,

'Cosyn, for sothe, of this opinioune
Thou hast a veyn imaginaciooun.
This prison caused me nat for to crye. 1095
But I was hurt right now thurgh-out
myn yē

In-to myn herte, that wol my bane be.
The fairnesse of that lady that I see (240)
Yond in the gardin romen to and fro,
Is cause of al my crying and my wo. 1100
I noot wher she be womman or goddesse;
But Venus is it, soothly, as I gesse.
And ther-with-al on kneēs doun he fil,
And seyde: 'Venus, if it be thy wil
Yow in this gardin thus to transfigure 1105
Bifore me, sorweful wrecche creature,
Out of this prisoun help that we may
scapen.

And if so be my destinee be shapen (250)
By eterne word to dyen in prisoun,
Of our lineage have som compassioun, 1110
That is so lowe y-brought by tirannyne.
And with that word Arcite gan espye
Wher-as this lady romed to and fro.
And with that sighte hir beautee hurte
him so, 1114

That, if that Palamon was wounded sore,
Arcite is hurt as muche as he, or more.
And with a sigh he seyde pitously: (259)
'The fresshe beautee sleeth me sodeynly
Of hir that rometh in the yonder place;
And, but I have hir mercy and hir grace,
That I may seen hir atte leeste weye, 1121
I nam but deed; ther nis namore to seye.'

This Palamon, whan he tho wordes
herde,

Dispitously he loked, and answerde:
'Whether seistow this in ernest or in
pleyn?' 1125

'Nay,' quod Arcite, 'in ernest, by my
fey!

God help me so, me list ful yvele pleye.
This Palamon gan knitte his browes
tweye: (270)

'It nere,' quod he, 'to thee no greet honour
For to be fals, ne for to be traytour 1130
To me, that am thy cosin and thy brother
Y-sworn ful depe, and ech of us til other,
That never, for to dyen in the peyne,
Til that the deeth departe shal us tweyne,
Neither of us in love to hindren other, 1135
Ne in non other cas, my leve brother;
But that thou sholdest trewely forthren me
In every cas, and I shal forthren thee. (280)
This was thyn ooth, and myn also, certeyn;
I wot right wel, thou darst it nat withseyne.
Thus artow of my counsel, out of doute.
And now thou woldest falsly been aboue
To love my lady, whom I love and serve,
And ever shal, til that myn herte sterue.
Now certes, fals Arcite, thou shalt nat so.
I loved him first, and tolde thee my wo 1146
As to my counsel, and my brother sworn
To forthre me, as I have told biforn. (290)
For which thou art y-bounden as a knight
To helpen me, if it lay in thy might, 1150
Or elles artow fals, I dar wel seyn.'

This Arcite ful proudly spak ageyn,
'Thou shalt,' quod he, 'be rather fals
than I;
But thou art fals, I tell thee utterly;
For par amour I loved him firster thow. 1155
What wiltow seyn? thou wistest nat yet
now.

Whether she be a womman or goddesse!
Thyn is affeccioun of holinessse, 1160
And myn is love, as to a creature;
For which I tolde thee myn aventure 1160
As to my cosin, and my brother sworn.
I pose, that thou lovedest him biforn;
Wostow nat wel the olde clerkes sawe,
That "who shal yeve a lover any lawe?"
Love is a gretter lawe, by my pan, 1165
Than may be yeve to any earthly man.
And therefore positif lawe and swich
decree

I broke al-day for love, in ech degree. (310)
A man moot nedes love, maugree his heed.
He may nat fleen it, thogh he sholde be
deed, 1170
Al be she mayde, or widwe, or elles wyf.
And eek it is nat lykly, al thy lyf,
To stonden in hir grace; namore shal I;
For wel thou woost thy-selven, verrailly,

That thou and I be dampned to prisoun
Perpetually; us gayneth no raunsoun.
We stryve as dide the houndes for the
boon, 1177
They foughte al day, and yet hir part was
noon; (320)
Ther cam a kyte, whyl that they were
wrothe,
And bar away the boon bitwixe hem
bothe. 1180
And therfore, at the kinges court, 'my
brother,
Ech man for him-self, ther is non other.
Love if thee list; for I love and ay shal;
And soothly, leve brother, this is al.
Here in this prisoun mote we endure, 1185
And everich of us take his aventure.'

Greet was the stryf and long bitwixe
hem tweye,
(If that I hadde leyser for to seyo; 1190
But to th'effect.) It happed on a day,
(To telle it yow as shortly as I may) 1190
A worthy duk that highte Perotheus,
That felawe was un-to duk Theseus
Sin thilke day that they were children
lyte,

Was come to Athenes, his felawe to visyte,
And for to pleye, as he was wont to do,
For in this world he loved no man so: 1196
And he loved him as tendrely ageyn.
So wel they loved, as olde bokes seyn, (340)
That whan that oon was deed, soothly to
telle,
His felawe wente and soghte him doun in
helle; 1200
But of that story list me nat to wryte.
Duk Perotheus loved wel Arcite,
And hadde him knowe at Thebes yeer by
yere;

And fynally, at requeste and preyere 1204
Of Perotheus, with-oute any raunsoun,
Duk Theseus him leet out of prisoun,
Freely to goon, wher that him liste over-al,
In swich a gyse, as I you tellen shal. (350)

This was the forward, pleynly for t'en-
dyte,
Bitwixen Theseus and him Arcite: 1210
That if so were, that Arcite were y-founde
Ever in his lyf, by day or night or stounde
In any contree of this Theseus,
And he were caught, it was acorded thus,

That with a swerd he sholde lese his
heed; 1215

Ther nas non other remedye ne reed,
But taketh his leve, and homward he him
spedde; 1359

Let him be war, his nekke lyth to wedde!
How greet a sorwe suffreth now Arcite!
The deeth he feleth thurgh his herte
smyte; 1220

He wepeth, waylith, cryeth pitously;
To sleen him-self he wayteth prively.
He seyde, 'Allas that day that I was born!
Now is my prison worse than biforn;
Now is me shape eternally to dwelle 1225
Noght in purgatorie, but in helle.)
Allas! that ever knew I Pherotheus!
For elles hadde I dwelled with Theseus
Y-fetered in his prisoun ever-mo. 371
Than hadde I been in blisse, and nat in wo.
Only the sighte of hir, whom that I serve,
Though that I never hir grace may deserve,
Wolde han suffised right y-nough for me.
O dere cosin Palamon,' quod he,
'Thyn is the victorie of this aventur, 1235
Ful blisfully in prison maistow dure;
In prison? certes nay, but in paradys!
Wel hath fortune y-turned theo the dys,
That hast the sighte of hir, and I th'absence. 381 1239

For possible is, sin thou hast hir presence,
And art a knight, a worthy and an able,
That by som cas, sin fortune is chaungeable,
Thou mayst to thy desyrsom-tyme atteynne.
But I, that am exyld, and bareyne
Of alle grace, and in so greet despair, 1245
That ther nis erthe, water, fyr, ne eir,
Ne creature, that of hem maked is,
That may me helpe or doon confort in this:
Wel oughte I sterve in wanhope and dis-

tresse; 391
(Farwel my lyf, my lust, and my gladnesse!
Allas, why pleynen folk so in commune
Of purveyaunce of God, or of fortune,
That yeveth hem ful ofte in many a gyse.
Wel bettre than they can hem-self devyse?
Som man desyreth for to han richeesse, 1255
That cause is of his mordre or greet sik-
nesse.
And som man wolde out of his prison fayn,
That in his hous is of his meynee slayn.

Infinite harmes been in this matere; (401)
We witen nat what thing we preyen here.
We faren as he that dronke is as a
mous; 1261

A dronke man wot wel he hath an hous,
But he noot which the righte wey is thider;
And to a dronke man the wey is slider.
And certes, in this world so faren we;
We seken faste after felicitee, 1266
But we goon wrong ful often, trewely.
Thus may weseyen alle, and namely I, (410)
That wende and hadde a greet opinioun,
That, if I mighte escapan from prisoun,
Than hadde I been in joye and perfit
hele, 1271

Ther now I am exyld fro my wele.
Sin that I may nat seen yow, Emelye,
I nam but deed; ther nis no remedye.'
Up-on that other syde Palamon, 1275
Whan that he wiste Arcite was agon,
Swich sorwe he maketh, that the grete
tour

Resouneth of his youling and clamour.
The pure fettres on his shines grate (421)
Weren of his bittre salte teres wete. 1280
'Allas!' quod he, 'Arcita, cosin myn,
Of al our stryf, God woot, the fruyt is thyn.
Thow walkest now in Thebes at thy large,
And of my wo thou yevest litel charge.
Thou mayst, sin thou hast wisdom and
manhede, 1285

Assemblen alle the folk of our kinrede,
And make a werre so sharp on this citee,
That by som aventur, or som tretee,
Thou mayst have hir to lady and to wyf,
For whom that I t'mot nedes leso my lyf.
For, as by wey of possibilitee, (433) 1291
Sith thou art at thy large, of prison free,
And art a lord, greet is thyn avauntage,
More than is myn, that sterve here in a
cage. 1294

For I mot wepe and wayle, whyl I live,
With al the wo that prison may me yive,
And eek with peyne that love me yiveth
also, (439)

That doubleth al my torment and my wo.
Ther-with the fyr of jelousye up-sterte
With-inne his brest, and hente him by
the herte 1300

So woodly, that he lyk was to biholde
The box-tree, or the ashen dede and colde.

Tho seyde he; 'O eruel goddes, that
governe
This world with binding of your word
eterne,
And wryten in the table of athamaunt 1305
Your parlment, and your eterne graunt,
What is mankinde more un-to yow holde
Than is the sheep, that rounketh in the
folde?' (450)

For slain is man right as another beste,
And dwelleth eek in prison and areste,
And hath siknesse, and greet adversitee,
And ofte tymes giltelees, pardee! 1312

What governaunce is in this prescience,
That giltelees tormenteth innocence?
And yet encreseth this al my penaunce,
That man is bounden to his observaunce,
For Goddes sake, to letter of his wille,
Ther as a beast may al his lust fulfille. 1360
And whan a beast is deed, he hath no
peyne;

But man after his deeth moot wepe and
pleyne, 1320

Though in this world he have care and wo:
With-outen doute it may stonden so. ¶
Th' awnser of this I lete to divynis,
But wel I woot, that in this world gret
pyne is.

Allas! I see a serpent or a theef, 1325
That many a trewe man hath doon mes-
cheef,

Goon at his large, and wher him list may
turne. (469)

(But I mot been in prison thurgh Saturne,
And eek thurgh Juno, jalous and eek wood,
That hath destroyed wel ny al the blood
Of Thebes, with his waste walles wyde.
And Venus sleeth me on that other syde
For jelousye, and fere of him Arcite.)

Now wol I stinte of Palamon a lyte,
And lete him in his prison stille dwelle,
And of Arcita forth I wol yow telle.) 1336

The somer passeth, and the nighthes
longe (479)

Encresen double wyse the peynes stronge
Bothe of the lovere and the prisoner.
I noot which hath the wofullere mester.
For shortly for to seyn, this Palamoun
Perpetually is dampned to prisoun, 1342
In cheynes and in fettres to ben deed;
And Arcite is exyld upon his heed

For ever-mo as out of that contree, 1345
Ne never-mo he shal his lady see.
(Yow loveres axe I now this questioun,
Who hath the worse, Arcite or Palamoun?)
That oon may seen his lady day by day,
But in prisoun he moot dwelle alway. 1350
That other wher him list may ryde or go,
But seen his lady shal he never-mo. (494)
Now demeth as yow liste, ye that can,
For I wol telle forth as I bigan.

Explicit prima Pars.

Sequitur pars secunda.

Whan that Arcite to Thebes comen was,
Ful ofte a day he swelte and seyde 'allas,'
For seen his lady shal he never-mo. 1357
And shortly to concluden al his wo, (500)
So mucho sorwe had never creature
That is, or shal, whyl that the world may
dure. 1360

His sleep, his mete, his drink is him braft,
That lene he wex, and drye as is a shaft.
His eyen holwe, and grisly to biholde;
His hewe falwe, and pale as asshen colde,
And solitarie he was, and ever allone, 1365
And wailling al the night, making his
mone.

And if he herde song or instrument,
Then wolde he wepe, he mighte nat be
stent; (510)

So feble eek were his spirits, and so
lowe, 1369

And chaunged so, that no man coude knowe
His speche nor his vois, though men it
herde.

And in his gere, for al the world he ferde
Nat onoly lyk the loveres maladye

Of Hereos, but rather lyk manye ^{love maria}
Engendred of humour malencolyk, 1375

Biforen, in his celle fantastyk.)
And shortly, turned was al up-so-doun

Bothe habit and eek dispositioun (520)
Of him, this woful lovero daun Arcite.

What sholde I al-day of his wo endye?
Whan he endured hadde a yeer or two

This cruel torment, and this peyne and wo,
At Thebes, in his contree, as I seyde,

Up-on a night, in sleep as he him leyde,
Him thoughte how that the winged god

Mercurie

1385
Biforn him stood, and bad him to be murye.

His sleepy yerde in hond he bar uprighte;
An hat he werede up-on his heres brighte.
Arrayed was this god (as he took keep)
As he was whan that Argus took his sleep;
And seyde him thus: 'T Athénés shalton
wende;

(533) 1391

Ther is theo shapen of thy wo an ende.'
And with that word Arcite wook and sterite.
'Now trewely, how sore that me smerte,'
Quod he, 't Athénés right now wol I fare;
Ne for the drede of deeth shal I nat spare
To see my lady, that I love and serve;
In hir presence I recche nat to sterwe.' (540)

And with that word he caughte a greet
mirour,

1399

And saugh that chaunged was al his colour,
And saugh his visage al in another kinde.
And right anon it ran him in his minde,
That, sith his face was so disfigured
Of maladye, the which he hadde endured,
He mighte wel, if that he bar him lowe,
Live in Athénés ever-more unknowe, 1406
And seen his lady wel ny day by day.
And right anon he chaunged his array,
And cladde him as a povre laborer, (551)
And al allone, save oonly a squyer, 1410
That knew his privete and al his eas,
Which was disgysed povrely, as he was,
T Athénés is he goon the neste way.
And to the court he wente up-on a day,
And at the gate he profret hys servyse,
To drugge and drawe, what so men wol
devyse.

1416

And shortly of this matere for to seyn,
He fil in office with a chamberleyn, (560)
The which that dwelling was with Emelye;
For he was wys, and coude soon aspye 1420
Of every seruaunt, which that serveth
here.

Wel conde he hewen wode, and water bere,
For he was yong and mighty for the nones,
And ther-to he was strong and big of bones
To doon that any wight can him devyse.
A yeur or two he was in this servyse,
Page of the chambre of Emelye the brighte;
And 'Philostrate' he seide that he highte.
But half so wel biloved a man as he (571)
Ne was ther never in court, of his degree;
He was so gentil of condicoun, 1431
That thurghout al the court was his re-
noun.

They seyden, that it were a charitee
That Theseus wolde enhauncen his degree,
And putten him in worshipful servyse,
Ther as he mighte his vertu excerceyse.
And thus, with-inne a whyle, his name is
sponge

1437

Bothe of his dedes, and his goode tonge,
That Theseus hath taken him so ncer (581)
That of his chambre he made him a squyer,
And yaf him gold to mayntene his degree;
And eek men broghte him out of his
contree

From yeer to yeer, ful prively, his rente;
But honestly and slyly he it spente,
That no man wondred how that he it
hadde.

1445

And three yeer in this wyse his lyf he
ladde,

And bar him so in pees and eek in werre,
Ther nas no man that Theseus hath derre.
And in this blisse lete I now Arcite, (591)
And speke I wol of Palamon a lyte. 1450

In derknesse and horrible and strong
prisoun

This seven yeer hath seten Palamoun,
Forbyned, what for wo and for distresse;
Who feleth double soor and hevinnesse
But Palamon? that love destreyndeth so;
That wood out of his wit he gooth for wo;
And eek thereto he is a prisoner 1457
Perpetually, noght oonly for a yeer. (600)
(Who coude ryme in English proprely
His martirdom?) for sothe, it am nat I;
Therefore I passe as lightly as I may.

It fel that in the seventhe yeer, in May,
The thriddie night, (as olde bokes seyn,
That al this storie tellen more pleyn,) 1465
Were it by aventure or destinee,
(As, whan a thing is shapen, it shal be,)
That, sone after the midnight, Palamoun,
By helping of a freend, brak his prisoun,
And fleeth the citee, faste as he may go;
For he had yive his gayler drinke so 1470
Of a clarree, maad of a certeyn wyn, (613)
With nercotikes and opie of Thebes fyn,
That al that night, thogh that men wolde
him shake,

The gayler sleep, he mighte nat awake;
And thus he fleeth as faste as ever he
may.

1475

The night was short, and faste by the day,

That nedes-cost he moste him-selven hyde,
And til a grove, faste ther besyde, (620)
With dredful foot than stalketh Palamoun.

For shortly, this was his opinioun, 1480
That in that grove he wolde him hyde al day,
And in the night than wolde he take his way

To Thebes-ward, his freendes for to preye
On Theseus to helpe him to werreye ;
And shortly, outher he wolde lese his lyf,
Or winnen Emelye un-to his wyf; 1486
This is th'effect and his entente pleyn.)

Now wol I torné un-to Arcite ageyn, (630)
That litel wiste how ny that was his care,

Til that fortune had broght him in the snare. 1490

The bisy larke, messenger of day,
Salueth in hir song the morwe gray ;
And fyry Phebus ryseth up so brighte,
That al the orient laugheth of the lighte,
And with his stremes dryeth in the greves
The silver dropes, hanging on the leves.
And Arcite, that is in the court royal
With Theseus, his squyer principal, (640)
Is risen, and loketh on the myrie day.
And, for to doon his observaunce to May,
Remembryng on the poynt of his desyr,
He on a courser, sterting as the fyr, 1502
Is riden in-to the feeldes, him to pleye,
Out of the court, were it a myle or tweye ;
And to the grove, of which that I yow tolde, 1505

By aventure, his wey he gan to holde,
To maken him a gerland of the greves,
Were it of wodebinde or hawethorn-leves,
And loude he song ageyn the sonne shene :
' May, with alle thy floures and thy grene,
Wel-come be thou, faire fresshe May, 1511
I hope that I som grene gete may.' (654)
And from his courser, with a lusty herte,
In-to the grove ful hastily he sterte,
And in a path he rometh up and doun,
Ther-as, by aventure, this Palamoun 1516
Was in a bush, that no man mighthe him see,

For sore afered of his deeth was he. (660)
No-thing ne knew he that it was Arcite :
God wot he wolde have trowed it ful lyte.

But sooth is seyd, gon sithen many yeres,
That 'feeld hath eyen, and the wode hath eres.' 1522

It is ful fair a man to bere him evene,
For al-day meteth men at unset stevene.
Ful litel woot Arcite of his felawe, 1525
That was so ny to herken al his sawe,
For in the bush he sitteth now ful stille.

Whan that Arcite had romed al his fille,
And songen al the roundel lustily, (671)
In-to a studie he fil sodeynly, 1530
As doon thise loveres in hir queynte geres,
Now in the cropp, now doon in the breres,
Now up, now down, as boket in a welle.
Right as the Friday, soothly for to telle,
Now it shyneth, now it reyneth faste, 1535
Right so can gery Venus overcaste
The hertes of hir folk ; right as hir day
Is gerful, right so chaungeth she array.
Selde is the Friday al the wyke y-lyke.

Whan that Arcite had songe, he gan to syke, (682) 1540

And sette him doun with-outen any more :
' Alas ! quod he, 'that day that I was bore !
How longe, Juno, thurgh thy crueltee,
Woltow werreyen Thebes the citeme ?

Allas ! y-broght is to confusiou恩 1545
The blood royal of Cadme and Amphioun ;
Of Cadmus, which that was the firste man 1549
That Thebes bulte, or first the toun bigan,

And of the citeme first was crowned king,
Of his linage am I, and his of-spring 1550
By verray ligne, as of the stok royal :

And now I am so caitif and so thral,
That he, that is my mortal enemy,
I serve him as his squyer povrely. 1554

And yet doth Juno me wel more shame,
For I dar noght biknowe myn owne name ;
But ther-as I was wont to highte Arcite,
Now highte I Philostrate, noght worth a myte. 1560

Allas ! thou felle Mars, allas ! Juno, 1559
Thus hath your ire our kinrede al fordo,
Save only me, and wretched Palamoun,
That Theseus martyreth in prisoun.

And over al this, to sleep me utterly,
Love hath his fyry dart so brenningly
Y-stiked thurgh my trewe careful herte,
That shapen was my deeth erst than my sherte. 1566

Ye sleep me with your eyen, Emelye;
Ye been the cause wherfor that I dye. (710)
Of al the remenant of myn other care
Ne sette I nat the mountaunce of a tare,
So that I conde don aught to your ple-
saunce!' 1571

And with that word he fel doun in a
traunce

A longe tyme; and after he up-sterte.

This Palamoun, that thoughte that
thurgh his herte 1574

He felte a cold swerd sodeynliche glyde,
For ire he quook, no lenger wolde he byde.
And whan that he had herd Arcites tale,
As he were wood, with face deed and pale,
Hesterte him up out of the buskes thikke,
And seyde: 'Arcite, false traitour wikkie,
Now artow hent, that lovest my lady so,
For whom that I have al this peyne and
wo,' 1582

And art my blood, and to my counsel
sworn,

As I ful ofte have told thee heer-biforn,
And hast by-japed here duk Theseus, 1585
And falsly chaunged hast thy name thus;
I wol be deed, or elles thou shalt dye.
Thou shalt nat love my lady Emelye, (730)
But I wol love hir only, and namo;
For I am Palamoun, thy mortal fo. 1590
And though that I no wepne have in this
place,

But out of prison am astert by grace,
I drede noght that outher thou shalt dye,
Or thou ne shalt nat loven Emelye.
Chees which thou wilt, for thou shalt nat
asterte.' 1595

This Arcite, with ful despitous herte,
Whan he him knew, and hadde his tale
herd,

As fiers as leoun, pulled out a swerd, (740)
And seyde thus: 'by God that sit above,
Nereit that thou art sik, and wood for love,
And eek that thou no wepne hast in this
place,' 1601

Thou sholdest never out of this grove pace,
That thou ne sholdest dyen of myn hond.
For I defye the seurtee and the bond
Which that thou seyst that I have maad
to thee. 1605

What, verray fool, think wel that love is
free, (748)

And I wol love hir, maugre al thy might!
But, forasmuchethou art a worthy knight,
And wilnest to darreyne hir by batayle,
Have heer my trouthe, to-morwe I wol
nat fayle, 1610

With-outen witing of any other wight,
That here I wol be founden as a knight,
And bringen harneys right y-nough for
thee;

And chees the beste, and leve the worste
for me.

And mete and drinke this night wol I
bringe 1615

Y-nough for thee, and clothes for thy
beddinge. (758)

And, if so be that thou my lady winne,
And slee me in this wode ther I am inne,
Thou mayst wel have thy lady, as for me.'
This Palamon answerde: 'I graunte it
thee.' 1620

And thus they been departed til a-morwe,
When ech of hem had leyd his feith to
borwe.

O Cupide, out of alle charitee!
O regne, that wolt no felawe have with
thee!

Ful sooth is seyd, that love ne lordshippe
Wol noght, his thankes, have no felawe-
shippe; 1626

Wel finden that Arcite and Palamoun.
Arcite is riden anon un-to the toun, (770)
And on the morwe, er it were dayes
light,

Ful prively two harneys hath he dight, 1630
Bothe suffisaunt and mete to darreyne
The bataille in the feeld bitwix hem
tweyne.

And on his hors, allone as he was born,
He carieth al this harneys him biforn;
And in the grove, at tyme and place y-set,
This Arcite and this Palamon ben met.
Tho chaungen gan the colour in hir face;
Right as the hunter in the regne of Trace,
That stondeth at the gappe with a spere,
Whan hunted is the leoun or the bere,
And hereth him come russhing in the
greves, (783) 1641

And breketh bothe bowes and the leves,
And thinketh, 'heer cometh my mortel
enemy,
With-oute faile, he moot be deed, or I;

For outher I mot sleen him at the grappe,
Or he mot sleen me, if that me mishappe:
So ferden they, in chaunging of his
hewe, 1647

As fer as everich of hem other knewe. (790)
Ther nas no good day, ne no saluing;
But streight, with-outen word or rehersing,
Everich of hem halp for to armen other,
As frendly as he were his owne brother;
And after that, with sharpe speres stronge
They foynen ech at other wonder longe.
Thou mightest wene that this Palamoun
In his fighting were a wood leoun, 1656
And as a cruel tygre was Arcite:
As wilde bores gonnew they to smyte, (800)
That frothen whyte as foom for ire
wood.

Up to the ancle foghte they in hir blood.
And in this wyse Ilete hem fighting dwelle;
And forth I wol of Theseus yow telle

The destinee, ministre general,
That executeth in the world over-al
The purveyaunce, that God hath seyn
biforn, 1665
So strong it is, that, though the world
had sworn

The contrarie of a thing, by ye or nay,
Yet somtyme it shal fallen on a day (810)
That falleth nat eft with-inne a thousand
yere.

For certeinly, our appetytes here, 1670
Be it of werre, or pees, or hate, or love,
Al is this reuled by the sighte above.
This mene I now by mighty Theseus,
That for to honten is so desirous,
And namely at the grete hert in May, 1675
That in his bed ther daweth him no
day,

That he nis clad, and redy for to ryde
With hunte and horn, and houndes him
bisyde. (820)

For in his hunting hath he swich delyt,
That it is al his joye and appetyt 1680
To been him-self the grete hertes bane:
For after Mars he serveth now Diane.

Cleer was the day, as I have told er this,
And Theseus, with alle joye and blis,
With his Ipolita, the fayre quene, 1685
And Emelye, clothed al in grene,
On hunting be they riden roially.
And to the grove, that stood ful faste by,

In which ther was an hert, as men him
tolde, (831)

Duk Theseus the streigthe wey hath
holde. 1690

And to the launde he rydeth him ful right,
For thider was the hert wont have his
flight,

And overabrook, and so forth on his weye.
This duk wol han a cours at him, or tweye,
With houndes, swiche as that him list
comaunde. 1695

And whan this duk was come un-to the
launde,

Under the sonne he loketh, and anon
He was war of Arcito and Palamon, (840)
That foughten breme, as it were bores two;
The brighte swerdes wenten to and fro 1700
So hidously, that with the leeste strook
It seemed as it woldе felle an ook;
But what they were, no-thing he ne woot.
This duk his courser with his spores
smoot,

And at a stert he was bitwix hem two, 1705
And pulled out a swerd and cryed, 'ho!
Namore, up poyne of lesing of your heed.
By mighty Mars, he shal anon be deed, (850)
That smythe any strook, that I may seen!
But telleth me what mister men ye been,
That been so hardy for to fighten here 1711
With-outen juge or other officere,
As it were in a listes roally?'

This Palamon answerde hastily
And seyde: 'sire, what nedeth wordes
mo? 1715

We have the deeth deserved bothe two.
Two woful wrecches been we, two cay-
tyves, (859)

That been encombed of our owne lyves;
And as thou art a rrightful lord and juge,
Ne yeve us neither mercy ne refuge, 1720
But slee me first, for seynte charitee;
But slee my felawe eek as wel as me.
Or slee him first; for, though thou knowa
it lyte,

This is thy mortal fo, this is Arcite, 1724
That fro thy lond is banished on his heel,
For which he hath deserved to be deed.
For this is he that cam un-to thy gate,
And seyde, that he lighte Philostrate. (870)
Thus hath he japed thee ful many a year,
And thou has maked him thy chiefesquier:

And this is he that loveth Emelye. 1731
 For sith the day is come that I shal dye,
 I make pleynly my confessioune,
 That I am thilke woful Palamoun,
 That hath thy prison broken wikkedly.
 I am thy mortal fo, and it am I 1736
 That loveth so hote Emelye the brighte,
 That I wol dye present in hir sighte. (880)
 Therfore I axe deeth and my juwyse;
 But slee my felawe in the same wyse, 1740
 For bothe han we deserved to be slain.'

This worthy duk answerde anon agayn,
 And seyde, 'This is a short conclusioun :
 Youre owne mouth, by your confessioune,
 Hath dampedn you, and I wol it recorde,
 It nedeth noght to pyne yow with the
 corde. 1746

Ye shul be deed, by mighty Mars the
 rede!'

The quene anon, for verray womman-
 hede, (890)
 Gan for to wepe, and so dide Emelye,
 And alle the ladies in the companye. 1750
 Gret pitee was it, as it thoughte hem alle,
 That ever swich a chaunce sholde falle ;
 For gentil men they were, of greet estat,
 And no-thing but for love was this debat;
 And sawe hir blody woundes wyde and
 sore; 1755

And alle cryden, bothe lasse and more,
 'Have mercy, lord, up-on us wommen
 alle!'

(And on hir bare knees adoun they falle,
 (And wolde have kist his feet ther-as he
 stood, (901)
 Til at the laste aslaked was his mood; 1760
 For pitee renneth sone in gentil herte.
 And though he first for ire quook and
 sterte,

He hath considered shortly, in a clause,
 The trespass of hem bothe, and eek the
 cause:

And al-though that his ire hir gilt
 accused, (907) 1765
 Yet in his reson he hem bothe excused ;
 As thus : he thoughte wel, that every man
 Wol helpe him-self in love, if that he can,
 And eek deliveres him-self out of prisoun ;
 And eek his herte had compassionoun 1770
 Of wommen, for they wepen ever in oon ;
 And in his gentil herte he thoughte anoon,

And softe un-to himself he seyde : ' fy
 Up-on a lord that wol have no mercy,
 But been a leoun, bothe in word and
 dede, 1775
 To hem that been in repentaunce and
 drede
 As wel as to a proud despitous man (919)
 That wol maynteyne that he first bigan !
 That lord hath litel of discreciooun,
 That in swich cas can no divisioun, 1780
 But weyeth prude and humblesse after
 oon.'

And shortly, whan his ire is thus agoon,
 He gan to loken up with eyen lighte,
 And spak this same wordes al on
 highte :—

'The god of love, a ! benedicte, 1785
 How mighty and how greet a lord is he !
 Ayeins his might ther gayneth none
 obstacles,

He may be cleped a god for his miracles ;
 For he can maken at his owne gyse (931)
 Of everich herte, as that him list devyse.
 Lo heer, this Arcite and this Palamoun,
 That quilty weren out of my prisoun, 1792
 And mighty han lived in Thebes roially,
 And witen I am hir mortal enemy,
 And that hir deeth lyth in my might
 also ; 1795

And yet hath love, maugree hir eyen two,
 Y-brought hem hidre bothe for to dye !
 Now loketh, is nat that an heigh folye ?
 Who may been a fool, but-if he love ? (941)
 Bihold, for Goddes sake that sit above, 1800
 Se how they blede ! be they noght wel
 arrayed ?

Thus hath hir lord, the god of love,
 y-payed

Hir wages and hir fees for hir servyse !
 And yet they wenен for to been ful wyse
 That serven love, for aught that may
 bifalle ! 1805

But this is yet the beste game of alle,
 That she, for whom they han this jolitee,
 Can hem ther-for as muche thank as me ;
 She woot namore of al this hote fare, (951)
 By God, than woot a coklow or an hare !
 But al mot been assayed, hoot and cold ;
 A man mot been a fool, or yong or old ;
 I woot it by my-self ful yore agoon : 1813
 For in my tyme a servant was I oon.

And therfore, sin I knowe of loves peyne,
And woot how sore it can a man distreyne,
As he that hath ben caught ofte in his las,
I yow foryeve al hooly this trespass, (960)
At requeste of the quene that kneleth here,
And eek of Emelye, my suster dere. 1820
And ye shul bothe anon un-to me swere,
That never-mo ye shul my contree dere,
Ne make werre up-on me night ne day,
But been my freendes in al that ye may ;
I yow foryeve this trespass every del' 1825
And they him swore his axing fayre and
wel,

And him of lordshipe and of mercy preyde,
And he hem graunteth grace, and thus he
seyde : (970)

' To speke of royal linage and richesse,
Though that she were a quene or a prin-
cesse, 1830

Ech of yow bothe is worthy, douteles,
To wedden whan tyme is, but natheles
I speke as for my suster Emelye,
For whom ye have this stryf and jelousye;
Ye woot your-self, she may not wedden two
At ones, though ye fighten ever-mo : 1836
That oon of yow, al be him looth or leef,
He moot go pypen in an ivy-leef; (980)
This is to seyn, she may nat now han
bothe,

Al be ye never so jelous, ne so wrothe. 1840
And for-thy I yow putte in this degree,
That ech of yow shal have his destinee
As him is shape; and herkneth in what
wyse;

Lo, heer your ende of that I shal devyse.
My wil is this, for plat conclusioun, 1845
With-outen any replicacioun,
If that yow lyketh, tak it for the beste,
That everich of yow shal gon wher him
lest'e (990)

Frely, with-outen raunson or daunger;
And this day fifty wykes, fer ne ner, 1850
Everich of yow shal bringe an hundred
knighthes,

Armed for listes up at alle rightes,
Al redy to darreyne hir by bataille.
And this bihote I yow, with-outen faille,
Up-on my trouthe, and as I am a knight,
That whether of yow bothe that hath
might, (998) 1856
This is to seyn, that whether he or thou

May with his hundred, as I spak of now,
Sleen his contrarie, or out of listes dryve,
Him shal I yeve Emelya to wyve, 1860
To whom that fortune yeveth so fair a
grace.

The listes shal I maken in this place,
And God so wisly on my soule rewe,
As I shal even juge been and trewe. 1864
Ye shul non other ende with me maken,
That oon of yow ne shal be deed or taken.
And if yow thinketh this is wel y-sayd,
Seyeth your avys, and holdeth yow apayd.
This is your ende and your conclusioun.'

Who loketh lightly now but Palamoun?
Who springeth up for joye but Arcite? 1871
Who couthe telle, or who couthe it endyte,
The joye that is maked in the place
Whan Theseus hath doon so fair a grace?
But down on knees wente every maner
wight, 1875

And thanked him with al her herte and
micht,
And namely the Thebans ofte sythe.
And thus with good hope and with herte
blythe (1020)

They take hir leve, and hom-ward gonне
they ryde

To Thebes, with his olde walles wyde. 1880

Explicit secunda pars.

Sequitur pars tercia.

I trowe men wolde deme it negligence,
If I foryeote to tellen the dispence
Of Theseus, that goth so bisily
To maken up the listes royally;
That swich a noble theatre as it was, 1885
I dar wel seyn that in this world ther
nas.

The circuit a myle was aboute, (1020)
Walled of stoon, and ditched al with-outen.
Round was the shap, in maner of compas,
Ful of degrees, the heighte of sixty pas, 1890
That, whan a man was set on o degree,
He letted nat his felawe for to see.

Est-ward ther stood a gate of marbel
whyt,
West-ward, right swich another in the
opposit. 1894

And shortly to concluden, swich a place
Was noon in erthe, as in so litel space;
For in the lond ther nas no crafty man,
That geometrie or ars-metrik can, (1040)

Ne purtreyour, ne kerver of images,
That Theseus ne yaf him mete and wages
The theatre for to maken and devyse. 1901
And for to doon his ryte and sacrifysē,
He est-ward hath, up-on the gate above,
In worship of Venus, goddesse of love,
Don make an auter and an oratorie; 1905
And west-ward, in the minde and in
memorie

Of Mars, he maked hath right swich
another,

That coste largely of gold a fother. (1050)
And north-ward, in a touret on the wal,
Of alabastre whyt and reed coral 1910
An oratorie riche for to see,
In worship of Dyane of chastitee,
Hath Theseus don wroght in noble wyse.

But yet hadde I foryeten to devyse
The noble kerving, and the portreitures,
The shap, the countenaunce, and the
figures, 1916

That weren in thise oratories three.

First in the temple of Venus maystow
see (1060)

Wroght on the wal, ful pitous to biholde,
The broken slepes, and the sykes colde ;
The sacred teres, and the waymenting ;
The fyry strokes of the desiring, 1922
That loves servaunts in this lyf enduren ;
The othes, that hir covenants assuren ;
Plesaunce and hope, desyr, fool-hardi-
nesse, 1925

Beautee and youthe, bauderie, richesse,
Charmes and force, lesinges, flaterye,
Dispense, bisynesse, and jelousye, (1070)
That wered of yelwe goldes a gerland,
And a cokkow sitting on hir hand; 1930
Festes, instruments, caroles, daunces,
Lust and array, and alle the circum-
stauncess

Of love, whiche that I rekne and rekne
shal,

By ordre weren peynted on the wal, 1934
And mo than I can make of menciouen.
For soothly, al the mount of Citheroun,
Ther Venus hath hir principal dwelling,
Was shewed on the wal in portreyng,
With al the gardin, and the lustinesse.
Nat was foryeten the porter Ydalnesse,
Ne Narcisus the faire of yore agon, 1941
Ne yet the folye of king Salomon, (1084)

Ne yet the grete strengthe of Hercules—
Th'enchauements of Medea and Circes—
Ne of Turnus, with the hardy fiers corage,
The riche Cresus, caytif in servage. 1946
Thus may ye seen that wisdom ne
richesse,

Beautee ne sleigthe, strengthe, ne hardi-
nesse, (1090)

Ne may with Venus holde champartye ;
For as hir list the world than may she
gye. 1950

Lo, alle thise folk so caught were in
hir las,

Til they for wo ful ofte seyde 'allas !'
Suffyceth heer ensamples oon or two,
And though I coude reckne a thousand mo.

The statue of Venus, glorious for to see,
Was naked fleting in the large see, 1956
And fro the navele doun all covered
was

With wawes grene, and brighte as any
glas. (1100)

A citole in hir right hand hadde she,
And on hir heid, ful semely for to see, 1960
A rose gerland, fresh and wel smellinge ;
Above hir heid hir dowves flikeringe.

Biforn hir stood hir sone Cupido,
Up-on his shuldres winges hadde he two;
And blind he was, as it is ofte sene; 1965
A bowe he bar and arwes brighte and
kene.

Why sholde I neght as wel eek telle
yow al

The portreiture, that was up-on the wal
With-inne the temple of mighty Mars the
rede? (1111)

Al peynted was the wal, in lengthe and
brede, 1970

Lyk to the estres of the grisly place,
That highte the grete temple of Mars in
Trace,

In thilke colde frosty regioun,
Ther-as Mars hath his sovereyn mansiouen.

First on the wal was peynted a foreste,
In which ther dwelleth neither man ne
beste, 1976

With knotty knarry bareyn treſſe olde
Of stubbes sharpe and hidous to biholde ;
In which ther ran a rumbel and a swough,
As though a storm sholde bresten every
bough : 1980

And downward from an hille, under a bente, (1123) 1981
 Ther stood the temple of Mars armi- potente,
 Wright al of burned steel, of which thentree
 Was long and streit, and gasty for to see.
 And ther-out cam a rage and such a vese,
 That it made al the gates for to rese. 1986
 The northren light in at the dores shoon,
 For windowe on the wal ne was ther noon,
 Thurgh which men mighten any light discerne. (1131)
 The dores were alle of adamant eterne,
 Y-clenched overthwart and endelong 1991
 With iren tough; and, for to make it strong,
 Every piler, the temple to sustene,
 Was tonne-greet, of iren bright and shene.
 Ther saugh I first the derke imagining
 Of felonye, and al the compassing; 1996
 The cruel ire, reed as any glede; (1139)
 The pykepurs, and eek the pale drede;
 The smyler with the knyf under the cloke;
 The shepne brenning with the blake smoke; 2000
 The treson of the mordring in the bedde;
 The open werre, with woundes al bledde;
 Conteke, with blody knyf and sharp manace;
 Al ful of chirking was that sory place.
 The sleere of him-self yet saugh I ther, 2005
 His herte-blood hath bathed al his heer;
 The nayl y-driven in the shode a-night;
 The colde deeth, with mouth gaping up-right. (1150)
 Amiddes of the temple sat meschaunce,
 With disconfort and sory contenaunce.
 Yet saugh I woodnesse laughing in his rage;
 Armed complaint, out-hees, and fier斯 outrage. 2011
 The careyne in the bush, with throte y-corve:
 A thousand slain, and nat of qualm y-storve; 2014
 The tirant, with the prey by force y-raft;
 Thetoun destroyed, ther was no-thing laft.
 Yet saugh I brent the shippes hoppesters;
 The hunte strangled with the wilde beres:

The sowe freten the child right in the cradel; (1161)
 The cook y-scalded, for al his longe ladel.
 Noght was foryeten by th'infortune of Marte; 2021
 The carter over-riden with his carte,
 Under the wheel ful lowe he lay adoun.
 Ther were also, of Martes divisioun,
 The barbour, and the bocher, and the smith 2025
 That forgeth sharpe swerde on his stith.
 And al above, depeynted in a tour, (1169)
 Saw I conquest sittinge in greet honour,
 With the sharpe swerde over his heed
 Hanginge by a solil twynes threed. 2030
 Depeynted was the slaughstre of Julius,
 Of grete Nero, and of Antonius;
 Al be that thilke tyme they were unborn,
 Yet was hir deeth depeynted ther-biforn,
 By manasinge of Mars, right by figure;
 So was it shewed in that portreiture
 As is depeynted in the sterres above, (1179)
 Who shal be slain or elles deed for love.
 Suffyceth oon ensample in stories olde,
 I may not rekne hem alle, thogh I wolde.
 The statue of Mars up-on a carte stood,
 Armed, and loked grim as he were wood;
 And over his heed ther shinen two figures
 Of sterres, that been cleped in scriptures,
 That oon Prella, that other Rubeus. 2045
 This god of armes was arrayed thus:—
 A wolf ther stood biforn him at his feet
 With eyen rede, and of a man he eet; (1190)
 With solil pencel was depeynt this storie,
 In redoutinge of Mars and of his glorie.
 Now to the temple of Diane the chaste
 As shortly as I can I wol me haste, 2052
 To telle yow al the descripcioune.
 Depeynted been the walles up and down
 Of hunting and of shamfast chastitee. 2055
 Ther saugh I how woful Calistopee, (1198)
 Whan that Diane agreved was with here,
 Was turned from a womman til a bere,
 And after was she maad the lode-sterre;
 Thus was it peynt, I can say yow no ferre; 2060
 Hir sone is eek a sterre, as men may see.
 Ther saugh I Dane, y-turned til a tree,
 I mene nat the goddesse Diane,
 But Penneus daughter, which that highte Dane. 2064

Ther saugh I Attheon an hert y-maked,
For vengeance that he saugh Diane al
naked;

I saugh how that his houndes have him
caught,
And freten him, for that they knewe him
naught. (1210)

Yet peynted was a litel forther-moor,
How Atthalante hunted the wilde boor,
And Meleagre, and many another mo, 2071
For which Diane wroghte him care and wo.
Ther saugh I many another wonder storie,
The whiche me list nat drawen to
memorie. 2074

This goddesse on an hert ful hye seet,
With smale houndes al aboute hir feet;
And undernethe hir feet she hadde a
mone, (1219)

Wexing it was, and sholde wanis sone.
In gaude grene hir statue clothed was,
With bowe in honde, and arwes in a cas.
Hir eyen caste she ful lowe adoun, 2081
Ther Pluto hath his derke regioune.
A womman travailinge was hir biforn,
But, for hir child so longe was unborm,
Ful pitously Lueyna gan she calle, 2085
And seyde, 'help, for thou mayst best of
alle.'

Wel couthe he peynten lyfly that it
wroghte, (1229)

With many a florin he the hewes boghte.
Now been thise listes maad, and
Theseus,

That at his grete cost arrayed thus 2090
The temples and the theatre every del,
Whan it was doon, him lyked wonder
wel.

But stinte I wol of Theseus a lyte,
And speke of Palamon and of Arcite.

The day approcheth of hir retourninge,
That everich sholde an hundred knighthes
bringe, 2096
The bataille to darreyne, as I yow tolde;
And til Athenes, hir covenant for to holde,
Hath everich of hem broght an hundred
knighthes (1241)

Wel armed for the were at alle rightes.
And sikerly, ther trowed many a man 2101
That never, sithen that the world bigan,
As for to speke of knighthod of hir hond,
As fer as God hath maked see or lond,

Nas, of so fewe, so noble a compayne. 2105
For every wight that lovede chivalrye,
And wolde, his thankes, han a passant
name,

Hath preyed that he myghte ben of that
game; (1250)

And wel was him, that ther-to chosen was.
For if ther fille to-morwe swich a cas, 2110
Ye known wel, that every lusty knight,
That loveth paramours, and hath his
micht,

Were it in Engelond, or elles-where,
They wolde, hir thankes, wilnen to be
there.

To fighte for a lady, *ben'cite!* 2115

It were a lusty sighte for to see.

And right so ferdyn they with Palamon.
With him ther wenten knighthes many
oon; (1260)

Som wol ben armed in an habergeoun,
In a brest-plat and in a light gipoun; 2120
And somme wohn have a peyre plates
large;

And somme wohn have a Pruce shield, or a
targe;

Somme wohn benarmed on hir legges weel,
And have an ax, and somme a mace of
steel. 2124

Ther nis no newe gyse, that it nas old.
Armed were they, as I have you told,
Everich after his opinioune.

Ther maistow seen coming with Pala-
moun (1270)

Ligurge him-self, the grete king of Trace;
Blak was his bard, and manly was his
face.

The cercles of his eyen in his heed, 2131
They gloweden bitwixe yelow and reed:
And lyk a griffon loked he aboute,
With kempe heres on his browes stounte;
His limes grete, his braunes harde and
stronge, 2135

His shuldres brode, his armes rounde and
longe.

And as the gyse was in his contree,
Ful hye up-on a char of gold stood he,
With fourte whyte boles in the trays. (1281)
In-stede of cote-armure over his harnays,
With nayles yelwe and brighte as any
gold, 2141

He hadde a beres skin, col-blak, for-old.

His longe heer was kembd bilinde his bak,
As any ravenes fether it shoon for-blak :
A wrethe of gold arm-greet, of huge
wighte, 2145

Upon his heed, set ful of stones brighte,
Of fyne rubies and of dyamaunts.

Aboute his char ther wenten whyte
alaunts, 2190

Twenty and mo, as grete as any steer,
To hunten at the leoun or the deer, 2150
And folwed him, with mosel faste
y-bounde,

Colers of gold, and torets fyled rounde.
An hundred lordes hadde he in his route
Armed ful wel, with hertes sterne and
stoute.

With Arcita, in stories as men finde, 2155
The grete Emetreus, the king of Inde,
Up-on a stede bay, trapped in steel,
Covered in cloth of gold diapred weel, (1300)
Cam ryding lyk the god of armes, Mars.
His cote-armure was of cloth of Tars, 2160
Couched with perles whyte and rounde
and grete.

His sadel was of brend gold newe y-bete ;
A mantelet upon his shuldre hanginge
Bret-ful of rubies rede, as fyr sparklinge.
His crisper heer lyk ringes was y-ronne, 2165
And that was yellow, and glitered as the
sonne.

His nose was heigh, his eyen bright citryn,
His lippes rounde, his colour was sangwyn,
A fewe fraknes in his face y-spreynd, (1311)
Betwixen yellow and somdel blak y-meynd,
And as a leoun he his loking caste. 2171
Of fyve and twenty yeer his age I caste.
His berd was wel bigonne for to springe ;
His voyts was as a trompe thunderinge.
Up-on his heed he wered of laurer grene
A gerland fresh and lusty for to sene. 2176
Up-on his hand he bar, for his deduyt,
An egle tame, as eny lylie whyt. (1320)
An hundred lordes hadde he with him
there,

Al armed, sauf his heddes, in al his gere,
Ful richely in alle maner thinges, 2181
For trusteth wel, that dukes, erles, kinges,
Were gadered in this noble compayne,
For love and for encrees of chivalrye.
Aboute this king ther ran on every part
Ful many a tame leoun and lepart. 2186

And in this wyse thise lordes, alle and
some,

Ben on the Sonday to the citee come (1330)
Aboute pryme, and in the toun alight.

This Theseus, this duk, this worthy
knight, 2190

Whan he had broght hem in-to his citee,
And inned hem, everich in his degree,
He festeth hem, and dooth so greet labour
To esen hem, and doon hem al honour,
That yet men weneth that no mannes wit
Of noon estat ne coude amenden it. 2196
The minstraleye, the service at the feste,
The grete yiftes to the moste and leste,
The riche array of Theseus paleys, (1341)
Ne who sat first ne last up-on the deys,
What ladies fairest been or best daunsinge,
Or which of hem can dauncen best and
singe, 2202

Ne who most felinely speketh of love :
What hawkes sitten on the perch above,
What houndes liggen on the floor adoun :
Of al this make I now no mencion ; 2206
But al th'effect, that thinketh me the
beste;

Now comth the poynt, and herkneth if
yow leste. (1350)

The Sonday night, er day bigan to
springe,

When Palamon the larke herde singe, 2210
Although it nere nat day by hours two,
Yet song the larke, and Palamon also.
With holy herte, and with an heigh corage
He roos, to wenden on his pilgrimage
Un-to the blisful Citherea benigne, 2215
I mene Venus, honourable and digne.
And in his hour he walketh forth a pas
Un-to the listes, ther hir temple was, (1360)
And doun he kneleth, and with humble
chere 2219

And herte soor, he seyde as ye shul here.

Faireste of faire, o lady myn, Venus,
Doughter to Jove and spouse of Vulcanus,
Thou glader of the mount of Citheroun,
For thilke love thou haddest to Adoun,
Have pites of my bittre teres smerte, 2225
And tak myn humble preyer at thyng herte.
Allas ! I ne have no langage to telle (1369)
Th'effectes ne the torments of myn helle ;
Myn herte may myne harmes nat biwreye ;
I am so confus, that I can noght seye. 2230

But mercy, lady bright, that knowest weel
My thought, and seest what harmes that

I feel,

Considerē al this, and rewe up-on my
sore,

As wisly as I shal for evermore, 2234
Emforth my might, thy trewe servant be,
And holden werre alwey with chastitee;
That make I myn avow, so ye me helpe.
I kepe noght of armes for to yelpe, (1380)
Ne I ne axe nat to-morwe to have victorie,
Ne renoun in this eas, ne veyne glorie 2240
Of pris of armes blowen up and doun,
But I wold have fully possessionoun
Of Emelye, and dye in thy servyse;
Find thou the maner how, and in what
wyse.

I recche nat, but it may bettre be, 2245
To have victorie of hem, or they of me,
So that I have my lady in myne armes.
For though so be that Mars is god of
armes, (1390)

Your vertu is so greet in hevene above,
That, if yow list, I shal wel have my love.
Thy temple wol I worshipe evermo, 2251
And on thyn auter, wher I ryde or go,
I wol don sacrifice, and fyres bete.
And if ye wol nat so, my lady swete, 2254
Than preye I thee, to-morwe with a spere
That Arcita me thurgh the herte bere.
Thanne rekke I noght, when I have lost
my lyf, (1399)

Though that Arcita winne hir to his wyf.
This is th'effect and ende of my preyres,
Yif me my love, thou blisful lady dere.'

Whan th'orisoun was doon of Palamon,
His sacrifice he dide, and that anon 2262
Ful pitously, with alle circumstaunces,
Al telle I noght as now his observaunces.
But atte laste the statue of Venus shook,
And made a signe, wher-by that he took
That his preyre accepted was that day.
For thogh the signe shewed a delay, (1410)
Yet wiste he wel that graunted was his
bone;

And with glad herte he wente him hoom
ful sone. 2270

The thridde houre inequal that Palamon
Bigan to Venus temple for to goon,
Up roos the sonne, and up roos Emelye,
And to the temple of Diane gan hye.

Hir maydens, that she thider with her
ladde, 2275

Ful redily with hem the fyr they hadde,
Th'encens, the clothes, and the remenant
al

That to the sacrifyce longen shal; (1420)
The hornes fulle of meth, as was the gyse;
Ther lakked noght to doon her sacrifyse.
Smoking the temple, ful of clothes faire,
This Emelye, with herte debonaire, 2282
Hir body wessh with water of a wolle;
But how she dide her rytē I dar nat tellē,
But it be any thing in general; 2285
And yet it were a game to heren al;
To him that meneth wel, it were no
charge:

But it is good a man ben at his large. (1430)
Hir brighte heer was kempt, untressed al;
A coroune of a grene ook cereal 2290
Up-on her heed was set ful fair and mete.
Two fyres on the auter gan she bete,
And dide her thinges, as men may biholde
In Stace of Thebes, and thise bokes olde.
Whan kindled was the fyr, with pitous
chere 2295

Un-to Diane she spak, as ye may here.
'O chaste goddesse of the wodes grene,
To whom bothe heven and erthe and see
is sene, (1440)

Quene of the regne of Pluto derk and
lowe,

Goddesse of maydens, that myn herte hast
knowe 2300

Ful many a yeer, and woost what I desire
As keep me fro thy vengeance and thy
ire,

That Attheon aboughte cruelly.
Chaste goddesse, wel wostow that I
Desire to been a mayden al my lyf, 2305
Ne never wol I be no love ne wyf.
I am, thou woost, yet of thy compayne,
A mayde, and love hunting and venery
And for to walken in the wodes wilde,
And noght to been a wyf, and be wit
childe. (1452) 23

Noght wol I knowe compayne of man.
Now help me, lady, sith ye may and ca
For the thre formes that thou hast in thi
And Palamon, that hath swich love to me,
And eek Arcite, that loveth me so sore,
This grace I preye thee with-oute more.

As sende love and pees bitwixe hem two ;
 And fro me turne awey hir hertes so, (1460)
 That al hir hote love, and hir desyr,
 And al hir bisy torment, and hir fyr 2320
 Be queynt, or turned in another place ;
 And if so be thou wolt not do me grace,
 Or if my destinee be shapen so,
 That I shal nedes have oon of hem two,
 As sende me him that most desireth me.
 Bihold, goddesse of clene chastitee, 2326
 The bitre teres that on my chekes falle,
 Sin thou are mayde, and keper of us alle,
 My maydenhede thou kepe and wel
 conserve, (1471) 2330
 And whyl I live a mayde, I wol thee
 serve.'

The fyres brenne up-on the auter clere,
 Whyl Emelye was thus in hir preyere ;
 But sodeinly she saugh a sighte queynte,
 For right anon oon of the fyres queynte,
 And quiked agayn, and after that anon
 That other fyr was queynt, and al agon ;
 And as it queynte, it made a whistelinge,
 As doon thise wete brondes in hir bren-
 ninge, (1480)

And at the brondes ende out-ran anoon
 As it were blody dropes many oon ; 2340
 For which so sore agast was Emelye,
 That she was wel ny mad, and gan to crye,
 For she ne wiste what it signified ;
 But only for the fere thus hath she cryed,
 And weep, that it was pitee for to here.
 And ther-with-al Diane gan appere, 2346
 With bowe in hond, right as an hunter-
 esse,
 And seyde : ' Doghter, stint thyn hevi-
 nesse. (1490)

Among the goddes lye it is affermed,
 And by eterne word write and confermed,
 Thou shalt ben wedded un-to oon of tho
 That han for thee so muchel care and wo ;
 But un-to which of hem I may nat telle.
 Farwel, for I ne may no lenger dwelle.
 The fyres which that on myn auter
 brenne 2355

Shul thee declaren, er that thou go henné,
 Thyn aventure of love, as in this cas.'
 And with that word, the arwes in the cas
 Of the goddesse clateren faste and ringe,
 And forth she wente, and made a vanissh-
 inge; (1502) 2360

For which this Emelye astoned was,
 And seyde, ' What amounteth this, allas !
 I putte me in thy proteccoun,
 Diane, and in thy disposicioun.'
 And hoom she gooth anon the nexte
 weye. 2365

This is th'effect, ther is namore to seye.

The nexte houre of Mars folwinge this,
 Arcite un-to the temple walked is (1510)
 Of fierse Mars, to doon his sacrificyse,
 With alle the rytes of his payen wyse. 2370
 With pitous herte and heigh devocioun,
 Right thus to Mars he seyde his orisoun :

' O stronge god, that in the regnes colde
 Of Trace honoured art, and lord y-holde,
 And hast in every regne and every lond
 Of armes al the brydel in thyng hond, 2376
 And hem fortunest as thee list devyse,
 Accept of me my pitous sacrificyse. (1520)
 If so be that my youthe may deserve,
 And that my might be worthy for to
 serve 2380

Thy godhede, that I may been oon of
 thyne,

Than prey I thee to rewe up-on my pyne.
 For thilke peyne, and thilke hote fyr,
 In which thou whylom bredest for desyr,
 Whan that thou usedest the grote beautee
 Of fayre yonge fresshe Venus free, 2386
 And haddest hir in armes at thy wille,
 Al-though thee ones on a tyme misfile
 Whan Vulcanus had caught thee in his
 las, (1531)

And fond thee ligging by his wyf, allas !
 For thilke sorwe that was in thyng herte,
 Have routhe as wel up-on my peynes
 smerte. 2392

I am yong and unkunning, as thou wost,
 And, as I trowe, with love offended
 most,

That ever was any lyves creature ; 2395
 For she, that dooth me al this wo endure,
 Ne reccheth never wher I sinke or flete.
 And wel I woot, er she me mercy hete,
 I moot with strengthe winne hir in the
 place ; (1541)

And wel I woot, withouten help or gracie
 Of thee, ne may my strengthe noght
 availle. 2401

Than help me, lord, to-morwe in my
 bataille,

For thilke fyr that whylom brente thee,
As wel as thilke fyr now brenneth me ;
And do that I to-morwe have victorie. 2405
Myn be the travaille, and thyng be the
glorie !

Thy soverain temple wol I most honouren
Of any place, and alwey most labouren
In thy plesaunce and in thy craftes
stronge, (1551)
And in thy temple I wol my baner honge,
And alle the armes of my companye ; 2411
And evere-mo, un-to that day I dye,
Eterne fyr I wol biforn thee finde.
And eek to this avow I wol me binde :
My berd, myn heer that hongeth long
adoun, 2415

That never yet ne felte offensioun
Of rasour nor of shere, I wol thee yive,
And been thy trewe servant whyl I live.
Now lord, have routhe up-on my sorwes
sore, (1561)

Yif me + victorie, I aske thee namore. 2420

The preyere stinte of Arcita the stronge,
The ringes on the temple-dore that honge,
And eek the dores, clatereden ful faste,
Of which Arcita som-what him agaste.
The fyres brende up-on the auter brighte,
That it gan al the temple for to lighte ;
And swete smel the ground anon up-yaf,
And Arcita anon his hand up-haf, (1570)
And more encens in-to the fyr he caste,
With oþere rytes mo ; and atte laste 2430
The statue of Mars bigan his hauberk
ringe.

And with that soun he herde a murmur-
inge

Ful lowe and dim, that sayde thus,

'Victorie' :

For which he yaf to Mars honour and
glorie.

And thus with joye, and hope wel to fare,
Arcite anon un-to his inne is fare, 2436
As fayn as fowel is of the brighte sonne.

And right anon swich stryf ther is bi-
gonne (1580)

For thilke graunting, in the hevene above,
Bitwixe Venus, the goddesse of love, 2440
And Mars, the sterne god armipotente,
That Jupiter was bisy it to stente ;
Til that the pale Saturnus the colde,
That knew so manye of aventures olde,

Fond in his olde experiance an ait, 2445
That he ful sone hath plesed every part.
As sooth is sayd, elde hath greet avantage ;
In elde is bothe wisdom and usage ; (1590)
Men may the olde at-renne, and noȝt
at-rede.

Saturne anon, to stinten stryf and drede,
Al be it that it is agayn his kynde, 2451
Of al this stryf he gan remedie synde.

'My dere doghther Venus,' quod Saturne,
'My cours, that hath so wyde for to turne,
Hath more power than wot any man. 2455
Myn is the drenching in the see so wan ;
Myn is the prison in the derke cote ;
Myn is the strangling and hanging by the
throate ; (1600)

The murmure, and the cherles rebelling,
The groyning, and the pryve empoyson-
ing : 2460

I do vengeaunce and pleyn correcciooun
Whyl I dwelle in the signe of the Leoun.
Myn is the ruine of the hye halles,
The falling of the toures and of the walles
Up-on the mynour or the carpenter. 2465
I slow Sampson in shaking the piler ;
And myne be the maladyes colde,
The derke tresons, and the castes olde ;
My loking is the fader of pestilence. (1611)
Now weep namore, I shal doon diligence
That Palamon, that is thyng owne knight,
Shal have his lady, as thou hast him hight.
Though Mars shal helpe his knight, yet
nathelees

Bitwixe yow ther moot be som tyme pees,
Al be ye noȝt of o complexioun, 2473
That causeth al day swich divisioun.
I am thin ayel, redy at thy wille ;
Weep thou namore, I wol thy lust ful-
file.' (1620)

Now wol I stinten of the goddes above,
Of Mars, and of Venus, goddesse of love,
And telle yow, as pleynly as I can, 2481
The grete effect, for which that I bigan.

Explicit tercia pars.

Sequitur pars quarta.

Greet was the feste in Athenes that day,
And eek the lusty seson of that May
Made every wight to been in swich
plesaunce, 2485
That al that Monday justen they and
daunce,

And spenden it in Venus heigh servyse.
But by the cause that they sholde ryse
Erly, for to seen the grete fight, (1631)
Unto hir reste wente they at night. 2490
And on the morwe, whan that day gan
springe,
Of hors and harneys, noyse and clateringe
Ther was in hostelryes al aboute;
And to the paleys rood ther many a
route
Of lordes, up-on stedes and palfreys. 2495
Ther maystow seen devysing of herneys
So uncouth and so riche, and wrought so
weel
Of goldsmithrie, of browding, and of
steel; (1640)
The sheeldes brighte, testers, and trap-
pures;
Gold-hewen helmes, hauberks, cote-arm-
ures; 2500
Lordes in paraments on hir courseres,
Knightes of retene, and eek squyeres
Nailinge the speres, and helmes bokelinge,
Gigginga of sheeldes, with layneres la-
cinge;
Ther as need is, they weren no-thing ydel;
The fomy stedes on the golden brydel 2506
Gnawinge, and faste the armurers also
With syle and hamer prikinge to and
fro; (1650)
Yemen on fote, and communes many oon
With shorte staves, thikke as they may
goon; 2510
Pypes, trompes, nakers, clariounes,
That in the bataille blownen blody souunes;
The paleys ful of peples up and doun,
Heer three, ther ten, holding hir ques-
tioun,
Divyninge of thisse Theban knightes two.
Somme seyden thus, somme seyde it shal
be so; 2516
Somme helden with him with the blake
berd,
Somme with the balled, somme with the
thikke-herd; (1660)
Somme sayde, he loked grim and he
wolde fighte;
He hath a sparthe of twenty pound of
wighte. 2520
Thus was the halle ful of divyninge,
Longe after that the sonne gan to springe.

The grete Theseus, that of his sleep
awaked
With minstraleye and noyse that was
maked,
Held yet the chambre of his paleys riche,
Til that the Thebane knightes, bothe y-
liche 2526
Honoured, were into the paleys fet.
Duk Theseus was at a window set, (1670)
Arrayed right as he were a god in trone.
The peple precesseth thider-ward ful sone
Him for to seen, and doon heigh reverence,
And eek to herkne his hest and his
sentence.
An heraud on a scaffold made an ho,
Til al the noyse of peple was y-do;
And whan he saugh the peple of noyse al
stille, 2535
Tho showed he the mighty dukes wille.
'The lord hath of his heigh discrecion
Considered, that it were destruccio (1680)
To gentil blood, to fighten in the gyse
Of mortal bataille now in this emprysse;
Wherfore, to shapen that they shul not
dye, 2541
He wol his firste purpos modisye.
No man therfor, up peyne of los of lyf,
No maner shot, ne pollax, ne short knyf
Into the listes sende, or thider bringe; 2545
Ne short swerd for to stoke, with poynyt
bytinge,
No man ne drawe, ne bere it by his syde.
Ne no man shal un-to his felawe ryde (1690)
But o cours, with a sharp y-grounde spere;
Foyne, if him list, on fote, him-self to
were. 2550
And he that is at meschief, shal be take,
And nocht slayn, but be brought un-to the
stake
That shal ben ordeyned on either syde;
But thider he shal by force, and ther
abyde.
And if so falle, the chieftayn be take 2555
On either syde, or elles see his make,
No lenger shal the turneyinge laste.
God sped yow; goth forth, and ley ⁱⁿ
faste. (1700)
With long swerd and with maces fight
your fille.
Goth now your wey; this is the lordes
wille.' 2560

The voys of peple touchede the hevene,
So loude cryden they with mery stevene :
'God save swich a lord, that is so good,
He wilneth no destruccioune of blood !'
Up goon the trompes and the melodye. 2565
And to the listes rit the compayne
By ordinaunce, thurgh-out the citee large,
Hanged with cloth of gold, and nat with
sarge. (1710)

Ful lyk a lord this noble duk gan ryde,
This two Thebanes up-on either syde; 2570
And after rood the quene, and Emelye,
And after that another compayne
Of oon and other, after hir degree.
And thus they passen thurgh-out the
citee,
And to the listes come they by tyme. 2575
It was not of the day yet fully pryme,
Whan set was Theseus ful riche and hye,
Ipolita the quene and Emelye, (1720)
And other ladies in degrees aboue.
Un-to the seetos precesseth al the route. 2580
And west-ward, thurgh the gates under
Marte,

Arcite, and eek the hundred of his parte,
With baner reed is entred right anon ;
And in that selve moment Palamon
Is under Venus, est-ward in the place, 2585
With baner whyt, and hardy chere and
face.
In al the world, to seken up and doun,
So even with-outen variacioun, (1730)
Ther nere swiche compaines tweye.
For ther nas noon so wys that coude
seye, 2590
That any hadde of other avaantage
Of worthinessse, ne of estaat, ne age,
So even were they chosen, for to gesse.
And in two renges faire they hem dresse.
Whan that hir names rad were everi-

choon, 2595
That in hir nombre gyle were ther noon,
Tho were the gates shet, and cryed was
loude :
'Do now your devoir, yonge knigthes
proude !' (1740)
The herauades lefte hir priking up and
doun ; 2599
Now ringen trompes loude and clarion ;
Ther is namore to seyn, but west and est
In goon the speres ful sadly in arrest ;

In goth the sharpe spore in-to the syde.
Ther seen men who can juste, and who
can ryde ;

Ther shiveren shaftes up-on sheeldes
thikke ; 2605
He feleth thurgh the herte-spoon the
prikke.

Up springen speres twenty foot on highte ;
Out goon the swerde as the silver
brighte. (1750)

The helmes they to-hewen and to-shrede ;
Out brest the blood, with sterne stremes
rede. 2610

With mighty maces the bones they to-
breste.

He thurgh the thikkeste of the throng
gan threste.

Ther stomblen stedes stronge, and doun
goh al.

He rolleth under foot as dooth a bal. 2614
He foyneth on his feet with his tronchoun,
And he him hurtleth with his hors adoun.
He thurgh the body is hurt, and sithen
y-take,

Maugree his heed, and broght un-to the
stake, (1760)

As forward was, right ther he moste
abyde ;

Another lad is on that other syde. 2620
And som tyme dooth hem Theseus to reste,
Hem to refreshe, and dringen if hem
reste.

Ful ofte a-day han thise Thebanes two
Togidre y-met, and wroght his felawe wo ;
Unhorsed hath ech other of hem tweye.
Ther nas no tygre in the vale of Galgo-
pheye, 2626

Whan that hir whelp is stole, whan it is
lyte,

So cruel on the hunte, as is Arcite (1770)
For jelous herte upon this Palamoun :
Ne in Belmarye ther nis so fel leoun, 2630
That hunted is, or for his hunger wood,
Ne of his praye desireth so the blood,
As Palamon to sleen his fo Arcite.
The jelous strokes on hir helmes byte ;
Out renneth blood on both hir sydes
rede. 2635

Som tyme an ende ther is of every dede ;
For er the sonne un-to the reste wente,
The stronge king Emetreus gan hente

This Palamon, as he faught with Arcote,
And made his swerd depe in his flesh to
byte; (1782) 2640

And by the force of twenty is he take
Unyolden, and y-drawe unto the stake.
And in the rescous of this Palamoun
The strunge king Ligure is born adoun;
And king Emetreus, for al his strengthe,
Is born out of his sadel a swerdes lengthe,
So hitte him Palamon er he were take;
But al for nocht, he was broght to the
stake. (1790)

His hardy herte mighte him helpe naught;
He moste abyde, whan that he was caught
By force, and eek by composicioun. 2651

Who sorweth now but woful Palamoun,
That moot namore geon agayn to fighte?
And whan that Theseus had seyn this
sighte, 2654

Un-to the folk that foghten thus echoon
He cryde, 'Ho! namore, for it is doon!
I wol be trewe juge, and no partye.
Arcite of Thebes shal have Emelye, (1800)
That by his fortune hath hir faire y-
wonne.'

Anon ther is a noysse of peple bigonne 2660
For joye of this, so loude and heigh with-
alle,

It semed that the listes sholde falle.

What can now faire Venus doon above?
What seith she now? what dooth this
quene of love?

But wepereth so, for wanting of hir wille,
Til that hir teres in the listes fille; 2666
She seyde: 'I am ashamed, doutelees.'
Saturnus seyde: 'Doghter, hold thy pees.
Mars hath his wille, his knight hath al
his bone, (1811)

And, by myn heed, thou shalt ben esed
sone.'

The trompes, with the loude minstral-
eye, 2670

The heraudes, that ful loude yolle and
crye,
Been in hir wele for joye of daun Arcite.
But herkneth me, and stinteth now a
lyte,

Which a miracle ther bifel anon. 2675
This fierse Arcite hath of his helm y-don,
And on a courser, for to shewe his face,
He priketh endelong the large place, (1820)

Loking upward up-on this Emelye; 2679
And she agayn him caste a freendlich yé,
(For wommen, as to speken in comune,
They folwen al the favour of fortune);
And she was al his chere, as in his herte.
Out of the ground a furie infernal sterke,
From Pluto sent, at requeste of Saturne,
For which his hors for fere gan to turne,
And leep asyde, and foundred as he leep;
And, er that Arcite may taken keep, (1830)
He pighte him on the pomel of his heed,
That in the place he lay as he were
deed, 2690

His brest to-brosten with his sadel-bowe.
As blak he lay as any cole or crowe,
So was the blood y-ronnen in his face.
Anon he was y-born out of the place
With herte soor, to Theseus palays. 2695
Tho was he corven out of his harneys,
And in a bed y-brought ful faire and
blyve,

For he was yet in memorie and alyve, (1840)
And alway crying after Emelye.

Duk Theseus, with al his companye, 2700
Is comen hoom to Athenes his citee,
With alle blisse and greet solempnitez.
Al be it that this aventure was falle,
He nolde nocht disconforthen hem alle.
Men seyde eek, that Arcite shal nat dye;
He shal ben heled of his maladye. 2706
And of another thing they were as fayn,
That of hem alle was ther noon y-slayn,
Al were they sore y-hurt, and namely oon,
That with a spere was thirled his brest
boon. (1852) 2710

To othere woundes, and to broken armes,
Some hadden salves, and some hadden
charmes;

Fermacies of herbes, and eek save
They dronken, for they wolde hir limes
have.

For which this noble duk, as he wel can,
Conforteth and honoureth every man, 2716
And made revel al the longe night,
Uni-to the straunge lordes, as was right.
Ne ther was holden no disconfitinge, (1861)
But as a justes or a tourneyinge; 2720
For soothly ther was no disconfiture,
For falling nis nat but an aventure;
Ne to be lad with fors un-to the stake
Unyolden, and with twenty knighthes take-

O persone allone, with-outen mo, 2725
 And haried forth by arme, foot, and to,
 And eek his stede driven forth with staves,
 With footmen, bothe yemen and eek
 knaves, (1870)

It nas aretted him no vileinye, 2729
 Ther may no man clepen it cowardye.

For which anon duk Theseus leet crye,
 To stinten alle rancour and envyne,
 The gree as wel o syde as of other,
 And either syde y-lyk, as otheres brother;
 And yaf hem yiftes after hir degree, 2735
 And fully heeld a feste dayes three;
 And conveyed the kings worthily
 Out of his toun a journee largely. (1880)
 And hoom wente every man the righte
 way.

Ther was namore, but 'far wel, have good
 day!' 2740

Of this bataille I wol namore endyte,
 But speke of Palamon and of Arcite.

Swelleth the brest of Arcite, and the
 sore

Encreesseth at his herte more and more.
 The clothered blood, for any lechecraft,
 Corrupteth, and is in his bouk y-laft, 2746
 That neither veyne-blood, ne ventusinge,
 Ne drinke of herbes may ben his helplinge.
 The vertu expulsif, or animal, (1891)
 Fro thilke vertu cleped natural 2750
 Ne may the venim voyden, ne expolle.
 The pypes of his longes gonne to swelle,
 And every lacerte in his brest adoun
 Is shent with venim and corruaciooun.
 Him gayneth neither, for to gete his lyf,
 Vomyt upward, ne downward laxatif; 2756
 Al is to-brosten thilke regioun,
 Nature hath now no dominacioun. (1900)
 And certeinly, ther nature wol nat wirche,
 Far-wel, phisyk! go ber the man to
 chirche! 2760

This al and som, that Arcita mot dye,
 For which he sendeth after Emelye,
 And Palamon, that was his cosin dere;
 Than seyde he thus, as ye shul after
 here.

'Naught may the woful spirit in myn
 herte 2765
 Declare o poyn特 of alle my sorwes smerte
 To yow, my lady, that I love most;
 But I biquethe the service of my gest (1910)

To yow aboven every creature,
 Sin that my lyf may no lenger dure. 2770
 Allas, the wo! allas, the peynes strонge,
 That I for yow have suffred, and so longe!
 Allas, the deeth! allas, myn Emelye!
 Allas, departing of our compayne! 2774
 Allas, myn hertes quene! allas, my wyf!
 Myn hertes lady, endere of my lyf!
 What is this world? what asketh men to
 have?

Now with his love, now in his colde grave
 Allone, with-outen any companye. (1921)
 Far-wel, my swete fo! myn Emelye! 2780
 And softe tak me in your armes tweye,
 For love of God, and herkneth what I seye.

I have heer with my cosin Palamon
 Had stryf and rancour, many a day a-gon,
 For love of yow, and for my jelousye. 2785
 And Jupiter so wis my soule gye,
 To spoken of a servant proprely,
 With alle circumstauncestrewely, (1930)
 That is to seyn, trouthe, honour, and
 knighthede,

Wisdom, humblesse, estaat, and heigh
 kinrede, 2790

Fredom, and al that longeth to that art,
 So Jupiter have of my soule part,
 As in this world right now ne knowe I non
 So worthy to ben loved as Palamon, 2794
 That serveth yow, and wol don al his lyf.
 And if that ever ye shul been a wyf,
 Foryet nat Palamon, the gentil man.' (1939)
 And with that word his speche faille gan,
 For from his feet up to his brest was come
 The cold of deeth, that hadde him over-
 come. 2800

And yet more-over, in his armes two
 The vital strengthe is lost, and al ago.
 Only the intellect, with-outen more,
 That dwelled in his herte syk and sore,
 Gan faillen, when the herte felte deeth,
 Dusked his eyen two, and failled breeth.
 But on his lady yet caste he his yē; (1949)
 His laste word was, 'mercy, Emelye!'
 His spirit chaunged hous, and wente ther,
 As I can never, I can nat tellen wher. 2810
 Therfor I stinte, I nam no divinistre;
 Of soules finde I nat in this registre,
 Ne me ne list thilke opinions to telle
 Of hem, though that they wryten wher
 they dwelle.

Arcite is cold, ther Mars his soule gye ;
Now wol I speken forth of Emelye. 2816
Shrighte Emelye, and howleth Palamon,
And Theseus his suster took anon (1960)
Swowninge, and barhir frothe corps away.
What helpeth it to tarien forth the day,
To tellen how she weep, bothe eve and
morwe? 2821

For in swich cas wommen have swich
sorwe,
Whan that hir housbonds been from hem
ago,

That for the more part they sorwen so,
Or elles fallen in swich maladye, 2825
That at the laste certeinly they dye.

Infinite been the sorwes and the teres
Of olde folk, and folk of tendre yeres, (1970)
In al the toun, for deeth of this Theban ;
For him ther wepeth bothe child and
man ; 2830

So greet a weeping was ther noon, certayn,
Whan Ector was y-brought, al fresh y-slayn,
To Troye; alas ! the pitee that was ther,
Cracching of chekes, rending eek of heer.
'Why woldestow be deed,' thise wommen
crye, 2835

'And haddest gold y-nough, and Emelye ?'
No man mighte gladen Theseus,
Savinge his olde fader Egeus, (1980)

That knew this worldes transmutacioun,
As he had seyn it chaungen up and doun,
Joye after wo, and wo after gladnesse :
And shewed hem ensamples and lyknesse.

'Right as ther deyed never man,' quod
he, 2843

'That he ne livede in erthe in som degree,
Right so ther livede never man,' he seyde,
'In al this world, that som tyme he ne
deyde. 2846

This world nis but a thurghfare ful of wo,
And we ben pilgrimes, passinge to and fro;
Deeth is an ende of every worldly sore.
And over al this yet seyde he muchel more
To this effect, ful wysly to enhorte 2851
The people, that they shold hem reconforte.

Duk Theseus, with al his bisy cure,
Caste now wher that the sepultre
Of good Arcite may best y-maked be, 2855
And eek most honourable in his degree.
And at the laste he took conclusioune, (1999)
That ther as first Arcite and Palamon

Hadden for love the bataille hem bitwene,
That in that selve grove, swote and grene,
Theras he hadde his amorous desires, 2861
His compleynt, and for love his hote fires,
He wolde make a fyr, in which th'office
Funeral he migthe al accomplice ;
And leet comaunde anon to hakke and
hewe (2007) 2865

The okes olde, and leye hem on a rewe
In colpons wel arrayed for to brenne ;
His officers with swifte feet they renne
And ryde anon at his comaundement.
And after this, Theseus hath y-sent 2870
After a bere, and it al over-spradde
With cloth of gold, the richest that he
hadde.

And of the same suyte he cladde Arcite ;
Upon his hondes hadde he gloves whyte ;
Eek on his heed a croune of laurer
grene, 2875

And in his hond a swerd ful bright and
kene. (2018)

He leyde him bare the visage on the bere,
Therwith he weep that pitee was to here.
And for the peple sholde seen him alle,
Whan it was day, he broghte him to the
halle, 2880

That roreth of the crying and the soun.

The cam this woful Theban Palamoun,
With flotery berd, and ruggy asshy heres,
In clothes blake, y-dropped al with teres ;
And, passing othere of weeping, Emelye,
The refullest of al the compayne. 2886
In as muche as the service sholde be
The more noble and riche in his degree,
Duk Theseus leet forth three stedes bringe,
That trapped were in steel al gliteringe,
And covered with the armes of doun
Arcite. (2033) 2891

Up-on thise stedes, that weren grete and
whyte,

Therseton folk, of which oon bar hissheeld,
Another his spere up in his hondes heeld ;
The thridde bar with him his bowe Tur-
keys, 2895

Of breed gold was the eas, and eek the
harneys ; (2038)

And riden forth a pas with sorweful chere
Toward the grove, as ye shul after here.
The nobleste of the Grekes that ther were
Upon hir shuldres carieden the bere, 2900

With slakke pas, and eyen rede and wete,
Thurgh-out the citee, by themaister-strete,
That sprad was al with blak, and wonder
hye

Right of the same is al the strete y-wrye.
Up-on the right hond wente old Egens, 2905
And on that other syde duk Theseus,
With vessels in hir hand of gold ful fyn,
Al ful of hony, milk, and blood, and wyn ;
Eek Palamon, with ful greet compayne ;
And after that cam woful Emelye, 2910
With fyr in honde, as was that tyme the
gyse,

To do th'office of funeral servyse. (2053)

Heighlabour, and ful greet apparaillinge
Was at the service and the fyr-makinge,
That with his grene top the hevene raughte,
And twenty fadme of brede the armes
straughte ; 2916

This is to seyn, the bowes were so brode.
Of stree first ther was leyd ful many a
lode. (2060)

But how the fyr was maked up on highte,
And eek the names how the treës highte,
As ook, firre, birch, asp, alder, holm,
popler,

Willow, elm, plane, ash, box, chasteyn,
lind, laurer,
Mapul, thorn, beech, hasel, ew, whippel-
tree,
How they weren feld, shal nat be told for
me;

Ne how the goddes ronnen up and doun,
Dishered of hir habitacion, 2926
In which they woneden in reste and pees,
Nymphes, Faunes, and Amadrides ; (2070)
Ne how the bestes and the briddes alle
Fledden for fere, whan the wode was falle ;
Ne how the ground agast was of the light,
That was nat wont to seen the sonne bright ;
Ne how the fyr was couched first with stree,
And than with drye stokkes cloven a three,
And than with grene wode and spycerye,
And than with cloth of gold and with
perrye, 2936

And gerlandes hanging with ful many
a flour,
The mirre, th'encens, with al so greet
odour ;
Ne how Arcite lay among al this, (2081)
Ne what richesse abouthe his body is ; 2940

Ne how that Emelye, as was the gyse,
Putte in the fyr of funeral servyse ;
Ne how she swowned whan men made the
fyre,

Ne what she spak, ne what was hir desyre ;
Ne what jewelz men in the fyr tho caste,
Whan that the fyr was greet and brente
faste ; 2946

Ne how som caste hir sheeld, and som hir
spere,

And of hir vestiments, whiche that they
were, (2050)

And cuppes ful of wyn, and milk, and
blood,

Into the fyr, that brente as it were wood ;
Ne how the Grekes with an huge route

Thryës ride al the fyr aboute 2952
Up-on the lefthand, with a loud shouteringe,
And thryës with hir speres clateringe ;

And thryës show the ladies gonnewrye ; 2955
Ne how that lad was hom-ward Emelye ;
Ne how Arcite is brent to asshen colde ;

Nehow that liche-wake was y-holde (2100)
Al thilke night, ne how the Grekes pleye

The wake-pleyes, ne kepe I nat to seye ; 2960
Who wrastleth best naked, with oille
eyoynyt,

Ne who that bar him best, in no disjoynyt.
I wol nat tellen eek how that they goon
Hoom til Athenes, whan the pley is doon ;
But shortly to the poynthan wol I wende,
And maken of my longe tale an ende. 2966

By processe and by lengthe of certeyn
yeres

Al stinted is the moorning and the teres.
Of Grekes, by oon general assent, (2111)

Than semed me ther was a parlement 2970
At Athenes, up-on certeyn poynths and eas ;
Among the whiche poynths y-spoken was
To have with certeyn contrees alliaunce,
And have fully of Thebans obeisaunce.
For which this noble Theseus anon 2975
Leet senden after gentil Palamon,
Unwist of him what was the cause and
why ;

But in his blake clothes sorwefully (2120)
He cam at his comaundemente in hye.

The sente Theseus for Emelye. 2980
Whan they were set, and hust was al the
place,
And Theseus abiden hadde a space

Er any word cam from his wyse brest,
His eyen sette he ther as was his leſt,
And with a ſad viſage he ſyked ſtille, 2985
And after that right thus he ſeyde hiſ wille.

'The firſto moevere of the cauſe above,
Whan he firſt made the faire cheyne of
love, 2990

Greet was th'effect, and heigh was hiſ
entente;

Wel wiste he why, and what ther-of he
mente; 2995

For with that faire cheyne of love he bond
The fyf, the eyr, the water, and the
lond

In certeyn boundes, that they may nat flee;
That same prince and that moevere,' quod
he,

'Hath ſtabliſſed, in thiſ wrecched world
adoun,

Certeyn dayes and duracioun

To al that is engendred in thiſ place, 2999

Over the whiche day they may nat pace,
Al mowe they yet the dayes wel abregge;

Ther needeth non auctoritee allegge, 3000

For it is preved by expeſience,

But that me liſt declaren my ſentene.

Than may men by thiſ ordre wel diſcernē,
That thilke moevere ſtable is and eterne.

Wel may men knowe, but it be a fool, 3005

That every part deryveth from hiſ hool.

For nature hath nat take hiſ beginning

Of no party ne cantel of a thing, 3010

But of a thing that parfit is and ſtable,
Descending ſo, til it be corruppable.

3010 And therfore, of hiſ wyſe purveyaunce,
He hath ſo wel biſet hiſ ordinaunce,

That ſpecies of thiſſes and progreſſiounſ

Shullen enduren by ſuccioniouſ

And nat eterne be, with-oute lyf: 3015

This maſtow underſtonde and ſeen at ye.

'Lo the ook, that hath ſo long a noriſhingſe

From tyme that it firſt biginneth ſpringe,
And hath ſo long a lyf, as we may ſee, 3020

Yet at the laſte wasted is the tree.

'Considereth eek, how that the harde
ſtoon

Under our feet, on which we trede and
goon,

Yit wasteth it, as it lyth by the weye.

The brode river ſomtyme wexeth dreye.

The grete tounes ſee we wane and wende.
Than may ye ſee that al thiſ thing hath
ende. 3026

'Of man and womman ſeen we wel alſo,
That nedeth, in oon of thiſſe termes two,
This iſ to ſeyn, in youthe or elles age, (2171)
He moet ben deed, the king as ſhal a
page; 3030

Som in hiſ bed, ſom in the depe ſee,
Som in the large feeld, as men may ſe;
Ther helpeſt nocht, al goth that ilke weye.
Thanne may I ſeyn that al thiſ thing moet
deye. 3034

What maketh thiſ but Jupiter the king?
The which iſ prince and cauſe of alle thiſſe,
Converting al un-to hiſ propre wellie,
From which it iſ deryved, ſooth to tellie.
And here-agayns no creature on lyve (2181)
Of no degree availleth for to ſtryve. 3040

'Thanne iſ it wiſdom, as iſ thinketh me,
To maken vertu of neceſſitee,
And take it wel, that we may nat eſchue,
And namely that to us alle iſ due.
And who-so gruccheth ought, he dooth
folye, 3045

And rebel iſ to him that al may gye.
And certainly a man hath moſt honour
To dyen in hiſ excellencie and flour, (2190)
Whan he iſ ſiker of hiſ gode name;
Than hath he doon hiſ freend, ne him, no
ſhame. 3050

And gladder oghte hiſ freend ben of hiſ
deeth,

Whan with honour up-yolden iſ hiſ breeth,
Than whan hiſ name apalled iſ for age;
For al forgotten iſ hiſ vasselage.
Than iſ it best, as for a worthy fame, 3055
To dyen whan that he iſ best of name.

The contrarie of al thiſ iſ wilfulnesſe.
Why grucchen we? why have we hevi-
nessse, (2200)

That good Arcite, of chivalrye flour
Departed iſ, with duetee and honour, 3060
Out of thiſ foule prison of thiſ lyf?

Why grucchen heer hiſ coſin and hiſ wyf
Of hiſ wel-fare that loved hem ſo weel?
Can he hem thank? nay, God wot, never
a deal,

That bothe hiſ ſoule and eek hemſelf
offende, 3065
And yet they mowe hiſ lustes nat amende.

'What may I conclude of this longo serie,
But, after wo, I rede us to be merie, (2210)
And thanken Jupiter of al his grace?
And, er that we departen from this
place, 3070
I rede that we make, of sorwes two,
O parfy joye, lasting ever-mo;
And loketh now, wher most sorwe is her-
inne,
Ther wol we first amenden and biginne.
'Suster,' quod he, 'this is my fulle assent,
With al th' avys heer of my parlement, 3076
That gentil Palamon, your owne knight,
That serveth yow with wille, herte, and
micht, (2220)
And ever hath doon, sin that ye first him
knewe, 3079
That yeshul, of your grace, up-on him rewe,
And taken him for housbonde and for
lord:
Leen me your hond, for this is our accord.
Lat see now of your womanly pitee.
He is a kinges brother sone, pardee;
And, though he were a povre bacheler, 3085
Sin he hath served yow so many a yeer,

And had for yow so greet adversitee,
It moste been considered, leveth me; (2230)
For gentil mercy oghte to passen right.'
Than seyde he thus to Palamon ful right;
'I trowe ther nedeth litel sermoning 3091
To make yow assente to this thing.
Com neir, and tak your lady by the hond.
Bitwixen hem was maad anon the bond,
That highte matrimoine or mariage, 3095
By al the counsel and the baronage.
And thus with alle blisse and melodye
Hath Palamon y-wedded Emelye. (2240)
And God, that al this wyde world hath
wroght,
Sende him his love, that hath it dere
a-boght. 3100
For now is Palamon in alle wele,
Living in blisse, in richesse, and in hele;
And Emelye him loveth so tendrely,
And he hir serveth al-so gentilly,
That never was ther no word hem bitwene
Of jelousye, or any other tene. 3105
Thus endeth Palamon and Emelye;
And God save al this faire companye!—
Amen. (2250)

Here is ended the Knights Tale.

THE MILLER'S PROLOGUE.

Here folwen the wordes bitwene the Host and the Millere.

Whan that the Knight had thus his tale
y-told,
In al the route nas ther yong ne old 3110
That he ne seyd it was a noble storie,
And worthy for to drawen to memorie;
And namely the gentils everichoon.
Our Hostelough and swoor, 'so moot I goon,
This gooth aright; unbokeled is the male;
Lat see now who shal telle another tale:
For trewely, the game is wel bigonne. 3117
Now telleth ye, sir Monk, if that ye conne,

Sumwhat, to quyte with the Knights
tale.' (11)
The Miller, that for-dronken was al
pale, 3120
So that unnethe up-on his hors he sat,
He nolde avalen neither hood ne hat,
Ne abyde no man for his curteisye,
But in Pilates vois he gan to crye,
And swoor by armes and by blood and
bones, 3125
'I can a noble tale for the nones,

With which I wol now quyte the Knightes
tale.'

Our Hoste saugh that he was dronke of
ale, (20)

And seyde : 'abyd, Robin, my leue brother,
Som bettre man shal telle us first another:
Abyd, and lat us werken thriftily.' 3131

'By goddes soul,' quod he, 'that wol
nat I ;'

For I wol speke, or elles go my wey.'

Our Hoste answerde : 'tel on, a devel
wey !

Thou art a fool, thy wit is overcome.' 3135

'Now herkneth,' quod the Miller, 'alle
and some !

But first I make a protestacion
That I am dronke, I knowe it by my
soun ; (30)

And therfore, if that I misspeke or seye,
Wyte it the ale of Southwerk, I yow
preye; 3140

For I wol telle a legende and a lyf
Bothe of a Carpenter, and of his wyf,
How that a clerk hath set the wrightes
cappe.'

The Reveanswerde and seyde, 'stint thy
clappe,

Lat be thy lewed drunken harlotrye. 3145
It is a sinne and eek a greet folye
To apeiren any man, or him diffame,
And eek to bringen wyves in swich
fame. (40)

Thou mayst y-nogh of othere things
seyn.'

This drunken Millerspakte ful sone ageyn,
And seyde, 'leve brother Osewold, 3151
Who hath no wyf, he is no cokewold.
But I sey nat therfore that thou art oon;
Ther been ful gode wyves many oon,

+And ever a thousand gode ayeyns oon
badde, 3155

| That knowestow wel thy-self, but-if thou
madde.

Why artow angry with my tale now?
I have a wyf, pardee, as well as thou, (50)

Yet nolde I, for the oxen in my plogh,
Taken up-on me more than y-nogh, 3160

As demen of my-self that I were oon;
I wol beleve wel that I am noon.

An housbond shal nat been inquisitif
Of goddes privatee, nor of his wyf.

So he may finde goddes foysion there, 3165
Of the remenant nedeth nat enquire.'

What sholde I more seyn, but this
Millere

He nolde his wordes for no man forbere, (60)
But tolde his cherles tale in his manere;

Methinketh that I shal reherce it here. 3170

And therfore every gentil wight I
preye,

For goddes love, demeth nat that I seye
Of evel entente, but that I moot reherce

Hir tales alle, be they bettre or warse,
Or elles falsen som of my matere. 3175

And therfore, who-so list it nat y-here,
Turne over the leef, and chese another
tale; (69)

For he shal finde y-nowe, grete and smale,
Of storial thing that toucheth gentillesse,

And eek moralitee and holinesse; 3180
Blameth nat me if that ye chese amis.

The Miller is a cherl, ye knowe wel
this;

So was the Reve, and othere many mo,
And harlotrye they tolden bothe two.

Avyseth yow and putte me out of blame;

And eek men shal nat make ernest of
game. (78) 3186

Here endeth the prologue.

THE MILLERES TALE.

Here biginneth the Millere his tale.

WHYLOM ther was dwellinge at Oxenford
A riche gnof, that gestes heeld to bord,
And of his craft he was a Carpenter.
With him ther was dwellinge a povre
scoler,

Had lerned art, but al his fantasye
Was turned for to lerne astrologye,
And coude a certeyn of conclusouns
To demen by interrogacions,
If that men axed him in certein houres,

Whan that men sholde have droghte or
elles shoures,

Or if men axed him what sholde bifalle
Of every thing, I may nat rekene hem alle.

This clerk was cleped hende Nicholas;
Of derne love he coude and of solas;

And ther-to he was sleigh and ful privee,
And lyk a mayden meke for to see.

A chambre hadde he in that hostelrye
Allone, with-outen any companye,

Ful fetisly y-dight with herbes swote;

And he him-self as swete as is the rote

Of licorys, or any cetewale.

His Almageste and bokes grete and smale,

His astrelabie, longinge for his art,

His augrim-stones layen faire a-part

On shelves couched at his beddes heed:

His presse y-covered with a falding reed.

And al above ther lay a gay sautrye,

On which he made a nightes melodye

So swetely, that al the chambre rong;

And *Angelus ad virginem* he song;

And after that he song the kinges note;

Ful often blessed was his mery throte.

And thus this swete clerk his tyme spente

After his frendes finding and his rente.

This Carpenter had wedded newe a wyf

Which that he lovede more than his lyf;

Of eightetene yeer she was of age.

Jalous he was, and heeldhir narwe in cage,

For she was wilde and yong, and he was
old,

(39) 3225

And demed him-self ben lyk a cokewold.
He knew nat Catoun, for his wit was rude,
That bad man sholde wedde his similitude.
Men sholde wedden after hir estaat,
For youthe and elde is often at debaat,

3230

But sith that he was fallen in the snare,
He moste endure, as other folk, his care.

Fair wasthis younge wyf, and ther-with-al
As any wesele hir body gent and smal.
A ceynt she werede barred al of silk,

3235

A barmclooth eek as whyt as morne milk
Up-on hir lendes, ful of many a gore.

(51)

Whyt was hir smok and brouded al bifore

And eek blihinde, on hir coler aboute,

Of col-blak silk, with-inne and eek with-

oute,

3240

The tapes of hir whyte voluper
Were of the same suyte of hir coler;
Hir fillet brood of silk, and set ful hye:
And sikerly she hadde a likerous y^e.

3244

Ful smale y-pulled were hir browes two,

And tho were bent, and blake as any

sloo.

(60)

She was ful more blisful on to see
Than is the newe pere-jonette tree;

3248

And softer than the wolle is of a wether.
And by hir girdel heeng a purs of lether
Tasseld with silk, and perled with latoun.
In al this world, to seken up and doun,
There nis no man so wys, that coude
thenche

So gay a popelote, or swich a wenche.

3254

Ful brighter was the shyning of hir hewe

Than in the tour the noble y-forged newe

But of hir song, it was as loude and yern

As any swalwe sittinge on a berne.

(72)

Ther-to she coude skippe and make game

As any kide or calff folwinge his dame.

326

Hir mouth was swete as bragot or the
meeth,
Or hord of apples leyd in hey or heeth.
Winsinge she was, as is a joly coit,
Long as a mast, and upright as a bolt.
A brooch she baar up-on hir lowe color, 3265
As brood as is the bos of a bocler. (80)
Hir shoes were laced on hir legges hye ;
She was a prymereole, a pigges-nye
For any lord to leggen in his bedde,
Or yet for any good yeman to wedde. 3270

Now sire, and eft sire, so bifel the cas,
That on a day this hende Nicholas
Fil with this yonge wyf to rage and pleye,
Whyl that hir housbond was at Oseneye,
As clerkes ben ful subtile and ful queynte ;
And prively he caughte hir by the queynte,
And seyde, 'y-wis, but if ich have my
wille, (91) 3277

For derne love of thee, leman, I spille,
And heeld hir hard by the haunche-bones,
And seyde, 'leman, love me al at-ones,
Or I wol dyen, also god me save !' 3281
And she spong as a colt doth in the trave,
And with hir heed she wryed faste awey,
And seyde, 'I wol nat kisse thee, by my fey,
Why, lat be,' quod she, 'lat be, Nicholas,
Or I wol crye out "harrow" and "allas."
Do wey your handes for your curteisye !'

This Nicholas gan mercy for to crye,
And spak so faire, and profred hir so faste,
That she hir love him graunted atte
laste, (104) 3290
And swoor hir ooth, by saint Thomas of

Kent,
That she wol been at his comandement,
Whan that she may hir leyser wel espye.
'Myn housbond is so ful of jalouslye,
That but ye wayte wel and been privee, 3295
I woot right wel I nam but deed,' quod she.
'Ye moste been ful derne, as in this cas.'

'Nay ther-of care thee noght,' quod
Nicholas, (112)

'A clerk had litherly biset his whyle,
But-if he coude a carpenter bigyle.' 3300
And thus they been accorded and y-sworn
To wayte a tyme, as I have told biforn.
Whan Nicholas had doon thus everydeel,
And thakked hir abouthe the lendes weel,
He kist hir swete, and taketh his sautrye,
And pleyneth faste, and maketh melodye,

Than fil it thus, that to the parish-
chirche, (121)

Cristes owne werkes for to wirche,
This gode wyf wente on an haliday ;
Hir forheed shoon as bright as any day, 3310
So was it wasshen whan she leet hir werk.

Now was ther of that chirche a parish-
clerk,

The which that was y-cleped Absolon.
Cruk was his heer, and as the gold it shoon,
And strouted as a fanne large and brode ;
Ful streight and even lay his joly shode.
His rode was reed, his eyen greye as goos ;
With Powles window corven on his shoos,
In hoses rede he wente fetisly. (133)

Y-clad he was ful smal and proprely, 3320
Al in a kirtel of a light wachet ;
Ful faire and thikke been the poynetes set.
And ther-up-on he hadde a gay surplys
As whyt as is the blosme up-on the rys.
A mery child he was, so god me save, 3325
Wel coude he laten blood and clippes and
shave, (140)

And make a chartre of lond or acquittance.
In twenty manere coude he trippe and
daunce

After the scole of Oxenforde tho,
And with his legges casten to and fro, 3330
And pleyen songes on a small rubible ;
Ther-to he song som-tyme a loud quinible ;
And as wel coude he pleye on his giterne.
In al the toun nas brewhous ne taverne
That he ne visited with his solas, 3335
Ther any gaylard tappestere was. (150)
But sooth to seyn, he wassomdel squaymons
Of farting, and of speche daungerous.

This Absolon, that jolif was and gay,
Gooth with a sencer on the haliday, 3340
Sensinge the wyves of the parish faste ;
And many a lovely look on hem he caste,
And namely on this carpenteres wyf.

To loke on hir him thoughte a mery lyf,
She was so propre and swete and likerous.
I dar wel seyn, if she had been a mous, (160)
And he a cat, he wolde hir hente anon.

This parish-clerk, this joly Absolon,
Hath in his herte swich a love-longinge,
That of no wyf ne took he noon offringe.
For curteisye, he seyde, he wolde noon.
The mone, whan it was night, ful brighte
shoon, 3352

And Absolon his giterne hath y-take,
For paramours, he thoghte for to wake.
And forth he gooth, jolif and amorous, 3355
Til he cam to the carpenteres hous (170)
A litel after cokkes hadde y-crowe;
And dressed him up by a shot-windowe
That was up-on the carpenteres wal.
He singeth in his vois gentil and smal,
'Now, dere lady, if thy wille be, 3361
I preye yow that ye wol rewe on me,'
Ful wel acordaunt to his giterninge.
This carpenter awook, and herde him
 singē,
And spak un-to his wyf, and seyde
 anon, 3365
'What! Alison! herestow nat Absolon
That chaunteth thus under our boures
 wal?' (181)
And she answerde hir housbond ther-
with-al,
'Yis, god wot, John, I here it every-del.'
This passeth forth; what wol ye bet
 than wel? 3370
Fro day to day this joly Absolon
So wowitz hir, that him is wo bigon.
He waketh al the night and al the day;
He kempte hise lokkes brode, and made
 him gay; 3374
He woweth hir by menes and brocage,
And swoor he wolde been hir owne
 page; (190)
He singeth, brokkinge as a nightingale;
He sente hir piment, meeth, and spycyd
 ale,
And wafres, piping hote out of the glede;
And for shie was of toun, he profred
 mede. 3380
For som folk wol ben wonnen for richesse,
And som for strokes, and som for gentil-
 lesse.
Somtyme, to shewe his lightnesse and
 maistrye,
He pleyneth Herodes on a scaffold hye.
But what availleth him as in this cas? 3385
She loveth so this hende Nicholas, (200)
That Absolon may blowe the bukkes horn;
He ne hadde for his labour but a scorn!
And thus she maketh Absolon hir ape,
And al his ernest turneth til a jape. 3390
Ful sooth is this proverbe, it is no lye,
Men seyn right thus, 'alwey the nyō slye

Maketh the ferre leve to be looth.'
For though that Absolon be wood or
 wrooth, 3394
By-cause that he fer was from hir sighte,
This nyē Nicholas stood in his lighte. (210)
 Now bere thee wel, thou hendo Nicho-
 las!
For Absolon may waille and singe 'allas.'
And so bisel it on a Saterday,
This carpenter was goon til Osenay; 3400
And hendo Nicholas and Alisoun
Acorded been to this conclusioune,
That Nicholas shal shapen him a wyle
This sely jalous housbond to bigyle;
And if so be the game wente aright, 3405
She sholde slepen in his arm al night,
For this was his desyr and hir also. (221)
And right anon, with-outen wordes mo,
This Nicholas no lenger wolde tarie,
But doth ful softe un-to his chambre
 carie 3410
Bothe mete and drinke for a day or
 tweye,
And to hir housbonde bad hir for to seye,
If that he axed after Nicholas,
She sholde seye she niste where he was,
Of al that day she saugh him nat with yē;
She trowed that he was in maladye, (230)
For, for no cry, hir mayde coude him
 calle; 3417
He nolde awnere, for no-thing that
 michte falle.
This passeth forth al thilke Saterday,
That Nicholas stille in his chambre lay,
And eet and sleep, or dide what him
 lestē, 3421
Til Sunday, that the sonne gooth to reste.
This sely carpenter hath greet merveyle
Of Nicholas, or what thing michte him
 eyle, 3424
And seyde, 'I am adrad, by saint Thomas,
It standeth nat aright with Nicholas. (240)
God shilde that he deyde sodeynly!
This world is now ful tikel, sikerly;
I saugh to-day a cors y-born to chirche
That now, on Monday last, I saugh him
 wirche. 3430
Go up,' quod he un-to his knave anoon,
'Clepe at his dore, or knokke with a stoon,
Loke how it is, and tel me boldely.'
This knave gooth him up ful sturdily,

And at the chambre-dore, whyl that he stood,
He cryde and knokked as that he were wood :—

3435
(250)

'What! how! what do ye, maister Nicholay?

How may ye slepen al the longe day?'

But al for noght, he herde nat a word;
An hole he fond, ful lowe up-on a bord,
Ther as the cat was wont in for to crepe;

3441

And at that hole he looked in ful depe,
And at the laste he hadde of him a sighte.
This Nicholas sat gaping ever up-righte,
As he had kyked on the newe mone. 3445
Adoun he gooth, and tolde his maister sone

(260)

In what array he saugh this ilke man.

This carpenter to blessem him bigan,
And seyde, 'help us, seinte Frideswyde!
A man woot litel what him shal bityde.
This man is falle, with his astromye, 3451
In som woodnesse or in som agonye;
I thoghte ay wel how that it sholde be!
Men sholde nat knowe of goddes privatee.
Ye, blessed be alwey a lewed man, 3455
That noght but only his bileyve can! (270)
So ferde another clerk with astromye;
He walked in the feeldes for to prye
Up-on the sterres, whather sholde bifalle,
Til he was in a marle-pit y-falle; 3460
He saugh nat that. But yet, by saint Thomas,

Me reweth sore of hende Nicholas.
He shal be rated of his studying,
If that I may, by Jesus, hevene king!

Get me a staf, that I may underspore,
Whyl that thou, Robin, hevest up the dore.

(280) 3466

He shal out of his studying, as I gesse'—
And to the chambre-dore he gan him dresse.

His knave was a strong carl for the nones,
And by the haspe he haf it up atones;
In-to the floor the dore fil anon, 3471
This Nicholas sat ay as stille as spoon,
And ever gaped upward in-to the eir.

This carpenter wende he were in despeir,
And hente him by the sholdres mightyly,
And shook him harde, and cryde spitously,

(290) 3476

'What! Nicholay! what, how! what!
loke adoun!

Awake, and thenk on Cristes passionn;
I crouche thee from elves and fro wightes!
Ther-with the night-spel seyde he anonyme
rightes 3480

On foure halves of the hous aboute,
And on the threshfold of the dore with-oute :—

'Jesu Crist, and s̄eynt Benedight,
Blesse this hous from every wikked wight,
For nightes verye, the white pater-noster!—

3485

Where wentestow, scynt Petres soster?
And atte laste this hende Nicholas (301)
Gan for to syke sore, and seyde, 'allas!
Shal al the world be lost eftsones now?' 3491

This carpenter answerde, 'what seystow?

3490

What! thenk on god, as we don, men
that swinke.'

This Nicholas answerde, 'fecche me
drinke;

And after wol I spoke in privete
Of certeyn thing that toucheth me and
thee; 3494

I wol telle it non other man, certeyn.'

This carpenter goth doun, and comth
ageyn, 3501

And broghte of mighty ale a large quart;
And whan that ech of hem had dronke
his part,

This Nicholas his dore faste shette, 3499
And doun the carpenter by him he sette.

He seyde, 'John, myn hoste lief and
dere,

Thou shalt up-on thy trouthe swere me
here,

That to no wight thou shalt this conseil
wreye;

For it is Cristes conseil that I seye, 3504
And if thou telle it man, thou are forlore;

For this vengaunce thou shalt han ther-
fore, 3508

That if thou wreye me, thou shalt be
wood!'

'Nay, Crist forbede it, for his holy blood!
Quod tho this sely man, 'I nam no labbe,
Ne, though I seye, I nam nat lief to
gabbe. 3510

Sey what thou wolt, I shal it never telle
To child ne wyf, by him that harwed
helle!'

'Now John,' quod Nicholas, 'I wol nat
lye;

I have y-founde in myn astrologye,
As I have loked in the mone bright, 3515
That now, a Monday next, at quarter-
night, (330)

Shal falle a reyn and that so wilde and
wood,

That half so greet was never Noës flood.
This world,' he seyde, 'in lasse than in
an hour

Shal al be dreynyt, so hidous is the shour;
Thus shal mankynde drenche and lese
hir lyf.' 3521

This carpenteranswerde, 'allas, my wyf!
And shal she drenche? allass! myn Ali-
soun!'

For sorwe of this he fil almost adoun,
And seyde, 'is ther no remedie in this
cas?' 3525

'Why, yis, for gode,' quod hende
Nicholas, (340)
'If thou wolt werken after lore and reed;
Thou mayst nat werken after thyng owene
heed.

For thus seith Salomon, that was ful
trewe,

"Werk al by conseil, and thou shalt nat
rewē." 3530

And if thou werken wolt by good conseil,
I undertake, with-outen mast and seyl,
Yet shal I saven hir and thee and me.
Hastow nat herd how saved was Noë,
Whan that our lord had warned him
biforn 3535

That al the world with water sholde be
lorn?' (350)

'Yis,' quod this carpenter, 'ful yore
ago.'

'Hastow nat herd,' quod Nicholas, 'also
The sorwe of Noë with his felawshippe, 3539
Er that he mighte gete his wyf to shipe?
Him had be lever, I dar wel undertake,
At thilke tyme, than alle hise wetheres
blake,
That she hadde had a ship hir-self allone.
And therfore, wostow what is best to
done?' 3544

This asketh haste, and of an hastif thing
Men may nat preche or maken taryng.

Anon go gete us faste in-to this in (361)
A kneding-trogh, or elles a kimelin,
For ech of us, but loke that they be
large,

In whiche we mowe swimme as in a barge,
And han ther-inne vitaille suffisant 3551
But for a day; fy on the remenant!
The water shal aslakē and goon away
Aboute pryme up-on the nexte day.

But Robin may nat wite of this, thy
knavē, (369) 3555

Ne eek thy mayde Gille I may nat save;
Axe nat why, for though thou aske me,
I wol nat tellen goddes privete.

Suffiseth thee, but if thy wittes madde,
To han as greet a grace as Noë hadde. 3560
Thy wyf shal I wel saven, out of doute,
Go now thy wey, and speed thee heer-
aboute.

But whan thou hast, for hir and thee
and me,

Y-geten us thise kneding-tubbes three,
Than shal tow hange hem in the roof ful
hye, 3565

That no man of our purveyaunce spye.
And whan thou thus hast doon as I have
seyd, (381)

And hast our vitaille faire in hem y-leyd,
And eek an ax, to smyte the corde atwo
When that the water comth, that we
may go, 3570

And broke an hole an heigh, up-on the
gable,

Unto the gardin-ward, over the stable,
That we may freely passen forth our way
Whan that the grete shour is goon away—
Than shal tow swimme as myrie, I under-
take, 3575

As doth the whyte doke after hir drake.
Than wol I clepe, "how! Alison! how!
John!" (391)

Be myrie, for the flood wol passee anon."
And thou wolt seyn, "hayl, maister
Nicholay!"

Good morwe, I se thee wel, for it is day."
And than shul we be lordes al our lyf 3581
Of al the world, as Noë and his wyf.

But of o thyng I warne thee ful right,
Be wel avysed, on that ilke night 3584

That we ben entred in-to shippes bord,
That noon of us ne speke nat a word, (400)
Ne clepe, ne crye, but been in his preyere;
For it is goddes owne heste dere.

Thy wyf and thou mote hange fer
a-twinne,
For that bitwixe yow shal be no sinne
No more in looking than ther shal in
dede; (359)
This ordinance is seyd, go, god thee spede!
Towmowe at night, whan men ben alle
aslepe,
In-to our kneding-tubbes wol we crepe,
And sitten ther, abyding goddes grace.
Go now thy wey, I have no lenger space
To make of this no lenger sermoning. (411)
Men seyn thus, "send the wyse, and sey
no-thing;" (3598)

Thou art so wys, it nedeth thee nat teche;
Go, save our lyf, and that I thee biseche.
This sely carpenter goth forth his wey.
Ful ofte he seith 'allas' and 'weylawey,'
And to his wyf he tolde his privatee;
And she was war, and knew it bet than
he, (418) 3604
What al this queynte cast was for to seye.
But nathelees she ferde as she wolde deye,
And seyde, 'allas! go forth thy wey anon,
Help us to scape, or we ben lost echon;
I am thy trewe verray wedded wyf;
Go, dere spouse, and help to save our
lyf.'

Lo! which a greet thyng is affeccioun!
Men may dye of imaginacioun,
So depe may impressioun be take.
This sely carpenter biginneth quake; (3614)
Him thinketh verrailly that he may see
Noës flood come walwing as the see (430)
To drenchen Alisoun, his hony dere.
He wepeth, weyleth, maketh sory chere,
He syketh with ful many a sory swogh.
He gooth and geteth him a kneding-trogh,
And after that a tubbe and a kimelin, (3621)
And prively he sente hem to his in,
And heng hem in the roof in privatee.
His owne hand he made laddres three,
To climben by the ronges and the stalkes
Un-to the tubbes hanginge in the balkes,
And hem vitailed, bothe trogh and tubbe,
With breed and chese, and good ale in
a jubbe, (442) 3628

Suffysinge right y-noghi as for a day.
But er that he had maad al this array,
He sente his knave, and eek his wenche
also, (3631)

Up-on his nede to London for to go.
And on the Monday, whan it drew to
night,

He shette his dore with-onte candel-light,
And dressed al thing as it sholde be. (3635)
And shortly, up they clomben alle three;
They sitten stille wel a furlong-way. (451)

'Now, *Pater-noster*, clom!' seyde Nicholay,
And 'clom,' quod John, and 'clom,' seyde
Alisoun.

This carpenter seyde his devocioun, (3640)
And stille he sit, and biddeth his preyere,
Awaytinge on the reyn, if ha it here.

The dede sleep, for wery bisnesse,
Fil on this carpenter right, as I gesse,
Aboute corfew-tyme, or litel more; (3645)
For travail of his goost he groneth
sore, (460)

And est he routeth, for his liced mishay.
Doun of the laddre stalketh Nicholay,
And Alisoun, ful softe adoun she spedde;
With-onten wordes mo, they goon to
bedde (3650)

Ther-as the carpenter is wont to lye.
Ther was the revel and the melodye;
And thus lyth Alison and Nicholas,
In bisnesse of mirthe and of solas, (3654)
Til that the belle of laudes gan to ringe,
And freres in the chauncel gonne singe.

This parish-clerk, this amorous Ab-
solon, (471)

That is for love alwey so wo bigon,
Up-on the Monday was at Oseneye
With companye, him to disporte and
pleye, (3660)

And axed up-on eas a cloisterer
Ful prively after John the carpenter;
And he drough him a-part out of the
chirche,

And seyde, 'I noot, I saugh him here nat
wirche
Sin Saterday; I trow that he be went (3665)
For timber, ther our abbot hath him
sent;

For he is wont for timber for to go,
And dwellen at the grange a day or two;

Or elles he is at his hous, certeyn ; 3669
Wher that he be, I can nat soothly seyn.'

This Absolon ful joly was and light,
And thoght, 'now is tyme wake al night;
For sikirly I saugh him nat stiringe 3673
Aboute his dore sin day bigan to springe.
So moot I thryve, I shal, at cokkes crowe,
Ful prively knokken at his windowe (490)
That stant ful lowe up-on his boures wal.
To Alison now wol I tellen al
My love-longing, for yet I shal nat
 miss.

That at the leste wey I shal hir kisse. 3680
Som maner confort shal I have, parfay,
My mouth hath icched al this longe
 day;

That is a signe of kissing atte leste.
Al night me mette eek, I was at a feste.
Therfor I wol gon slepe an houre or
 tweye, 3685
And al the night than wol I wake and
 pleye.' (500)

Whan that the firste cok hath crowe,
 anon

Up rist this joly lover Absolon,
And him arrayeth gay, at point-devys.
But first he cheweth greyn and lycorys,
To smellen swete, er he had kembd his
 heer. 3691

Under his tonge a trewe love he beer,
For ther-by wende he to ben gracious.
He rometh to the carpenteres hous,
And stille he stant under the shot-
 windowe; (509) 3695

Un-to his brest it raughte, it was so lowe;
And softe he cogheth with a semi-soun—
'What do ye, hony-comb, swete Alisoun?
My faire brid, my swete cinamome,
Awaketh, leman myn, and speketh to
 me ! 3700

Wel litel thenken ye up-on my wo,
That for your love I swete ther I go.
No wonder is thogh that I swelte and
 swete;

I moorne as doth a lamb after the tete.
Y-wis, leman, I have swich love-long-
 inge, 3705
That lyk a turtel trewe is my moorninge;
I may nat ete na more than a mayde.' (521)
'Go fro the window, Jakke fool,' she
sayde,

'As help me god, it wol nat be "com ba
 me,"' 3709

I love another, and elles I were to blame,
Wel bet than thee, by Jesu, Absolon !
Go forth thy wey, or I wol caste a ston,
And lat me slepe, a twenty devel wey !'

'Allas,' quod Absolon, 'and weylawey.
That trewe lova was ever so yvel biset !
Than kisse me, sin it may be no bet, (530)
For Jesus love and for the love of me.'

'Wiltow than go thy wey ther-with ?'
 quod she.

'Ye, certes, leman,' quod this Ab-
 solon.

'Thanne make thee redy,' quod she,
 'I come anon ;' 3720

† And un-to Nicholas she seyde stille,
† 'Now hust, and thou shalt laughen al
 thy fille.'

This Absolon doun sette him on his
 knees,

And seyde, 'I am a lord at alle degrees;
For after this I hope ther cometh more !
Leman, thy grace, and swete brid, thyn
 ore !' (540) 3726

The window she undoth, and that in
 haste,

'Have do,' quod she, 'com of, and speed
 thee faste,

Lest that our neighebores thee espye.'
This Absolon gan wype his mouth ful
 drye; 3730

Derk was the night as pich, or as the cole,
And at the window out she putte hir hole,
And Absolon, him fil no bet ne wers,
But with his mouth he kiste hir naked
 ers

Ful savourly, er he was war of this. 3735
 Abak he sterte, and thoghte it was
 amis,

For wel he wiste a womman hath no
 berd;

He felte a thing al rough and long y-herd,
And seyde, 'fy ! allas ! what have I do ?'
'Tehee !' quod she, and clapte the
 window to; 3740

And Absolon goth forth a sory pas.

'A berd, a berd !' quod hende Nicholas,
'By goddes corpus, this goth faire and
 weel !'

This sely Absolon herde every deal, 3744

And on his lippe he gan for anger byte;
And to him-self he seyde, 'I shal thee
quyte!' (560)

Who rubbeth now, who froteth now his
lippes

With dust, with sond, with straw, with
clooth, with chippes,
But Absolon, that seith ful ofte, 'allas!
My soule bitake I un-to Sathanas, 3750
But me wer lever than al this toun,'
quod he,

'Of this despyt awoken for to be!
allas!' quod he, 'allas! I ne hadde y-
bleynt!'

His hote love was cold and al y-queynt;
For fro that tyme that he had kiste hir
ers, 3755

Of paramours he sette nat a kers, (570)
For he was heled of his maladye;

Ful ofte paramours he gan defiye,
And weep as dooth a child that is y-bete.
A softe paas he wente over the strete 3760
Un-till a smith men cleped daun Gerveys,
That in his forge smithed plough-harneys;
He sharpeth shaar and culter bisyly.

This Absolon knokketh al esily,
And seyde, 'undo, Gerveys, and that
anon.'

'What, who artow?' 'It am I, Ab-
solon.' (580)

'What, Absolon! for Cristes swete tree,
Why ryse ye so rathe, ey, *ben'cite!*
What eyleth yow? som gay gerl, god it
woot,

Hath broght yow thus up-on the virtoot;
By synt Note, ye woot wel what I mene.'

This Absolon ne roghte nat a bene
Of al his pley, no word agayn he yaf;

He hadde more tow on his distaf
Than Gerveys knew, and seyde, 'freend
so dere, (589) 3775

That hote culter in the chimenee here,
As lene it me, I have ther-with to done,
And I wol bringe it thee agayn ful sone.'

Gerveys answerde, 'certes, were it gold,
Or in a poke nobles alle untold, 3780
Thou sholdest have, as I am trewe smith;

Ey, Cristes foo! what wol ye do ther-
with?'

'Ther-of,' quod Absolon, 'be as be may;
I shal wel telle it thee to-morwe day—'

And caughte the culter by the colde
stele. 3785

Ful softe out at the dore he gan to stele,
And wente un-to the carpenteres wal. (591)
He cogheth first, and knokketh ther-
with-al

Upon the windowe, right as he diide er.
This Alison answerde, 'Who is ther 3790
That knokketh so? I warante it a theef.'

'Why, nay,' quod he, 'god woot, my
swete leef,

I am thyn Absolon, my dereling!
Of gold,' quod he, 'I have thee broght
a ring;

My moder yaf it me, so god me save, 3795
Ful syn it is, and ther-to wely-grave; (610)
This wol I yeve thee, if thou me kisse!'

This Nicholias was risen for to pissee,
And thoghte he wolde amenden al the
jape, 3799

He sholde kisse his ers er that he scape.
And up the windowe diide he hastily,
And out his ers he putteth prively
Over the buttok, to the haunce-hon;
And ther-with spak this clerk, this
Absolon,

'Spek, swete brid, I noot nat wher thou
art.' 3805

This Nicholias anon leet flee a fart, (620)
As greet as it had been a thonder-dent,
That with the strook he was almost
y-blent;

And he was redy with his iren hoot,
And Nicholias amidde the ers he smoot.

Of gooth the skin an hande-bredē
aboute, 3811

The hote culter brende so his toute,
And for the smert he wende for to dye—
As he were wood, for wo he gan to crye—
'Help! water! water! help, for goddes
herte!' 3815

This carpenter out of his slomber sterte,
And herde oon cryen 'water' as he were
wood, 631

And thoghte, 'Allas! now comth Nowelis
flood!'

He sit him up with-onten wordes mo, 3819
And with his ax he smoot the corda a-two,
And doun goth al; he fond neither to
selle,
Ne breed ne ale, til he cam to the selle

Up-on the floor; and ther aswowne he lay.

Up sterte hir Alison, and Nicholay,
And cryden 'out' and 'harrow' in the
strete. (639) 3825

The neighebores, bothe smale and grete,
In ronnen, for to gauren on this man,
That yet aswowne he lay, bothe pale and
wan;

For with the fal he brosten hadde his
arm;

But stonde he moste un-to his owne
harm. (3830)

For whan he spak, he was anon bore
doun

With hende Nicholas and Alisoun.
They tolden every man that he was
wood,

He was agast so of 'Nowclis flood'
Thurgh fantasye, that of his vanitee 3835
He hadde y-boght him kneding-tubbes
three, (650)

And hadde hem hanged in the roof above;
And that he preyed hem, for goddes love,
To sitten in the roof, *par compagnye*. 3839

The folks gan laughen at his fantasye;
In-to the roof they kyken and they gape,
And turned al his harm un-to a jape.
For what so that this carpenter answerde,
It was for noght, no man his reson herde;
With othes grete he was so sworn adoun,
That he was holden wood in al the toun;
For every clerk anon-right heeld with
other. (661) 3847

They seyde, 'the man is wood, my leve
brother;'

And every wight gan laughen of thisstryf.

Thus swyured was the carpenteres wyf,
For al his keping and his conseyn; (651)
And Absolon bath kist hir nether yf;
And Nicholas is scalded in the toute.
This tale is soon, and god save al the
route. (668) 3854

Here endeth the Millere his tale

THE REEVE'S PROLOGUE.

The prologue of the Reves tale.

WHAN folk had laughen at this nyce eas
Of Absolon and hende Nicholas, 3856
Diverse folk diversely they seyde;
But, for the more part, they loughe and
pleyde,

Ne at this tale I saugh no man him greve,
But it were only Osewold the Reve, 3860
By-cause he was of carpenteres craft.
A litel ire is in his herte y-laft,
He gan to gruccle and blamed it a lyte.

'So theek,' quod he, 'ful wel coude
I yow quyte' (10)
With blering of a proud milleres yf, 3865
If that me liste speke of ribaudye.
But ik am old, me list not pley for age;
Gras-tyme is doon, my fodder is now
forage,

This whyte top wryteth myne olde yeres,
Myn herte is al-so mowled as myne heres,
But-if I fare as dooth an open-ers; 3871
That ilke fruit is ever leng the wers,
Til it be roten in mullok or in stree.
We olde men, I drede, so fare we; (20)
Til we be roten, can we nat be rype; 3875
We hoppen ay, whyl that the world wol
pype.

For in oure wil ther stiketh ever a nayl,
To have an hoor heid and a grene tayl,
As hath a leek; for thogh our might be
goon,
Our wil desireth folie ever in oon. 3880
For whan we may nat doon, than wol we
speke;
Yet in our asshen olde is fyr y-reke.



Foure gledes han we, whiche I shal
devyse,
Avanting, lying, anger, coveityse; (30)
Thisse foure sparkles longen un-to elde.
Our olde lemes mowe wel been unwelde,
But wil ne shal nat faillen, that is sooth.
And yet ik have alwey a coltes tooth, 3888
As many a yeer as it is passed henne
Sin that my tappe of lyf bigan to renne.
For sikerly, whan I was bore, anon 3891
Deeth drogh the tappe of lyf and leet it
gon;
And ever sith hath so the tappe y-ronne,
Til that almost al empty is the tonne. (40)
The streen of lyf now droppeth on the
chimbe; 3895
The sely tonge may wel ringe and chimbe
Of wrecchednesse that passed is ful yore;
With olde folk, save dotage, is namore.
Whan that our host hadde herd this
sermoning,
He gan to speke as lordly as a king; 3900

He seide, 'what amounteth al this wit?
What shul we speke alday of holy writ?
The devel made a reve for to preche,
And of a souter a shipman or a leche. (50)
Sey forth thy tale, and tarie nat the tyme,
Lo, Depeford! and it is half-way pryme.
Lo, Grenewich, ther many a shrewe is
inne; 3907
It were al tyme thy tale to biginne.'
'Now, sires,' quod this Osewold the Reve,
'I pray yow alle that ye nat yow greve,
Thogh I answerē and somdel sotte his
howve; 3911
For leveful is with force force of showve.
This dronke millere hath y-told us heer,
How that bigyled was a carpenter, (60)
Peraventure in scorn, for I am oon. 3915
And, by your leve, Ishal him quyte anoon;
Right in his cherles termes wol I speke.
I pray to god his nekke mote breke;
He can wel in myn yē seen a stalkē, 3919
But in his owne he can nat seen a balke.

THE REVES TALE.

Here beginneth the Reves tale.

At Trumpton, nat fer fro Cantebrigge,
Ther goth a brook and over that a brigge,
Up-on the whiche brook therstant a melle;
And this is verray soth that I yow telle.
A Miller was ther dwelling many a day;
As eny pecok he was proud and gay. 3926
Pypen he coude and fisshe, and nettes
bete,
And turne coppes, and wel wrastle and
shete;
And by his belt he baar a long panade,
And of a swerd ful trenchant was the
blade. 3930
A joly popper baar he in his pouche; (11)
Thor was no man for peril dorste him
tonche.

A Sheffeld thwitel baar he in his hose;
Round was his face, and camuse was his
nose.
As piled as an ape was his skulle. 3935
He was a market-beter atte fulle.
Ther dorste no wight hand up-on him
legge,
That he ne swoor he sholde anon abegge.
A theef he was for sothe of corn and mele,
And that a sly, and usaunt for to stele.
His name was hoten düynous Simkin. (21)
A wyf he hadde, y-comen of noble kin;
The person of the toun hir fader was.
With hir he yaf ful many a panne of bras,
For that Simkin sholde in his blood allye.
She was y-fostred in a nonnerye: 3946

For Simkin wolde no wyf, as he sayde,
But she were wel y-norised and a mayde,
To saven his estaat of yomanrye. 3949
And she was proud, and pert as is a pye.
A ful fair sighte was it on hem two; (31)
On haly-dayes biforn hir wolde he go
With his tipt bounden about his heed,
And she cam after in a gyte of reed;
And Simkin hadde hosen of the same.
Ther dorste no wight clepen hir but
'dame.' 3956

Was noon so hardy that wente by the
weye

That with hir dorste rage or ones pleye,
But-if he wolde be slain of Simkin 3959
With panade, or with knyf, or boydekin.
For jalous folk ben perilous evermo, (41)
Algat they wolde hir wyves wenden so.
And eek, for she was somdel smoterlich,
She was as digne as water in a dich;
And ful of hoker and of bisemare. 3965
Hir thoughte that a lady sholde hir
spare,

What for hir kinrede and hir nortelrye
That she had lerned in the nonnerye.

A doghter hadde they bitwixe hem two
Of twenty yeer, with-outen any mo, 3970
Savinge a child that was of half-year age;
In eradel it lay and was a propre page.
This wenche thikke and wel y-grownen
was, 53)

With camuse nose and yēn greye as glas;
With buttokes brode and brestes rounde
and hye, 3975

But right fair was hir heer, I wol nat lye.

The person of the toun, for she was feir,
In purpos was to maken hir his heir
Bothe of his catel and his messuage, 3979
And straunge he made it of hir mariage.
His purpos was for to bistowe hir hye (61)
In-to som worthy blood of auncetrye;
For holy chirches good moot been de-

spended
On holy chirches blood, that is descended.
Therfore he wolde his holy blood honoure,
Though that he holy chirche sholde de-
voure. 3986

Gret soken hath this miller, out of doute,
With white and malt of al the land aboute;
And nameliche ther was a greet collegge,
Men clepen the Soler-halle at Cantebregge,

Ther was hir whete and eek hir mait
y-grounde. (71) 3991

And on a day it happed, in a stounde,
Sik lay the manciple on a maladye;
Men wenden wisly that he sholde dye.
For which this miller stal bothe mele and
corn 3995

An hundred tyme more than biforn;
For ther-biforn he stal but curteisly,
But now he was a theef outrageously,
For which the wardeyn chidde and made
fare. (79)

But ther-of sette the miller nat a tare; 4000
He craketh boost, and swoor it was nat so.

Than were ther yonge povre clerkes two,
That dwelten in this halle, of which I seye.
Testif they were, and lusty for to pleye,
And, only for hir mirthe and revelrye,
Up-on the wardeyn bisily they crye, 4006
To yeve hem leve but a litel stounde
To goon to mille and seen hir corn y-
grounde;

And hardily, they dorste leye hir nekke,
The miller shold nat stele hem half a
pekke (90) 4016

Of corn by sleighe, ne by force hem reve;
And at the laste the wardeyn yaf hem leve.
John hight that oon, and Aleyn hight
that other;

Of o toun were they born, that highte
Strother, 4014

Fer in the north, I can nat telle where.

This Aleyn maketh redy al his gere,
And on an hors the sak he caste anon.
Forth goth Aleyn the clerk, and also John,
With good swerd and with bokeler by hir
syde. (99) 4019

John knew the wey, hem nedede no gyde,
And at the mille the sak adoun he layth.
Aleyn spak first, 'alhayl, Symond, y-fayth;
How fares thy faire doghter and thy wyf?' 4026

'Aleyn! welcome,' quod Simkin, 'by my
lyf,

And John also, how now, what do ye heer?' 4027
'Symond,' quod John, 'by god, nede
has na peer;

Him boēs serve him-selve that has na
swayn,

Or elles he is a fool, as clerkes sayn.
Our manciple, I hope he wil be deed, 4029
Swa werkes ay the wanges in his heed.

And forthy is I come, and eek Alayn, (111)
To grinde our corn and carie it ham agayn;
I pray yow spede us hethen that ye
may.'

'It shal be doon,' quod Simkin, 'by my
fay; (4034)

What wol yedoон whyl that it is in hande?'
'By god, right by the hoper wil I stande,'
Quod John, 'and se how that the corn
gas in;

Yet saugh I never, by my fader kin, 4038
How that the hoper wagges til and fra.'

Aleyn answerde, 'John, and wiltow swa,
Than wil I be bynethe, by my croun, (121)
And se how that the mele falles down
In-to the trough; that sal be my dispot.
For John, in faith, I may been of your
sort;

I is as ille a miller as are ye.' (4045)

This miller smyled of his nycete,
And thoghte, 'al this nis doon but for a
wyle;

They wene that no man may hem bigyle;
But, by my thrifte, yet shal I blere hir yë
For al the sleighe in hir philosophye. 4050
The more queynte crekes that they make,
The more wol I stele whan I take. (132)
In stede of flour, yet wol I yeve hem
bren.

"The gretteste clerkes been noght the
wysest men,"

As wylom to the wolf thus spak the
mare; (4055)

Of al hir art I counte noght a tare.'

Out at the dore he gooth ful prively,
Whan that he saugh his tyme, softly;
He loketh up and down til he hath founde
The clerkes hors, ther as it stood y-bounde
Bihinde the mille, under a levesel; 4061
And to the hors he gooth him faire
wel;

(142) He strepeth of the brydel right anon.
And whan the hors was loos, he ginneth
gon

Toward the fen, ther wilde mares renne,
Forth with wehee, thurgh thikke and
thorgh thenne.

This miller gooth agayn, no word he
seyde,

But dooth his note, and with the clerkes
pleyde,

Til that hir corn was faire and wel y-
grounde.

And whan the mele is sakked and y-
bounde, (150) 4070

This John goth out and fynt his hors away,
And gan to crye 'harrow' and 'weylaway!'
Our hors is lorn! Alayn, for goddes banes,

Step on thy feet, com out, man, al at anes!
Allas, our wardeyn has his palfrey lorn!

This Aleyn al forgat, bothe mele and corn,
Al was out of his mynde his housbondrye.
'What? whilk way is he geen?' he gan
to crye.

The wyf cam leping inward with a ren,
She seyde, 'allas! your hors goth to the
fen (160) 4080

With wilde mares, as faste as he may go,
Unthank come on his hand that bond
him so,

And he that bettre sholde han knit the
reyne.'

'Allas,' quod John, 'Aleyn, for Cristes
peyne,

Lay down thy swerd, and I wil myn alswa;
I is ful wight, god waat, as is a raa; 4086
By goddes herte he sal nat scape us bathe.
Why nadstow pit the capul in the lathe?
H-hayl, by god, Aleyn, thou is a fonno!'

This sely clerkes han ful faste y-ronne
To-ward the fen, bothe Aleyn and eek
John. (171) 4091

And whan the miller saugh that they
were gon,

He half a busshel of hir flour hath take,
And bad his wyf go knede it in a cake.
He seyde, 'I trowe the clerkes were afred;
Yet can a miller make a clerkes berd 4096
For al his art; now lat hem goon hir weye.
Lo wher they goon, ye, lat the children
pleye;

They gete him nat so lightly, by mycroun!'

Thise sely clerkes rennen up and down
With 'keep, keep, stand, stand, jossa,
warderere, (181) 4101

Ga whistle thou, and I shal kepe him
here!'

But shortly, til that it was verray night,
They coude nat, though they do al hir
micht,

Hir capul cacche, he ran alwey so faste,
Til in a dich they caughte him atte laste.

Wery and weet, as beste is in the reyn,
Comth sely John, and with him comth
Aleyne.

'Allas,' quod John, 'the day that I was
born !

Now are we drive til hething and til
scorn. (190) 4110

Our corn is stole, men wil us foles calle,
Bathe the wardyn and our felawes alle,
And namely the miller; weylaway !'

Thus pleyneth John as he goth by the
way

Toward the mille, and Bayard in his hond.
The miller sitting by the fyr he fond, 4116
For it was night, and forther mighte they
noght;

But, for the love of god, they him bisought
Of herberwe and of ese, as for his peny.

The miller seyde agayn, 'if ther be eny,
Swich as it is, yet shal ye have your part.
Myn hous is streit, but ye han lerned art ;
Ye conne by argumentes make a place
A myle brood of twenty foot of space. (204)
Lat see now if this place may suffysse, 4125
Or make it roun with speche, as is youre
gyse.'

'Now, Symond,' seyde John, 'by saint
Cutberd,

Ay is thou mercy, and this is faire answerd.
I have herd seyd, man sal taa of twa
things (4129)

Slyk as he fyndes, or taa slyk as he brings.
But specially, I pray thee, hoste dere, (211)
Get us som mete and drinke, and make
us chere,

And we wil payen trewely atte fulle.
With empty hand men may na haukes
tulle ;

Lo here our silver, redy for to spende.' 4135

This miller in-to toun his doghter sende
For ale and breed, and rosted hem a goos,
And bond his hors, it sholde nat gon loos ;
And in his owne chambre hem made a
bed (219) 4139

With shetes and with chalons faire y-spred,
Noght from his owne bed ten foot or twelve.
His doghter hadde a bed, al by hir-selve,
Right in the same chambre, by and by ;
It mighte be no bet, and cause why, 4144
There was no roumer herberwe in the place.
They soupen and they speke, hem to solace,

And drunken ever strong ale atte beste.
Aboute midnight wente they to reste.

Wel hath this miller vernissched his
heed ;

Ful pale he was for-dronken, and nat
reed. 4150

He yexeth, and he speketh thurgh the
nose (231)

As he were on the quakke, or on the
pose.

To bedde he gooth, and with him goth
his wif.

As any jay she light was and jolyf,
So was hir joly whistle wel y-wet. 4155

The cradel at hir beddes feet is set,
To rokken, and to yeve the child to souke.
And whan that dronken al was in the
crouke,

To bedde went the doghter right anon ;
To bedde gooth Aleyne and also John ; 4160
Ther nas na more, hem nedede no dwale.
This miller hath so wisly bibbed ale, (242)
That as an hors he snorteth in his sleep,
Ne of his tayl bilihinde he took no keep.
His wif bar him a burdon, a ful strong,
Men mighte hir routing here two furlong ;
The wenche routeth eek *par compayne*.

Aleyne the clerk, that herd this melodye,
He poked John, and seyde, 'slepestow ?
Herdestow ever slyk a sang er now ? 4170
Lo, whilk a compline is y-mel hem alle !
A wilde fyr up-on thair bodyes falle ! (252)
Wha herkned ever slyk a ferly thing ?
Ye, they sal have the flour of il ending.
This lange night ther tydes me na reste ;
But yet, na fors ; al sal be for the beste.
For John,' seyde he, 'als ever moot I
thryve,

If that I may, yon wenche wil I swyve.
Som esement has lawe y-shapen us ; 4179
For John, ther is a lawe that says thus,
That gif a man in a point be y-grevved, (261)
That in another he sal be releved.

Our corn is stoln, shortly, it is na nay,
And we han had an il fit al this day.
And sin I sal have neen amendmente, 4185
Agayn my los I wil have esement.
By goddes saule, it sal neen other be !'

This John answerde, 'Alayn, avyse theo,
The miller is a perilous man,' he seyde,
'And gif that he out of his sleep abreyde

He mighte doon us bathe a vilenye.' (271)

Aleyn answerde, 'I count him nat a
flye;' 4192

And up he rist, and by the wenche he
crepte.

This wenche lay upright, and faste slepte,
Til he so ny was, er she mighte espye, 4195
That it had been to late for to crye,
And shortly for to seyn, they were at on;
Now pley, Aleyn! for I wol speke of John.

This John lyth stille a furlong-wey or
two,

And to him-self he maketh routhe and
wo: 280) 4200

'Allas!' quod he, 'this is a wikked jape;
Now may I seyn that I is but an ape.
Yet has my felawe som-what for his harm;
He has the milleris doghter in his arm.
He autred him, and has his nedes sped,
And I lye as a draf-sek in my bed; 4206
And when this jape is tald another day,
I sal been halde a daf, a cokenay!

I wil aryse, and autre it, by my fayth!

"Unhardy is unseely," thus men sayth.
And up he roos and softly he wente (291)
Un-to the cradel, and in his hand it hente,
And baar it softe un-to his beddes feet.

Sone after this the wyf hir routing leet,
And gan awake, and wente hir out to
pissee, 4215

And cam agayn, and gan hir cradel misse,
And groped heer and ther, but she fond
noon.

'Allas!' quod she, 'I hadde almost mis-
goon;

I hadde almost gon to the clerkes bed.
Ey ben'cite! thanne hadde I foule y-sped:
And forth she gooth til she the cradel
fond. 301) 4221

She gropeth alwey farther with hir hond,
And fond the bed, and thoghte noght but
good,

By-cause that the cradel by it stood, 4224
And niste when she was, for it was derk;
But faire and wel she creep in to the clerk,
And lyth ful stille, and wolde han caught
a sleep.

With-inne a whyl this John the clerk up
leep, 4228

And on this gode wyf he leyth on sore.
So mery a fit ne hadde she nat ful yore;

He priketh harde and depe as he were
mad. 311)

This joly lyf han thise two clerkes lad
Til that the thridde cok bigan to singe.

Aleyn wex wery in the daweninge, 4234
For he had swonken al the longe night;
And seyde, 'far wel, Malin, swete wight!
The day is come, I may no lenger byde;
But evermo, wher so I go or ryde,
I is thyn awen clerk, swa have I seel!' 4241

'Now dere lemman,' quod she, 'go, far
weel! 320) 4240

But er thou go, o thing I wol thee telle,
Whan that thou wendest homward by
the melle,

Right at the entree of the dore bilihinde,
Thou shalt a cake of half a busshel finde
That was y-maked of thyng owne mele,
Which that I heelp my fader for to stele.
And, gode lemman, god thee save and
kepe!' 4247

And with that word almost she gan to
wepe.

Aleyn up-rist, and thoughte, 'or that
it dawe,

I wol go crepen in by my felawe; 4250
And fond the cradel with his hand anon,
'By god,' thoughte he, 'al wrang I have
misgon; 332)

Myn heed is toty of my swink to-night,
That maketh me that I go nat aright. 4254
I woot wel by the cradel, I have misgo,
Heer lyth the miller and his wyf also.'
And forth he goth, a twenty devel way,
Un-to the bed ther-as the miller lay.
Hewende have crepon by his felawe John;
And by the miller in he creep anon, 4260
And caughte hym by the nekke, and softe
he spak: 341)

He seyde, 'thou, John, thou swynes-heed,
awak

For Cristes saule, and heer a noble game.
For by that lord that called is saint
Jame,

As I have thryes, in this shorte night, 4265
Swyved the milleres doghter bolt-upright,
Whyl thou hast as a coward been agast!

'Ye, false harlot,' quod the miller,
'hast?

A! false traitour! false clerk!' quod he,
'Thou shalt be deed, by goddes dignitee!

Who dorste be so bold to disparage (351)
 My doghter, that is come of swich linage?
 And by the throte-bolle he caughte Alayn.
 And he hente hym despitously agayn,
 And on the nose he smoot him with his
 fest. 4275

Doun ran the blody streem up-on his brest;
 And in the floor, with nose and mouth
 to-broke,

They walwe as doon two pigges in a poke.
 And up they goon, and doun agayn anon,
 Til that the miller sporned at a stoon, 4280
 And doun he fil bakward up-on his wyf,
 That wiste no-thing of this nyce stryf;
 For she was falle aslepe a lyte wight (363)
 With John the clerk, that waked hadde
 al night.

And with the fal, out of hir sleep she
 breyde— 4285
 'Help, holy croys of Bromeholm,' she
 seyde,
'In manus tuas! lord, to thee I calle!
 Awak, Symond! the feend is on us falle,
 Myn herte is broken, help, I nam but
 deed;

There lyth oon up my wombe and up
 myn heed; 4290
 Help, Simkin, for the false clerkes fighte.
 This John sterte up as faste as ever he
 myghte, (372)
 And grasperth by the walles to and fro,
 To finde a staf; and she sterte up also,
 And knew the estres bet than dide this
 John, 4295
 And by the wal a staf she fond anon,

And saugh a litel shimering of a light,
 For at an hole in shoon the mone bright;
 And by that light she saugh hem bothe
 two,

But sikerly she niste who was who, 4300
 But as she saugh a whyt thing in hir yā.
 And whan she gan the whyte thing espye,
 She wende the clerk hadde wered a vol-
 peer. (383)

And with the staf she drough ay neer and
 neer, 4304

And wende han hit this Aleyn at the fulle,
 And smoot the miller on the pylde skulle,
 That doun he gooth and cryde, 'harrow!
 I dye!'

Thise clerkes bete him weel and lete him
 lye;

And greythen hem, and toke hir horsanon,
 And eek hir mele, and on hir wey they
 gon. (390) 4310

And at the mille yet they toke hir cake
 Of half a busshel flour, ful wel y-bake.

Thus is the proude miller wel y-bete,
 And hath y-lost the grinding of the whete,
 And payed for the soper every-deel 4315
 Of Aleyn and of John, that bette him weel.
 His wyf is swyved, and his doghter als;
 Lo, swich it is a miller to be fals!

And therfore this proverbe is seyd ful
 sooth, 4319

'Him that nat wene wel that yvel dooth;
 A gylour shal him-self bigyled be.' (401)
 And God, that sitteth heighe in magestee,
 Save al this companye grete and smale!
 Thus have I quit the miller in my tale.

Here is ended the Reves tale.

THE COOK'S PROLOGUE.

The prologue of the Cokes tale.

THE Cook of London, whyl the Reve spak,
For joye, him thoughte, he clawed him
on the bak,

4326

'Ha ! ha !' quod he, 'for Cristes passioune,
This miller hadde a sharp conclusioun
Upon his argument of herbergage !
Wel seyde Salomon in his langage, 4330
"Ne bringe nat every man in-to thyng
hous;"

For herberwing by nightis is perilous.

Wel oughte a man avysed for to be 4335
Whom that he broghte in-to his privete.
I pray to god, so yeve me sorwe and care,
If ever, sith I highte Hogge of Ware, 4336
Herde I a miller bettre y-set a-werk.
He hadde a jape of malice in the derk.
But god forbede that we stinten here ;
And therfore, if ye vouche-sauf to here
A tale of me, that am a povre man, 4341
I wol yow telle as wel as ever I can
A litel jape that fil in our citee.'

Our host answerde, and seide, 'I graunte
it thee ; 4344

Now telle on, Roger, loke that it be good ;
For many a pastee hastow laten blood,
And many a Jakko of Dover hastow sold
That hath been twyes hoot and twyes cold.
Of many a pilgrim hastow Cristes curs,
For of thy persly yet they fare the wors,
That they han eten with thy stubbel-goos ;
For in thy shoppe is many a flye loos. (28)

Now telle on, gentil Roger, by thy name.
But yet I pray thee, be nat wrooth forgame,
A man may seye ful sooth in game and
pley.'

4355

'Thou seist ful sooth,' quod Roger, 'by
my fey,

But "sooth pley, quaad pley," as the Flem-
ing seith ; 4359

And therfore, Herry Bailly, by thy feith,
Be thou nat wrooth, er we departen heer,
Though that my tale be of an hostileer.
But nathelees I wol nat telle it yit, 4361
But er we parte, y-wis, thou shalt be quit.
And ther-with-al he lough and made chere,
And seyde his tale, as ye shul after here.

Thus endeth the Prologue of the Cokes tale.

THE COKES TALE.

Heer bigynneth the Cokes tale.

A PRENTIS whylom dwelled in our citee,
And of a craft of vitaillers was he ; 4366
Gaillard he was as goldfinch in the shawe,
Broun as a berie, a propre short felawe,
With lokkes blake, y-kempt ful fetisly.
Dauncen he coude so wel and jolily, 4370
That he was cleped Perkin Revelour.
He was as ful of love and paramour

As is the hyve ful of hony swete ;
Wel was the wenche with him mighte
mete. 4374
At every brydale wold he singe and
hoppe, 4375
He loved bet the tavern than the shoppe,
For whan ther any ryding was in Chepe,
Out of the shoppe thider wold he lepe.

Til that he hadde al the sighte y-seyn,
And daunced wel, he wolde nat come
ageyn.

4380

And gadered him a meinee of his sort
To hoppe and singe, and maken swich
disport.

And ther they setten steven for to mete
To pleyen at the dys in swich a strete. (20)
For in the toune nas ther no prentys, 4385
That fairer coude caste a paire of dys
Than Perkin coude, and ther-to he was free
Of his dispense, in place of privete.
That fond his maister wel in his chaffare;
For often tyme he fond his box ful bare,
For sikerly a prentis revelour, 4391
That haunteth dys, riot, or paramour,
His maister shal it in his shoppo abyne,
Al have he no part of the minstraloye; (30)
For thefte and riot, they ben convertible,
Al conne he pleye on giterne or ribble.
Revel and trouthe, as in a low degree,
They been ful wrothe al day, as men may
see.

This joly prentis with his maister bood,
Til he were ny out of his prentishood, 4400
Al were he snibbed bothe erly and late,
And somtyme lad with revel to Newgate;
But atte laste his maister him bithoghte,

Up-on a day, whan he his paper soghte, (40)
Of a proverbe that seith this same word,
'Wel bet is roten appel out of hord' 4405
Than that it rotie al the remenaunt.
So fareth it by a riotous servaunt;
It is wel lasse harm to lete him pace,
Than he shende alle the servants in the
place.

4410

Therfore his maister yaf him acquaintance,
And bad him go with sorwe and with
meschance;
And thus this joly prentis hadde his
leve.

Now lat him riote al the night or leve. (50)
And for ther is no theef with-oute a
louke,

4415

That helpeth him to wasten and to souke
Of that he brybe can or borwe may,
Anon he sente his bed and his array
Un-to a compeer of his owne sort,
That lovede dys and revel and dispot, 4420
And hadde a wyp that heeld for count-
enance

(57)

A shoppe, and swyved for hir sustenance.

* * * * *

Of this Cokes tale maked Chaucer
na more.

GROUP B.

INTRODUCTION TO THE MAN OF LAW'S PROLOGUE.

The wordes of the Hoost to the companye.

Our Hoste sey wel that the brighte sonne
Th'ark of his artificial day had ronne
The fourthe part, and half an houre, and
more;
And though he were not depe expert in
lore,
He wiste it was the eightetethe day 5
Of April, that is messenger to May;

And sey wel that the shadwe of every tree
Was as in lengthe the same quantitee
That was the body erect that caused it.
And therfor by the shadwe he took his wit
That Phebus, which that shoon so clere
and brighte,
Degrees was fyve and fourty clombe on
highte;

11

And for that day, as in that latitude,
It was ten of the clokke, he gan conclude,
And sodeynly he pligte his hors aboute.
'Lordinges,' quod he, 'I warne yow, al
this route, 16
The fourthe party of this day is goon ;
Now, for the love of god and of saint
John,
Leseth no tyme, as ferforth as ye may ;
Lordinges, the tyme wasteth night and
day, 20
And steleth from us, what prively slepinge,
And what thurgh negligence in our
wakinge,
As dooth the strem, that turneth never
agayn,
Descending fro the montaigne in-to playn.
Wel can Senek, and many a philosophre 25
Biwailen tyme, more than gold in cofre.
"For los of catel may recovered be,
But los of tyme shendeth us," quod he.
It wol nat come agayn, with-outen drede,
Na more than wol Malkins maydenhede,
Whanshe hath lost it in hir wantownesse;
Lat us nat moulen thus in ydelnesse. 32
Sir man of lawe,' quod he, 'so have ye
blis,
Tel us a tale anon, as forward is ;
Ye been submitted thurgh your free
assent 35
To stonde in this cas at my jugement.
Acquiteth yow, and holdeth your biheste,
Than have ye doon your devoir atte leste.'
'Hoste,' quod he, 'departeuse ich as-
sente,
To breke forward is not myn entente. 40
Biheste is dette, and I wol holde fayn
Al my biheste ; I can no better seyn.
For swich lawe as man yeveth another
wight,
He sholde him-selven usen it by right; 44
Thus wol our text ; but natheles certeyn
I can right now no thrifte tale seyn,
But Chaucer, though he can but lewedly
On metres and on ryming craftily,
Hath seyd hem in swich English as he can
Of olde tyme, as knoweth many a man. 50
And if he have not seyd hem, leve brother,
In o book, he hath seyd hem in another.
For he hath told of loveres up and doun
Mo than Ovyde made of mencioune

In his Epistelles, that been ful olde. 55
What sholde I tellen hem, sin they ben
toldie ?
In youthe he made of Ceys and Aleion,
And sithen hath he spoke of everichon,
Thise noble wyves and thise loveres eke.
Who-so that wol his large volume sake 60
Cleped the Seintes Legende of Cupyde,
Ther may he seen the large woundes wyde
Of Lucresse, and of Babilan Tisbee ;
The swerd of Dido for the false Enee ;
The tree of Phillis for hir Demophon ; 65
The pleinte of Dianire and Hermion,
Of Adriane and of Isiphilee ;
The bareyne yle stonding in the see ;
The dreynte Leander for his Erro ;
The teres of Eleyne, and eek the wo 70
Of Brixseyde, and of thee, Ladomæa ;
The crueltee of thee, queen Medea,
Thy litel children hanging by the hals
For thy Jason, that was of love so fals !
O Ypermistra, Penelopee, Alceste, 75
Your wyfhed he comendeth with the beste !
But certeinly no word ne wryteth he
Of thilke wilke ensample of Canacee,
That lovede hir owne brother sinfully ;
Of swiche cursed stories I say "fy" ; 80
Or elles of Tyro Apollonius,
How that the cursed king Antiochus
Birafte his daughter of hir maydenhede,
That is so horrible a tale for to rede,
Whan he hir threw up-on the pavement. 86
And therfor he, of ful avysement,
Nolde never wryte in none of his sermons
Of swiche unkinde abhominacionns,
Ne I wol noon reherse, if that I may.
But of my tale how shal I doon this day ?
Me were looth be lykned, douteles, 91
To Muses that men clepe Pierides—
Metamorphoseos wot what I mene :—
But natheles, I recche noght a bene 94
Though I come after him with hawe-bake ;
I speke in prose, and lat him rymes make,
And with that word he, with a sobre chere,
Bigan his tale, as ye shal after here.

The Prologue of the Mannes Tale
of Lawe.

O hateful harm ! condicion of poverte !
With thurst, with cold, with hunger 98
confounded ! 100

To asken help thee shameth in thyne
herte;
If thou noon aske, with nede arfow so
wounded,
That verray nede unwrappeth al thy
wounde hid!

Mangree thyn heed, thou most for indi-
gence

Or stèle, or begge, or borwe thy despence!

Thou blamest Crist, and seyst ful bitterly,
He misdeparteth richesse temporal;
Thy neighebour thou wyttest sinfully, (10)
And seyst thou hast to lyte, and he hath al.
'Parlay,' seistow, 'soymyme he reckne shal,
Whan that his tayl shal brennen in the
glede,

For he nocti helpeth needfullie in hir
nede.'

Herkne what is the sentence of the
wyse:—

'Bet is to dyen than have indigence;'

'Thy selve neighebour wol thee despise;'

If thou be povre, farwel thy reverence!
Yet of the wyse man tak this sentence:—
'Alle the dayes of povre men ben wikkē;'
Be war therfor, er thou come in that
prikke! (21)

'If thou be povre, thy brother hateth
thee,
And alle thy frendes fleen fro thee, alas!' (22)
O riche marchaunts, ful of wele ben ye,
O noble, o prudent folk, as in this eas!
Your bagges been nat filled with ambes as,
But with sis cink; that renneth for your
chance;

At Cristemassee merie may ye daunce!

Ye seken lond and see for your winniges,
As wyse folk ye knownen al th'estaat (30)
Of regnes; ye ben fadres of tydinges
And tales, bothe of pees and of debat.
I were right now of tales desolat,
Nere that a marchaunt, goon is many a
yere,

Me taughte a tale, which that yeshal here,

THE TALE OF THE MAN OF LAWE.

Here beginneth the Man of Lawe his Tale.

In Surrie whylom dwelte a companye
Of chapmen riche, and therto sadde and
trewe, (135)
That wyde-wher senten her spycerye,
Clothes of gold, and satins riche of hewe;
Her chaffar was so thrifte and so newe, (40)
That every wight hath deynice to chaffare
With hem, and eek to sellen hem hir
ware.

Now fel it, that the maistres of that sort
Han shapen hem to Rome for to wende;
Were it for chapmanhode or for disport,
Non other message wolde they thider
sende,

But comen hem-self to Rome, this is the
ende;

And in swich place, as thoughts hem
avantage

For her entente, they take her herbergage.

Sojourned han thise marchants in that
toun (50)

A certein tyme, as fel to hir plesance.

And so bisel, that th' excellent renoun

Of th' emperoures doghter, damo Custance,

Reported was, with every circumstance,
Un-to thise Surrien marchants in swich

wyse,

Fro day to day, as I shal yow devyse.

This was the commune vois of every man— 155

'Our Emperour of Rome, god him see,
A daughter hath that; sin the world bigan,
To rekne as wel hir goodnesse as beaute,
Nas never swich another as is she; (61)
I prey to god in honour hir sustene, 160
And woldes she were of al Europe the quene.

In hir is heigh beautee, with-ome prude,
Yowthe, with-oute grenehede or folye;
To alle hir werkes vertu is hir gyde,
Humblesse hath slain in hir al tirannyne.
She is mirour of alle curteisye; (68) 166
Hir herte is verray chambre of holinesse,
Hir hand, ministre of fredom for almesse.'

And al this vois was soth, as god is trewe,
But now to purpos lat us turne agayn; 170
Thisse marchants han doon fraught hir shippes newe,

And, whan they han this blisful mayden seyn,

Hoom to Surryë been they went ful fayn,
And doon her nedes as they han don yore,
And liven in wele; I can sey yow no more.

Now fel it, that thisse marchants stode in grace 176

Of him, that was the sowdan of Surrye;
For whan they came from any strange place, (80)

He wolde, of his benigne curteisye,
Make hem good chere, and bisly espye 180
Tydings of sondry regnes, for to lere
The wondresthat they mighteseen or here.

Amonges othere thinges, specially
Thisse marchants han him told of dame Custance,

So gret noblesse in ernest, ceriously,
That this sowdan hath caught so gret plesance 185

To han hir figure in his remembrance,
That al his lust and al his bisy cure (90)
Was for to love hir whyl his lyf may dure.

Paraventure in thilke large book 190
Which that men clepe the heven, y-written
was

With sterres, whan that he his birthetook,
That he for love shulde han his deeth, alas!
For in the sterres, clerer than is glas,
Is writen, god wot, who-so coude it rede, 195
The deeth of every man, withouten dreda.

In sterres, many a winter ther-bifor,
Was writhen the deeth of Ector, Achilles,
Of Pompey, Julius, er they were born; (101)
The stryf of Thebes; and of Ercules, 200
Of Sampson, Turnus, and of Socrates
The deeth; but mennes wittes been so dulle,
That no wight can wel rede it atte fulle.

This sowdan for his privee conseil sente,
And, shortly of this mater for to pace, 205
He hath to hem declared his entente,
And seyde hem certein, 'but he mighte have graco (109)
To han Custance with-inne a litel space,
He nas but deed;' and charged hem, in
hye,
To shapen for his lyf som remedye. 210

Diverse men diverse thinges seyden;
They argumenten, casten up and doun
Many a subtil resoun forth they leyden,
They speken of magik and abusiou; 215
But finally, as in conclusiou,
They can not seen in that non avantage,
Ne in non other wey, save mariage. (119)

Than sawe they ther-in swich difficultee
By wey of resoun, for to speke al playn,
By-cause that ther wasswich diversitee 220
Bitwene hir bothe lawes, that they sayn,
They trowe 'that no cristene prince wolde fayn

Wedden his child under oure lawes swete
That us were taught by Mahoun our prophete.'

And he answerde, 'rather than I lese 225
Custance, I wol be cristned doutelees;
I mot ben hires, I may non other chese.
I prey yow holde your arguments in
pees; (130)

Saveth my lyf, and beeth noght recchelees
To geten hir that hath my lyf in cure; 230
For in this wo I may not longe endure.'

What nedeth gretter dilatacioun?
I seye, by tretis and embassadrye,
And by the popes mediacion,
And al the chirche, and al the chivalrye,
That, in destruccioun of Maumetrye, 236
And in encrees of Cristes lawe dere,
They ben acorded, so as ye shal here; (140)

How that the sowdan and his baronage
And alle his liges shulde y-cristned be, 240
And he shal han Custance in mariage,
And certein gold, I noot what quantitee,
And her-to founden suffisant seurtee;
This same acord was sworn on eyther syde;
Now, faire Custance, almighty god thee
gyde! 245

Now wolde som men waiten, as I gesse,
That I shulde tellen al the purveyance
That th'empemour, of his grete noblesse,
Hath shapen for his daughter dame Cus-
tance. (151)

Wel may men knowe that so gret ordin-
ance 250

May no man tellen in a litel clause
As was arrayed for so heigh a cause.

Bishopes ben shapen with hir for to
wende,
Lordes, ladyes, knightes of renoun,
And other folk y-nowe, this is the ende;
And notifyed is thurgh-out the toun 256
That every wight, with gret devocioun,
Shulde preyen Crist that he this mariage
Receyve in gree, and sped this viage. (161)

The day is comen of hir departinge, 260
I say, the woful day fatal is come,
That ther may be no lenger taryinge,
But forthward they hem dressen, alle and
some;
Custance, that was with sorwe al over-
come, 264
Ful pale arist, and dresseth hir to wende;
For wel she seeth ther is non other ende.

Allas! what wonder is it though she wepte,
That shal be sent to strange nacioun (170)
Fro frendes, that so tendrely hir kepte,
And to be bounden under subieccioune 270
Of oon, she knoweth not his condicione.

Housbondes been alle gode, and han ben
yore,
That knownen wyves, I dar say yow no more.

'Fader,' she sayde, 'thy wrecched child
Custance,
Thy yonge doghther, fostred up so softe, 275
And ye, my moder, my soverayn plesance
Over alle thing, out-taken Crist on-lofte,
Custance, your child, hir recomandeth
oþte (180)

Un-to your grace, for I shal to Surrye,
Ne shal I never seen yow more with y^e. 280

Allas! un-to the Barbre nacioun
I moste anon, sin that it is your wille;
But Crist, that starf for our redempcion,
So yeve me grace, his hestes to fulfile;
I, wreche womman, no fors though I
spille. 285

Wommen are born to thraldom and
penance,
And to ben under mannes governance.'

I trowe, at Troye, whan Pirrus brak the
wal (190)

Or Ylion brende, at Thebes the citee, 289
Nat Rome, for the harm thurgh Hanibal
That Romayns hath venquisshed tymes
three,

Nas herd swich tendre weping for pitee
As in the chambre was for hir departinge;
Bot forth she moot, wher-so she wepe or
singē.

O firste moeving cruel firmament, 295
With thy diurnal sweigh that crowdest ay
And hurlest al from Est til Occident, (199)
That naturelly wolde holde another way.
Thy crowding set the heven in swich array
At the beginning of this fiers viage, 300
That cruel Mars hath slayn this mariage.

Infortunat ascendent tortuous,
Of which the lord is helples falle, allas!
Out of his angle in-to the derkest hous.
O Mars, O Atazir, as in this cas! 305
O feble mone, unhappy been thy pas!
Thou knittest thee ther thou art nat
receyved,

Ther thou were weel, fro thennes artow
weyved. (210)

Imprudent emperour of Rome, alas ! 300
 Was ther no philosophre in al thy toun ?
 Is no tyme bet than other in swich eas ?
 Of viage is ther noon eleccoun,
 Namely to folk of heigh condicoun,
 Nat whan a rote is of a birthe y-knowe ?
 Allas ! we ben to lewed or to slowe. 315

To shippe is brought this woful faire mayde
 Solempnely, with every circumstance.

'Now Jesu Crist be with yow alle,' she
 sayde ; 220
 Ther nis namore but 'farewel ! faire
 Custance !'

She peyneth hirto make good countenance,
 And forth I lete hir sayle in this manere,
 And turne I wol agayn to my matere. 319

The moder of the sowdan, welle of vyces,
 Espyed hath hir sones pleynt entente,
 How he wol lete his olde sacrificyes, 325
 And right anon she for hir conseil sente;
 And they ben come, to knowe what she
 mente.

And when assembled was this folk in-fere,
 She sette hir doun, and sayde as ye shal
 here. 330

'Lordes,' quod she, 'ye knouen everichon,
 How that my sone in point is for to lete 331
 The holy lawes of our Alkaron,
 Yeven by goddes message Makomete.
 But oon avow to grete god I hete, 334
 The lyf shal rather out of my body sterite
 Than Makometes lawe out of myn herte !

What shulde us tyden of this newe lawe
 But thraldom to our bodies and penance ?
 And afterward in helle to be drawe 341
 For we reneyed Mahoun our creance ? 340
 But, lordes, wol ye maken assurance,
 As I shal seyn, assenting to my lore,
 And I shall make us sauf for evermore ?

They sworen and assenten, every man, 344
 To live with hir and dye, and by hir stonde;
 And everich, in the beste wyse he can,
 To strengthen hir shal alle his freendes
 fonde;

And she hath this emprysse y-take on
 honde. 350

Which ye shal heren that I shal devyse,
 And to hem alle she spak right in this
 wyse. 350

'We shul first feyne us cristendom to take,
 Cold water shal not greve us but a lyte;
 And I shal swich a festo and revel make,
 That, as I trowe, I shal the sowdan quyte.
 For though his wyf be cristned never so
 whyte, 355

She shal have nede to wasshe awey the
 rede,
 Thogh she a font-ful water with hir lede.'

O sowdanesse, rote of iniquitee, 260
 Virago, thou Semyram the secounde,
 O serpent under femininitie, 360
 Lyk to the serpent depe in helle y-bounde,
 O feyned womman, al that may confounde
 Vertu and innocence, thrugh thy malyce,
 Is bred in thee, as nest of every vyce !

O Satan, envious sin thilke day 365
 That thou were chased from our heritage,
 Wel knowestow to wommen the olde way !
 Thou madest Eva bring us in servage. 270
 Thou wolt fordon this cristen mariage.
 Thyn instrument so, weylawey the whyle !
 Makestow of wommen, whan thou wolt
 begyle. 371

This sowdanesse, whom I thus blame and
 warie,
 Leet prively hir conseil goon hir way.
 What sholde I in this tale lenger tarie ?
 She rydeth to the sowdan on a day, 375
 And seyde him, that she wolde renoye
 hir lay,

And cristendom of preestes handes fonge.
 Repenting hir she hethen wasso longe, 280

Biseching him to doon hir that honour,
 That she moste han the cristen men to
 feste ; 380

'To plesen hem I wol do my labour.'
 The sowdan seith, 'I woldon at your heste,'
 And kneling thanketh hir of that requeste.
 So glad he was, he niste what to seye ;
 She kiste hir sone, and hoom she gooth
 hir weye. 385

Explicit prima pars. Sequitur
 pars secunda.

Arryved ben this Cristen folk to londe,
In Surrie, with a greet solempne route,
And hastily this sowdan sente his sonde,
First to his moder, and al the regne
aboute, (291)
And seyde, his wyf was comen, out of
doute, 390
And preyde hir for to ryde agayn the
quene,
The honour of his regne to sustene.

Gret was the prees, and riche was th'array
Of Surriens and Romayns met y-fere;
The moder of the sowdan, riche and gay,
Receyveth hir with al-so glad a chere 396
As any moder mighte hir doghther dere,
And to the nexto eitee ther bisyde (300)
A softe pas solempnely they ryde.

Noght trowe I the triumphhe of Julius, 400
Of which that Lucan maketh swich a bost,
Was royaller, ne more curios
Than was th'assemblie of this blisful host.
But this scorpioun, this wikked gost,
The sowdanesse, for al hir flateringe, 405
Caste under this ful mortally to stinge.

The sowdan comth him-self sone after this
So roially, that wonder is to telle, (310)
And welcometh hir with alle joye and blis.
And thus in merthe and joye I lete hem
dwelle. 410
The fruyt of this matere is that I telle.
Whan tyme cam, men thoughte it for the
beste
That revel stinte, and men goon to hir
reste.

The tyme cam, this olde sowdanesse 414
Ordeyned hath this feste of which I tolde,
And to the feste Cristen folk hem dresse
In general, ye! bothe yonge and olde. (319)
Here may men feste and royaltee biholde,
And deyntees mo than I can yow devyse,
But al to dere they boughte it er they ryse.

O sodeyn wo! that ever art successour 421
To worldly blisse, spreyned with bitter-
nesse;
Th' ende of the joye of our worldly labour;
Wo occupieth the fyn of our gladnesse.
Herke this conseil for thy sikernessee, 425

Up-on thy glade day have in thy minde
The unwar wo or harm that comth b
hinde.

For shortly for to tellen at o word, (330)
The sowdan and the Cristen everichone
Ben al to-hewe and stiked at the bord, 43
But it were only dame Custance allone.
This olde sowdanesse, cursed crone,
Hath with hir frendes doon this curse
dede,
For she hir-self wolde al the contree led

Ne ther was Surrien noon that was con
verted 43
That of the conseil of the sowdan woot,
That he nas al to-hewe er he asterted.
And Custance han they take anon, foot
hoot, (34)
And in a shippe al sterelees, god woot,

They han hir set, and bidde hir lern
sayle
Out of Surrye agaynward to Itayle. 44

A certein tresor that she thider ladde,
And, sooth to sayn, vitaille gret plente
They han hir yeven, and clothes eek sh
hadde,

And forth she sayleth in the salte see. 45
O my Custance, ful of benignitee,
O emperoures yonge doghter dere, (34)
He that is lord of fortune be thy stere!

She blesseth hir, and with ful pitous voy
Un-to the croys of Crist thus seyde she,
'O clere, o welful anter, holy croys, 46
Reed of the lambes blood full of pitee,
That wesh the world fro the olde iniquite
Me fro the feend, and fro his clawes ke
That day that I shal drenchen in t
depe. 47

Victorius tree, protecciooun of trewe,
That only worthy were for to bere (35)
The king of heven with his woundes new
The whyte lamb, that hurt was with t
spere,

Flemer of feendes out of him and here
On which thy limes feithfully extende
Me keep, and yif me might my lyf t'am
den.'

Yeres and dayes fleet this creature
Thurghout the see of Grece un-to the
strayte

Of Marrok, as it was hir aventure; 465
On many a sory meel now may she bayte;
After her deeth ful often may she wayte,
Er that the wilde wawes wol hir dryve
Un-to the placë, ther she shal arryve. (371)

Men mighten asken why she was not
slayn? 470

Eek at the feste who mighte hir body save?
And I answe to that demaunde agayn,
Who saved Daniel in the horrible cave,
Ther every wight save he, maister and
knavē, 474
Was with the leoun frete er he asterte?
No wight but god, that he bar in his herte.

God liste to shewe his wonderful miracle
In hir, for we sholde seen his mighty
werkēs; 480

Crist, which that is to every harm triacle,
By certein menes ofte, as knownen clerkes,
Doth thing for certein ende that ful
derk is 481
To mannes wit, that for our ignorance
Ne conne not knowe his prudent pur-
veyance.

Now, sith she was not at the feste y-slawe,
Who kepte hir fro the drenching in the
see? 485

Who kepte Jonas in the fisses mawe
Til he was spouted up at Ninivee?

Wel may men knowe it was no wight
but he 490

That kepte peple Ebraik fro hir drench-
inge,

With drye feet thurgh-out the see pass-
inge. 490

Who bad the fourē spirits of tempest,
That power han t'anoyen land and see,
'Bothe north and south, and also west
and est,

Anoyeth neither see, ne land, ne tree?'
Sothly, the comaundour of that was he,
That fro the tempest ay this womman
kepte 495

As wel whan [that] she wook as whan she
slepte.

Wher mighte this womman mete and
drinke have? (400)

Three yeer and more how lasteth hir
vitaille? 499

Who fedde the Egipcien Marie in the cave,
Or in desert? no wight but Crist, sans
faille.

Fyve thousand folk it was as gret mer-
vaille

With loves fyve and fisses two to fede.
God sente his foison at hir grete nede.

She dryveth forth in-to our oceean 505
Thurgh-out our wilde see, til, atte laste,
Under an hold that nemnen I ne can,
Fer in Northumberlond the wave hir
caste, (410)

And in the sond hir ship stiked so faste,
That thennes wolde it noght of al a tyde;
The wille of Crist was that she shulde
abide. 511

The constable of the castel doun is fare
To seen this wrak, and al the ship he
soghte,

And fond this wery womman ful of care;
He fond also the tresor that she broghte.
In hir langage mercy she bisoghte 516
The lyf out of hir body for to twinne, (419)
Hir to delivere of wo that she was inne.

A maner Latin corrupt was hir speche,
But algates ther-by was she understande;
The constable, whan him list no lenger
seche, 521

This woful womman broghte he to the
londe;

She kneleth doun, and thanketh goddes
sonde.

But what she was, she wolde no man seye,
For foul ne fair, thogh that she shulde
deye. 525

She seyde, she was so mased in the see
That she forgat hir minde, by hir trouthe;
The constable hath of hir so greet pitee,
And eek his wyf, that they wepen for
routhe, (431) 529

She was so diligent, with-outen slouthe,
To serve and plesen everich in that place,
That alle hir loven that loken on hir face.

This constable and dame Hermengild his
wif
Were payens, and that contree every-
where;
But Hermengild lovede hir right as hir
lyf, 535
And Custance hath so longe sojourned
there,
In orisons, with many a bitter tere.
Til Jesu hath converted thurgh his grace
Dame Hermengild, constablesse of that
place. (441) 539

In al that lond no Cristen durste route,
Alle Cristen folk ben fled fro that contree
Thurgh payens, that conquereden al
aboute

The plages of the North, by land and see ;
To Walis fled the Cristianitee
Of olde Britons, dwellinge in this yle ; 545
Ther was hir refut for the mene whyle.

But yet nere Cristen Britons so exyled (449)
That ther nere somme that in hir privatetee
Honoured Crist, and heþen folk bigyled ;
And ny the castel swiche ther dwelten
three. 550

That oon of hem was blind, and mighte
nat see

But it were with thilke y n of his minde,
With whiche men seen, after that they
ben blinde.

Bright was the sonne as in that someres
day, 554
For which the constable and his wif also
And Custance han y-take the righte way
Toward the see, a furlong wey or two,
To pleyen and to romen to and fro ; (460)
And in hir walk this blinde man they
mette 559

Croked and old, with y n faste y-sheette.

'In name of Crist,' cryde this blinde
Britoun,
'Dame Hermengild, yif me my sighte
agayn.'
This lady wex affrayed of the soun,
Lest that hir housbond, shortly for to
sayn,
Wolde hir for Jesu Cristes love han slayn,

Til Custance made hir bold, and bad hir
werche 566

The wil of Crist, as doghter of his chirche.

The constable wex abashed of that sight,
And seyde, 'what amounteth al this fare ?'
Custance answerde, 'sire, it is Cristes
might, (472) 570
That helpeth folk out of the feendes snare.'
And so ferforth she gan our lay declare,
That she the constable, er that it were eve,
Converted, and on Crist made him bileyve.

This constable was no-thing lord of this
place (477) 575

Of which I speke, ther he Custance fond,
But kepte it strongly, many wintresspace,
Under Alla, king of al Northumberlond,
That was ful wys, and worthy of his hond
Agayn the Scottes, as men may wel here,
But turne I wol agayn to my matere. 581

Sathan, that ever us waiteth to bigyle,
Saugh of Custance al hir perfecciouin,
And caste anon how he mighte quyte hir
whyle,

And made a yong knight, that dwelte in
that toun, 585

Love hir so hote, of foul affeccioun,
That verrailly him thoughte he shulde
spille (489)

But he of hir mighte ones have his wille.

He woweth hir, but it availleth noght,
She wolde do no sinne, by no weye; 590
And, for despyt, he compassed in his
thoght

To maken hir on shamful deth to deye.
Hewayteth whan the constable was aweye,
And prively, up-on a night, he crepte 594
In Hermengildes chambre whyl she slepte.

Wery, for-waked in her orisouns,
Slepeth Custance, and Hermengild also.
This knight, thurgh Sathanas tempta-
cious, (500)

Al softly is to the bed y-go,
And kitte the throte of Hermengild a-two,
And leyde the bldy knyf by dame
Custance, 601

And wente his wey, ther god yeve him
meschance !

Sone after comth this constable hoom
agayn,

And eek Alla, that king was of that lond,
And saugh his wyf despitously y-slayn, 605
For which ful ofte he weep and wrong his
lond,

And in the bed the blogy knyf he fond
By dame Custance; alas! what mighte
she seye? (510)

For verray wo hir wit was al aweye.

To king Alla was told al this meschance,
And eek the tyme, and where, and in
what wyse 611

That in a ship was founden dame Custance,
As heer-biforn that ye han herd devyse.
The kinges herte of pitee gan agrysse,
Whan he saugh so benigne a creature 615
Falle in diseise and in misaventure.

For as the lamb toward his deeth is broght,
So stant this innocent before the king;
This false knight that hath this treason
wroght (511)

Berth hir on lond that she hath doon
this thing.

+But nathelees, ther was [ful] greet
moorning 620

Among the peple, and seyn, 'they can not
gesse

That she hath doon so greet a wikked-
nesse. 623

For they han seyn hir ever so vertuous,
And loving Hermengild right as her lyf,
Of this bar witnessse everich in that houn
Save he that Hermengild slow with his
knyf.

This gentil king hath caught a gret motyf
Of this witnessse, and thoughte he wolde
enquere (531)

Depper in this, a trouthe for to lere. 630

Allas! Custance! thou hast no champion,
No fighte canstow nought, so weylawey!
But he, that starf for our redempcion
And bond Sathan (and yit lyth ther he
lay)

So be thy stronge champion this day! 635
For, but-if Crist oper miracle kythe,
Withouten gilt thou shalt be slain as
swythe.

She sette her doun on knees, and thus
she sayde, (540)

'Immortal god, that savedst Susanne
Fro false blame, and thou, merciful
mayde, 640

Mary I mene, doghter to Seint Anne,
Bifore whos child aungeles singe Osanne,
If I be giltyees of this felonye,
My socour be, for elles I shal dye!' 644

Have ye nat seyn som tyme a pale face,
Among a prees, of him that hath be lad
Toward his deeth, wher-as him gat no
grace,

And swich a colour in his face hath had,
Men mighte knowe his face, that was
bistad, (551)

Amonges alle the faces in that route: 650
So stant Custance, and loketh hir abouthe.

O quenes, livinge in prosperitee,
Duchesses, and ye ladies everichone,
Have ih som routhe on hir adversitee;
An emperoures doghter stant allone; 655
She hath no wight to whom to make hir
mone.

O blood royal, that stondest in this drede,
Fer ben thy freendes at thy grete nede!

This Alla king hath swich compaschioun,
As gentil herte is fulfuld of pitee, (562) 660
That from his yen ran the water doun.

'Now hastily do secche a book,' quod he,
'And if this knight wol sweren how that
she

This womman slow, yet wolo we us avyse
Whom that we wole that shal ben our
justyse.' 665

A Briton book, writhen with Evangyles,
Was fet, and on this book he swoor anon
She gilty was, and in the mene whyles
A hand him smoot upon the nekke-boon,
That doun he fil atones as a stoon, (572) 670
And bothe his yen brosto out of his face
In sight of every body in that place.

A vois was herd in general audience,
And seyde, 'thou hast desclaundred
giltyees
The doghter of holy chirche in they
presence; 675

Thus hastou doon, and yet holde I my
pees.'

Of this mervaille agast was al the prees;
As mased folk they stoden everichone, (580)
For drede of wreche, save Custance allone.

Greet was the drede and eek the repen-
tance. 680

Of hem that hadden wrong suspecioune
Upon this sely innocent Custance;
And, for this miracle, in conclusioune,
And by Custances mediacioune,
The king, and many another in that
place, 685
Converted was, thanked bo Cristes grace!

This false knight was slain for his un-
trouth.

By judgement of Alla hastifly; (590)
And yet Custance hadde of his deeth gret
routhe.

And after this Jesus, of his mercy, 690
Made Alla wedden ful solempnely
This holy mayden, that is so bright and
shene,
And thus hath Crist y-maad Custance
a quene.

But who was woful, if I shal nat lye,
Of this wedding but Donegild, and na mo,
The kinges moder, ful of tiranny? 696
Hir thoughte hir cursed herte brast a-two;
She wolde noght hir sone had do so; (600)
Hir thoughte a despit, that he sholde take
So strange a creature un-to his make. 700

Me list nat of the chaf nor of the stree
Maken so long a tale, as of the corn.
What sholde I tellen of the royaltee
At mariage, or which cours gooth biforn,
Who bloweth in a trompe or in an horn?
The fruit of every tale is for to seye; 706
They ete, and drinke, and daunce, and
sing, and pleye.

They goon to bedde, as it was skile and
right; (610)
For, thogh that wyves been ful holy
things,
They moste take in pacience at night 710
Swich maner necessaries as been plesinges
To folk that han y-wedded hem with
ringes,

And leye a lyte hir holinesse asyde
As for the tyme; it may no bet bityde.

On hir he gat a knave-child anoon, 715
And to a bishop and his constable eke
He took his wyf to kepe, whan he is goon
To Scotland-ward, his so-men for to seke;
Now faire Custance, that is so humble
and meke, (621)

So longe is goon with childe, til that stillie
She halt hir chambre, abyding Cristes
wille. 721

The tyme is come, a knave-child she ber;
Mauricius at the font-stant they him calle;
This constable dooth forth come a mes-
sager,

And wroot un-to his king, that cleped
was Alle, 725

How that this blisful tyding is bifalle,
And otheres tydings speedful for to seye;
He tak'ith the lettre, and forth he gooth
his weye. (630)

This messenger, to doon his avantage, 729
Un-to the kinges moder rydeth swythe,
And salueth hir ful faire in his langage,
'Madame,' quod he, 'ye may be glad and
blythe,

And thanke god an hundred thousand
sythe;

My lady quene hath child, with-outen
doute, 734

To joye and blisse of al this regne abouthe.

Lo, heer the lettres seled of this thing,
That I mot bere with al the haste I may;
If ye wol aught un-to your sone the king,
I am your servant, bothe night and day.'
Donegild answerde, 'as now at this tyme,
nay; (642) 740

But heer al night I wol thou take thy
reste,

Tomorwe wol I seye thee what me leste.

This messenger drank sadly ale and wyn,
And stolen were his lettres privily
Out of his box, whyl he sleep as a swyn;
And countrefeted was ful subtilly 746
Another lettre, wroght ful sinfully,
Un-to the king direct of this matere (653)
Fro his constable, as ye shul after here

The letter spak, 'the queen delivered was
Of so horrible a feendly creature, 751
That in the castel noon so hardy was
That any whyle dorste ther endure.
The moder was an elf, by aventure
Y-come, by charmes or by sorcerye, 755
And every wight hateth hir compayne.'

Wo was this king whan he this letter
had seyn, (659)

But to no wighte he tolde his sorwes sore,
But of his owene honde he wroot ageyn,
'Welcome the sonde of Crist for evermore
To me, that am now lerned in his lore; 761
Lord, welcome be thy lust and thy
plesance,

My lust I putte al in thyn ordinaunce!

Kepeth this child, al be it foul or fair,
And eek my wyf, un-to myn hoom-
cominge; 765

Crist, whan him list, may sende me an
heir

More agreeable than this to my lykinge.'
This letter he seleth, prively wepinge, (670)
Which to the messenger was take sone,
And forth he gooth; ther is na more to
done. 770

O messenger, fulfilld of dronkenesse,
Strong is thy breeth, thy limes faltren ay,
And thou biwreyest alle secreenesse.
Thy mind is lorn, thou janglest as a jay,
Thy face is turned in a newe array! 775
Ther dronkenesse regneth in any route,
Ther is no conseil hid, with-outen doute.

O Donegild, I ne have noon English digne
Un-to thy malice and thy tiranny! (681)
And therfor to the feend I thee resigne,
Let him endyten of thy traitorye! 781
Fy, mannish, fy! o nay, by god, I lye,
Fy, *feendly* spirit, for I dar wel telle,
Though thou heer walke, thy spirit is in
helle! 784

This messenger comth fro the king agayn,
And at the kinges modres court he lighte,
And she was of this messenger ful fayn,
And plesed him in al that ever she
mighete. (690)

He drank, and wel his girdel under-
pighte.

He slepeth, and he snoreth in his gyse 790
Al night, tun-til the sonne gan aryse.

Eft were his lettres stolen everichon
And countrefeted lettres in this wyse;
'The king comandeth his constable anon,
Up peyne of hanging, and on heigh juysce,
That he ne sholde suffren in no wyse 796
Custance in-with his regne for t'abyde
Thre dayes and a quarter of a tyde; (700)

But in the same ship as he hir fond,
Hir and hir yonge sone, and al hir gere,
He sholde putte, and croude hir fro the
lond, 801
And charge hir that she never eft come
there.'

O my Custance, wel may thy goost have
ferre
And sleeping in thy dreem been in penance,
When Donegild caste al this ordinance!

This messenger on morwe, whan he wook,
Un-to the castel halt the nexte wey, (709)
And to the constable he the lettre took;
And whan that he this pitous lettre sey,
Ful ofte he seyde 'allas!' and 'wey'
lawey! 810

'Lord Crist,' quod he, 'how may this
world endure?
So ful of sinne is many a creature!

O mighty god, if that it be thy wille,
Sith thou art rightful juge, how may it be
That thou wolt suffren innocents to spille,
And wilked folk regne in prosperitee? 816
O good Custance, allas! so wo is me
That I mot be thy tormentour, or deye
On shames deeth; ther is noon other
weyey! (721)

Wepen bothe yonge and olde in al that
place, 820
Whan that the king this cursed letter
sente,

And Custance, with a deedly pale face,
The ferthe day toward hir ship she wento.
But natheles she taketh in good entente
The wille of Crist, and, kneling on the
stronde, 825
She seyde, 'lord! ay wel-com be thy
sonde!'

He that me kepte fro the false blame
Whyl I was on the londe amonges yow,
He can me kepe from harme and eek fro
shame. (731)

In salte see, al-thogh I see nat how. 830
As strong as ever he was, he is yet now.
In him triste I, and in his moder dere,
That is to me my seyl and eek my stere.'

Hir litel child lay weeping in hir arm, 834
And kneling, pitously to him she seyde,
'Pees, litel sone, I wol do thee non
harm.'

With that hir kerchef of hir heed she
breyde,
And over his litel y n she it leyde; (740)
And in hir arm she lulleth it ful faste,
And in-to heven hir y n up she caste. 840

'Moder,' quod she, 'and mayde bright,
Marye,
Sooth is that thurgh wommannes egge-
ment

Mankind was lorn and damned ay to dye,
For which thy child was on a croys y-
rent;

Thy blisful y n sawe al his torment; 845
Than is ther no comparisoun bitwene
Thy wo and any wo man may sustene.

Thou sawe thy child y-slayn bifor thyn
y n, (750)

And yet now liveth my litel child, parfay!
Now, lady bright, to whom alle woful
cry n, 850

Thou glorie of wommanhede, thou faire
may,
Thou haven of refut, brighte sterre of day,
Rewe on my child, that of thy gentillesse
Rewest on every rewful in distresse!

O litel child, allas! what is thy gilt, 855
That never wroughtest sinne as yet,
pardee,

Why wil thyn harde fader han thee spilt?
O mercy, dere constable!' quod she; (760)
'As lat my litel child dwelle heer with
thee;

And if thou darst not saven him, for
blame, 860
So kis him ones in his fadres name!'

Ther-with she loketh bakward to the
londe,
And seyde, 'far-wel, housbond routhe-
lees!'

And up she rist, and walketh doun the
stronde

Toward the ship; hir folweth al the prees,
And ever she preyeth hir child to holde
his peers; 866

And taketh hir leve, and with an holy
entente
She blesseth hir; and in-to ship she
wente. (770)

Vitailed was the ship, it is no drede,
Habundantly for hir, ful longe space, 870
And other necessaries that sholdie nede
She hadde y-nogh, heried be goddes grace!
For wind and weder almighty god pur-
chace,

And bringe hir hoom! I can no bettre
seye; 874
But in the see she dryveth forth hir weye.

Explicit secunda pars.

Sequitur pars tercia.

Alla the king comth hoom, sone after this,
Unto his castel of the which I tolde, (779)
And axeth wher his wyf and his child is.
The constable gan abouthe his herte colde,
And pleyntly al the maner he him tolde 880
As ye han herd, I can telle it no bettre,
And sheweth the king his seel and [feek]
his letter,

And seyde, 'lord, as ye comaunded me
Up peyne of deeth, so have I doon, certein.'
This messenger tormented was til he 885
Moste biknowe and tellen, plat and plein,
Fro night to night, in what place he had
leyn.

And thus, by wit and subtil enquieringe,
Ymagined was by whom this harm gan
springe. (791)

The hand was knowe that the letter wroot,
And al the venim of this cursed dede, 891
But in what wyse, certeinly I noot.
Th'effect is this, that Alla, out of drede,
His moder slow, that men may pleyntly
rede,

For that she traitour was to hir ligeaunce.
Thus endeth olde Donegild with mes-
chaunce. 896

The sorwe that this Alla, night and day,
Maketh for his wyf and for his child also,
Ther is no tonge that it telle may. (801)
But now wol I un-to Custance go, 900
That fleteth in the see, in peyne and wo,
Fyve yeer and more, as lyked Cristes
sonde,
Er that hir ship approached un-to londe.

Under an hethen castel, atte laste,
Of which the name in my text noght
I finde, 905
Custance and eek hir child the see up-
caste.

Almighty god, that saveth al mankind,
Have on Custance and on hir child som
minde, (810)
That fallen is in hethen land est-sone, 909
In point to spille, as I shal telle yow scene.

Doun from the castel comth ther many
a wight
To gauren on this ship and on Custance.
But shortly, from the castel, on a night,
The lordes styward—god yeve him mes-
chaunce!— 914
A theef, that had reneyed our creaunce,
Com in-to ship allone, and seyde he sholde
Hir lemmann be, wher-so she wolde or
nolde. (819)

Wewas this wrecched womman tho bigon,
Hir child cryde, and she cryde pitously;
But blisful Marie heelp hir right anon;
For with hir strugling wel and mightyly
The theef fil over bord al sodeinly, 922
And in the see he dreynte for vengeance;
And thus hath Crist unwemmed kept
Custance.

Auctor.
O foule lust of luxurie! lo, thyn ende!
Nat only that thou feyntest mannes
minde, 926
But verrailly thou wolt his body shende;
Th'ende of thy werk or of thy lustes
blinde (830)
Is compleyning, how many-on may men
finde

That nocht for werk som-tyme, but for
th'entente 930
To doon this sinne, ben outhier sleyn or
shente!

How may this wayke womman han this
strengthe
Hir to defende agayn this renegat?
O Golias, unmesurable of lengthe,
How myghte David make theo so mat, 935
So yong and of armure so desolat?
How dorste he loke up-on thy dredful face?
Wel may men seen, it nas but goddes
grace! (840)

Who yaf Judith corage or hardinesse
To sleep him, Olofernus, in his tente, 940
And to deliveren out of wrecchednesse
The peple of god? I seye, for this entente,
That, right as god spirit of vigour sente
To hem, and saved hem out of meschance,
So sente he might and vigour to Custance.

Forth goth hir ship thurgh-out the narwe
mouth 946
Of Jubaltar and Septe, dryving ay,
Som-tyme West, som-tyme North and
South, (850)
And som-tyme Est, ful many a wery
day,
Til Cristes moder (blessed be she ay!) 950
Hath shapen, thurgh hir endeles good-
nesse,
To make an ende of al hir heviness.

Now lat us stinte of Custance but a throwe,
And speke we of the Romain Emperour,
That out of Surrie hath by lettres knowe
The slaughtre of Cristen folk, and dis-
honour 956

Don to his doghter by a fals traitour,
I mene the cursed wikked sowdanesse,
That at the feste leet sleen both more and
lesse. (861)

For which this emperour hath sent anoon
His senatour, with royal ordinance, 961
And othero lordes, got wot, many oon,
On Surriens to taken heigh vengeance.
They brennen, sleen, and bringe hem to
meschance

Ful many a day; but shortly, this is
the ende, 965
Homward to Rome they shapen hem to
wende.

This senatour repaireth with victorie
To Rome-ward, sayling ful roially, (870)
And mette the ship dryving, as seith the
storie,
In which Custance sit ful pitously. 970
No-thing ne knew he what she was, ne
why
She was in swich array; ne she nil seye
Of hir estaat, althogh she sholde deye.

He bringeth hir to Rome, and to his wyf
He yaf hir, and hir yonge sone also; 975
And with the senatour she ladde her lyf.
Thus can our lady bringen out of wo (879)
Woful Custance, and many another mo.
And longe tyme dwelled she in that place,
In holy werkes ever, as was hir grace. 980

The senatoures wyf hir aunte was,
But for al that she knew hir never the
more;
I wol no lenger tarien in this eas,
But to king Alla, which I spek of yore,
That for his wyf wepeþ and syketh
sore, 985
I wol retourne, and lete I wol Custance
Under the senatoures governance.

King Alla, which that hadde his moder
slayn, (890)
Upon a day fil in swich repentance,
That, if I shortly tellen shal and plain, 990
To Rome he comth, to receyven his
penance;
And putte him in the popes ordinance
In heigh and low, and Jesu Crist bisoghe
Foryeve his wilked werkes that he
wroghte. 994

The fame anon thurgh Rome toun is born,
How Alla king shal como in pilgrimage,
By herbergeours that wenten him biforn;
For which the senatour, as was usage, (900)
Rood him ageyn, and many of his linage,
As wel to shewen his heighre magnificeunce
As to don any king a reverence. 1001

Greet chere dooth this noble senatour
To king Alla, and he to him also;
Everich of hem doth other greet honour;
And so bifel that, in a day or two, 1005
This senatour is to king Alla go
To feste, and shortly, if I shal nat lye,
Custances sone wente in his companye.

Som men wolde seyn, at requeste of
Custance, (911)
This senatour hath lad this child to feste;
I may nat tellen every circumstance, 1011
Be as be may, ther was he at the leste.
But soth is this, that, at his modres heste,
Biforn Alla, during the metes space,
The child stood, loking in the kinges face.

This Alla king hath of this child greet
wonder, 1016
And to the senatour he seyde anon,
'Whos is that faire child that stondeth
yonder?' (920)
'I noot,' quod he, 'by god, and by saint
John!' 1019

A moder he hath, but fader hath he non
That I of woot'—but shortly, in a stounde,
He tolde Alla how that this child was
founde.

'But god wot,' quod this senatour also,
'So vertuous a liverē in my lyf, 1024
Ne saugh I never as she, ne herdo of mo
Of worldly wommen, mayden, nor of wyf;
I dar wel seyn hir hadde lever a knyf
Thurgh-out her breste, than been a wom
man wilke; (930)
Ther is no man conde bringe hir to that
prikke.'

Now was this child as lyk un-to Custance
As possible is a creature to be. 1031
This Alla hath the face in remembrance
Of dame Custance, and ther-on mused he
If that the childes moder were aught she
That was his wyf, and prively he sighte,
And spedde him fro the table that he
michte. 1036

'Parfay,' thoghte he, 'fantome is in myn
heed!
I oughte deme, of skilful jugement, (940)

That in the salte see my wyf is deed.'
And afterward he made his argument—
'What woot I, if that Crist have hider
y-sent 1041
My wyf by see, as wel as he hir sente
To my contree fro thennes that she
wente?"

And, after noon, hoom with the senatour
Goth Alla, for to seen this wonder chaunce.
This senatour dooth Alla greet honour,
And hastifly he sente after Custaunce.
But trusteth weel, hir liste nat to daunce
Whan that she wiste wherefor was that
sonde. (cxi) 102

(95) 1649
Unneth up-on hir feet she mighte stonde.

When Alla saugh his wyf, faire he hir
grette,

And weep, that it was routhe for to see.
For at the firste look he on hir sette
He knew wel verrailly that it was she.
And she for sorwe as domb stant as a tree;
So was hir herte shet in hir distresse 1056
Whan she remembred his unkindeness.

Twyēs she swowned in his owne sighte;
He weep, and him excuseth pitously:—
'Now god,' quod he, 'and alle his halwes
brighte' (1662)

So wisly on my soule as have mercy,
That of your harm as gilteles am I
As is Maurice my sone so lyk your face;
Ellesthe feend me fecche out of this place!

Long was the sobbing and the bitter peyne
Er that hir woful hertes myghte cesse;
Greet was the pitee for to here hem pleyne,
Thurgh whiche pleintes gan hir wo en-
cresse.

I prey yow al my labour to relese; (970)
I may nat telle hir wo un-til tomorrow, 1070
I am so wery for to speke of sorwe.

But fynally, when that the sooth is wist
That Alla gilteles was of hir wo,
I trowe an hundred tymes been they kist,
And swich a blisse is ther bitwix hem two
That, save the joye that lasteth evermo,
Ther is non lyk, that any creature 1077
Hath seyn or shal, whyl that the world
may dure. (980)

Tho preyde she hir housbond mekely,
In relief of hir longe pitous pyne, 108
That he wold preye hir fader specially
That, of lis magesteey, he wolde enclyne
To vouche-sauf som day with him to dyne;
She preyde him eek, he sholde by no weye
Un-to hir fader no word of hir seye. 108

Som men wold seyn, how that the child
Maurice

Doth this message un-to this emperor;
But, as I gesse, Alla was nat so nyce (990)
To him, that was of so sovereyn honour
As he that is of Cristen folk the flour, 1090
Sente any child, but it is bet to deme
Hewente him-self, and so it may wel sema.

This emperor hath graunted gentilly
To come to diner, as he him bisoghte;
And wel rede I, he loked bisyly 109
Up-on this child, and on his daughter
thoghte.

Alla goth to his in, and, as him oghte,
Arrayed for this feste in every wyse (1000)
As ferforth as his conning may suffyse.

The morwe cam, and Alla gan him dresse
And eek his wyf, this emperour to mete;
And forth they ryde in joye and in glad-
nesse. 110

And whan she saughir fader in the strete
She lighte doun, and falleth him to fete.
'Fader,' quod she, 'your yonge child
Custance' 110

Is now full gone out of your remembrance

I am your doghter Cüstancö,' quod she,
'That whylom ye han sent un-to Surrye.
It am I, fader, that in the salte see (101
Was put alone and dampned for to dye.
Now, gode fader, mercy I yow crye, 111
Send me namore un-to non hethenesse,
But thonketh my lord heer of his kinde
nesse.'

Who can the pitous joye tellen al
Bitwix hem three, sin they ben thus
y-mette?

But of my tale make an ende I shal;
The day goth faste, I wol no lenger lette.
This glade folk to diner they hem sette;

In joye and blisse at mete I lete hem
dwelle (1021) 1119

A thousand fold wel more than I can telle.

This child Maurice was sithen emperour
Maad by the pope, and lived Cristenly.
To Cristes chirche he dide greet honour ;
But I lete al his storie passen by,
Of Custance is my tale specially. 1125

In olde Romayn gestes may men finde
Maurices lyf ; I bere it nocht in minde.

Thisking Alla, whan he his tymesey, (1030)
With his Custance, his holy wyf so swete,
To Engeland been they come the righte
wey, 1130

Wher-as they live in joye and in quiete.
But litel whyl it lasteth, I yow hete,
Joye of this world, for tyme wol nat
abide;

Fro day to night it changeth as the tyde.

Who lived ever in swich delyt o day 1135
That him ne mooved other conscience,
Or ire, or talent, or som kin affray, (1039)
Envye, or pryd, or passion, or offence ?
I ne seye but for this ende this sentence,
That litel whyl in joye or in plesance 1140
Lasteth the blisse of Alla with Custance.

For deeth, that taketh of heigh and low
his rente,

When passed was a yeer, even as I gesse,
Out of this world this king Alla he hente,
For whom Custance hath ful gret hevi-
nesse. 1145

Now lat us preyen god his soule blesse !
And dame Custance, fynally to seye,
Towards the toun of Rome gooth her weye.

To Rome is come this holy creature, (1051)
And syndeth ther her frendes hole and
sounde : 1150

Now is she scaped al hir aventure ;
And whan that she hir fader hath y-founde,
Doun on hir kneſs falleth she to grounde ;
Weping for tendrenesse in herte blythe,
She herieth god an hundred thousand
sythe. 1155

In vertu and in holy almes-dede (1058)
They liven alle, and never a sonder wende ;
Til deeth departed hem, this lyf they lede.
And fareth now weel, my tale is at an ende.
Now Jesu Crist, that of his might may
sende 1160

Joye after wo, governe us in his grace,
And kepe us alle that ben in this place !
Amen.

Here endeth the Tale of the Man of Lawe; and next folweith the
Shipmannes Prolog.

* * * For L 5583 in Tyrwhitt's Text, see Group D, L 1.

THE SHIPMAN'S PROLOGUE.

Here biginneth the Shipmannes Prolog.

* * In Tyrwhitt's text, ll. 12903-12924.

Our hoste up-on his stiropes stood anon,
And seyde, 'good men, herkneth everich on;
This was a thrifte tale for the nones ! 1165
Sir parish prest,' quod he, 'for goddes bones,
Tel us a tale, as was thy forward yore.
I see wel that ye lerned men in lore
Can moche good, by goddes dignitee !'
The Personehimanswerde, 'ben'cите! 1170
What eyleth the man, so sinfully to swere?
Our hoste answerde, 'O Jankin, be ye there? 1180
I smelle a loller in the wind,' quod he.
'How ! good men,' quod our hoste, 'herkneth me;

Abydeth, for goddes digne passioune, 1175
For we shal han a predicacioun ;
This loller heer wil prechen us som-what.
' Nay, by my fader soule ! that shal be nat,'
Seyde the Shipman; 'heer he shal nat preche,
He shal no gospel glosen heer neteche. 1180
We leve alle in the grete god,' quod he,
'He wolde sownen som difficultee, 1190
Or springen cokkel in our clene corn ;
And therfor, hoste, I warne thee biforn,
My joly body shal a tale telle, 1185
And I shal clinken yow so mery a belle,
That I shal waken al this compayne ;
But it shal nat ben of philosophye,
Ne †physicses, ne termes quicnte of lawe ;
Ther is but litel Latin in my mawe.' 1190

Here endeth the Shipman his Prolog.

THE SHIPMANNES TALE.

Here biginneth the Shipmannes Tale.

A MARCHANT whylom dwelled at Seint Denys,
That riche was, for which men helde him wys ;
A wyf he hadde of excellent beautee,
And compaignable and revelous was she,
Which is a thing that causeth more dispence 1195
Than worth is al the chere and reverence
That men hem doon at festes and at daunces ;
Swiche salutacions and contenaunces
Passen as dooth a shadwe up-on the wal,

But wo is him that payen moot foral ; 1200
The sely housbond, algate he mot paye ;
He moot us clothe, and he moot us arraye, 1205
Al for his owene worship richely,
In which array we daunce jolily. 1204
And if that he noght may, par-aventure,
Or elles, list no swich dispence endure,
But thinketh it is wasted and y-lost,
Than moot another payen for our cost,
Or lene us gold, and that is perilous.
This noble Marchant heeld a worthy hous, 1210

For which he hadde alday so greet repair
For his largesse, and for his wyf was fair,
That wonder is ; but herkneth to my tale.
Amonges alle his gestes, grete and smale,
Ther was a monk, a fair man and a bold,
I trowe of thrity winter he was old, 1216
That ever in oon was drawing to that place.
This yonge monk, that was so fair of face,
Aqueinted was so with the gode man,
Sith that hir firste knoweliche bigan, 1220
That in his hous as famulier was he (31)
As it possible is any freend to be.

And for as muchel as this gode man
And eek this monk, of which that I bigan,
Were bothe two y-born in o village, 1225
The monk him claimeth as for cosinage ;
And he again, he seith nat ones nay,
But was as glad ther-of as fowel of day ;
For to his herte it was a greet plesaunce.
Thus been they knit with eterne alliaunce,
And ech of hem gan other for t'assure 1231
Of bretherhede, whyl that hir lyf may
dure. (42)

Free was daun John, and namely of
dispence,
As in that hous ; and ful of diligence 1234
To doon plesaunce, and also greet costage.
He noght forgat to yeve the leeste page
In al that hons ; but, after hir degree,
He yaf the lord, and sitthe al his meyne,
When that he cam, som maner honest
thing ; 1239
For which they were as glad of his coming
As fowl is fayn, whan that the sonne
up-ryseth. (51)

Na more of this as now, for it suffyseth.
But so bifel, this marchant on a day
Shoop him to make redy his array
Toward the toun of Brugges for to fare, 1245
To byen ther a porcion of ware ;
For which he hath to Paris sent anon
A messenger, and preyed hath daun John
That he sholde come to Seint Denys to
pleye 1249

With him and with his wyf a day or tweye,
Er he to Brugges wente, in alle wyse. (61)
This noble monk, of which I yow devyse,
Hath of his abbot, as him list, licence,
By-cause he was a man of heigh prudence,
And eek an officer, out for to ryde, 1255
Toseen hir graunges and hir bernes wyde ;

And un-to Seint Denys he comth anon.
Who was so welcome as my lord daun
John,

Our dere cosin, ful of curteisye ? 1259
With him broghte he a jubbe of Malvesye,
And eek another, ful of syn Vernage, (71)
And volatyl, as ay was his usage.
And thus I lete hem ete and drinke and
pleye,

This marchant and this monk, a day or
tweye.

The thridde day, this marchant up
aryseth, 1265
And on his nedes sadly him avyseth,
And up in-to his countour-hous goth he
To rekene with him-self, as wel may be,
Of thilke yeer, how that it with him stood,
And how that he despended hadde his
good ; 1270

And if that he encressed were or noon. (81)
His bokes and his bagges many oon
He leith bisorn him on his counting-bord ;
Ful riche was his tresor and his lond,
For which ful faste his countour-dore he
shette ; 1275

And eek he holde that no man sholde him
lette

Of his accountes, for the mene tym ;
And thus he sit til it was passed pryme.

Daun John was risen in the morwe also,
And in the gardin walketh to and fro, 1280
And hath his thinges seyd ful curteisly.

This gode wyf cam walking prively (92)
In-to the gardin, ther he walketh softe,
And him saleweth, as she hath don ofte.
A mayde child cam in hir companye, 1285
Which as hir list she may governe and gye,
For yet under the yerde was the mayde,
'O dere cosin myn, daun John,' she sayde,
'What eyleth yow so rathe for to ryse ?'
'Nece,' quod he, 'it oughte y-nough suffyse
Fyve hours for to slepe up-cn a night, (101)
But it were for an old appai'd wight,
As been thise wedded men, that lye and
dare

As in a forme sit a very hare,
Were al for-straight with houndes grete
and smale. 1295

But dere neece, why be ye so pale ?
I trowe certes that our gode man (107)
Hath yow laboured sith the night bigan,

That yow were nede to resten hastily? 1209
And with that word he lough ful merily,
And of his owene thought he wex al reed.

This faire wyf gan for to shake hir heed,
And seyde thus, 'ye, god wot al,' quod she;
'Nay, cosin myn, it stant nat so with me.
For, by that god that yaf me soule and lyf,
In al the reme of France is ther no wyf 1306
That lasse lust hath to that sory pley.
For I may singe "allas" and "weylawey,
That I was born," butto no wight,' quod she,
'Dar I nat telie how that it stant with me.
Wherfore I thinke out of this land to
wende, 1211 (121) 1311

Or elles of my-self to make an ende,
So ful am I of drede and eek of care.'

This monk bigan up-on this wyf to stare,
And seyde, 'allas, my nece, god forbide
That ye, for any sorwe or any drede, 1316
Fordoyour-self; butteleth me your grief;
Paraventure I may, in your meschief,
Conseille or helpe, and therfore tellethe me
Al your anoy, for it shal been secree; 1320
For on my porthors here I make an ooth,
That never in my lyf, for lief ne looth, (132)
Ne shal I of no conseil yow biwreye.'

'The same agayn to yow,' quod she,
'I seye; 1324
By god and by this porthors, I yow swere,
Though men me wolde al in-to peeces tere,
Ne shal I never, for to goon to helle,
Biwreye a word of thing that ye me telle,
Nat for no cosining ne alliance,
But verrailly, for love and affiance.' 1330
Thus been they sworn, and heer-upon they
kiste, (141)

And ech of hem tolde other what hem liste.
'Cosin,' quod she, 'if that I hadde
a space,

As I have noon, and namely in this place,
Than wolde I tellle a legende of my lyf, 1335
What I have suffred sith I was a wyf
With myn housbonde, al be he your cosyn.'
'Nay,' quod this monk, 'by god and saint
Martyn,

He is na more cosin un-to me 1339
Than is this leef that hangeth on the tree!
I clepe him so, by Seint Denys of Fraunce,
To have the more cause of aqueintaunce
Of yow, which I have loved specially (153)
Aboven alle wommen sikerly;

This swere I yow on my professiouin. 1345
Telleth your grief, lest that he comeadoun,
And hasteth yow, and gooth your wey
anon.'

'My dere love,' quod she, 'o my daun
John, (158)

Ful lief were me this conseil for to hyde,
But out it moot, I may namore abyde. 1350
Myn housbond is to me the worste man
That ever was, sith that the world bigan.
But sith I am a wyf, it sit nat me
To tellen no wight of our privete, 1354
Neither a-bedde, ne in non other place;
God shilde I sholde it tellen, for his grace!
A wyf ne shal nat seyn of hir housbonde
But al honour, as I can understande;
Save un-to yow thus muche I tellen
shal;

Ashelp me god, he is neglit worth at al 1360
In no degree the value of a flye. (171)
But yet me greveth most his nigardye;
And wel ye woot that wommen naturally
Desyren thinges sixe, as wel as I. 1364
They wolde that hir housbondes sholde be
Hardy, and wyse, and riche, and ther-to
free,

And buxom to his wyf, and fresh a-bedde.
But, by that ilke lord that for us bledde,
For his honour, my-self for to arraye,
A Sonday next, I moste nedes paye 1370
An hundred frankes, or elles am I lorn.
Yet were me lever that I were unborn (182)
Than me were doon a sclaundre or vil-
einye;

And if myn housbond eek it mighte espye,
I nere but lost, and therfore I yow preye
Lene me this somme, or elles moot I
dye. 1376

Dau John, I seye, lene me thise hundred
frankes;

Pardee, I wol nat faille yow my thankes,
If that yow list to doon that I yow praye, 1380
For at a certain day I wol yow paye,
And doon to yow what plesance and
servyce (191)

That I may doon, right as yow list devyse.
And but I do, god take on me vengeance
As foul as ever had Geniloun of France!

This gentil monk answerde in this
manere; 1385

'Now, trewely, myn owene lady dere,

I have,' quod he, 'on yow so greet a routhe,
That I yow swere and pligte yow my
trouthe,
That whan your housbond is to Flaundres
fare,
I wol delivere yow out of this care ; 1390
For I wol bringe yow an hundred frankes.'
And with that word he caugte hir by the
flankes, (202)

And hir embraceth harde, and kiste hir
ofte.

'Goth now your wey,' quod he, 'al stille
and softe,

And lat us dyne as sone as that ye may ;
For by my chilindre it is pryme of day. 1396
Goth now, and beeth as trewe as I shal be.'

'Now, elles god forbede, sire,' quod she,
And forth she gooth, as jolif as a pye,
And bad the cokes that they sholde hem
hye, 1400

So that men mighte dyne, and that anon.
Up to hir housbonde is this wyf y-gon, (212)
And knokketh at his countour boldely.

'Qui la?' quod he. 'Peter ! it am I,'
Quod she, 'what, sire, how longe wol ye
faste ? 1405

How longe tyme wol ye rekene and caste
Your sommes, and your bokes, and your
thinges ?

The devel have part of alle swiche reken-
inges !

Ye have y-nough, pardee, of goddes sonde ;
Com doun to-day, and lat your bagges
stonde. 1410

Ne leye nat ashamed that daun John (221)
Shal fasting al this day elenge goon ?
What ! lat us here a messe, and go we
dyne.'

'Wylf,' quod this man, 'litel canstow
devyne

The curious bisnesse that we have. 1415
For of us chapmen, al-so god me save,
And by that lord that cleped is Seint

Yve,

Scarsly amonges twelve ten shul thryve,
Continually, lastinge un-to our age. 1419
We may wel make chere and good visage,
And dryve forth the world as it may be,
And kepen our estaat in privathee, (232)
Til we be deed, or elles that we pleye
A pilgrimage, or goon out of the weye.

And therfor have I greet necessitee 1425
Up-on this quente world t'avysse me ;
For evermore we mote stonde in drede
Of hap and fortune in our chapmanhede.

To Flaundres wol I go to-morwe at day,
And come agayn, as sone as ever I may.
For which, my dere wylf, I thee biseke, (241)
As be to every wight buxom and meke,
And for to kepe our good be curious,
And honestly governe wel our hous. 1434
Thou hast y-nough, in every maner wyse,
That to a thrifty houshold may suffysse.
Thee lakketh noon array ne no vitaille,
Of silver in thy purs shal low nat faille.'
And with that word his countour-dore he
shetto,

And doun he gooth, no lenger wolde he
lette, 1440

But hastily a messe was ther seyd, (251)
And spedily the tables were y-leyd,
And to the diner faste they hem spedde ;
And richely this monk the Chapman fedde.

At-after diner daun John soberly 1445
This Chapman took a-part, and prively
He seyde him thus, 'cosyn, it standeth so,
That wel I see to Brugges wol ye go.
God and saint Austin spede yow and gyde !
I prey yow, cosyn, wysly that ye ryde ; 1450
Governeth yow also of your diete (261)
Atemprely, and nemely in this hete.
Bitwix us two nedeth no strange fare ;
Fare-wel, cosyn ; god shilde yow fro
care.

If any thing ther be by day or night, 1455
If it lye in my power and my might,
That ye me wol comande in any wyse,
It shal be doon, right as ye wol devyse.

O thing, er that ye goon, if it may be,
I wolde prey yow ; for to lene me 1460
An hundred frankes, for a wyke or tweye,
For certein beestes that I moste beye, (272)
To store with a place that is oures.

God help me so, I wolde it were yores !
I shal nat faille surely of my day, 1465
Nat for a thousand frankes, a myle-way.
But lat this thing be secree, I yow preye,
For yet to-night this beestes moot I beye ;
And fare-now wel, myn owene cosin
dere,

Graunt mercy of your cost and of your
chere.' (280) 1470

This noble merchant gentilly anon
Answerde, and seyde, 'o cosin myn, daun
John,

Now sikerly this is a smal requeste ;
My gold is yores, whan that it yow leste.
And nat only my gold, but my chaffare ;
Take what yow list, god shilde that ye
spare.

1476

But o thing is, ye knowe it wel y-nogh,
Of chapmen, that hir moneye is hir plogh.
We may creaunce whyl we have a name,
But goldlees for to be, it is no game. 1480
Paye it agayn whan it lyth in your ese ;
After my might ful fayn wolde I yow
plese.'

(292)

Thise hundred frankes he sette forth
anon,
And prively he took hem to daun John.
No wight in al this world wiste of this
 lone,

1485

Savinge this merchant and daun John
allone.

They drinke, and speke, and rome a whyle
and pleye,

Til that daun John rydeth to his abbeye.
The morwe cam, and forth this merchant
rydeth

To Flaundres-ward ; his prentis wel him
gydeth,

1490

Til he cam in-to Brugges merily. 1490
Now gooth this merchant faste and bisyly
Aboute his nede, and byeth and creaun-
eeth.

He neither pleyeth at the dees ne daun-
ceth ;

But as a merchant, shortly for to telle, 1495
He let his lyf, and there Ilete him dwelle.

The Sonday next this Merchant was
agon,

To Saint Denys y-comen is daun John,
With crowne and berd all fresh and newe
y-shave.

In al the houster has so litel a knave, 1500
Ne no wight elles, that he has ful fayn, (311)
For that my lord daun John was come
agayn.

And shortly to the point right for to gon,
This faire wyf accorded with daun John,
That for thise hundred frankes he sholde
al night

15:5

Have hir in his armes bolt-upright ;

And this accord parfourned was in dede.
In mirthe al night a bisy lyf they lede
Til it was day, that daun John wente his
way,

And bad the meynee 'fare-wel, have good
day !'

(320) 1510

For noon of hem, ne no wight in the toun,
Hath of daun John right no suspiciooun.
And forth he rydeth hoom to his abbeye,
Or where him list ; namore of him I seye.

This merchant, whan that ended was
the faire,

1515

To Saint Denys he gan for to repaire,
And with his wyf he maketh feste and
chere,

And telleth hir that chaffare is so dere,
That nedes moste he make a chevisance.
For he was bounde in a reconissaunce 1520
Topaye twenty thousand sheeld anon. (331)
For which this merchant is to Paris gon,
To borwe of certein frendes that he hadde
A certein frankes ; and somme with him
he ladde.

And whan that he was come in-to the toun,
Forgreet chertee and greet affeccioun, 1526
Un-to daun John he gooth him first, to
pleye ;

Nat for to axe or borwe of him moneye,
But for to wite and seen of his welfare,
And for to tellen him of his chaffare, 1530
As frendes doon whan they ben met
y-fere.

(341)

Daun John him maketh feste and mery
chere ;

And he him tolde agayn ful specially,
How he hadde wel y-boght and graciously,
Thanked be god, al hool his marchandyse.
Save that he moste, in alle maner wyse, 1536
Maken a chevisaunce, as for his beste,
And thanne he sholde been in joye and
reste.

Daun John answerde, 'certes, I am fayn
That ye in hele arocomen hoom agayn. 1540
And if that I were riche, as have I blisse,
Of twenty thousand sheeld shold ye nat
missee,

(352)

For ye so kindely this other day
Lente me gold ; and as I can and may,
I thanke yow, by god and by saint Jame !
But natheles I took un-to our dame, 1546
Your wyf at hoom, the same gold ageyn

Upon your bench; she woot it wel, certeyn,
By certein tokenes that I can hir telle.
Now, by your leve, I may no lenger dwelle,
Our abbot wol out of this toun anon; (361)
And in his compayne moot I gon. 1552
Grete wel our dame, myn owene nece
swete,

And fare-wel, dere cosin, til we mete?

This Marchant, which that was ful war
and wys, 1555
Creunced hath, and payd eek in Parys,
To certeyn Lumbardes, redy in hir hond,
The somme of gold, and gat of hem his
bond;
And hoom he gooth, mery as a papejay.
For wel he knew he stood in swich array,
That nedes moste he winne in that
viage 371

A thousand frankes above al his costage.
His wyf ful redy mette him atte gate,
As she was wont of old usage algate, 1564
And al that night in mirthe they bisette;
For he was riche and cleerly out of dette.
Whan it was day, this merchant gan
embrace

His wyf al newe, and kiste hir on hir face,
And up he gooth and maketh it ful
tough.

'Namore,' quod she, 'by god, ye have
y-nough!' 1570

And wantounly agayn with him she
pleyde; 381
Til, atte laste, that this Marchant seyde,
'By god,' quod he, 'I am a litel wrooth
With yow, my wyf, al-thogh it be me
looth.'

And woot ye why? by god, as that I
gesse, 1575

That ye han maad a maner straungenesse
Bitwixen me and my cosyn daun John.
Ye sholde han warned me, er I had gon,
That he yow hadde an hundred frankes
payed

By redy tokene; and heeld him yvel
apayed, 1580

For that I to him spak of chevisaunce,
Me semed so, as by his contenaunce. (392)
But nathelees, by god our hevene king,
I thoght nat to axe of him no-thing.

I prey thee, wyf, ne do namore so; 1585
Tel me alwey, er that I fro thee go,
If any dettour hath in myn absence
Y-payd thee; lest, thurgh thy negligence,
I mighte him axe a thing that he hath
payed.' (399) 1589

This wyf was nat afered nor affrayed,
But boldely she seyde, and that anon:
'Marie, I defye the falsemonk, daun John!
I kepe nat of hise tokenes never a deal;
He took me certein gold, that woot I weel!
What! yvel thedom on his monkessnonte!
For, god it woot, I wende, withouten doute,
That he had yeve it me bycause of yow,
To doon ther-with myn honour and my
prow,

For cosinage, and eek for bele chere
That he hath had ful ofte tymes here. 1600
But sith I see I stonde in this disjoint, (411)
I wol awurere yow shortly, to the point.
Ye han mo slakker detours than am I!
For I wol paye yow wel and redily
Fro day to day; and, if so be I faille, 1605
I am your wyf; score it up-on my taile,
And I shal paye, as sone as ever I may.
For, by my trouthe, I have on myn array,
And nat on wast, bistowed every deal.
And for I have bistowed it so weel 1610
For your honour, for goddes sake, I seye,
As be nat wrooth, but lat us laughe and
pleye. (422)

Ye shal my joly body have to wedde;
By god, I wol nat paye yow but a-bedde.
Forgive it me, myn owene spouse dere;
Turne hideward and maketh bettre
chere.' 1616

This marchant saugh ther was no
remedye,

And, for to chyde, it nere but greet folye,
Sith that the thing may nat amended be.
'Now, wyf,' he seyde, 'and I foryeve it
thee; 1620

But, by thy lyf, ne be namore so large;
Keep bet our good, this yeve I thee in
charge.' (432)

Thus endeth now my tale, and god us
sende

Taling y-nough, un-to our lyves ende.
Amen.

THE PRIORESS'S PROLOGUE.

Behold the mery wordes of the Host to the Shipman and to the
lady Prioress.

'WEL seyd, by *corpus dominus*,' quod our
hoste, 1625

'Now longe moot thou sayle by the coste,
Sir gentil maister, gentil marinere!
God yeve this monk a thousand last quad
yeer!

A ha! felawes! beth ware of swiche a
jape!

The monk putte in the mannes hood an
ape, 1630

And in his wyves eek, by saint Austin!
Draweth no monkes more un-to your in.
But now passe over, and lat us seke
aboute,

Who shal now telle first, of al this
route, (10)

Another tale; and with that word he
sayde, 1635

As curteisly as it had been a mayde,

'My lady Prioress, by your leve,
So that I wiste I sholde yow nat greve,
I wolde demen that ye tellen sholde

A tale next, if so were that ye wolde. 1640

Now wol ye vonche-sauf, my lady dere?'
'Gladly,' quod she, and seyde as ye
shal here. (18)

Explicit.

THE PRIORESSES TALE.

The Prologue of the Prioresses Tale.

Domine, dominus noster.

O Lord our lord, thy name how mer-
veilous
Is in this large worlde y-sprad—quod
she:—

For nocht only thy lande precious 1645
Parfourned is by men of dignitee,
But by the mouth of children thy bountee
Parfourned is, for on the brest soukinge
Som tym shewen they thyn heryngue.

Wherfor in laude, as I best can or may,
Of thee, and of the whyte lily flour 1651
Which that thee bar, and is a mayde
away, (10)

To telle a storie I wol do my labour;
Not that I may encresen hir honour;
For she hir-self is honour, and the rote
Of bountee, next hir sone, and soules
bote.— 1656

O moder mayde! o mayde moder free!
O bush unbrent, brenninge in Moyses
sighte,
That ravisedest down fro the deitee,
Thurgh thyn humblesse, the goost that in
th' alighte, 1660
Of whos vertu, whan he thyn herte
lighte,
Conceived was the fadres sapience, (20)
Help me to telle it in thy reverence!

Lady! thy bountee, thy magnificence,
Thy vertu, and thy grete humilitie 1665
Ther may no tonge expresse in no science;
For som-tyme, lady, er men praye to thee,
Thou goost biforn of thy benigneitee,
And getest us the light, thurgh thy preyere,
To gyden us un-to thy sone so dere. 1670

My conning is so wayk, o blisful quene,
For to declare thy grete worthinesse, (30)
That I ne may the weighte nat sustene,
But as a child of twelf monthe old, or
lesse, 1674
That can unnethes any word expresse,
Right so fare I, and therfor I yow preye,
Gydeth my song that I shal of yow seye.

Explicit.

Here biginneth the Prioresses Tale.
Ther was in Asie, in a greet citeme,
Amonges Cristen folk, a Jewerye,
Sustened by a lord of that contree 1680
For foule usure and lucre of vilanye,
Hateful to Crist and to his companye;
And thurgh the strete men mighe ryde
or wende, (41)
For it was free, and open at either ende.

A litel scole of Cristen folk ther stood
Doun at the ferther ende, in which ther
were 1686
Children an heep, y-comen of Cristen
blood,

That lerned in that scole yeer by yere
Swich maner doctrine as men used there,
This is to seyn, to singen and to rede, 1690
As smale children doon in hir childhede.

Among these children was a widwes sone,
A litel clergeon, seven yeer of age, (51)
That day by day to scole was his wone,
And eek also, wher-as he saugh th' image
Of Cristes moder, hadde he in usage,
As him was taught, to knele adoun and
seye

His *Ave Marie*, as he goth by the weye.

Thus hath this widwe hir litel sone y-
taught
Our blisful lady, Cristes moder dere, 1700
To worshipe ay, and he forgat it naught,

For sely child wol alday sone lere; (60)
But ay, whan I remembre on this matere,
Seint Nicholas stant ever in my presence,
For he so yong to Crist did reverence. 1705

This litel child, his litel book lerninge,
As he sat in the scole at his prymere,
He *Alma redemptoris herde* singe,
As children lerned hir antiphoner;
And, as he dorste, he drough him ner and
ner, 1710
And herkned ay the wordes and the note,
Til he the firste vers coude al by rote. (70)

Noght wiste he what this Latin was to
seye,
For he so yong and tendre was of age;
But on a day his felaw gan he preye 1715
T'expounden him this song in his langage,
Or telle him why this song was in usage;
This preyde he him to construe and de-
clare
Ful ofte tyme upon his knowes bare.

His felaw, which that elder was than he,
Answerde him thus: 'this song, I have
herd seye,
Was maked of our blisful lady free, (80)
Hir to salue, and eek hir for to preye
To been our help and socour whan we
deye. 1724

I can no more expounde in this matere;
I lerne song, I can but smal grammere.'

'And is this song maked in reverence
Of Cristes moder?' seyde this innocent;
'Now certes, I wol do my diligence 1729
To conne it al, er Cristemassee is went;
Though that I for my prymere shal be
shent,

And shal be beten thryes in an houre, (90)
I wol it conne, our lady for to honoure.'

His felaw taughte him homward prively,
Fro day to day, til he coude it by rote,
And than he song it wel and boldely
Fro word to word, according with the note;
Twyes a day it passed thurgh his throte,
To scoleward and homward whan he
wente; 1739
On Cristes moder set was his entente.

As I have seyd, thurgh-out the Jewerye
This litel child, as he cam to and fro, (100)
Ful merily than wolde he singe, and crye
O Alma redemptoris ever-mo.

The swetnes hath his herte perced so 1745
Of Cristes moder, that, to hir to preyse,
He can nat stinte of singing by the weye.

Our firste fo, the serpent Sathanas,
That hath in Jewes herte his waspes nest,
Up swal, and seide, 'O Hebraik peple,
allas!' 1750

Is this to yow a thing that is honest,
That swich a boy shal walken as him lest
In your despyt, and singe of swich sentence,
Which is agayn your lawes reverence?' (111)

Fro thennes forth the Jewes han conspyred 1755
This innocent out of this world to chace;
An homicyde ther-to han they hyred,
That in an aley hadde a privee place;
And as the child gan for-by for to pace,
This cursed Jew him hente and heeld
him faste, 1760
And kitte his throte, and in a pit him caste.

I seye that in a wardrobe they him threwe
Wher-as these Jewes purgenhir entraille.
O cursed folk of Herodes al newe, (122)
What may your yvel entente yow availle?
Mordre wol out, certein, it wol nat faille,
And namely ther th'onour of god shal sprede,
The blood out eryeth on your cursed dede.

'O martir, souded to virginitee, 1769
Now maystou singen, folwing ever in oon
The whyte lamb celestial,' quod she,
'Of which the grete evangelist, saint John,
In Pathmos wroot, which seith that they
that goon (131)
Biforn this lamb, and singe a song al newe,
That never, fleshly, wommen they ne
knewe.' 1775

This povre widwe awaiteth al that night
After hir litel child, but he cam noght;
For which, as sone as it was dayes light,

With face pale of drede and bisy thought,
She hath at scole and elles-wher him soght,
Til finally she gan so fer espye 1781
That he last seyn was in the Jewerye. (140)

With modros pitee in hir brest enclosed,
She gooth, as she were half out of hir
minde,
To every place wher she hath supposed
By lyklihede hir litel child to finde; 1786
And ever on Cristes moder meke and
kinde

She cryde, and atte laste thushe wroghte,
Among the cursed Jewes she him soghte.

She frayneth and she preyeth pitously
To every Jew that dwelte in thilke place,
To telle hir, if hir child wente ought for-by.
They seyde, 'nay'; but Jesu, of his grace,
Yaf in hir thought, inwith a litel space,
That in that place after hir sone she cryde,
Wher he was casten in a pit bisyde. 1796

O grete god, that parfournest thy laude
By mouth of innocents, lo heer thy might!
This gemme of chastitee, this emeraunde,
And eek of martirdom the ruby bright,
Ther he with throte y-corven lay upright,
He '*Alma redemptoris*' gan to singe (160)
So loude, that al the place gan to ringe.

The Cristen folk, that thurgh the strete
wente, 1804
In coomen, for to wondre up-on this thing,
And hastily they for the provost sente;
He cam anon with-outen taryng,
And herieth Crist that is of heven king,
And eek his moder, honour of mankind,
And after that, the Jewes leet he binde.

This child with pitons lamentacioun 1811
Up-taken was, singing his song alway;
And with honour of greet processioune
They carien him un-to the nexte abbay.
His moder swowning by the bere lay;
Unnethe might the peple that was there
This newe Rachel bringe fro his bere.

With torment and with shamful deth
echon 1766
This provost dooth thise Jewes for to
sterve 1819

That of this mordre wiste, and that anon ;
He holde no swich cursednesse observe.
Yvel shal have, that yvel wol deserve.
Therfor with wilde hors he dide hem
drawe, (181)
And after that he heng hem by the lawe.

Up-on his bere ay lyth this innocent 1825
Biforn the chief auter, whyl masse laste,
And after that, the abbot with his covent
Han sped hem for to burien him ful faste ;
And whan they holy water on him
caste,

Yet spak this child, whan spreyned was
holie water, 1830
And song—‘*O Alma redemptoris mater !*’

This abbot, which that was an holie man
As monkes been, or elles oughten be, (191)
This yonge child to conjure he bigan,
And seyde, ‘o dere child, I halse thee,
In vertu of the holie Trinitee, 1836
Tel me what is thy cause for to singe,
Sith that thy throte is cut, to my sem-
inge?’

‘My throte is cut un-to my nekke-boon,’
Seyde this child, ‘and, as by wey of kinde,
I sholde have dyedyd, ye, longe tyme agoon,
But Jesu Crist, as ye in bokes finde, (200)
Wil that his glorie laste and be in minde ;
And, for the worship of his moder dere,
Yet may I singe “*O Alma*” loude and
clere. 1845

This welle of mercy, Cristes moder swete,
I lovede alwey, as after my conninge ;
And whan that I my lyf sholde forlete,
To me she cam, and bad me for to singe
This antem verrailly in my deyinge, 1850

As ye han herd, and, whan that I had
songe,
Me thoughte, she leyde a greyn up-on my
tonge. (210)

Wherfor I singe, and singe I moot certeyn
In honour of that blisful mayden free,
Til fro my tonge of-taken is the greyn ;
And afterward thus seyde she to me,
“ My litel child, now wol I fecche thee
Whan that the greyn is fro thy tonge
y-take ; 1858
Be nat agast, I wol thee nat forsake.”

This holie monk, this abbot, him mene I,
Him tonge out-caughte, and took a-wey
the greyn,

And he yaf up the goost ful softly. (220)
And whan this abbot had this wonder
seyn,
His salte teres trikled down as reyn, 1864
And gruf he fil al plat up-on the grounde,
And stille he lay as he had been y-bounde.

The covent eek lay on the pavement
Weping, and herien Cristes moder dere,
And after that they ryse, and forth ben
went, 1869
And toke awey this martir fro his bere,
And in a tombe of marbul-stones clere
Enclosen they his litel body swete ; (230)
Ther he is now, god leve us for to mete.

O yonge Hugh of Lincoln, slain also
With cursed Jewes, as it is notable, 1875
For it nis but a litel whyle ago ;
Preye eek for us, we sinful folk unstable,
That, of his mercy, god so merciable
On us his grete mercy multiplye, (237)
For reverence of his moder Marye. Amen.

Here is ended the Prioresses Tale.

PROLOGUE TO SIR THOPAS.

Behold the murye wordes of the Host to Chaucer.

WHAN seyd was al this miracle, every man
As sobre was, that wonder was to see,
Til that our hoste jaben tho bigan,
And than at erst he loked up-on me,
And seyde thus, 'what man artow?' quod
he; 1885
'Thou lokest as thou woldest finde an
hare,
For ever up-on the ground I see thee stare.
Approche neer, and loke up merily.
Now war yow, sirs, and lat this man have
place;
He in the waast is shape as wel as I; 1890
This were a popet in an arm t'enbrace (11)

For any womman, smal and fair of face.
He semeth elvish by his contenaunce,
For un-to no wight dooth he daliaunce.
Sey now somewhat, sin other folk han
sayd; 1895
Telus a tale of mirthe, and that anoon; —
'Hoste,' quod I, 'ne beth nat yvel apayd,
For other tale certes can I noon,
But of a ryme I lerned longe agoon.'
'Ye, that is good,' quod he; 'now shul
we here 1900
Som deyntee thing, me thinketh by his
chere.' (21)

Explicit.

SIR THOPAS.

Here biginneth Chaucers Tale of Thopas.

LISTETH, lordes, in good entent,
And I wol telle verrayment
Of mirthe and of solas;
Al of a knyght was fair and gent 1905
In bataille and in tourneyment,
His name was sir Thopas.

Y-born he was in fer contree,
In Flaundres, al biyonde the see,
At Popering, in the place;
His fader was a man ful free,
And lord he was of that contree,
As it was goddes grace.

Sir Thopas wex a doghthy swayn,
Whyt was his face as payndemayn, 1915
His lippes rede as rose;

His rode is lyk scarlet in grayn,
And I yow telle in good certayn,
He hadde a semely nose.
His heer, his berd was lyk saffroun, 1920
That to his girdel raughte adoun;
His shoon of Cordewane.
Of Brugges were his hosen broun,
His robe was of ciclatoun,
That coste many a jame. 1925
He coude hunte at wilde deer,
And ryde an hauking for rivere,
With grey goshauk on honde;
Ther to he was a good archeer,
Of wrastling was ther noon his peer, 1930
Ther any ram shal stonde. (30)

Ful many a mayde, bright in bouri,
They moorne for him, paramour,
Whan hem were bet to slepe;
But he was chaste and no lechour,
And sweet as is the bremble-flour
That bereth the rede hepe.

And so bifel up-on a day,
For sothe, as I yow telle may,
Sir Thopas wolde out ryde;
He worth upon his stede gray,
And in his honde a launcegay,
A long swerd by his syde.

He priketh thurgh a fair forest,
Ther-inne is many a wilde best,
Ye, bothe bukke and hare;
And, as he priketh north and est,
I telle it yow, him hadde almost
Bitid a sory care.

Ther springen herbes grete and smale,
The lycorys and cetewale,
And many a clowe-gilofre;
And notemuge to putte in ale,
Whether it be moyste or stale,
Or for to leye in cofre.

The briddes singe, it is no nay,
The sparhawk and the papejay,
That joye it was to here;
The thrustelcok made eek his lay,
The wodedowve upon the spray
She sang ful loude and clere.

Sir Thopas fil in love-longinge
Al whan he herde the thrustel singe,
And priked as he were wood:
His faire stede in his prikinge
So swatte that men myghte him wringe,
His sydes were al blood.

Sir Thopas eek so wery was
For prikinge on the softe gras,
So fiers was his corage,
That doun he leyde him in that plas
To make his stede som solas,
And yaf him good forage.

'O seinte Marie, *ben'cite!*
What eyleth this love at me
To binde me so sore?

Me dremed al this night, pardree,
An elf-queen shal my leman be,
And slepe under my gore.

1935 An elf-queen wol I love, y-wis, 1980
For in this world no wonman is (80)
Worthy to be my make [T. 13722
In toune; [T. 13722
Alle othere wommen I forsake, [T. 13723
And to an elf-queen I me take 1985
By dale and eek by doune!'

1940 In-to his sadel he clamb anoon,
And priketh over style and stoon
An elf-queen for t'espwy, 1990
Til he so longe had ridden and goon (90)
That he fond, in a privee woon,
The contree of Fairye [T. 13731
So wilde; [T. 13734
1945 For in that contree was ther noon
† That to him dorste ryde or goon, 1995
Neither wyf ne childe.

1949 Til that ther cam a greet geaunt,
His name was sir Olifaunt,
A perilous man of dede;
He seyde, 'child, by Termagaunt, 2000
But if thou prike out of myn haunt, (100)
Anon I slee thy stede [T. 13743
With mace. [T. 13743
1955 Heer is the queen of Fayerye,
With harpe and pype and simphonye 2005
Dwelling in this place.'

1960 The child seyde, 'al-so mote I thee,
Tumorwe wol I mete thee
Whan I have myn armoure;
And yet I hope, *par ma fay,* 2010
That thou shalt with this launcegay (110)
Abyen it ful soure; [T. 13752
Thy mawe [T. 13752
Shal I percen, if I may,
Er it be fully pryme of day, 2015
For heer thou shalt be slawe.'

1965 Sir Thopas drew abak ful faste;
This geaunt at him stones caste
Out of a fel staf-slinge;
But faire escapeth child Thopas,
And al it was thurgh goddes gras, 2020 (120)
And thurgh his fair beringe.

Yet listeth, lordes, to my tale Merier than the nightingale, For now I wol yow roun How sir Thopas with sydes smale, Prikyn over hil and dale, Is come agayn to toune.		His sadel was of rewel-boon, His brydel as the sonne shoen, Or as the mone light.	2070
His merie men comanded he To make him bothe game and glee, For nedes moste he fighte With a geaunt with hevedes three, For paramour and jolitee Of oon that shoon ful brighte.	2030 (130)	His spere was of fyn ciprees, That bodeþ werre, and no-thing pees, The heed ful sharpe y-grounde; His stede was al dappel-gray, It gooth an ambel in the way Ful softly and rounde	(170) 2075 [T. 13815]
'Do come,' he seyde, 'my minstrales, And gestours, for to tellen tales Anon in myn arminge; Of romances that been roiales, Of popes and of cardinale, And eek of love-lykinge.'	2035 2040	In londe. Lo, lordes myne, heer is a fit! If ye wol any more of it, To telle it wol I fonde.	[T. 13815] 2080
They fette him first the swete wyn, And mede eek in a maselyn, And royal spicerye Of gingebreed that was ful fyn, And lycorys, and eek comyn, With sugre that is so trye.	2040 2045 (140)	Now hold your mouth, <i>par charitee</i> , Bothe knight and lady free, And herkneth to my spelle; Of bataille and of chivalry, And of ladyes love-drury Anon I wol yow telle.	(180) 2085
He dide next his whyte lere Of clooth of lake fyn and clere A breech and eek a sherte; And next his sherte an aketoun, And over that an habergeoun For percinge of his herte;	2050 (150)	Men speke of romances of prys, Of Horn child and of Ypotys, Of Bevis and sir Gy, Of sir Libeux and Pleyn-damour; But sir Thopas, he bereth the flour Of royal chivalry.	2090 (190)
And over that a fyn hauberk, Was al y-wroght of Jewes werk, Ful strong it was of plate; And over that his cote-armour As whyt as is a lily-flour, In which he wol debate.	2055 (150)	His gode stede al he bistrood, And forth upon his wey he glood As sparkle out of the bronde; Up-on his crest he bar a tour, And ther-in stiked a lily-flour, God shilde his cors fro shonde!	2095
His sheeld was al of gold so reed, And ther-in was a bores heid, A charboele bisyde; And there he swoor, on ale and breed, How that 'the geaunt shal be deed, Bityde what bityde!'	2060 (160)	And for he was a knight auntrous, He nolde slepen in non hous, But liggen in his hode; His brighte helm was his wonger, And by him baiteth his dextrer Of herbes fyne and gode.	2100 (200)
His jambœux were of quirboilly, His swerdes shethe of yvory, His helm of laton bright;	2065	Him-self drank water of the wel, As did the knight sir Percivel, So worthy under wede, Til on a day—	2105 (207)

Here the Host stinteth Chaucer of his Tale of Thopas.

PROLOGUE TO MELIBEUS.

'No more of this, for goddes dignitee,
Quod oure hoste, 'for thou makest me 2110
So wery of thy verray lewednesse
That, also wisly god my soule blesse,
Myn eres aken of thy drasty speche ;
Now swiche a rym the devel I biteche !
This may wel be rym dogrel,' quod he.

'Why so?' quod I, 'why wiltow lette me
More of my tale than another man,
Sin that it is the beste rym I can?' (10)

'By god,' quod he, 'for pleynly, at
a word,
Thy drasty ryning is nat worth a tord ;
Thou doost nought elles but' despensed
tyme, 2121
Sir, at o word, thou shalt no lenger
ryme.

Lat see wher thou canst tellen aught in
geste,
Or telle in prose somwhat at the leste
In which ther be som mirthe or 'som
doctryne.' 2125

'Gladly,' quod I, 'by goddes swete pyne,
I wol yow telle a litel thing in prose,
That oghe lyken yow, as I suppose, (20)
Or elles, certes, ye been to daungerous.
It is a moral tale vertuous, 2130
Al be it told som-tyme in sondry wyse
Of sondry folk, as I shal yow devyse.

As thus; ye woot that every evangelist,
That telleth us the peyne of Jesu Crist,
Ne saith nat al thing as his felaw dooth,
But natholes, hir sentence is al sooth, 2136
And alle acorden as in hir sentence,
Al be ther in hir telling difference. (30)
For somme of hem seyn more, and somme
lesse,

Whan they his pitous passioun expresse ;
I mene of Mark [and] Mathew, Luk and
John ; 2141

But doutelees hir sentence is al oon.
Therfor, lordinges alle, I yow biseche,
If that ye thinke I varie as in my speche,
As thus, thogh that I telle som-what more
Of proverbes, than ye han herd before,
Comprehended in this litel tretis here,
To enforce with the th'effect of my matere,
And thogh I nat the same wordes seye (41)
As ye han herd, yet to yow alle I preye,
Blameth me nat ; for, as in my sentence,
Ye shul not fynden moche difference
Fro the sentence of this tretis lyte
After the which this mery tale I wryte.
And therfor herkneth what that I shal
seye, 2155
And lat me tellen al my tale, I preye.' (48)

Explicit.

THE TALE OF MELIBEUS.

Here biginneth Chaucers Tale of Melibee.

§ 1. A yong man called Melibeus,
mighty and riche, bigat up-on his wyf
that called was Prudence, a doghter
which that called was Sophie./

§ 2. Upon a day bilel, that he for his
desport is went in-to the feeldes him to
pleye. / His wyf and eek his doghter

hath he left inwith his hous, of which the
dores weren fast y-shette. / Three of his
olde foos han it espyed, and setten laddres
to the walles of his hous, and by the
windowes been entred, / and betten his
wyf, and wounded his doghter with fyve
mortal woundes in fyve sondry places ; /

this is to seyn, in hir feet, in hir handes, in hir eres, in hir nose, and in hir mouth; and leften hir for deed, and wenten aveye. /

§ 3. Whan Melibeus retourned was into his hous, and saugh al this meschief, he, lyk a mad man, rendinge his clothes, gan to wepe and crye. /

§ 4. Prudence his wyf, as ferforth as she dorste, bisoughte him of his weping for to stinte; / but nat for-thy he gan to 2165 crye and wepen ever lenger the more. /

§ 5. This noble wyf Prudence remembred hir upon the sentence of Ovide, in his book that cleped is The Remedio of Love, wher-as he seith; / 'he is a fool that destourbeth the moder to wepen in the deeth of hir child, til she have wept hir fille, as for a certein tyme; / and thanne shal man doon his diligence with amiable wordes hir to reconforte, and preyen hir of hir weping for to stinte.' / For which resoun this noble wyf Prudence suffred hir housbond for to wepe and crye as for a certein space; / and whan she saugh hir tyme, she seyde him in this wyse. 'Allas, my lord,' quod she, 'why make ye your-self for to be lyk a fool? / For sothe, it aperteneth nat to a wys man, to maken swiche a sorwe. / Your daughter, with the grace of god, shal warisshe and escape. / And al were it so that she right now were deed, ye ne oughte nat as for hir deeth your-self to destroye.' Senek seith: "the wise man shal nat take to greet disconfort for the deeth of his children, / but certes he sholdes suffren it in pacience, as wel as he abydeth the 2170 deeth of his owene propre persone." /

§ 6. This Melibeus answerde anon and seyde, 'What man,' quod he, 'sholde of his weping stinte, that hath so greet a cause for to wepe? / Jesu Crist, our lord, him-self wepte for the deeth of Lazarus his freend.' / Prudence answerde, 'Certes, wel I woot, attempree weeping is no-thing defended to him that sorweful is, amonges folk in sorwe, but it is rather graunted him to wepe. / The Apostle Paul un-to the Romayns wryteth, "man shal rejoysse with hem that maken joye,

and wepen with swich folk as wepen." / But thogh attempree weping be y-graunted, outrageous weping certes is defended. / Mesure of weping sholde be 2180 considered, after the lore that techeth us Senek. / "Whan that thy freend is deed," quod he, "lat nat thyne eyen to moyste been of teres, ne to mucho drye; althogh the teres come to thyne eyen, lat hem nat falle." / And whan thou hast for-goon thy freend, do diligence to gete another freend; and this is more wysdom than for to wepo for thy freend which that thou hast lorn; for ther-inne is no bote. / And therfore, if ye governe yow by sapience, put awaye sorwe out of your herte. / Remembre yow that Jesus Syrak seith: "a man that is joyous and glad in herte, it him conserveth florisshing in his age; but soothly sorweful herte maketh his bones drye." / He seith eek thus: 2185 "that sorwe in herte sleeth ful many a man." / Salomon seith: "that, right as mottles in the shepes flees anoyeth to the clothes, and the smale wormes to the tree, right so anoyeth sorwe to the herte." / Wherfore us oughte, as wel in the deeth of our children as in the losse of our goodes temporels, have pacience. /

§ 7. Remembre yow up-on the pacient Job, whan he hadde lost his children and his temporel substance, and in his body endured and receyved ful many a grevous tribulacioun; yet seyde he thus: / "our lord hath yeven it me, our lord hath birraft it me; right as our lord hath wold, right so it is doon; blessed be the name of our lord." / To thise forescide things 2190 answerde Melibeus un-to his wyf Prudence: 'Alle thy wordes,' quod he, 'been sothe, and ther-to profitable; but trewely myn herte is troubled with this sorwe so grevously, that I noot what to done.' / 'Lat calle,' quod Prudence, 'thy trewe freendes alle, and thy linage whiche that been wyse; telleth your eas, and herkneth what they seye in conseilinge, and yow governe after hir sentence.' / Salomon seith: "werk alle thy thinges by conseil, and thou shalt never repente." /

§ 8. Thanne, by the conseil of his wyf

Prudence, this Melibeus leet callen a greet congregacioun of folk; / as surgiens, phisiciens, olde folk and yonge, and somme of hisse olde enemys reconciled as by hir semblaunt to his love and in-to his grace; / and ther-with-al ther comen somme of hisse neighebores that diden him reverence more for drede than for love, as it happeth ofte. / Ther comen also ful many subtile flatereres, and wyse advocates lerned in the lawe. /

§ 9. And whan this folk tegidre assembled weren, this Melibeus in sorwful wyse shewed hem his eas; / and by the manere of his speche it semed that in herte he bar a cruel ire, redy to doon vengeaunce up-on hisse foos, and sodeynly desired that the werre sholde biginne; / but natheles yet axed he hir conseil upon this matere. / A surgiен, by licence and assent of swiche as weren wyse, up roos and un-to Melibeus seyde as ye may here. /

§ 10. 'Sir,' quod he, 'as to us surgliens aperteneth, that we do to every wight the beste that we can, wher-as we been withholde, and to our pacients that we do no damage; / wherfore it happeth, many tyme and ofte, that whan twey men han everich wounded other, oon same surgiен heleth hem bothe; / wherefore un-to our art it is nat pertinent to norice werre, ne parties to supporte. / But certes, as to the warissinges of your doghter, al-be-it so that she perilously be wounded, we shullen do so ententif bisinesse fro day to night, that with the grace of god she shal be hool and sound as sone as is possible.' / Almost right in the same wyse the phisiciens answerden, save that they seyden a fewe wordes more: / 'That, right as maladyes been cured by hir contraries, right so shul men warisse werre by vengeaunce.' / His neighebores, ful of envye, his feyned freendes that semeden reconciled, and his flatereres, / maden semblant of weeping, and empireden and aggregated muchel of this matere, in preising greetly Melibee of might, of power, of richesse, and of freendes, despysinge the power of his

adversaries, / and seiden outrely that he anon sholde wreken him on his foos and biginne werre. /

§ 11. Up roos thanne an advocat that was wys, by leve and by conseil of othere that were wyse, and seyde: / 'Lordinges, the nede for which we been assembled in this place is a ful hevy thing and an heigh matere, / by-cause of the wrong and of the wilkednesse that hath be doon, and eek by resoun of the grete damages that in tyme cominge been possible to fallen for this same cause; / and eek by resoun of the grete richesse and power of the parties bothe; / for the whiche resouns it were a ful greet peril to erren in this matere. / Wherfore, 2215 Melibeus, this is our sentence: we conseille yow aboven alle thing, that right anon thou do thy diligence in kepinge of thy propre persone, in swich a wyse that thou ne wante noon espye ne wacche, thy body for to save. / And after that we conseille, that in thyn hous thou sette suffisant garnisoun, so that they may as wel thy body as thyn hous defende. / But certes, for to moeve werre, or sodeynly for to doon vengeaunce, we may nat demen in so litel tyme that it were profitable. / Wherfore we axen leyser and espase to have deliberacioun in this cas to deme. / For the commune proverbe seith thus: "he that sone demeth, sone shal repente." / And eek men seyn that 2220 thilke juge is wys, that sone understandeth a matere and juggeth by leyser. / For al-be-it so that alle taryng be annoyful, algates it is nat to repreve in reyvings of judgement, ne in vengeance-taking, whan it is suffisant and resonable. / And that shewed our lord Jesu Crist by ensample; for whan that the woman that was taken in avoutrie was broght in his presence, to knownen what sholde be doon with hir persone, al-be-it so that he wiste wel him-self what that he wolde awurde, yet ne wolde he nat awurde sodeynly, but he wolde have deliberacioun, and in the ground he wroot twyses. / And by thise causes we axen deliberacioun, and we shal thanne,

by the grace of god, conseille thee thing
that shal be profitable.'

§ 12. Up stirten thanne the yonge folk
at-ones, and the moste partie of that
companye han scorned the olde wyse
men, and bigonnen to make noyse, and
2225 seyden : that, / right so as whyl that iren
is hoot, men sholden smyte, right so, men
sholde wrekhen hir wronges whyle that
they been fresshe and newe; and with
loud voys they cryden, 'werre! werre!'

Up roos tho oon of thise olde wyse, and
with his hand made contenaunce that
men sholde holden hem stille and yeven
him audience. / 'Lordinges,' quod he,
'ther is ful many a man that cryeth
"werre! werre!" that woot ful litel what
werre amounteth. / Werre at his
beginning hath so greet an entree and so
large, that every wight may entre whan
him lyketh, and lightly finde werre. /
But, certes, what ende that shal ther-of
2230 bifalle, it is nat light to knowe. / For
soothly, whan that werre is ones bigonne,
ther is ful many a child unborn of his
moder, that shal sterue yong bycause of
that ilke werre, or elles live in sorwe and
dye in wrecchednesse. / And therfore,
er that any werre biginne, men moste
have greet conseil and greet deliberacion.' /
And whan this olde man wende
to enforceon his tale by resonis, wel ny
alle at-ones bigonne they to ryse for to
breken his tale, and beden him ful ofte
his wordes for to abregge. / For soothly,
he that precheth to hem that listen nat
heren his wordes, his sermon hem
anoyeth. / For Jesus Syrak seith: that
'musik in weeping is anoyous thing';
this is to seyn: as muche availleth
to speken bifore folk to whiche his
speche annoyeth, as dooth to singe
2235 biforn him that wepeth. / And whan
this wyse man saugh that him wanted
audience, al shamefast he sette him doun
agayn. / For Salomon seith: 'ther-as
thou ne mayst have noon audience,
enforce thee nat to speke.' / 'I see wel,'
quod this wyse man, 'that the commune
proverbe is sooth; that "good conseil
wanteth whan it is most nede,"'

§ 13. Yet hadde this Melibeus in his
conseil many folk, that priveiy in his ere
conseilled him certeyn thing, and con-
seilled him the contrarie in general
audience. /

Whan Melibeus hadde herd that the
gretteste partie of his conseil weren
accorded that he sholde maken werre,
anoon he consented to hir conseilling,
and fully affermed hir sentence. / Thanne
2240 dame Prudence, whan that she saugh how
that hir housbonde shoop him for to
wrekhen him on his foos, and to biginne
werre, she in ful humble wyse, when she
saugh hir tyme, seide him thise wordes: /
'My lord,' quod she, 'I yow biseche as
hertely as I dar and can, ne haste yow
nat to faste, and for alle guerdons as
yeveth me audience. / For Piers Alfonce
seith: "who-so that dooth to that other
good or harm, haste thee nat to quyten
it; for in this wyse thy freend wol abyde,
and thyn enemy shal the lenger live in
drede." / The proverbe seith: "he hasteth
wel that wysely can abyde"; and in
wikked haste is no profit.'

§ 14. This Melibee answerde un-to his
wyf Prudence: 'I purpose nat,' quod he,
'to werke by thy conseil, for many causes
and resounis. For certes every wight
wolde holde me thanne a fool; / this is
to seyn, if I, for thy conseilling, wolde
chaungen thinges that been ordeyned
and affermed by so manye wyse. /
Secoundly I seye, that allo wommen been
wikke and noon good of hem alle. For
"of a thousand men," seith Salomon,
"I fond a good man: but certes, of alle
wommen, good woman fond I never."/ And also certes, if I governed me by thy
conseil, it sholde seme that I hadde yeve
to thee over me the maistrie; and god
forbede that it so were. / For Jesus
Syrak seith, "that if the wyf have
maistrie, she is contrarious to hir hous-
bonde." / And Salomon seith: "never
in thy lyf, to thy wyf, ne to thy child, ne
to thy freend, ne yeve no power over thy-
self. For bettre it were that thy children
aske of thy persone things that hem
nedeth, than thou see thy-self in the

2250 handes of thy children."/ And also, if I wolde werke by thy conseilling, certes my conseilling moste som tyme be secrete, til it were tyme that it moste be knowe; and this ne may noght be. / [†For it is writen, that "the janglerie of wommen can hyden thinges that they witen noght."/ Furthermore, the philosophre seith, "in wilked conseil wommen venquishe men"; and for thise resounis I ne ow nat usen thy conseil.']/

§ 15. Whanne dame Prudence, ful debonairely and with greet pacience, hadde herd al that hir housbonde lyked for to seye, thanne axed she of him licence for to speke, and seyde in this wyse. / 'My lord,' quod she, 'as to your firsste resoun, certes it may lightly been answered. For I seye, that it is no folie to chaunge conseil whan the thing is chaunged; or elles whan the thing 2255 semeth otherwayes than it was biforn. / And more-over I seye, that though ye han sworn and bilihgt to perfourne your emprise, and nathelees ye weyve to perfourne thilke same emprise by juste cause, men sholde nat seyn therefore that ye were a lyer ne forsworn. / For the book seith, that "the wyse man maketh no lesing whan he turneth his corage to the bettre."/ And al-be-it so that your emprise be establisshed and ordeyned by greet multitude of folk, yet thar ye nat accomplice thilke same ordinaunce but yow lyka. / For the trouthe of thinges and the profit been rather founden in fewe folk that been wyse and ful of resoun, than by greet multitude of folk, ther every man cryeth and clatereth what that him lyketh. Soothly swich multitude is nat honeste. / As to the seconde resoun, where-as ye seyn that "alle wommen been wilke," save your grace, certes ye despysen alle wommen in this wyse; and "he that alle despyseth alle 2260 displeseth," as seith the book. / And Senek seith that "who-so wole have sapience, shal no man dispreise; but he shal gladly techen the science that he can, with-outen presumpcioun or prydye. / And swiche things as he nought ne can,

he shal nat been ashamed to lerne hem and enquire of lasse folk than him-self."/ And sir, that ther hath been many a good womman, may lightly be preved. / For certes, sir, our lord Jesu Crist wolde never have descended to be born of a womman, if alle wommen hadden ben wilke. / And after that, for the grete bountee that is in wommen, our lord Jesu Crist, whan he was risen fro deeth to lyve, appeered rather to a womman than to his apostles. / And though that 2265 Salomon seith, that "he ne fond never womman good," it folweth nat therfore that alle wommen ben wilke. / For though that he ne fond no good womman, certes, ful many another man hath founden many a womman ful good and trewe. / Or elles per-aventure the entente of Salomon was this; that, as in sovereyn bountee, he fond no womman; / this is to seyn, that ther is no wight that hath sovereyn bountee save god allone; as he him-self recordeth in his Evangelie. / For ther nis no creature so good that him ne wanteth somewhat of the perfeccioun of god, that is his maker. / Your thridde resoun is this: ye seyn that "if ye governe yow by my conseil, it sholde seme that ye hadde yeve me the maistrie and the lordshipe over your persone."/ Sir, save your grace, it is nat so. For if it were so, that no man sholde be conseilled but only of hem that hadden lordshipe and maistrie of his persone, men wolden nat be conseilled so ofte. / For soothly, thilke man that asketh conseil of a purpos, yet hath he free chois, whether he wole werke by that conseil or noon. / And as to your fourth resoun, ther ye seyn that "the janglerie of wommen hath hid thinges that they woot noght," as who seith, that "a womman can nat hyde that she woot"; / sir, thise wordes been understande of wommen that been jangleresses and wilked; / of whiche wommen, men seyn that "three things dryven a man out of his hous; that is to seyn, smoke, dropping of reyn, and wilked wyves"; / and of swiche wommen seith Salomon, that "it were bettre

dwell in desert, than with a womman
that is riotous." / And sir, by your leve,
that am nat I; / for ye han ful ofte
assayed my grete silence and my gret
pacience; and eek how wel that I can
hyde and hele thinges that men oughte
secreely to hyde. / And soothly, as to
your fifthe resoun, wher-as ye seyn, that
"in wikked conseil wommen venquisshē
men"; god woot, thilke resoun stant
here in no stede. / For understand now,
ye asken conseil to do wikkednesse; / and
if ye wole werken wikkednesse, and your
wyf restreyneth thilke wikked purpos,
and overcometh yow by resoun and by
good conseil; / certes, your wyf oughte
rather to be preised than y-blamed. /
Thus sholde ye understande the philo-
sophre that seith, "in wikked conseil
wommen venquisshēn hir housbondes." /
And ther-as ye blamen alle wommen and
hir resouns, I shal shewe yow by manye
ensamples that many a womman hath
ben ful good, and yet been; and hir
conseils ful hoolsome and profitable. /
Eek som men han seyd, that "the conseil-
linge of wommen is outherto dere, or
elles to litel of prys." / But al-be-it so,
that ful many a womman is badde, and
hir conseil vyle and noght worth, yet han
men founde ful many a good womman,
and ful discrete and wise in conseillinge. /
Lo, Jacob, by good conseil of his moder
Rebekka, wan the benisoun of Ysaak his
fader, and the lordshippe over alle his
bretheren. / Judith, by hir good conseil,
delivered the citee of Bethulie, in which
she dwelled, out of the handes of Olo-
fernus, that hadde it biseged and wolde
have al destroyed it. / Abigail delivered
Nabal hir housbonde fro David the king,
that wolde have slain him, and apayded
the ire of the king by hir wit and by hir
good conseilling. / Hester by hir good
conseil enhaunced greetly the peple of
god in the regne of Assuerus the king. /
And the same bountee in good conseilling
of many a good womman may men telle. /
And moreover, whan our lord hadde creat
Adam our forme-fader, he seyde in this
wyse: / "it is nat good to been a man

allone; make we to him an help sem-
blable to himself." / Here may ye se that,
if that wommen were nat goode, and hir
conseils goode and profitable, / our lord 2295
god of hevene wold never han wrought
hem, ne called hem help of man, but
rather confusiouf of man. / And ther
seyde ones a clerk in two vers: "what is
bette than gold? Jaspre. What is bettre
than jaspre? Wisdom. / And what is
bette than wisdom? Womman. And
what is bettre than a good womman?
No-thing." / And sir, by manye of oþre
resons may ye seen, that manye wommen
been goode, and hir conseils goode and
profitable. / And therfore sir, if ye wol
triste to my conseil, I shal restore yow
your doghter hool and sound. / And eek 2300
I wol do to yow so muche, that ye shul
have honour in this cause.' /

§ 16. Whan Melibee hadde herd the
wordes of his wyf Prudence, he seyde
thus: / 'I see wel that the word of
Salomon is sooth; he seith, that "wordes
that been spoken discreetly by ordinaunce,
been honycomes; for they even swet-
nesse to the soule, and hoolsomnesse to
the body." / And wyf, by-cause of thy
sweto wordes, and eek for I have assayed
and preved thy grete sapience and thy
grete trouthe, I wol governe me by thy
conseil in alle thing.' /

§ 17. 'Now sir,' quod dame Prudence,
'and sin ye vouche-sauf to been governed
by my conseil, I wol enforce yow how ye
shul governe your-self in chesinge of your
conseillours. / Ye shul first, in alle your
werkes,mekely biseken to the heigh god
that he wol be your conseillour; / and
shapeth yow to swich entente, that he
yeve yow conseil and confort, as taughte
Thobie his sone: / "at alle tymes thou
shalt blesse god, and praye him to dresse
thy weyes"; and looke that alle thy
conseils been in him for evermore. / Seint
Jame eek seith: "if any of yow have
nede of sapience, axe it of god." / And
afterward thanne shul ye taken conseil
in your-self, and examine wel your
thoghtes, of swich thing as yow thinketh
that is best for your profit. / And thanne 2310

shul ye dryve fro your herte three thinges
that been contrariouse to good conseil, /
that is to seyn, ire, coveitise, and hastif-
nesse. /

§ 18. First, he that axeth conseil of
him-self, certes he moste been with-outen
ire, for manye causes. / The firste is
this: he that hath greet ire and wratthe
in him-self, he weneth alwey that he
may do thing that he may nat do. / And
secoundely, he that is irous and wroth,
he ne may nat wel deme; / and he that
may nat wel deme, may nat wel conseille. / The thridde is this; that "he
that is irons and wrooth," as seith Senek,
"ne may nat speke but he blamethinges"; /
and with his vicious wordes he stireth
other folk to angre and to ire. / And
eek sir, ye moste dryve coveitise out of
your herte. / For the apostle seith, that
"covetise is rote of alle harmes." / And
trust wel that a coveitous man ne can
noght deme ne thinke, but only to fulfille
the ende of his covetise; / and certes,
that i.e. may never been accomplice; /
for ever the more habundance that he
hath of richesse, the more he desyreth. /
And sir, ye moste also dryve out of your
herte hastifnesse; for certes, / ye ne may
nat deme for the beste a sodeyn thought
that fulleth in youre herte, but ye moste
avyse yow on it ful ofte. / For as ye
herde biforn, the commune proverbe is
this, that "he that sone demeth, sone
repenteth." /

§ 19. Sir, ye ne be nat alwey in lyke
disposicioun; / for certes, som thing
that somtyme semeth to yow that it is
good for to do, another tyme it semeth
to yow the contrarie. /

§ 20. Whan ye han taken conseil in
your-self, and han demed by good deliber-
acion swich thing as you semeth best, /
thanne rede I yow, that ye kepe it
secre. / Biwrey nat your conseil to no
person, but-if so be that ye weneth sik-
erly that, thurgh your biwreying, your
condicoun shal be to yow the more
profitable. / For Jesus Syrak seith:
"neither to thy foo ne to thy freend
discover nat thy secrec ne thy folie; /

for they wol yeve yow audience and
loking and supportacioun in thy presence,
and scorne thee in thy absence." /
Another clerk seith, that "scarsly shalton
finden any persone that may kepe conseil
secrely." / The book seith: "whyl
that thou kepest thy conseil in thy
herte, thou kepest it in thy prisoun: /
and whan thou biwreyest thy conseil to
any wight, he holdeth thee in his
snare." / And therefore yow is bettre 2335
to hyde your conseil in your herte, than
praye him, to whom ye han biwreyed
your conseil, that he wole kepen it cloos
and stille. / For Seneca seith: "if so be
that thou ne mayst nat thyne owene conseil
hyde, how darstou prayen any other
wight thy conseil secrely to kepe?" /
But natheles, if thou wene sikerly that
the biwreying of thy conseil to a persone
wol make thy condicoun to stonden in
the bettre plyt, thanne shalton tellen
him thy conseil in this wyse. / First,
thou shalt make no semblant whether
thee were lever pees or werre, or this or
that, ne shewe him nat thy wille and
thyne entente; / for trust wel, that
communly thisse conseillours been flater-
ers, / namely the conseillours of grete 2340
lordes; / for they enforcen hem alwey
rather to spoken plesante wordes, enclyn-
inge to the lordes lust, than wordes that
been trewe or profitable. / And therfore
men seyn, that "the riche man hath sold
good conseil but-if he have it of him-
self." / And after that, thou shalt con-
sider thy freendes and thyne enemys. /
And as touchinge thy freendes, thou shalt
considere whiche of hem been most
feithful and most wyse, and eldest and
most approved in conseilling. / And of 2345
hem shalt thou aske thy conseil, as the
caas requireth. /

§ 21. I seye that first ye shul clepo to
your conseil your freendes that been
trewe. / For Salomon seith: that "right
as the herte of a man delyteth in savour
that is sote, right so the conseil of trewe
freendes yeveth swetenesse to the soule." /
He seith also: "ther may no-thing be
lykned to the trewe freend." / For

certes, gold ne silver beth nat so muche
 2350 worth as the gode wil of a trewe freend. /
 And eek he seith, that "a trewe freend
 is a strong deffense; who-so that it
 findeth, certes he findeth a greet tre-
 sour." / Thanne shul ye eek considere,
 if that your trewe freendes been dis-
 crete and wyse. For the book seith:
 "axe alwey thy conseil of hem that been
 wyse." / And by this same resoun shul
 ye clepen to your conseil, of your freendes
 that been of age, swiche as han seyn and
 been expert in manye thinges, and been
 approved in conseillinges. / For the
 book seith, that "in olde men is the
 sapience and in longe tyme the pru-
 dence." / And Tullius seith: that "grete
 thinges ne been nat ay accompliceid by
 strengthe, ne by delivernesse of body,
 but by good conseil, by auctoritee of per-
 sones, and by science; the whiche three
 thinges ne been nat feble by age, but
 certes they enforecen and encreesen day
 2355 by day." / And thanne shul ye kepe
 this for a general reule. First shul ye
 clepen to your conseil a fewe of your
 freendes that been especiale; / for Salo-
 mon seith: "manye freendes have thou;
 but among a thousand chese thee oon to
 be thy conseillour." / For al-be-it so
 that thou first ne telle thy conseil but
 to a fewe, thou mayst afterward telle it
 to mo folk, if it be nede. / But loke
 alwey that thy conseillours have thilke
 three condicouns that I have seyd bifore;
 that is to seyn, that they be trewe, wyse,
 and of old experience. / And werke nat
 alwey in every nede by oon counsellour
 alone; for somtyme bihoveth it to been
 conseilled by manye. / For Salomon
 2360 seith: "salvacioun of thinges is wher-as
 ther been manye conseillours."

§ 22. Now sith that I have told yow
 of which folk ye sholde been counsilled,
 now wol I teche yow which conseil ye
 oughte to eschewe. / First ye shul eschewe
 the conseilling offoles; for Salomon seith:
 "taak no conseil of a fool, for he ne can
 nocht conseille but after his owene lust
 and his affeccioun." / The book seith:
 that "the propretee of a fool is this; he

troweth lightly harm of every wight,
 and lightly troweth alle bountee in him-
 self." / Thou shalt eek eschewe the con-
 seilling of alle flatereres, swiche as en-
 forcen hem rather to preise your persone
 by flaterye than for to telle yow the
 soothfastnesse of thinges. /

§ 23. Wherfore Tullius seith: "amonges
 alle the pestilences that been in freend-
 shipe, the gretteste is flaterye." And ther-
 fore is it more nede that thou eschewe and
 dredre flatereres than any other peple. /
 The book seith: "thou shalt rather dredre
 and flee fro the swete wordes of flateringe
 preisieres, than fro the egre wordes of thy
 freend that seith thee thy sothes." /
 Salomon seith, that "the wordes of a
 flaterere is a snare to cacche with inno-
 cents." / Ile seith also, that "he that
 speketh to his freend wordes of swetnesse
 and of plesaunce, setteth a net biforn
 his feet to cacche him." / And therfore
 seith Tullius: "enclyne nat thyne eres to
 flatereres, ne taketh no conseil of wordes
 of flaterye." / And Caton seith: "avysse
 thee wel, and eschewe the wordes of
 swetnesse and of plesaunce." / And eek
 thou shalt eschewe the conseilling of
 thyne olde enimys that been reconciled. /
 The book seith: that "no wight re-
 tourneth sauily in-to the gracie of his
 olde enemy." / And Isope seith: "ne
 trust nat to hem to whiche thou hast
 had som-tyme werre or enmitie, ne telle
 hem nat thy conseil." / And Seneca
 tellethe the cause why. "It may nat be,"
 seith he, "that, where greet fyr hath
 longe tyme endured, that ther ne dwell-
 eth som vapour of warmnesse." / And
 therfore seith Salomon: "in thyng olde
 foo trust never." / For sikerly, though
 thyng enemy be reconciled and maketh
 thee chere of humilitie, and louteth to
 thee with his heed, ne trust him never. /
 For certes, he maketh thilke feyned hu-
 militie more for his profit than for any
 love of thy persone; by-cause that he
 demeth to have victorie over thy persone
 by swich feyned contenance, the which
 victorie he mighte nat have by stryf or
 werre. / And Peter Alfonse seith: "make
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no felawshipe with thyne olde enemys; for if thou do hem bountee, they wol pervertēn it in-to wikkednesse." / And eek thou most eschewe the conseilling of hem that been thy servants, and beren thee greet reverence; for paraventure they 2380 seyn it more for drede than for love. / And therfore seith a philosophre in this wyse: "ther is no wight parfityl trewe to him that he to soro dredeth." / And Tullius seith: "ther nis no might so greet of any emperour, that longe may endure, but-if he have more love of the peple than drede." / Thou shalt also eschewe the conseilling of folk that been dronkelewe; for they ne can no conseil hyde. / For Salomon seith: "ther is no privatee ther-as regneth dronkenesse." / Ye shul also han in suspect the conseilling of swich folk as conseille yow a thing privily, and conseille yow the contrarie openly. / For Cassidorie 2385 seith: that "it is a maner sleighe to hindre, whan he sheweth to doon a thing openly and werketh privily the contrarie." / Thou shalt also have in suspect the conseilling of wikked folk. For the book seith: "the conseilling of wikked folk is alwey ful of fraude;" / And David seith: "blisful is that man that hath nat folwed the conseilling of shrewes." / Thou shalt also eschewe the conseilling of yong folk; for hir conseil is nat rype. /

§ 24. Now sir, sith I have shewed yow of which folk ye shul take your conseil, and of which folk ye shul folwe the 2390 conseil, / now wol I teche yow how ye shal examine your conseil, after the doctrine of Tullius. / In the examininge thanne of your conseillour, ye shul considerere manye things. / Alderfirst thou shalt considerere, that in thilke thing that thou purposest, and upon what thing thou wolt have conseil, that verray trouthe be seyd and conserved; this is to seyn, telle trewely thy tale. / For he that seith fals may nat wel be conseilled, in that cas of which he lyeth. / And after this, thou shalt considerere the things that acorden to that thou purposest for to do by thy conseillours, if resoun

accorde thereto; / and eek, if thy might 2395 may atteine thereto; and if the more part and the bettre part of thy conseillours acorde thereto, or no. / Thanne shalton considerere what thing shal folwe of that conseilling; as hate, pees, werre, grace, profit, or damage; and manye otherthings. / And in alle thise things thou shalt chese the beste, and weyve alle othere things. / Thanne shalton considerere of what rote is engendred the matere of thy conseil, and what fruit it may conceyve and engendre. / Thou shalt eek considerere alle thise causes, fro whennes they been spongen. / And 2400 whan ye han examined your conseil as I have seyd, and which partie is the bettre and more profitable, and hast approved it by manye wyse folk and olde; / thanne shalton considerere, if thou mayst parfourne it and maken of it a good ende. / For certes, resoun wol nat that any man sholde biginne a thing, but-if he mighe parfourne it as him oughte. / Ne no wight sholde take up-on hym so hevy a charge that he mighe nat bere it. / For the proverbe seith: "he that to muche embraceth, distrey-neth litel." / And Catoun seith: "assay 2405 to do swich thing as thou hast power to doon, lest that the charge oppresse thee so sore, that thee bihoveth to weyve thing that thou hast bigonne." / And if so be that thou be in doute, whether thou mayst parfourne a thing or noon, chese rather to suffre than biginne. / And Piers Alphonse seith: "if thou hast might to doon a thing of which thou most repente thee, it is bettre 'nay' than 'ye';" / this is to seyn, that thee is bettre holde thy tonge stille, than for to speke. / Thanne may ye understande by strenger resonis, that if thou hast power to parfourne a werk of which thou shalt repente, thanne is it bettre that thou suffre than biginne. / Wel seyn 2410 they, that defenden every wight to assayre any thing of which he is in doute, whether he may parfourne it or no. / And after, whan ye han examined your conseil as I have seyd biforn, and knownen

wel that ye may parfourne youre emprise, conferme it thanne sadly til it be at an ende. /

§ 25. Now is it resoun and tyme that I shewe yow, whanne, and wherfore, that ye may chaunge your conseil with-outen your repreve. / Soothly, a man may chaungen his purpos and his conseil if the cause cesseth, or whan a newe caas bitydeth. / For the lawe seith: that "upon thinges that newly bityden 2415 bihoveth newe conseil." / And Senek seith: "if thy conseil is comen to the eres of thy enemy, chaunge thy conseil." / Thou mayst also chaunge thy conseil if so be that thou finde that, by errore or by other cause, harm or damage may bityde. / Also, if thy conseil be dishonest, or elles cometh of dishoneste cause, chaunge thy conseil. / For the lawes seyn: that "alle bilhestes that been dishoneste been of no value." / And eek, if it so be that it be impossible, or 2420 may nat goodly be parfourned or kept. /

§ 26. And take this for a general reule, that every conseil that is affermed so strongly that it may nat be chaunged, for no condicoun that may bityde, I seye that thilke conseil is wikked. /

§ 27. This Melibeus, whanne he hadde herd the doctrine of his wyf dame Prudence, answerde in this wyse. / 'Dame,' quod he, 'as yet in-to this tyme ye han wel and covenably taught me as in general, how I shal governe me in the chesinge and in the withholdinge of my conseillours. / But now wolde I fayn that ye wolde condescende in especial, / and telle me how lyketh yow, or what semeth yow, by our conseillours that we han chosen in our 2425 present nede.' /

§ 28. 'My lord,' quod she, 'I biseke yow in al humblesse, that ye wol nat wilfully replye agayn my resouns, ne distempre your herte though I speke thing that yow disples. / For god wot that, as in myn entente, I speke it for your beste, for your honour and for your profite eke. / And soothly, I hope that your benignitee wol taken it in pacience. /

Trusteth me wel,' quod she, 'that your conseil as in this caas ne sholde nat, as to speke properly, be called a conseilling, but a mocioun or a moevyng of folye; / in which conseil ye han erred in many a sondry wyse. /

§ 29. First and forward, ye han erred in thi'assemblinge of your conseillours. / For ye sholde first have cleped a fewe folk to your conseil, and after ye mighte han shewed it to mo folk, if it hadde been nede. / But certes, ye han sodeynly cleped to your conseil a greet multitude of peple, ful chargeant and ful annoyous for to here. / Also ye han erred, for there-as ye sholden only have cleped to your conseil your trewe freendes olde and wyse, / ye han y-cleped straunge folk, and yong folk, false flatereres, and enemys reconciled, and folk that doon yow reverence withouten love. / And eek also ye have erred, for ye han broght with yow to your conseil ire, covetise, and hastifnesse; / the whiche three thinges been contrariouse to every conseil honeste and profitable; / the whiche three thinges ye han nat anientissted or destroyed hem, neither in your-self ne in your conseillours, as yow oughte. / Ye han erred also, for ye han shewed to your conseillours your talent, and your affeccioun to make werre anon and for to do vengeance; / they han espyed by your wordes to what thing yo been enclynedy. / And therfore han they 2440 rather conseilled yow to your talent than to your profit. / Ye han erred also, for it semeth that yow suffyseth to han been conseilled by thise conseillours only, and with litel avys; / wheras, in so greet and so heigh a nede, it hadde been necessarie mo conseillours, and more deliberacioun to parfourne your emprise. / Ye han erred also, for ye han nat examined your conseil in the forseyde manere, ne in due manere as the caas requireth. / Ye han erred also, for ye han maked no division bitwixe your conseillours; this is to seyn, bitwixen your trewe freendes and your feyned conseillours; / ne ye han nat knowe 2445

the wil of your trewe freendes olde and wyse; / but ye han cast allehir wordes in an hochepot, and enclyned your herte to the more part and to the gretter nombre; and ther been ye condescended./ And sith ye wot wel that men shal alwey finde a gretter nombre of foles than of wyse men, / and therfore the conseils that been at congregacions and multitudes of folk, ther-as men take more reward to the nombre than to the sapience of personnes, / ye see wel that in swiche conseillinges foles han the maistrie.' / 2450 Melibeus answerde agayn, and seyde: 'I graunte wel that I have erred; / but ther-as thou hast told me heer-biforn, that he nis nat to blame that chaungeth hisse conseillours in certein caas, and for certaino juste causes, / I am al redy to chaunge my conseillours, right as thou wolt devyse. / The proverbe seith: that "for to do sinne is mannish, but certes for to persevere longe in sinne is werk of the devel."'

§ 30. To this sentence answerde anon 2455 dame Prudence, and seyde: 'Examineth,' quod she, 'your conseil, and lat us see the whiche of hem han spoken most resonably, and taught yow best conseil. / And for-as-muche as that the examinacioun is necessarie, lat us beginne at the surgiens and at the phisiciens, that first speken in this matere. / I sey yow, that the surgiens and phisiciens han seyd yow in your conseil discreetly, as hem oughte; / and in hir speche seyden ful wylly, that to the office of hem aper-teneith to doon to every wight honour and profit, and no wight for to anoye; / and, after hir craft, to doon greet dili-gence un-to the cure of hem whiche that 2460 they han in hir governaunce. / And sir, right as they han answered wylly and discreetly, / right so rede I that they been heighly and sovereynlly guerdoned for hir noble speche; / and eek for they sholde do the more ententif bisisnesse in the curacioun of your daughter dere. / For al-be-it so that they been your freendes, therfore shal ye nat suffren that they serve yow for noght; /

but ye oghite the rather guerdone hem and shewe hem your largesse. / And as touchinge the proposiciooun which that the phisiciens entretedene in this caas, this is to seyn, / that, in maladyes, that oon contrarie is warisshed by another contrarie, / I wolde fayn knowe how ye understande shilke text, and what is your sentence.' / 'Certes,' quod Melibeus, 'I understande it in this wyse: / that, right as they han doon me a contrarie, right so sholde I doon hem another. / 2470 For right as they han venged hem on me and doon me wrong, right so shal I venge me upon hem and doon hem wrong; / and thanne have I cured oon contrarie by another.'

§ 31. 'Lo, lo!' quod dame Prudence, 'how lightly is every man enclyned to his owene desyr and to his owene ple-saunce! / Certes,' quod she, 'the wordes of the phisiciens ne sholde nat han been understanden in this wyse. / For certes, wikkednesse is nat contrarie to wikkednesse, ne vengeance to vengeance, ne wrong to wrong; but they been sembla-ble. / And therfore, o vengeance is nat 2475 warisshed by another vengeance, ne o wrong by another wrong; / but everich of hem encreesceth and aggreggeth other. / But certes, the wordes of the phisiciens sholde been understanden in this wyse: / for good and wikkednesse been two contraries, and pees and werre, vengeance and suffraunce, discord and accord, and manye othere thinges. / But certes, wikkednesse shal be warisshed by goodnessse, discord by accord, werre by pees, and so forth of othere thinges. / 2480 And heer-to accordeth Seint Paul the apostle in manye places. / He seith: "ne yeldeth nat harm for harm, ne wikked speche for wikked speche; / but do wel to him that dooth thee harm, and blesse him that seith to thee harm." / And in manye othere places he amonesteth pees and accord. / But now wol I speke to yow of the conseil which that was yeven to yow by the men of lawe and the wyse folk, / that seyden alle by oon accord as ye han herd bifore; / that, over

alle thynges, ye sholde doon your diligence to kepen your persone and to warnestore ycur hous. / And seyden also, that in this caas ye oghten for to werken ful avysely and with greet deliberacioun. / And sir, as to the firste point, that toucheth to the keping of your persone; / ye shul understande that he that hath were shal evermore mekely 240 and devoutly preyen biforn alle thinges, / that Jesus Crist of his grete mercy wol han him in his proteccioune, and been his sovereyn helping at his nede. / For certes, in this world ther is no wight that may be conseilled ne kept suffisantly withouten the keping of our lord Jesu Crist. / To this sentence accordeth the prophete David, that seith: / "if god ne kepe the citee, in ydel waketh he that it kepereth." / Now sir, thanne shul ye commite the keping of your persone to your trewe freendes that been approved and 245 y-knowe; / and of hem shul ye axen help your persone for to kepe. For Catoun seith: "if thou hast nede of help, axe it of thy freendes; / for ther nis noon so good a phisicien as thy trewe freende." / And after this, thanne shul ye kepe yow fro alle straunge folk, and fro lyeres, and have alwey in suspect hir compayne. / For Piers Alfonce seith: "ne tak no compayne by the weye of a straunge man, but-if so be that thou have knowe him of a lenger tyme. / And if so be that he falle in-to thy compayne paraventure 250 withouten thyn assent, / enquire thanne, as subtilly as thou mayst, of his conversacioun and of his lyf bifore, and feyne thy wey; seye that thou goost thider as thou wolt nat go; / and if he bereth a spere, hold thee on the right syde, and if he bere a swerd, hold thee on the lift syde." / And after this, thanne shul ye kepe yow wysely from alle swich manere peple as I have seyd bifore, and hem and hir conseil eschewe. / And after this, thanne shul ye kepe yow in swich manere, / that for any presumpcioun of your strengthe, that ye ne dispysse nat ne acounte nat the might of your adversarie so litel, that ye lete the keping of your persone for your pre-

sumpcioune; / for every wys man dredeth 255 his enemy. / And Salomon seith: "weleful is he that of alle hath drede; / for certes, he that thurgh the hardinesse of his herte and thurgh the hardinesse of him-self hath to greet presumpcioun, him shal yvel bityde." / Thanne shul ye evermore countreyawte embussgements and alle espialle. / For Senek seith: that "the wyse man that dredeth harmes escheweth harmes; / ne he ne falleth in-to perils, that perils escheweth." / And al-be-it so 250 that it seeme that thou art in siker place, yet shaltow alwey do thy diligence in kepinge of thy persone; / this is to seyn, ne be nat necligent to kepe thy persone, nat only fro thy gretteste enimys but fro thy leste enemy. / Senek seith: "a man that is wel avysed, he dredeth his leste enemy." / Ovide seith: that "the litel wesele wol slee the grete bole and the wilde hert." / And the book seith: "a 255 litel thorn may prikke a greet king ful sore; and an hound wol holde the wilde boor." / But nathelees, I sey nat thou shalt be so coward that thou doute ther wher-as is no drede. / The book seith: that "somme folk han greet lust to deceyve, but yet they dreden hem to be deceyved." / Yet shaltow dredre to been empoisoned, and kepe yow from the compayne of scorneles. / For the book seith: "with scorneles make no compayne, but flee hir wordes as venim." /

§ 32. Now as to the seconde point, wher-as your wyse conseillours conseilled yow to warnestore your hous with gret diligence, / I wolde fayn knowe, how that ye understande thilke wordes, and what is your sentence.'

§ 33. Melibeus answerde and seyde, 'Certes I understande it in this wise; that I shal warnestore myn hous with toures, swiche as han castelles and othere manere edifices, and armure and artelleries, / by whiche thinges I may my persone and myn hous so kepen and defenden, that myne enimys shul been in drede myn hous for to approche.'

§ 34. To this sentence answerde anon Prudence; ‘warnestoring,’ quod she, ‘of heighe toures and of grete edifices apper-
2525 teneth som-tyme to prude; / and eek men make heighe toures and grete edifices with grete costages and with greet travaille; and whan that they been accom-
pliced, yet be they nat worth a stree, but-if they be defended by trewe freendes that been olde and wyse. / And understand wel, that the gretteste and strongeste garnison that a riche man may have, as wel to kepen his persone as hise goodes, is / that he be biloved amonges his sub-
jects and with hise neighebores. / For thus seith Tullius: that “ther is a maner garnison that no man may venisoune ne disconfite, and that is, / a lord to be biloved of hise eitezins and of his
2530 peple.” /

§ 35. Now sir, as to the thridde point; wher-as your olde and wise conseillours seyden, that yow ne oughte nat sodeynly ne hastily proceden in this nede, / but that yow oughte purveyen and apparaillen yow in this caas with greet diligence and greet deliberacioun; / trewely, I trowe that they seyden right wysly and right sooth. / For Tullius seith, “in every nede, er thou biginne it, apparaille thee with greet diligence.” / Thanne seye I, that in vengeance-taking, in werre, in bataille, and in warnestoring, / er thou biginne, I rede that thou apparaile thee ther-to, and do it with greet deliberacioun. / For Tullius seith: that “long apparailling biforn the bataille maketh short victorie.” / And Cassidorus seith: “the garnison is stronger whan it is longe tyme avysed.” /

§ 36. But now lat us speken of the conseil that was accorded by your neighebores, swiche as doon yow reverence withouten love, / your olde enemys recon-
2540 ciled, your flatereres / that conseilled yow certeyne thinges privily, and openly conseilleden yow the contrarie; / the yonge folk also, that conseilleden yow to venge yow and make werre anon. / And certes, sir, as I have seyd biforn, ye han greetly erred to han cleped swich maner folk to

your conseil; / which conseillours been y-nogh repreved by the resouns aforeseyd. / But nathelees, lat us now descende to the special. Ye shul first procede after the doctrine of Tullius. / 2545 Certes, the trouthe of this matere or of this conseil nedeth nat diligently enquire; / for it is wel wist whiche they been that han doon to yow this trespass and vileyne, / and how manye trespassours, and in what manere they han to yow doon al this wrong and al this vileyne. / And after this, thanne shul ye examine the seconde condicoun, which that the same Tullius addeth in this matere. / For Tullius put a thing, which that he clepeth “consentinge,” this is to seyn; / who been they and how manye, 2550 and whiche been they, that consenteden to thy conseil, in thy wilfulness to doon hastif vengeance. / And lat us considere also who been they, and how manye been they, and whiche been they, that consenteden to your adversaries. / And certes, as to the firste poynt, it is wel knownen whiche folk been they that consenteden to your hastif wilfulness; / for trewely, alle tho that conseilleden yow to maken sodeyn werre ne been nat your freendes. / Lat us now considere whiche been they, that ye holde so greetly your freendes as to your persone. / For 2555 al-be-it so that ye be mighty and riche, certes ye ne been nat but allone. / For certes, ye ne han no child but a daughter; / ne ye ne han bretheren ne cosins germayns, ne noon other neigh kinrede, / wherfore that your enemys, for drede, sholde stinte to plede with yow or to destroye your persone. / Ye knownen also, that your richesses moten been dispended in diverse parties; / and whan that every wight hath his part, they ne wollen taken but litel reward to venge thy deeth. / But thyne enemys been three, and they han manie children, bretheren, cosins, and other nykinrede; / and, though so were that thou haddest slain of hem two or three, yet dwellen ther y-nowe to wreken hir deeth and to slee thy persone. / And though so be

that your kinrede be more siker and stedefast than the kin of your adversarie, / yet nathelees your kinrede nis but a fer kinrede; they been but litel sib
 2565 to yow, / and the kin of your enimys been ny sib to hem. And certes, as in that, hir condicoun is bet than youres. / Thanne lat us considere also if the conseilling of hem that conseilleden yow to taken sodeyn vengeance, whether it accorde to resoun? / And certes, ye knowe wel "nay." / For as by right and resoun, ther may no man taken vengeance on no wight, but the juge that hath the jurisdiccion of it, / whan it is graunted him to take thilke vengeance, hastily or
 2570 attemprely, as the lawe requireth. / And yet more-over, of thilke word that Tullius clepeth "consenting," / thou shalt considere if thy might and thy power may consenten and suffyse to thy wilfulness and to thy conseillours. / And certes, thou mayst wel seyn that "nay." / For sikerly, as for to speke proprely, we may do no-thing but only swich thing as we may doon rightfully. / And certes, rightfully ne mowe ye take no vengeance as of
 2575 your propre auctoritee. / Thanne mowe ye seen, that your power ne consenteth nat ne accordeth nat with your wilfulness. / Lat us now examine the thridde point that Tullius clepeth "consequent." / Thou shalt understande that the vengeance that thou purposest for to take is the consequent. / And ther-of folweth another vengeance, peril, and werre; and othere damages with-oute nombre, of
 whiche we be nat war as at this tyme. / And as touchinge the fourthe point, that
 2580 Tullius clepeth "engendringe," / thou shalt considere, that this wrong which that is doon to thee is engendred of the hate of thyne enimys; / and of the vengeance-takinge upon that wolde engendre another vengeance, and muchel sorwe and wastinge of richesses, as I seyde. /

§ 37. Now sir, as to the point that Tullius clepeth "causes," which that is the laste point, / thou shalt understande that the wrong that thou hast receyved

hath certeine causes, / whiche that clerkes clepen *Oriens* and *Efficiens*, and *Causa longinqua* and *Causa propinquia*; this is to seyn, the fer cause and the ny cause. / The fer cause is almighty god, 2585 that is cause of alle thinges. / The neer cause is thy three enimys. / The cause accidental was hate. / The cause material been the fyve woundes of thy doghter. / The cause formal is the manere of hir werkinge, that broghten laddres and cloumben in at thy windowes. / The cause final was for to slee thy doghter; it letted nat in as muche as in hem was. / But for to speken of the fer cause, as to what ende they shul come, or what shal finally bityde of hem in this caas, ne can I nat deme but by conjectinge and by supposinge. / For we shul suppose that they shul come to a wikked ende, / because that the Book of Decrees seith: "selden or with greet peyne been causes y-brought to good ende whanne they been baddely bigonne." /

§ 38. Now sir, if men wolde axe me, why that god suffred men to do yow this vileinye, certes, I can nat wel awnswere as for no sothfastnesse. / For th'apostle 2595 seith, that "the sciences and the juggementz of our lord god almighty been ful depe; / ther may no man comprehendene serchen hem suffisantly." / Nathelees, by certeyne presumpcions and conjectinges, I holde and bileyve / that god, which that is ful of justice and of right-wisnesse, hath suffred this bityde by juste cause resonable. /

§ 39. Thy name is Melibee, this is to seyn, "a man that drinketh hony." / 2600 Thou hast y-dronke so muchel hony of swete temporel richesses and delices and honours of this world, / that thou art dronken; and hast forgeten Jesu Crist thy creatour; / thou ne hast nat doon to him swich honour and reverence as thee oughte. / Ne thou ne hast nat wel y-taken kepe to the wordes of Ovide, that seith: / "under the hony of the godes of the body is hid the venim that sleeth the soule." / And Salomon seith, 2605 "if thou hast founden hony, ete of it that

suffyseth; / for if thou ete of it out of mesure, thou shalt spewe," and be nedys and povre. / And peraventure Crist hath thee in despit, and hath turned away fro thee his face and his eres of misericorde; / and also he hath suffred that thou hast been punisched in the manere that thou hast y-trespassed. / Thou hast doon sinne agayn our lord Crist; / for certes, the three enemys of mankinde, that is to seyn, the flessh, the feend, and the world, / thou hast suffred hem entre in-to thyne herte wilfully by the windowes of thy body, / and hast nat defended thyself suffisantly agayns his assautes and his temptacions, so that they han wounded thy soule in fyve places; / this is to seyn, the deedly sinnes that been entred in-to thyne herte by the fyve wittes. / And in the same manere our lord Crist hath wold and suffred, that thy three enemys been entred in-to thyne hous 2615 by the windowes, / and han y-wounded thy daughter in the fore-seyde manere.'

§ 40. 'Certes,' quod Melibee, 'I see wel that ye enforce yow muchel by wordes to overcome me in swich manere, that I shal nat venge me of myne enemys; / shewinge me the perils and the yveles that migheten falle of this vengeance. / But who-so wolde considere in alle vengeances the perils and yveles that mighete sewe or 2620 vengeance-takinge, / a man wolde never take vengeance, and that were harm; / for by the vengeance-takinge been the wikked men dissevered fro the gode men. / And they that han wil to do wikkednesse restreyne hir wikked purpos, whan they seen the punisinge and chastysinge of the trespassours.' / [†And to this answerde dame Prudence: 'Certes,' seyde she, 'I graunte wel that of vengeance cometh muchel yvel and muchel good; / but vengeance-takinge aperteneth nat unto everichoon, but only unto juges and unto hem that han jurisdiccion upon the trespassours.]/ And yet seye I more, that right as a singuler persone sinneth in takinge vengeance of another 2625 man, / right so sinneth the juge if he do no vengeance of hem that it han de-

served. / For Senek seith thus: "that maister," he seith, "is good that proveth shrewes." / And as Cassidore seith: "A man dredeth to do outrages, whan he woot and knoweth that it displeseth to the juges and sovereyns." / And another seith: "the juge that dredeth to do right, maketh men shrewes." / And Seint Paule the apostle seith in his epistle, whan he wryteth un-to the Romayns: that "the juges beren nat the spere with-outen cause;" / but they beren it to punisse 2630 the shrewes and misdoeres, and for to defende the gode men. / If ye wol thanne take vengeance of your enemys, ye shul retourne or have your recours to the juge that hath the jurisdiccion up-on hem; / and he shal punisse hem as the lawe axeth and requyreth.'

§ 41. 'A!' quod Melibee, 'this vengeance lyketh me no-thing. / I bithenke me now and take hede, how fortune hath norissted me fro my childhede, and hath holpen me to passe many a strong pas. / Now wol I assayen hir, trowinge, with goddes help, that she shal helpe me my shame for to venge.' /

§ 42. 'Certes,' quod Prudence, 'if ye wol werke by my conseil, ye shul nat assayne fortune by no wey; / ne ye shul nat lene or bowe unto hir, after the word of Senek: / for "thinges that been folily doon, and that been in hope of fortune, shullen never come to good ende." / And as the same Senek seith: "the more cleer and the more shyning that fortune is, the more brotil and the sonner broken she is." / Trusteth nat in hir, for she nis 2640 nat stidefast ne stable; / for whan thou trowest to be most seur or siker of hir help, she wol faille thee and deceyve thee. / And wheras ye seyn that fortune hath norissted yow fro your childhede, / I seye, that in so muchel shul ye the lasse truse in hir and in hir wit. / For Senek seith: "what man that is norissted by fortune, she maketh him a greet fool." / Now thanne, sin ye desyre and 2645 axe vengeance, and the vengeance that is doon after the lawe and bifore the juge ne lyketh yow nat, / and the vengeance

that is doon in hope of fortune is perilous and uncertain, / thanne have ye noon other remedie but for to have your recours unto the sovereyn juge that vengeth alle vileinyes and wronges; / and he shal venge yow after that him-self witnesseth, wher-as he seith: / "leveth 2650 the vengeance to me, and I shal do it."/

§ 43. Melibee answerde, 'if I ne venge me nat of the vileinye that men han doon to me, / I sompne or warne hem that han doon to me that vileinye and alle othere, to do me another vileinye. / For it is writen: "if thou take no vengeance of an old vileinye, thou sompnest thyne adversaries to do thee a newe vileinye."/ And also, for my suffrance, men wolden do to me so muchel vileinye, that I mighte neither bere it ne sustene; / and so sholde I been put and holden over lowe. / For men seyn: "in muchel suffringe shul manye things falle un-to thee whiche thou shalt nat mowe suffre."/

§ 44. 'Certes,' quod Prudence, 'I graunte yow that over muchel suffraunce nis nat good; / but yet ne folweth it nat ther-of, that every persone to whom men doon vileinye take of it vengeance; / for that aperteneth and longeth al only to the juges, for they shul venge the vileinyes and iniuries. / And ther-fore tho two auctoritees that ye han seyd above, been 2660 only understanden in the jinges; / for whan they suffren over muchel the wronges and the vileinyes to be doon withouten punisshinge, / they sompne nat a man al only for to do newe wronges, but they comanden it. / Also a wys man seith: that "the juge that correcteth nat the sinnere comandeth and biddeth him do sinne."/ And the juges and sovereyns mightien in hir land so muchel suffre of the shrewes and misdoeres, / that they sholden by swich suffrance, by proces of tyme, wexen of swich power and might, that they sholden putte out the juges 2665 and the sovereyns from hir places, / and atte laste maken hem lesen hir lordships./

§ 45. But lat us now putte, that ye

have leve to venge yow. / I seye ye been nat of might and power as now to venge yow. / For if ye wole maken comparisoun un-to the might of your adversaries, ye shul finde in manye thinges, that I have shewed yow er this, that hir condicoun is bettre than youtes. / And therfore seye I, that it is good as now that ye suffre and be pacient. /

§ 46. Forther-more, ye knownen wel that, after the comune sawe, "it is a woodnesse a man to stryve with a strenger or a more mighty man than he is him-self; / and for to stryve with a man of evene strengthe, that is to seyn, with as strong a man as he, it is peril; / and for to stryve with a weyker man, it is folie."/ And therfore sholde a man flee stryvinge as muchel as he mighte. / For Salomon seith: "it is a greet worship to a man to kepen him fro noyse and stryf."/ And if it so 2675 bifulle or happe that a man of gretter might and strengthe than thou art do thee grevaunce, / studie and bisie thee rather to stille the same grevaunce, than for to venge thee. / For Senek seith: that "he putteth him in greet peril that stryveth with a gretter man than he is him-self."/ And Catoun seith: "if a man of hyer estaat or degree, or more mighty than thou, do thee anoy or grevaunce, suffre him; / for he that ones hath greved thee may another tyme releve thee and helpe."/ Yet sette I 2680 caas, ye have bothe might and licence for to venge yow. / I seye, that ther be ful manye things that shul restreyne yow of vengeance-takinge, / and make yow for to enclyne to suffre, and for to han pacience in the thinges that han been doon to yow. / First and forward, if ye wole considere the defautes that been in your owene persone, / for whiche defautes god hath suffred yow have this tribulacion, as I have seyd yow heer-biforn. / For the poete seith, that "we oughte paciently taken the tribulacions that comen to us, whan we thinken and consideren that we han deserved to have hem."/ And Seint Gregorie seith: that "whan a man considereth wel the nombre

of hisse defautes and of his sinnes, / the peynes and the tribulaciouns that he suffreth semen the lesse un-to hym ; / and in-as-muche as him thinketh hisse sinnes more hevy and grevous, / in-some2690 miche semeth his peyne the lighter and the esier un-to him." / Also ye owen to enclyne and bowe your herte to take the pacience of our lord Jesu Crist, as seith saint Peter in his epistles : / "Jesu Crist," he seith, "hath suffred for us, and yeven ensample to every man to folwa and sewe him ; / for he dide never sinne, ne never cam ther a vileinous word out of his mouth : / whan men cursed him, he cursed hem nocht ; and whan men betten him, he manaced hem nocht." / Also the grete pacience, which

2695 the saintes that been in paradys han had in tribulaciouns that they han y-suffred, with-outen hir desert or gilt, / oghe muchel stiren yow to pacience. / Furthermore, ye sholde enforce yow to have pacience, / consideringe that the tribulaciouns of this world but litel whyle endure, and sone passed been and goon. / And the joye that a man seketh to have by pacience in tribulaciouns is perdurable, after that the apostle seith in his epistle : / "the joye of god," he seith, "is perdurable," that is

2700 to seyn, everlastinge. / Also troweth and bileyeth stedefastly, that he nis nat wel y-norissed ne wel y-taught, that can nat have pacience or wol nat receyve pacience. / For Salomon seith : that "the doctrine and the wit of a man is knownen by pacience." / And in another place he seith : that "he that is pacient governeth him by greet prudence." / And the same Salomon seith : "the angry and wrathful man maketh noyses, and the pacient man atempreth hem and stilletteth." / He seith also : "it is more worth to be pacient than for to be right strong ; / and he that may have the lordshippe of his owene herte is more to preyse, than he that by his force or strengthe taketh grete citees." / And therfore seith saint Jame in his epistle : that "pacience is a greet vertu of perfecciou[n]." /

§ 47. 'Certes,' quod Melibee, 'I grauntee yow, dame Prudence, that pacience is a greet vertu of perfecciou[n] ; / but every man may nat have the perfecciou[n] that ye seken ; / ne I nam nat of the nombre of right parfite men, / for myn herte may 2710 never been in pees un-to the tyme it be venged. / And al-be-it so that it was greet peril to myne enemys, to do me a vicleinie in takinge vengeance up-on me, / yet token they noon hede of the peril, but fulfilleden hir wikked wil and hir corage. / And therfore, me thinketh men oughten nat repreve me, though I putte me in a litel peril for to venge me, / and though I do a greet excesse, that is to seyn, that I vengo oon outrage by another.' / 2715

§ 48. 'A !' quod dame Prudence, 'yo seyn your wil and as yow lyketh ; / but in no caas of the world a man sholde nat doon outrage ne excesse for to vengen him. / For Cassidore seith : that "as yvel doth he that vengeth him by outrage, as he that doth the outrage." / And therfore ye shul venge yow after the ordre of right, that is to seyn by the lawe, and nocht by excesse ne by outrage. / And also, if ye wol venge yow of the outrage of your adversaries in other maner than right comandeth, ye sinnen ; / and 2720 therfore seith Senek : that "a man shal never vengen shrewednesse by shrewednesse." / And if ye seye, that right axeth a man to defenden violence by violence, and fighting by fighting, / certes ye seye sooth, whan the defense is doon anon with-outen intervalle or with-outen tarying or delay, / for to defenden him and nat for to vengen him. / And it bihoveth that a man putte swich attemperance in his defence, / that men have no 2725 cause ne matere to repreven him that defendeth him of excesse and outrage ; for elles were it agayn resoun. / Pardee, ye knownen wel, that ye maken no defense as now for to defende yow, but for to venge yow ; / and so seweth it that ye han no wil to do your dede attemprely. / And therfore, me thinketh that pacience is good. For Salomon seith : that "he

that is nat pacient shal have greet
harm."/

§ 49. 'Certes,' quod Melibee, 'I graunte
yow, that whan a man is impacient and
wroth, of that that toucheth him nocht
and that aperteneth nat un-to him, though
2730 it harme him, it is no wonder. / For the
lawe seith: that "he is culpable that
entremetteth or medleth with swich thyng
as aperteneth nat un-to him." / And
Salomon seith: that "he that entremet-
teth him of the noyse or stryf of
another man, is lyk to him that taketh
an hound by the eres." / For right as he
that taketh a straunge hound by the eres
is outhershyle biten with the hound, /
right in the same wyse is it reson that he
have harm, that by his impacience med-
leth him of the noyse of another man,
wher-as it aperteneth nat un-to him. /
But ye knownen wel that this dede, that is
to seyn, my grief and my disease, toucheth
2735 me right ny. / And therfore, though I
be wroth and impacient, it is no mer-
veille. / And savinge your grace, I can
nat seen that it mighte greetyl harme
me though I tolke vengeance; / for I am
richer and more mighty than myne ene-
mys been. / And wel knownen ye, that
by moneye and by havinge grete posses-
sions been all the thinges of this world
governed. / And Sulomon seith: that
2740 "alle thinges obeyen to moneye."/

§ 50. Whan Prudence hadde herd hir
housbonde avanten him of his richesse
and of his moneye, dispreisinge the
power of hise adversaries, she spak, and
seyde in this wyse: / 'certes, dere sir, I
graunte yow that ye been rich and
mighty, / and that the richesses been
goode to hem that han wel y-geten hem
and wel conne usen hem. / For right as
the body of a man may nat liven with-
oute the soule, namore may it live with-
outen temporelgoodes. / And by richesses
2745 may a man gete him grete freendes. /
And therfore seith Pamphilus: "if a net-
herdes daughter," seith he, "be riche, she
may chesen of a thousand men which she
wol take to hir housbonde; / for, of
a thousand men, oon wol nat forsaken

hir ne refusen hir."/ And this Pam-
philus seith also: "if thou be right
happy, that is to seyn, if thou be right
riche, thou shalt find a greet nombre of
felawes and freendes. / And if thy for-
tune change that thou wexe povre, fare-
wel freendshipe and felaweshipe; / for
thou shalt be allone with-outen any com-
panye, but-if it be the companye of povre
folk."/ And yet seith this Pamphilus 2750
moreover: that "they that been thralle
and bonde of linage shullen been maad
worthy and noble by the richesses." /
And right so as by richesses ther comen
manye goodes, right so by poverté come
ther manye harmes and yveles. / For
greet poverté constreyneth a man to do
manye yveles. / And therfore clepeth
Cassidore poverté "the moder of ruine," /
that is to seyn, the moder of over-
throwinge or fallinge down. / And ther-
fore seith Piers Alfonce: "oon of the
gretteste adversitees of this world is/
whan a free man, by kinde or by burthe,
is constreyned by poverté to eten the
almesse of his enemy." / And the same
seith Innocent in oon of hisse bokes;
he seith: that "sorweful and mishappy
is the condicoun of a povre begger; /
for if he axe nat his mete, he dyeth for
hunger; / and if he axe, he dyeth for
shame; and algates necessitee constrey-
neth him to axe."/ And therfore seith 2760
Salomon: that "bet it is to dye than for
to have swich poverté."/ And as the
same Salomon seith: "bette it is to dye
of bitter deeth than for to liven in swich
wyse."/ By thise reson that I have
seid un-to yow, and by manye other
resons that I coude seye, / I graunte yow
that richesses been goode to hem that
geten hem wel, and to hem that wel usen
tho richesses. / And therfore wol I shewe
yow how ye shul have yow, and how ye
shul bere yow in gaderinge of richesses,
and in what manere ye shul usen hem. /

§ 51. First, ye shul geten hem with-
oute greet desyr, by good leyser sokingly;
and nat over hastily. / For a man that
is to desyringe to gete richesses abaun-
doneth him first to thefte and to alle

other yveles. / And therfore seith Salomon : "he that hasteth him to bisily to wexe riche shal be noon innocent." / He seith also : that "the richesse that hastily cometh to a man, sone and lightly gooth and passeth fro a man ; / but that richesse that cometh litel and litel wexeth alwey 2770 and multiplyeth." / And sir, ye shul geten richesses by your wit and by your travaille un-to your profit ; / and that with-outer wrong or harm-doinge to any other persone. / For the lawe seith : that "ther maketh no man himselfen riche, if he do harm to another wight" ; / this is to seyn, that nature defendeth and forbedeth by right, that no man make himself riche un-to the harm of another persone. / And Tullius seith : that "no sorwe ne no drede of deeth, ne no-thing 2775 that may falle un-to a man / is so muchel agayns nature, as a man to encressen his owene profit to the harm of another man. / And though the grete men and themighty men geten richesses more lightly than thou, / yet shalton nat been ydel ne slow to do thy profit ; for thou shalt in alle wyse flee ydelnesse." / For Salomon seith : that "ydelnesse techeth a man to do manye yveles." / And the same Salomon seith : that "he that travailleth and bisieth him to tilien his land, shal eten 2780 breed ; / but he that is ydel and casteth him to no bisinesse ne occupacioun, shal falle in-to poverte, and dye for hunger." / And he that is ydel and slow can never finde covenable tyme for to doon his profit. / For ther is a versifour seith : that "the ydel man excuseth hym in winter, by cause of the grete cold ; and in somer, by enchesoun of the hete." / For thiso causes seith Caton : "waketh and enclyneth nat yow over muchel for to slepe ; for over muchel reste norisseth and causeth manye vices." / And therfore seith saint Jerome : "doth somme gode dedes, that the devel which is our enemy ne finde yow nat unoccupied." / For the devel ne taketh nat lightly un-to his werkinge swiche as he findeth occupied in gode werkes." /

§ 52. Thanne thus, in getinge richesses,

ye mosten flee ydelnesse. / And afterward, ye shul use the richesses, whiche ye have geten by your wit and by your travaille, / in swich a manere, that men holde nat yow to scars, ne to sparinge, ne to fool-large, that is to seyn, over-large a spender. / For right as men blamen an avaricious man by-cause of his scarcetea and chincherye, / in the same wyse is he 2790 to blame that spendeth over largely. / And therfore seith Caton : "use," he seith, "thy richesses that thou hast geten / in swich a manere, that men have no materne cause to calle thee neither wretche ne chinche ; for it is a greet shame to a man to have a povere herte and a riche purs." / He seith also : "the goodes that thou hast y-geten, use hem by mesure," that is to seyn, spende hem mesurably ; / for they 2795 that folily wasten and despenden the goodes that they han, / whan they han namore propre of hir owene, they shapen hem to take the goodes of another man. / I seye thanne, that ye shul felen avarice ; / usinge your richesses in swich manere, that men seye nat that your richesses been y-buried, / but that ye have hem in your might and in your weeldinge. / For 2800 a wys man repreth the avaricious man, and seith thus, in two vers : / "wherto and why burieth a man hise goodes by his grete avarice, and knoweth wel that nedes moste he dye ; / for deeth is the ende of every man as in this present lyf." / And for what cause or enchesoun joyneth he him or knitteth he him so faste un-to his goodes, / that alle his wittes mowen nat disseveren him or departen him from his goodes ; / and knoweth wel, or oughte 2805 knowe, that whan he is deed, he shal nothing bere with him out of this world? / And ther-fore seith saint Augustin : that "the avaricious man is likned un-to helle ; / that the more it swelweth, the more desyr it hath to swelwe and devoure." / And as wel as ye wold eschewe to be called an avaricious man or chinche, / as wel sholde ye kepe yow and governe yow in swich a wyse that men calle yow nat fool-large. / Therfore seith Tullius : 2810 "the goodes," he seith, "of thyn hous ne

sholde nat been hid, ne kept so cloos but that they myghte been opened by pitee and debonairetee"; / that is to seyn, to yeven part to hem that han greetnede; / "ne thy goodes shullen nat been so opene, to been every mannes goodes." / Afterward, in getinge of your richesses and in usinge hem, ye shul alwey have three things in your herte; / that is to seyn, our lord god, conscience, and good name. / First, ye shul have god in your herte; / and for no richesse ye shullen do no-thing, which may in any manere dis-²⁸¹⁵plese god, that is your creatour and maker. / For after the word of Salomon: "it is bettre to have a litel good with the love of god, / than to have muchel good and tresour, and lese the love of his lord god."/ And the prophete seith: that "bettre it is to been a good man and have litel good and tresour, / than to been holden a shrewe and have grete richesses." / And yet seye I ferthermore, that ye sholde alwey doon your bisinnesse to gete yow richesses, / so that ye gete hem with good con-²⁸²⁰sience. / And th' apostole seith: that "ther nis thing in this world, of which we sholden have so greet joye as whan our conscience bereth us good witnesse."/ And the wyse man seith: "the substance of a man is ful good, whan sinne is nat in mannes conscience." / Afterward, in getinge of your richesses, and in usinge of hem, / yow moste have greet bisinnesse and greet diligence, that your goode name be alwey kept and conserved. / For Salomon seith: that "bettre it is and more it availleth a man to have a good name, than for to have grete richesses." / And therfore he seith in another place: "do greet diligence," seith Salomon, "in keping of thy freend and of thy gode name; / for it shal lenger abide with thee than anytresour, be it never so precious." / And certes he sholde nat be called a gentil man, that after god and good conscience, alle things left, ne dooth his diligence and bisinnesse to kepen his good name. / And Cassidore seith: that "it is signe of a gentil herte, whan a man loveth and desyreth to han a good name." / And

therfore seith saint Augustin: that "ther been two thinges that arn necessarie and nedefulle, / and that is good conscience and good loos; / that is to seyn, good conscience to thyng owene persone inward, and good loos for thy neighebore outward." / And he that trusteth him so muchel in his gode conscience, / that he displeseth and setteth at noght his gode name or loos, and rekketh noght though he kepe nat his gode name, nis but a cruel cherl. /

§ 53. Sire, now have I shewed yow how ye shul do in getinge richesses, and how ye shullen usen hem; / and I see wel, that for the trust that ye han in youre richesses, ye wole moeve werre and bataille. / I conseille yow, that ye biginne no werre in trust of your richesses; for they ne suffysen noght werres to mayntene. / And therfore seith a philosophre: "that man that desyreth and wole algates han werre, shal never have suffisaunce; / for the richer that he is, the gretter despenses moste he make, if he wole have worship and victorie." / And Salomon seith: that "the gretter richesses that a man hath, the mo despendours he hath." / And dere sire, al-be-it so that for your richesses ye mowe have muchel folk, / yet bihoveth it nat, ne it is nat good, to biginne werre, where-as ye mowe in other manere have peers, un-to your worship and profit. / For the victories of batailles that been in this world, lyen nat in greet nombre or multitude of the peple ne in the vertu of man; / but it lyth in the wil and in the hand of our lord god almighty. / And therfore Judas Machabaeus, which was goddes knight, / whan he sholde fighte agayn his adver-²⁸⁴⁵sarie that hadde a greet nombre, and a gretter multitude of folk and strenger than was this peple of Machabee, / yet he reconforted his litel compayne, and seyde right in this wyse: / "als lightly," quod he, "may our lord god almighty yeve victorie to a fewe folk as to many folk; / for the victorie of bataile cometh nat by the grete nombre of peple, / but it cometh from our lord god of hevene."/

And dere sir, for as muchel as there is no man certain, if he be worthy that god yeve him victorie, [† namore than he is certain whether he be worthy of the love of god] or naught, after that Salomon seith, / therfore every man sholde greetly 2855 dредe werres to beginne. / And by-cause that in batailles fallen manye perils, / and happeth outhere-while, that as sone is the grete man sleyn as the litel man; / and, as it is written in the seconde book of Kinges, "the dedes of batailles been aventurouse and nothing certeyne; / for as lightly is oon hurt with a spere as another." / And for ther is gret peril in warre, therfore sholde a man flee and eschewe warre, in as muchel as a 2860 man may goodly. / For Salomon seith: "he that loveth peril shal falle in peril," /

§ 54. After that Dame Prudence hadde spoken in this manere, Melibee answerde and seyde, / 'I see wel, dame Prudence, that by your faire wordes and by your resonys that ye han shewed me, that the warre lyketh yow no-thing; / but I have nat yet herd your conseil, how I shal do in this nede.' /

§ 55. 'Certes,' quod she, 'I conseille yow that ye accorde with youre adversaries, and that ye have pees with hem. / For saint Jame seith in hise epistles: that "by concord and pees the smale richesses wexen grete, / and by debaat and discord the grete richesses fallen doun." / And ye knownen wel that oon of the gretteste and most sovereyn thing, that is in this world, is unitee and pees. / And therfore seyde oure lord Jesu Crist to hise apostles in this wyse: / "wel happy and blessed been they that loven and pur-chacen pees; for they been called children 2865 of god." / 'A!' quod Melibee, 'now see I wel that ye loven nat myn honour ne my worshippe. / Ye knownen wel that myne adversaries han bigonnen this debaat and brige by hir outrage; / and ye see wel that they ne requerun ne preyen me nat of pees, ne they asken nat to be reconciled. / Wol ye thanne that I go and meke me and obeye me to hem,

and crye hem mercy? / For sothe, that were nat my worshippe. / For right as men 2875 seyn, that "over-greet homlinesse engendreth dispreysinge," so fareth it by to greet humylitee or mekenesse.' /

§ 56. Thanne bigan dame Prudence to maken semblant of wratthe, and seyde, / 'certes, sir, sauf your grace, I love your honour and your profit as I do myn owene, and ever have doon; / ne ye ne noon other syen never the contrarie. / And yit, if I hadde seyd that ye sholde han purchaced the pees and the reconciliacioun, I ne hadde nat muchel mistaken me, ne seyd amis. / For the wyse 2880 man seith: "the dissensiou[n] biginneth by another man, and the reconciling biginneth by thy-self." / And the prophete seith: "flee shrewdesse and do goodness; / seke pees and folwe it, as muchel as in thee is." / Yet seye I nat that ye shul rather pursue to your adversaries for pees than they shuln to yow; / for I knowe wel that ye been so hard-herted, that ye wol do no-thing for me. / And 2885 Salomon seith: "he that hath over-hard an herte, atte laste he shal mishappe and mistyde." /

§ 57. Whanne Melibee hadde herd dame Prudence maken semblant of wratthe, he seyde in this wyse, / 'dame, I prey yow that ye be nat displeased of things that I seye; / for ye knowe wel that I am angry and wrooth, and that is no wonder; / and they that been wrothe witen nat wel what they doon, ne what they seyn. / 2890 Therfore the prophete seith: that "troubled eyen han no clear sighte." / But seyeth and conseileth me as yow lyketh; for I am redy to do right as ye wol desyre; / and if ye repreve me of my folye, I am the more holden to love yow and to preyse yow. / For Salomon seith: that "he that repreveth him that doth folye, / he shal finde gretter grace than he that deceyveth him by swete wordes." /

§ 58. Thanne seide dame Prudence, 'I make no semblant of wratthe ne anger but for your grote profit. / For Salomon seith: "he is more worth, that reproveth or chydeth a fool for his folye, shewinge

him semblant of wratthe, / than he that supporteth him and preyseth him in his misdoinge, and laughteth at his folye." / And this same Salomon seith afterward: that "by the sorwful visage of a man," that is to seyn, by the sory and hevy countenaunce of a man, / "the fool cor-
2900 recteth and amendeth him-self." /

§ 59. Thanne seyde Melibee, 'I shal nat conne awnser to so manye faire resounas ye putten to me and shewen. / Seyeth shortly your wil and your conseil, and I am al ready to fulfille and par-
foune it.' /

§ 60. Thanne dame Prudence discovered al hir wil to him, and seyde, / 'I conseille yow,' quod she, 'aboven alle thinges, that ye make pees bitwene god and yow; / and beth reconciled un-to him and to his grace. / For as I have seyd yow heerbiforn, god hath suffred yow to have this tribulacioun and disease for your sinnes. / And if ye do as I sey yow, god wol sende your adversaries un-to yow, / and maken hem fallen at your feet, redy to do your wil and your comandements. / For Salomon seith: "whan the condicoun of man is plesaunt and likinge to god, / he chaungeth the hertes of the mannesadver-
2910 saries, and constreyneth hem to biseken him of pees and of grace."/ And I prey yow, lat me speke with your adversaries in privee place; / for they shul nat knowe that it be of your wil or your assent. / And thanne, whan I knowe hir wil and hir entente, I may conseille yow the more seurly.' /

§ 61. 'Dame,' quod Melibee, 'dooth your wil and your lykinge, / for I putte me hooly in your dispositicion and or-
2915 dinaunce.' /

§ 62. Thanne Dame Prudence, whan she saugh the gode wil of her housbonde, delibered and took avys in hir-self, / thinkinge how she myghte bringe this nede un-to a good conclusioun and to a good ende. / And whan she saugh hir tyme, she sente for thise adversaries to come un-to hir in-to a privee place, / and shewed wysly un-to hem the grete goodes that comen of pees, / and the grete

harmes and perils that been in werre; / 2910 and seyde to hem in a goodly manere, how that hem oughte have greet repentance / of the injurie and wrong that they hadden doon to Melibee hir lord, and to hir, and to hir doghther. /

§ 63. And whan they herden the goodliche wordes of dame Prudence, / they weren so surprised and ravished, and hadden so greet joye of hir, that wonder was to telle. / 'A! lady!' quod they, 'ye han shewed un-to us "the blessinge of swetnesse," after the sawe of David the prophete; / for the reconsilinge which 2925 we been nat worthy to have in no manere, / but we oghe requeren it with greet contricoun and humilitie, / ye of your grete goodness have presented unto us. / Now see we wel that the science and the conninge of Salomon is ful trewe; / for he seith: that "swete wordes multiplyen and encresen freendes, and maken shrewes to be debonaire and meke." /

§ 64. Certes,' quod they, 'we putten our dede and al our matere and cause al hooly in your goode wil; / and been redy to obeye to the speche and comandement of my lord Melibee. / And therfore, dere and benigne lady, we preyen yow and biseke yow as mekely as we conne and mowen, / that it lyke un-to your grete goodnesse to fulfillen in dede your goodliche wordes; / for we consideren and knowlichien that we han offended and greved my lord Melibee out of mesure; / 2935 so ferforth, that we be nat of power to maken hise amendes. / And therfore we oblige and binden us and our freendes to doon al his wil and hise comandements. / But peraventure he hath swich hevinesse and swich wratthe to us-ward, by-cause of our offence, / that he wole enjoyne us swich a peyne as we mowen nat bere ne sustene. / And therfore, noble lady, we biseke to your wommanly pitee, / to taken swich avysement in this nede, that we, ne our freendes, be nat desherited ne destroyed thurgh our folye.' /

§ 65. 'Certes,' quod Prudence, 'it is an hard thing and right perilous, / that a man putte him al outrely in the arbi-

tracions and juggement, and in the might
and power of hisenemys. / For Salomon
seith : "leveth me, and yeveth credence
to that I shal seyn; I seye," quod he,
"ye peple, folk, and governours of holy
chirche, / to thy sone, to thy wyf, to thy
freend, ne to thy brother / ne yeve thou
never might ne maistrie of thy body, whyl
thou livest." / Now sithen he defendeth,
that man shal nat yeven to his brother ne
to his freend the might of his body, / by
a strenger resoun he defendeth and for-
bedeth a man to yeven him-self to his
enemy. / And nathelees I conseille you,
that ye mistruste nat my lord. / For
I woot wel and knowe verrailly, that he is
debonaire and meke, large, curteys, / and
rothing desyrous ne coveitous of good ne
richesse. / For ther nis no-thing in this
world that he desyreth, save only worship
and honour. / Forther-more I knowe
wel, and am right seur, that he shal
no-thing doon in this nede with-outen
my conseil. / And I shal so werken in
this cause, that, by grace of our lord
god, ye shul been reconciled un-to us.'

§ 66. Thanne seyden they with o vois,
'worshipful lady, we putten us and our
goodes al fully in your wil and disposi-
cioun; / and been redy to comen, what
day that it lyke un-to your noblesse to
limite us or assigne us, / for to maken our
obligacioun and bond as strong as it
lyketh un-to your goodnesse; / that we
mowe fulfile the wille of yow and of my
lord Melibee.'

§ 67. Whan dame Prudence hadde herd
the answeres of thise men, she bad
hem goon agayn prively; / and she re-
tourned to hir lord Melibee, and tolde
him how she fond hise adversaries ful
repentant, / knowlechinge ful lowly hir
sinnes and trespass, and how they were
redy to suffren al peyne, / requiringe
and preyng him of mercy and pitee. /

§ 68. Thanne seyde Melibee, 'he is wel
worthy to have pardoun and foryifnesse
of his sinne, that excuseth nat hissinne, /
but knowlecheth it and repenteth him,
axinge indulgence. / For Senek seith :
"ther is the remissioun and foryifnesse,

whereas confessioun is"; / for confession 2965
is neighebore to innocence. / And he
seith in another place : "he that hath
shame for his sinne and knowlecheth it,
is worthy remissioun." And therfore I
assente and conferme me to have pees; /
but it is good that we do it nat with-outen
the assent and wil of our freendes.'

§ 69. Thanne was Prudence right glad
and joyful, and seyde, 'Certes, sir,'
quod she, 'ye han wel and goodly an-
swered. / For right as by the conseil, 2970
assent, and help of your freendes, ye han
been stired to vengo yow and maken
werre, / right so with-outen hir conseil
shul ye nat accorden yow, ne have pees
with your adversaries. / For the lawe
seith : "ther nis no-thing so good by wey
of kinde, as a thing to been unbounde by
him that it was y-bounde."

§ 70. And thanne dame Prudence,
with-outen delay or taryinge, sente anon
hir messages for hir kin, and for hir olde
freendes whiche that were trewe and
wyse, / and tolde hem by ordre, in the
presence of Melibee, al this matere as it
is aboven expressed and declared; / and 2975
preyden hem that they woldes yeven hir
avys and conseil, what best were to doon
in this nede. / And whan Melibees
freendes hadde taken hir avys and de-
liberacioun of the forside matere, / and
hadden examined it by greet bisinesse
and greet diligence, / they yave ful conseil
for to have pees and reste; / and that
Melibee sholde receyve with good herte
hise adversaries to foryifnesse and mercy. / 2980

§ 71. And whan dame Prudence hadde
herd the assent of hir lord Melibee, and
the conseil of hise freendes, / accorde
with hir wille and hir entenciou, / she
was wonderly glad in hir herte, and
seyde: / 'ther is an old proverbe,' quod
she, 'seith : that "the goodnesse that
thou mayst do this day, do it; / and
abyde nat nedelaye it nat til to-morwe." / 2985
And therfore I conseille that ye sende
your messages, swiche as been discrete
and wyse, / un-to your adversaries; tel-
linge hem, on your bihalve, / that if they
wole trete of pees and of accord, / that

they shape hem, with-outen delay or taryng, to comen un-to us.' / Which thing parfourned was in dede. / And whanne thise trespassours and repenteinge folk of hir folies, that is to seyn, the adversaries of Melibee, / hadde herd what thise messagers seyden un-to hem, / they weren right glad and joyful, and answereden ful mekely and benignely, / yeldinge graces and thankinges to hir lord Melibee and to al his compayne; / and shopen hem, with-outen delay, to go with the messagers, and obeie to the commandement of hir lord Melibee. /

§ 72. And right anon they token hir wey to the court of Melibee, / and token with hem somme of hir trewe frendes, to maken feith for hem and for to been hir borwes. / And whan they were comen to the presence of Melibee, he seyde hem thise wordes: / 'it standeth thus,' quod Melibee, 'and sooth it is, that ye, / causeless, and with-outen skile and resoun, / han doon grete injuries and wronges to me and to my wyf Prudence, and to my daughter also. / For ye han entred in-to myn hous by violence, / and have doon swich outrage, that alle men knownen wel that ye have deserved the deeth; / and therfore wol I knowe and wite of yow, / whether ye wol putte the punissemant and the chastysinge and the vengeance of this outrage in the wil of me and of my wyf Prudence; or ye wol nat?' /

§ 73. Thanne the wyseste of hem three answerde for hem alle, and seyde: / 'sire,' quod he, 'we knownen wel, that we been unworthy to comen un-to the court of so greet a lord and so worthy as ye been. / For we han so greetly mistaken us, and han offended and agilt in swich a wyse agayn your heigh lordshippe, / that trewely we han deserved the deeth. / But yet, for the grete goodnesse and debonairetee that all the world witnesseth of your persone, / we submitten us to the excellency and benignitee of your gracious lordshippe, / and been redy to obeie to alle your comandements; / biskeinges yow, that of your merciable pitee ye wol con-

sidere our grete repentaunce and lowe submissioun, / and graunten us foryevenes of our outrageous trespass and offence. / For wel we knowe, that your liberal grace and mercy strecchen hem ferther in-to goodnessse, than doon our outrageouse giltes and trespasses in-to wikkednesse; / al-be-it that cursedly and dampnably we han agilt agayn your heigh lordshippe.' /

§ 74. Thanne Melibee took hem up fro the ground ful benignely, / and receyved hir obligaciouns and hir bondes by hir othes up-on hir plegges and borwes, / and assigned hem a certeyn day to retourne un-to his court, / for to accepte and receyve the sentence and jugement that Melibee wolde comande to be doon on hem by the causes afore-seyd; / whiche thinges ordeyned, every man retourned to his hous. /

§ 75. And whan that dame Prudence saugh hir tyme, she freyned and axed hir lord Melibee, / what vengeance he thoughte to taken of hise adversaries? /

§ 76. To which Melibee answerde and seyde, 'certes,' quod he, 'I thinke and purpose me fully / to desherite hem of al that ever they han, and for to putte hem in exil for ever.' /

§ 77. 'Certes,' quod dame Prudence, 'this were a crnel sentence, and muchel agayn resoun. / For ye been riche y-nough, and han no nede of other mennes good; / and ye mighte lightly in this wyse gete yow a coveitous name, / which is a vicious thing, and oughte been eschewed of every good man. / For after the sawe of the word of the apostle: "coveitise is rote of alle harmes." / And therfore, it were bettre for yow to lese so muchel good of your owene, than for to taken of hir good in this manere. / For bettre it is to lesen good with worshipe, than it is to winne good with vileyne and shame. / And every man oughte to doon his diligence and his bisinesses to geten him a good name. / And yet shal he nat only bisie him in kepinge of his good name, / but he shal also enforcen him alwey to do som-thing by which he

3035 may renovelle his good name; / for it is
written, that "the olde good loos or good
name of a man is sone goon and passed,
whan it is nat newed ne renovedd." /
And as touchinge that ye seyn, ye wole
exile your adversaries, / that thinketh
me muchel agayn resoun and out of
mesure, / considered the power that they
han yeve yow up-on hem-self. / And it
is written, that "he is worthy to lesen his
privilege that misuseth the might and
3040 the power that is yeven him." / And I
sette eas ye mighte enjoyne hem that
peyne by right and by lawe, / which I
trowe ye mowe nat do, / I seye, ye mighte
nat putten it to execuciou[n] per-aven-
ture, / and thanne were it lykly to re-
tourne to the werre as it was biforn. /
And therfore, if ye wole that men do yow
3045 obeisance, ye moste demen more cur-
teisly; / this is to seyn, ye moste yeven
more esy sentences and jugements. /
For it is written, that "he that most
obeyen." / And therfore, I prey yow
that in this necessitee and in this nede,
ye caste yow to overcome your herte. /
For Senek seith: that "he that over-
cometh his herte, overcometh twytes." /
And Tullius seith: "ther is no-thing
3050 so comendable in a greet lord / as whan
he is debonaire and meke, and appeseth
him lightly." / And I prey yow that ye
wole forbere now to do vengeance, / in
swich a manere, that your goode name
may be kept and conserved; / and that
men mowe have cause and matere to
preyse yow of pitee and of mercy; / and
that ye have no cause to repente yow of
3055 thing that ye doon. / For Senek seith:
"he overcometh in an yvel manere, that
repenteth him of his victorie." / Wher-
fore I pray yow, lat mercy been in your
minde and in your herte, / to th'effect

and entente that god almighty have
mercy on yow in his laste jugement. /
For saint Jame seith in his epistle:
"jugement withouten mercy shal be
doon to him, that hath no mercy of
another wight." /

§ 78. Whanne Melibee hadde herd the
grete skiles and resouns of dame Pruden-
ce, and hir wise informacions and
techinges, / his herte gan enclyne to the 3050
wil of his wyf, consideringe hir trewe
entente; / and conformed him anon,
and assented fully to werken after hir
conseil; / and thonked god, of whom
procedeth al vertu and alle goodness,
that him sente a wyf of so greet discre-
cioun. / And whan the day cam that
hise adversaries sholde apperen in his
presence, / he spak unto hem ful goodly,
and seyde in this wyse: / 'al-be-it so that 3065
of your pryd[e] and presumpcioun and
folie, and of your negligence and un-
conninge, / ye have misborn yow and
trespassed un-to me; / yet, for as much
as I see and biholde your grete humilitie,
and that ye been sory and repentant of
your giltes, / it constreyneth me to doon
yow grace and mercy. / Therfore I re- 3070
cveye yow to my grace, / and foryeve
yow oultre alle the offences, injuries,
and wronges, that ye have doon agayn
me and myne; / to this effect and to this
ende, that god of his endeles mercy /
wole at the tyme of our dyinge foryeven
us our giltes that we han trespassed to
him in this wrecched world. / For doute-
lees, if we be sory and repentant of the
sinnes and giltes whiche we han tres-
passed in the sighte of our lord god, / he 3075
is so free and so merciable, / that he
wole foryeven us our giltes, / and bringen
us to his blisse that never hath ende.
Amen.' /

Here is ended Chaucers Tale of Melibee and of Dame Prudence.

THE MONK'S PROLOGUE.

[T. 13895-13956.]

The mery wordes of the Host to the Monk.

WHAN ended was my tale of Melibee,
And of Prudence and hir benignitee, 3080
Our hoste seyde, 'as I am faithful man,
And by the precious *corpus Madrian*,
I hadde lever than a barel ale
That goode lief my wyf hadde herd this
tale !

For she nis no-thing of swich pacience
As was this Melibeus wyf Prudence. 3086
By goddes bones ! whan I bete my knaves,
She bringth me forth the grete clobbed
staves, (10)
And cryeth, "slee the dogges everichoon,
And brek hem, bothe bak and every boon."
And if that any neighebor of myne 3091
Wol nat in chirche to my wyf enclyne,
Or be so hardy to hir to trespace,
Whan she comth hoom, she rampeth in
my face, 3094
And cryeth, "false coward, wreck thy wyf!
By *corpus* bones ! I wol have thy knys,
And thou shalt have my distaf and go
spinne!"

Fro day to night right thus she wol bi-
ginne ;— (20)

"Allas !" she seith, "that ever I was shape
To wedde a milksop or a coward ape, 3100
That wol be overlaid with every wight !
Thou darst nat stonden by thy wyves
right !"

This is my lyf, but-if that I wol fighte ;
And out at dore anon I moot me dighte,
Or elles I am but lost, but-if that I 3105
Be lyk a wilde leoun fool-hardy.
I woot wel she wol do me slee som day
Som neighebor, and thanne go my wey. (30)

For I am perilous with knyf in honde,
Al be it that I dar nat hir withstande, 3110
For she is big in armes, by my feith,
That shal he finde, that hir misdooth or
seith.
But lat us passe awey fro this matere.

My lord the Monk,' quod he, 'be mery
of chere;

For ye shul telle a tale trewely. 3115
Lo ! Rouchestre stant heer faste by !
Ryd forth, myn owene lord, brek nat our
game, (39)

But, by my trouthe, I knowe nat your name,
Wher shal I calle yow my lord dan John,
Or dan Thomas, or elles dan Albon ? 3120
Of what hous be ye, by your fader kin ?
I vow to god, thou hast a ful fair skin,
It is a gentil pasture ther thou goost ;
Thou art nat lyk a penaunt or a goost.
Upon my feith, thou art som officer, 3125
Some worthy sexteyn, or som celerer,
For by my fader soule, as to my doom,
Thou art a maister whan thou art at hoom ;
No povre cloisterer, ne no novys, 3130
But a governour, wyly and wys. 3130
And therwithal of brawnes and of bones
A wel-faring persone for the nones.
I pray to god, yeve him confusoun
That first thee broughte un-to religiouin ;
Thou woldest han been a trede-foul aright.
Haddestow as greet a leve, as thou hast
might 3136

To parfourne al thy lust in engendrure,
Thou haddest bigeten many a creature.
Alas ! why werestow so wyd a cope ? (61)
God yeve mesorwe ! but, and I were a pope,

Not only thou, but every mighty man, 3141
 Thogh he were shorn ful hye upon his pan,
 Sholde have a wyf; for al the world is lorn!
 Religioun hath take up al the corn 3144
 Of treding, and we borel men ben shrimps!
 Offeble trees ther comen wrecched imps.
 This maketh that our heires been so
 scelende (69)

And feble, that they may nat wel engendre.
 This maketh that our wyves wol assaye
 Religious folk, for ye may bettre paye 3150
 Of Venus payements than mowe we;
 God woot, no lussheburghes payen ye!
 But be nat wrooth, my lord, for that I
 pleye;

Ful ofte in game a sooth I have herd seye.'

This worthy monk took al in pacience,
 And seyde, 'I wol doon al my diligence,
 As fer as souneth in-to honestee, 3157
 To telle yow a tale, or two, or three. (80)
 And if yow list to herkne hideward,
 I wol yow seyn the lyf of saint Edward;

Or elles first Tragedies wol I telle 3161
 Of whiche I have an hundred in my celle.
 Tragedie is to seyn a certeyn storie,
 As olde bokes maken us memorie,
 Of him that stood in greet prosperitee 3165
 And is y-fallen out of heigh degree
 Into miserie, and endeth wrecchedly.

And they ben versifyed comuly (90)
 Of six feet, which men clepe *exametron*.
 In prose eek been endyted many oon, 3170
 And eek in metre, in many a sondry wyse.
 Lo! this declaring oughte y-nough suffise.

Now herkneth, if yowlyketh for to here;
 But first I yow biseke in this matere, 3174
 Though I by ordre telle nat thise thinges,
 Be it of popes, emperours, or kinges,
 After hir ages, as men writhen finde, (99)
 But telle hem som bifore and som bishinde,
 As it now comith un-to my remembraunce;
 Have me excused of myn ignoraunce.' 3180

Explicit.

THE MONKES TALE.

Here biginneth the Monkes Tale, de Casibus Virorum Illustrum.

I wol biwayle in maner of Tragedie
 The harm of hem that stode in heigh de-
 gree,
 And fallen so that ther nas no remedie
 To bringe hem out of hir adversitee; 3184
 For certain, whan that fortune list to flee,
 Ther may no man the cours of hir with-
 holde;
 Lat no man truste on blind prosperitee;
 Be war by thise ensamples trewe and olde.

LUCIFER.

At Lucifer, though he an angel were,
 And nat a man, at him I wol biginne; 3190
 For, thogh fortune may non angel dere, (11)

From heigh degree yet fel he for his sinne
 Doun in-to helle, wher he yet is inne.
 O Lucifer! brightest of angels alle,
 Now artow Sathanas, that maist nat
 twinne 3195
 Out of miserie, in which that thou art falle.

ADAM.

Lo Adam, in the feld of Damassene,
 With goddes owene finger wroght was he,
 And nat bigeten of mannes sperme un-
 cleene,
 And welte al Paradys, saving o tree. 3200
 Had never worldly man so heigh degree
 As Adam, til he for misgovernaunce (22)

Was drive out of his hye prosperitee
To labour, and to helle, and to meschaunce.

SAMPSON.

Lo Sampson, which that was annunciat
By th'angel, longe er his nativitee, 3206
And was to god almighty consecrat,
And stood in noblesse, whyl he mighe see.
Was never swich another as was he,
To speke of strengthe, and therewith hardi-
nesse; 3210
But to his wyves tolde he his secree, (31)
Through which he slow him-self, for
wrecchednesse.

Sampson, this noble almighty champioun,
Withouten wepen save his hondes tweye,
He slow and al to-rente the leoun, 3215
Toward his wedding walking by the weye.
His false wyf coude him so plese and
preye
Til she his conseil knew, and she untrewe
Un-to his foos his conseil gan biwreye, 3219
And him forsook, and took another newe.

Three hundred foxes took Sampson for ire,
And alle hir tayles he togider bond, (42)
And sette the foxes tayles alle on fire,
For he on every tayl had knit a brond;
And they brende alle the cornes in that
lond, 3225
And alle hir oliveres and vynes eek.
A thousand men he slow eek with his hond,
And had no wepen but an asses cheek.

Whan they were slayn, so thursted him
that he 3229
Was wel ny lorn, for which he gan to preyne
That god wolde on his peyne han som
pitez, (51)
And sende him drinke, or elles moste lie
deye;

And of this asses cheke, that was dreye,
Out of a wang-tooth sprang anon a welle,
Of which he drank y-nogh, shortly to seye,
Thus heelp him god, as *Judicum* can telle.

By verray force, at Gazan, on a night, 3237
Maugree Philistiens of that citee,
The gates of the toun he hath up-plight,
And on his bak y-caried hem hath he 3240

Hye on an hille, that men mighe hem
see. (61)

O noble almighty Sampson, leef and dere,
Had thou nat told to wommen thy secree,
In al this worlde ne hadde been thy per!

This Sampson never sicer drank ne wyn,
Ne on his heed cam rasour noon ne shere,
By precept of the messenger divyn, 3247
For alle his strengthes in his heres were;
And fully twenty winter, yeer by yere,
He hadde of Israel the governaunce. 3250
But sone shal he wepen many a tere, (71)
For wommen shal him bringen to mes-
chaunce!

Un-to his leman Dalida he tolde
That in his heres al his strengthe lay,
And falsly to his fo-men she him soldé.
And sleping in hir barme up-on-a day 3255
She made to cluppe or shere his heer away;
And made his fo-men al his craft espyen;
And whan that they him fonde in this
array,
They bounde him faste, and putten out his
yēn. 3260

But er his heer were clipped or y-shave, (81)
Ther was no bond with which men might
him binde;
But now is he in prisoun in a cave,
Wher-as they made him at the querne
grinde. 3264

O noble Sampson, strongest of mankinde,
O whylom juge in glorie and in richesse,
Now maystow wepen with thy nēn blinde,
Sith thou fro wele art falle in wrecched-
nesse.

Th'ende of this caytif was as I shal seye;
His fo-men made a feste upon a day, 3270
And made him ashir fool bifore hem pleye,
And this was in a temple of greet array. (92)
But atte last he made a foul affray;
For he two pilers shook, and made hem
falle, 3274
And doun fil temple and al, and therit lay,
And slow him-self, and eek his fo-men alle.

This is to seyn, the princes everichoon,
And eek three thousand bodies wer ther
slayn (98)

With falling of the grete temple of stoon.
Of Sampson now wol I na-more seyn, 3280
Beth war by this ensample old and playn
That no men tellehir conseil til hir wyves
Of swich thing as they wolde han secre
fayn,
If that it touchehir limmes or hir lyves.

HERCULES.

Of Hercules the sovereyn conquerour 3285
Singen his workes lande and heigh renoun;
For in his tyme of strength he was the
flour.

He slow, and rafte the skin of the leoun;
He of Centauros leyde the boost adeoun;
He Arpiesslow, the cruel briddesfelle; 3290
He golden apples rafte of the dragoun; (111)
He drow out Cerberus, the hound of helle :

He slow the eruel tyrant Busirus,
And made his hors to frete him, flesh and
boon;

He slow the firy serpent venomous; 3295
Of Achelois two hornes, he brak oon;
And he slow Cacus in a cave of stoon;
He slow the geaunt Antheus the stronge;
He slow the grisly boor, and that anoon,
And barthe heven on his nekke longe. 3300

Was never wight, sith that the world
bigan, (121)

That slow so many monstres as dide he.
Thurgh-out this wyde world his name ran,
What for his strength, and for his heigh
bountee, 3304

And every reaume wente he for to see.
He was so strong that no man mighthe him
lette;

At bothe the wordes endes, seith Trophée,
In stede of boundes, he a piler sette.

A leman hadde this noble champioune,
That highte Dianira, fresh as May; 3310
And, asthise clerkes maken mencion, (131)
She hath him sent a sherte fresh and gay.
Allas! this sherte, allas and weylaway!
Envenimed was so subtilly with-alle, 3314
That, er that he had wered it half a day,
It made his flesh al from his bones falle.

But natheles somme clerkes hir excusen
By oon that highte Nessus, that it maked;

Be as be may, I wol hir noghht accusen;
But on his bale this sherte he wered al
naked, 3320
Til that his flesh was for the venim blaked.
And whan liesey noon other remedye, (142)
In hote coles he hath him-selven raked,
For with no venim deynd him to dye.

Thus starf this worthy mighty Hercules;
Lo, who may truste on fortune any
throwe? 3326

For him that folweth al this world of prees,
Er he be war, is ofte y-leyd ful lowe.
Ful wys is he that can him-selven knowe.
Beth war, for whan that fortune list to
glose, 3330
Than wayteth she hir man to overthrowe
By swich a wey as he wolde leest sup-
pose. (152)

NABUGODONOSOR (NEBUCHADNEZZAR).

The mighty trone, the precious tresor,
The glorious ceptre and royal mageste
That hadde the king Nabugodonosor, 3335
With tonge unnetho may discryved be.
He twyēs wan Jerusalem the citee;
The vessel of the temple he with him laddē.
At Babiloyne was his sovereyn see, 3339
In which his glorie and his delyt he hadde,

The fairest children of the blood royal (161)
Of Israel he leet do gelde anoon,
And maked ech of hem to been his thral.
Amonges other Daniel was oon, 3344
That was the wysest child of everichoone;
For he the dremes of the king expouned,
Wher-as in Chaldey clerk ne was ther noon
That wiste to what fyn his dremes sounded.

This proude king leet make a statue of
golde, 3349
Sixty cubytes long, and seven in brede,
To which image bothe yonge and olde (171)
Comaunded he to loute, and have in dredre;
Or in a fourneys ful of flambes rede
He shal be brent, that wolde noghht obeye.
But never wolde assente to that dede 3355
Daniel, ne his yonge felawes tweye.

This king of kinges proud was and elaat,
He wende that god, that sit in mageste,

Ne mighte him nat bireve of his estaat :
But sodeynly he loste his dignitee, 3360
And lyk a beste him semed for to be, (181)
And eet hay as an oxe, and lay ther-oute ;
In reyn with wilde bestes walked he,
Til certain tyme was y-come aboute.

And lyk an egles fetheres wexe his hercs,
His nayles lyk a briddes clawes were ; 3366
Til god relesched him a certein yeres,
And yaf him wit ; and than with many a
tere

He thanked god, and ever his lyf in fere
Was he to doon amis, or more trespace, 3370
And, til that tyme he leyd was on his
bere,
He knew that god was ful of might and
grace. (192)

BALTHASAR (BELSHAZZAR).

His sone, which that highte Balthasar,
That heeld the regne after his fader day,
He by his fader coude nought be war, 3375
For proud he was of herte and of array ;
And eek an ydolastre was he ay.
His hye estatait assured him in pryd.
But fortune caste him doun, and ther he
lay,
And sodeynly his regne gan divyde. 3380

A feste he made un-to his lordes alle (201)
Up-on a tyme, and bad hem blythe be,
And than his officeres gan he calle—
'Goth, bringeth forth the vessels,' [tho]
quod he, 3384
'Which that my fader, in his prosperitee,
Out of the temple of Jerusalem brafte,
And to our hye goddes thanke we
Of honour, that our eldres with us lafte.'

His wyf, his lordes, and his concubynes
Aydronken, whyl hir appetytes laste, 3390
Out of these noble vessels sundry wynes ;
And on a wal this king his yen caste, (212)
And sey an hond armlees, that wroot ful
faste,
For fere of which he quook and syked
sore. 3394
This hond, that Balthasar so sore agaste,
Wroot Mane, techel, phares, and na-more.

In al that lond magicien was noon
That conde expoune what this lettre
mente ;
But Daniel expouned it anoon, 3399
And seyde, 'king, god to thy fader lente
Glorie and honour, regne, tresour, rente
And he was proud, and no-thing god ne
dradde, (222)
And therfor god gret wreche up-on him
sente,
And him brafte the regne that he hadde.

He was out cast of mannes compayne,
With asses was his habitacioun, 3406
And eet hey as a beste in weet and drye,
Til that he knew, by grace and by resoun,
That god of heven hath dominacioun
Over every regne and every creature ; 3410
And thanne had god of him compassioun,
And him restored his regne and his
figure. (232)

Eek thou, that art his sone, art proud also,
And knowest alle thise things verrailly,
And art rebel to god, and art his fo. 3415
Thou drank eek of his vessels boldely ;
Thy wyf eek and thy wenches sinfully
Dronke of the same vessels sondry wynes,
And heriest false goddes cursedly ; 3419
Therfor to thee the y-shapen ful gret pyne is.

This hand was sent from god, that on the
walle (241)

Wroot mane, techel, phares, truste me ;
Thy regne is doon, thou weyest nought at
alle ;

Divyded is thy regne, and it shal be 3424
To Medes and to Perses yeven,' quod he.
And thilke same night this king was
slawe,

And Darius occupyth his degree,
Thogh he therto had neither right ne
lawe.

Lordinges, ensample heer-by may ye take
How that in lordshippe is no siker-
nesse ; 3430

For whan fortune wol a man forsake, (251)
She bereth awey his regne and his richesse,
And eek his freendes, bothe more and
lesse ;

For what man that hath freendes thurgh
fortune, 3434
Mishap wol make hem enemys, I gesse :
This proverbe is ful sooth and ful com-
mune.

CENOBIA (ZENOBIA).

Cenobia, of Palimerie quene,
As writhen Persiens of hir noblesse,
So worthy was in armes and so kene, 3439
That no wight passed hir in hardinesse,
Ne in linage, ne in other gentillesse. (261)
Of kinges blode of Perse is she descended;
I seye nat that she hadde most fairnesse,
But of hir shape she mihte nat been
amended. 3444

From hir childhede I finde that she fledde
Office of wommen, and to wode she wente;
And many a wilde hertes blood she shedde
With arwes brode that she to hem sente.
She was so swift that she anon hem hente,
And whan that she was elder, she wold
kille 3450
Leouns, lepardes, and beres alto-rente, (271)
And in hir armes welde hem at hir wille.
She dorste wilde beestes dennes seke,
And rennen in the montaignes al the
night,
And slepen under a bush, and she coude
eke 3455
Wrastlen by verray force and verray might
With any yong man, were he never so
wight;

Ther mihte no-thing in hir armes stonde.
She kepte hir maydenhod from every
wight,
To no man deigned hir for to be bonde. 3460

But atte laste hir freendes han hir maried
To Odenake, a prince of that contree, (282)
Al were it so that she hem longe taried;
And ye shul understande how that he
Hadde swiche fantasyes as hadde she. 3465
But nathelees, whan they were knit in-
fere,

They lived in joye and in felicitee;
For ech of hem hadde other leef' and dere.
Save o thing, that she never wolde assente
By no wey, that he sholde by hir lye 3470

But ones, for it was hir pleyn entente (291)
To have a child, the world to multiplye;
And al-so sone as that she mihte espye
That she was nat with childe with that
dede,

Than wolde she suffre him doon his fan-
tasye 3475
Eft-sone, and nat but ones, out of drede.

And if she were with childe at thilke cast,
Na-more sholde he pleyen thilke game
Til fully fourty dayes weren past;
Than wolde she ones suffre him do the
same. 3480

Al were this Odenake wilde or tame, (301)
He gat na-more of hir, for thns she seyde,
' It was to wyves lecherye and shame
In other eas, if that men with hem
pleyde.' 3484

Two sones by this Odenake hadde she,
The whiche she kepte in vertu and let-
treure;

But now un-to our tale turne we.
I seye, so worshipful a creature,
And wys therwith, and large with mesure,
So penible in the werre, and curteis
eke, 3490
Ne more labour mihte in werre endure,
Was noon, thogh al this world men sholde
seke. (312)

Hir riche array ne mihte nat be told
As wel in vessel as in hir clothing;
She was al clad in perree and in gold, 3495
And eek she lafte nocht, for noon hunting,
To have of sondry tonges ful knowing,
Whan that she leyser hadde, and for to
entende

To lernen bokes was al hir lyking. 3499
How she in vertu mihte hir lyf dispende.

And, shortly of this storie for to trete, (321)
So doughty was hir housbonde and eek
she,

That they conquered many regnes grete
In th'orient, with many a fair citee,
Apertenant un-to the magestee 3505
Of Rome, and with strong hond helde
hem ful faste;

Ne never mihte hir fo-men doon hem flee,
Ay whyl that Odenakes dayes laste.

Hir batailes, who-so list hem for to rede,
Agayn Sapor the king and othere mo, 3510
And how that al this proces fil in dede, (331)
Why she conquered and what title had
thereto,

And after of hir meschief and hir wo,
How that she was biseged and y-take,
Let him un-to my maister Petrark go, 3515
That writ y-nough of this, I undertake.

When Odenake was deed, she mightily
The regnes heeld, and with hir propre
bonde

Agayn hir foos she faught so cruelly,
That ther nas king ne prince in al that
londe (340) 3520

That he nas glad, if that he grace fonde,
That she ne woldes up-on his lond werreye;
With hir they made alliance by bonde
To been in pees, and lete hir ryde and
pleye.

The emperor of Rome, Claudius, 3525
Ne him bifore, the Romayn Galien,
Ne dorste never been so corageous,
Ne noon Ermyn, ne noon Egipciens,
Ne Surrien, ne noon Arabien,
Within the feld that dorste with hir fighte
Lest that she wolde hem with hir hondes
slen (351) 3531
Or with hir meynee putten hem to flighte.

In kinges habit wente hir sones two,
As heires of hir fadres regnes alle,
And Hermanno, and Thymalaö 3535
Her names were, as Persiens hem calle.
But ay fortune hath in hir hony galle;
This mighty quene may no whyl endure.
Fortune out of hir regne made hir falle
To wrecchednesse and to misaventure. 3540

Aurelian, whan that the governaunce (361)
Of Rome cam in-to his hondes tweye,
He shoop up-on this queen to do ven-
geaunce,

And with his legiounes he took his weye
Toward Cenobie, and shortly for to seye,
He made hir flee, and atte laste hir
hente, 3546

And fettred hir, and eek hir children
tweye,
And wan the lond, and hoom to Rome he
wente.

Amonges othere things that he wan,
Hir char, that was with gold wrought and
perree, (370) 3550
This greto Romayn, this Aurelian,
Hath with him lad, for that men sholde
it see.

Biforen his triumphhe walketh she
With gilte cheynes on hir nekke hanging;
Corouned was she, as after hir degree, 3555
And ful of perree charged hir clothing.

Allas, fortune! she that whylom was
Dredful to kinges and to emperoures,
Now gaureth al the peple on hir, allas!
And she that helmed was in starke
stoures, (380) 3560

And wan by force tounes stronge and
toures,
Shal on hir heed now were a vitremyte;
And she that bar the ceptre ful of
floures

Shal bere a distaf, hir cost for to quyte.
[T. 14380]

(NERO follows in T.; see p. 537.)

DE PETRO REGE ISPANNIE.

O noble, o worthy Petro, glorie of
Spayne, [T. 14685]
Whom fortune heeld so ly in magestee,
Wel oughten men thy pitous deeth com-
playne! 3567

Out of thy lond thy brother made thee flee;
And after, at a sege, by subtiltee,
Thou were bitrayed, and lad un-to his
tente, (390) 3570
Wher-as he with his owene hond slow thee,
Succeeding in thy regne and in thy rente.

The feedle of snow, with th'egle of blak
ther-inne, [T. 14693.
Caught with the lymrod, coloured as the
glede, 3574

He brew this cursednes and al this sinne;
The 'wikked nest' was werker of this nede;
Noght Charles Oliver, that ay took hede
Of trouthe and honour, but of Armorike
Genilon Oliver, corrupt for mede, 3579
Broghte this worthy king in swich a brike.

DE PETRO REGE DE CIPRO.

O worthy Petro, king of Cypre, also, (401)
That Alisaundre wan by heigh maistreye,

Ful many a hethen wroghtestow ful wo,
Of which thyn owene liges hadde envye,
And, for no thing but for thy chivalrye,
They in thy bedde han slain thee by the
morwe. 3586

Thus can fortune hir wheel governe and
gye, [T. 14707]
And out of joye bringe men to sorwe.

DE BARNABO DE LUMBARDIA.

Of Melan grete Barnabo Viscounte, 3589
God of delyt, and scourge of Lombardye,
Why sholde I nat thyn infortune acomte,
Sith in estaat thou clombe were so hye?
Thy brother sone, that was thy double
allye, (413)

For he thy nevew was, and sone-in-lawe,
With-inne his prisoun made thee to dye;
But why, ne how, noot I that thou were
slawe. 3596

DE HUGELINO, COMITE DE PIZE.

Of the erl Hugelyn of Pyse the langour
Ther may no tonge telle for pitee;
But litel out of Pyse stant a tour,
In whiche tour in prisoun put was he, 3600
And with him been his litel children
three. (421)

The eldeste scarsly fyf yeer was of age.
Allas, fortune! it was greet crueltee
Swiche briddes for to putte in swiche a
cage! 3604

Dampned was he to deye in that prisoun,
For Roger, which that bisshop was of Pyse,
Hadde on him maad a fals suggestioun,
Thurgh which the peple gan upon him
ryse, (428)

And putten him to prisoun in swich wyse
As ye han herd, and mete and drinke he
hadde 3610
So smal, that wel unnethe it may suffysse,
And therwith-al it was ful povre and
badde.

And on a day bifil that, in that hour,
Whan that his mete wont was to be broght,
The gayler shette the dores of the tour.
He herde it wel,—but he spak right nocht,
And in his herte anon ther fil a thought,
That they for hunger wolde doon him dyen.

'Allas!' quod he, 'allas! that I was
wroght!' (439) 3619
Therwith the teres fallen from his yēn.

His yonge sone, that three yeer was of age,
Un-to him seyde, 'fader, why do ye wepe?
Whan wol the gayler bringen our potage,
Is ther no morsel breed that ye do kepe?
I am so hungry that I may nat slepe. 3625
Now wolde god that I mighte slepen ever!
Than sholde nat hunger in my wombe
crepe;

Ther is no thing, save breed, that me
were lever.'

Thus day by day this child bigan to crye,
Til in his fadres barme adoun it lay, 3630
And seyde, 'far-wel, fader, I moot dye,'
And kiste his fader, and deyde the same
day. (452)

And whan the woful fader deed it sey,
For wo his armes two he gan to byte,
And seyde, 'allas, fortune! and weylaway!
Thy false wheel my wo al may I wyte!'

His children wende that it for hunger was
That he his armes gnow, and nat for wo,
And seyde, 'fader, do nat so, allas!
But rather eet the flesh upon us two; 3640
Our flesh thou yaf us, tak our flesh us fro
And eet y-nough: right thus they to him
seyde, (462)

And after that, with-in a day or two,
They leyde hem in his lappe adoun, and
deyde. 3644

Him-self, despeired, eek for hunger starf;
Thus ended is this mighty Erl of Pyse;
From heigh estaat fortune awey him carf.
Of this Tragedie it oghte y-nough suffysse.
Who-so wol here it in a lenger wyse, (469)
Redeth the grete poete of Itaille, 3650
That highte Dant, for he can al devyse
Fro point to point, nat oword wol he faille.
[T. 14772.]

(For T. 14773, see p. 542; for T. 14380,
see p. 536).

NERO.

[T. 14381.]

Al-though that Nero were as vicious
As any feend that lyth ful lowe adoun,

Yet he, as telleth us Swetonius, 3655
This wyde world hadde in subjeccioun,
Both Est and West, +South and Septem-
trioun;

Of rubies, saphires, and of perles whyte
Were alle his clothes brouded up and doun;
For he in gemmes greetly gan delyte. 3660

More delicat, more pompous of array, (481)
More proud was never emperour than he;
That ilke cloth, that he had wered o day,
After that tyme he nolde it never see.
Nettes of gold-thred hadde he gret plente
To fissahe in Tybre, whan him liste pleye.
His lustes were al lawe in his decree,
For fortune as his freend him wolde obeye.

He Rome brende for his delicacye;
The senatours he slow up-on a day, 3670
To here how men wolde wepe and crye;
And slow his brother, and by his sister
lay. (492)

His moder made he in pitous array;
For he hir wombe slitte, to biholde
Wher he conceyved was; so weilawey!
That he so litel of his moder tolde! 3676

No tere out of his yēn for that sighte
Ne cam, but seyde, 'a fair womman was
she.'

Gret wonder is, how that he coude or
michtie (499)

Be domesman of hir dede beautee. 3680
The wyn to bringen him comaunded he,
And drank anon; non other wo he made.
Whan might is joyned un-to crueltee,
Allas! to depe wol the venim wade! 3684

In youthe a maister hadde this emperour,
To teche him letterure and curteisye,
For of moralitee he was the flour,
As in his tyme, but-if bokes lye;
And whyl this maister hadde of him
maistrye, 3689

He maked him so conning and so souple
That longe tyme it was er tirannyne (511)
Or anv vyce dorste on him uncouple.

This Seneca, of which that I devyse,
By cause Nero hadde of him swich drede,
For he fro vyces wolde him ay chastysye
Discreetly as by worde and nat by dede;—

'Sir,' wolde he seyn, 'an emperour moot
nede 3697

Be vertuous, and hate tirannyne'—
For which he in a bath made him to blede
On bothe his armes, til he moste dye.

This Nero hadde eek of acustumaunce
In youthe ageyn his maister for to ryse,
Which afterward him thoughte a greet
grevauunce; (523)

Therfor he made him deyen in this wyse.
But natheles this Seneca the wyse 3705
Chees in a bath to deye in this manere
Rather than han another tormentysse;
And thus hath Nero slain his maister dere.

Now fil it so that fortune list no lenger
The hye pryd of Nero to cheryce; 3710
For though that he were strong, yet was
she strengier; (531)
She thoughte thus, 'by god, I am to nyce
To sette a man that is fulfuld of vyce
In heigh degree, and emperour him calle.
By god, out of his sete I wol him tryce;
When he leest weneth, sonest shal he
falle.' 3716

The peple roos up-on him on a night
For his defaute, and whan he it espyed,
Out of his dores anon he hath him dight
Alone, and, ther he wende han ben allyed,
He knokked faste, and ay, the more he
cryed, (541) 3721
The faster shette they the dores alle;
Tho wiste he wel he hadde him-self mis-
gyed,
And wente his wey, no lenger dorste he
calle.

The peple cryde and rombled up and doun,
That with his eres herde he how they
seyde, 3726

'Wher is this false tyraunt, this Neroun?
For fere almost out of his wit he breyde,
And to his goddes pitously he preyde
For socour, but it mighte nat bityde. 3730
For drede of this, him thoughte that he
deyde, (551)
And ran in-to a gardin, him to hyde.

And in this gardin fond he cherles twey^e
That seten by a fyr ful greet and reed,

And to thise cherles two he gan to preye
To sleen him, and to girden of his heed,
That to his body, whan that he were deed,
Were no despyt y-doone, for his defame.
Him-self he slow, he coude no better reed,
Of which fortune lough, and hadde a
game. 3740

DE OLOFERNO (HOLOFERNES).

Was never capitayn under a king (561)
That regnes mo putte in subjeccioun,
Ne strenger was in feeld of alle thing,
As in his tyme, ne gretter of renoun, 3744
Ne more pompous in heigh presumpcioun
Than Oloferne, which fortune ay kiste
So likerously, and ladde him up and doun
Til that his heed was of, er that he wiste.

Nat only that this world hadde him in
awe
For lesinge of richesse or libertee, 3750
But he made every man reneye his lawe.
'Nabugodonosor was god,' seyde he, (572)
'Noon other god sholde adoured be.'
Agyens his heste no wight dar trespace
Save in Bethulia, a strong citee, 3755
Wher Eliachim a prest was of that place.

But tak kepe of the deeth of Olofern;
Amidde his host he dronke lay a night,
With-inne his tente, large as is a bern,
And yit, for al his pompe and al his
might, 3760
Judith, a womman, as he lay upright,
Sleeping, his heed of smoot, and from his
tent 582
Ful prively she stal from every wight,
And with his heed unto hir toun she
wente.

DE REGE ANTHIOCHO ILLUSTRI.

What nedeth it of King Anthiochus 3765
To tellis his hye royal magestee,
His hye prude, his werkes venimous?
For swich another was ther noon as he.
Rede which that he was in Machabee,
And rede the proude wordes that he seyde,
And why he fil fro heigh prosperitee, (591)
And in an hil how wretchedly he deyde.

Fortune him hadde enhaunced so in prude
That verrailly he wende he mighe attayne
Unto the sterres, upon every syde, 3775
And in balance weyen ech montayne,
And alle the fodes of the see restrayne.
And goddes peple hadde he most in hate,
Hem wolde he sleen in torment and in
payne,
Wening that god ne mighe his prude
abate. (600) 3780

And for that Nichanor and Thimothee
Of Jewes weren venquisshed mightyly,
Unto the Jewes swich an hate hadde he
That he bad greithe his char ful hastily,
And swoor, and seyde, ful despitously,
Unto Jerusalem he wolde eft-sone, 3786
To wreken his ire on it ful cruelly;
But of his purpos he was let ful sone.

God for his manace him so sore smoot
With invisible wounde, ay incurable, 3790
That in his guttes carf it so and boot (611)
That his peynes weren importable.
And certeinly, the wreche was resonable,
For many a mannes guttes dide he payne;
But from his purpos cursed and damnable
3795
For al his smert he wolde him nat re-streyne;

But bad anon apparaillen his host,
And sodeynly, er he of it was war,
God daunted al his prude and al his bost.
For he so sore fil out of his char, 3800
That it his limes and his skin to-tar, (621)
So that he neither mighe go ne ryde,
But in a chayer men aboute him bar,
Al for-brused, bothe bak and syde. 3804

The wreche of god him smoot so cruelly
That thurgh his body wikked wormes
crepte;
And ther-with-al he stank so horribly,
That noon of al his meynee that him
kepte,
Whether so he wook or elles slepte, 3809
Ne mighe noght for stink of him endure.
In this meschief he wayled and eek wepte,
And knew god lord of every creature.
To al his host and to him-self also (633)
Ful watsom was the stink of his careyne;

No man ne mighte him bere to ne fro.
And in this stink and this horrible
peyne 3816

He starf ful wrecchedly in a monteyne.
Thus hath this robbour and this homicyde,
That many a man made to wepe and
pleyne, 3819
Swich guerdon as bilongeth unto prude.

DE ALEXANDRO.

The storie of Alisaundre is so comune,
That every wight that hath discrecion
Hath herd somwhat or al of his fortune.
This wyde world, as in conclusioun, (644)
He wan by strengthe, or for his hye
renoun 3825

They weren glad for pees un-to him sende.
The prude of man and beste he leyde
adoun,
Wher-so he cam, un-to the worldes ende.

Comparisoun might never yit be maked
Bitwixe him and another conquerour;
For al this world for drede of him hath
quaked, (651) 3831
He was of knighthode and of freedom flour;
Fortune him made the heir of hir honour;
Save wyn and wommen, no-thing mighte
aswage
His hye entente in armes and labour;
So was he ful of leonyn corage. 3836

What preys were it to him, though I yow
told
Of Darius, and an hundred thousand mo,
Of kinges, princes, erles, dukes bolde,
Whiche he conquered, and broghte hem
in-to wo? 3840

I seye, as fer as man may ryde or go, (661)
The world was his, what sholde I more
devyse?

For though I write or tolde you evermo
Of his knighthode, it mighte nat suffyse.

Twelf yeer he regned, as seith Machabee;
Philippes sone of Macedoyne he was, 3846
That first was king in Grece the contree.
O worthy gentil Alisaundre, allas!
That ever sholde fallen swich a cas! 3849
Empoisoned of thyn owene folk thou were;

Thy sys fortune hath turned into as, (671)
And yit for thee ne weep she never a tere!

Who shal me yeven teres to compleyne
The deeth of gentillesse and of fraunchyse,
That al the world welded in his demeyne,
And yit him thoughte it mighte nat
suffyse? 3856

So ful was his corage of heigh emprise.
Allas! who shal me helpe to endyte
False fortune, and poison to despise,
The whiche two of al this wo I wyte? 3860

DE JULIO CESARE.

By wisdom, maniede, and by greet labour
Fro humble bed to royal mageste, (682)
Up roos he, Julius the conquerour,
That wan al th'occident by lond and see,
By strengthe of hond, or elles by tretee,
And un-to Rome made hem tributarie;
And sitthe of Romo the emperorur was he,
Til that fortune wex his adversarie.

O mighty Cesar, that in Thessalye
Ageyn Pompeius, fader thyn in lawe, 3870
That of th'orient hadde al the chivalrye
As fer as that the day biginneth dawe,
Thou thurgh thy knighthode hast hem
take and slawe, (693)
Save fewe folk that with Pompeius fledde,
Thurgh which thou puttest al th'orient
in awe. 3875
Thanke fortune, that so wel thee spedde!

But now a litel whyl I wol biwaille
This Pompeius, this noble governour
Of Rome, which that fleigh at this bataille;
I seye, oon of his men, a fals traitour, (700)
His heed of smoot, to winnen him favour
Of Julius, and him the heed he broghte.
Allas, Pompey, of th'orient conquerour,
That fortune unto swich a fyn thee
broghte!

To Rome ageyn repaireth Julius 3885
With his triumphhe, laureat ful hye,
But on a tyme Brutus Cassius,
That ever hadde of his hye estaat envy'e,
Ful prively hath maad conspiracy'e
Ageins this Julius, in subtil wyse, 3890

And cast the place, in whiche he sholde
dye (711)
With boydekins, as I shal yow devyse.

This Julius to the Capitolie wente
Upon a day, as he was wont to goon,
And in the Capitolie anon him hente 3895
This false Brutus, and his othere foon,
And stikede him with boydekins anoon
With many a wounde, and thus they lete
him lye;
But never gronte he at no strook but oon,
Or elles at two, but-if his storie lye. 3900

So manly was this Julius at herte (721)
And so wel lovede estaatly honestee,
That, though his deadly woundes sore
smerte,
His mantel over his hippes casteth he,
For no man sholde seen his privatee. 3905
And, as he lay on dyeing in a traunce,
And wiste verrailly that deed was he,
Of honestee yit hadde he remembraunce.

Lucan, to thee this storie I recomende,
And to Sweton, and to †Valerie also, 3910
That of this storie wryten word and
ende, (731)
How that to thise grete conqueroures two
Fortune was first freend, and sithen fo.
No man ne truste up-on hir favour longe,
But have hir in awayt for ever-mo. 3915
Witnesse on alle thise conqueroures
stronge.

CRESUS.

This riche Cresus, whylom king of Lyde,
Of whiche Cresus Cyrus sore him dradde,
Yit was he caught amiddes al his pryd,
And to be brent men to the fyr him ladde.
But swich a reyn doun fro the welkne
shadde (741) 3921
That slow the fyr, and made him to escape;
But to be war no grace yet he hadde,
Til fortune on the galwes made him gape,
Whan he escaped was, he can nat stente
For to beginne a newe werre agayn. 3926

He wende wel, for that fortune him sente
Swich hap, that he escaped thurgh the
rayn, (748)

That of his foos he mighte nat be slain;
And eek a sweven up-on a night he mette,
Of which he was so proud and eek so fayn,
That in vengeance he al his herte sette.

Up-on a tree he was, as that him thoughte,
Ther Juppiter him wesh, bothe bak and
syde, (754)

And Phebus eek a fair towaille him
broughte 3935

To drye him with, and ther-for wex his
pryde;

And to his doghter, that stood him bisyde,
Which that he knew in heigh sciencys
habounde,

He bad hir telle him what it signyde,
And she his dreem bigan right thus ex-
pounde. 3940

'The tree,' quod she, 'the galwes is to
mene, (761)

And Juppiter bitokneth snow and reyn,
And Phebus, with his towaille so clene,
Tho ben the sonne stremes for to seyn;
Thou shalt anhanged be, fader, certeyn;
Reyn shal thee wasshe, and sonne shal
thee drye; ' 3946

Thus warned she him ful plat and ful
pleyn,
His daughter, which that called was
Phanye.

Anhanged was Cresus, the proude king,
His royal trone mighte him nat availle.—
Tragedie is noon other maner thing, (771)
Ne can in singing crye ne biwaille, 3952
But for that fortune alwey wol assaille
With unwar strook the regnes that ben
proude;

For when men trusteth hir, than wol she
faile, 3955
And covere hir brighte face with a cloude.

[See 1. 3565 on p. 536.
Explicit Tragedia.

THE PROLOGUE OF THE NONNE PRESTES TALE.

The prologue of the Nonne Preestes Tale.

'Ho!' quod the knight, 'good sir, na-
more of this,

That ye han seyd is right y-nough, y-wis,
And mochel more; for litel heviness
Is right y-nough to mochel folk, I gesse.
I seye for me, it is a greet dese 3961
Wher-as men han ben in greet welthe
and ese,

To heren of hir sodeyn fal, alas!
And the contrarie is joie and greet
solas,

As whan a man hath been in povre estaat,
And clymbeth up, and wexeth fortunat,
And ther abydeth in prosperitee, (11)
Swich thing is gladsom, as it thinketh me,
And of swich thing were goodly for to
telle.'

'Ye,' quod our hoste, 'by saint Poules
belle,

Ye seye right sooth; this monk, he
clappeth loude,
He spak how "fortune covered with a
cloude"

I noot never what, and als of a "Tragedie"
Right now ye herde, and pard! no
remedie

It is for to biwaille, ne compleyne
That that is doon, and als it is a peyne,
As ye han seyd, to here of heviness. (21)
Sir monk, na-more of this, so god yow
blesse!

Your tale anoyeth al this compayne;
Swich talking is nat worth a boterflye;
For ther-in is ther no despore ne game.
Wherfor, sir Monk, or dan Piers by your
name,

3982

I preye yow hertely, telle us somewhat elles,
For sikerly, nere clinking of your belles,
That on your brydel hange on every syde,
By heven king, that for us alle dyde, (30)
I sholde er this han fallen doun for slepe,
Although the slough had never been so
depe;

3988

Than had your tale al be told in vayn.
For certeinly, as that thise clerkes seyn,
"Wher-as a man may have noon audience,
Noght helpeth it to tellen his sentence."
And wel I woot the substance is in me,
If any thing shal wel reported be. 3994
Sir, sey somewhat of hunting, I yow preye.'
'Nay,' quod this monk, 'I have no lust
to pleye;

(40)

Now let another telle, as I have told.
Than spak our host, with rude speche
and bold,

And seyde un-to the Nonnes Preest anon,
'Com neer, thou preest, com hider, thou
sir John,

4000

Tel us swich thing as may our hertes
glade,

Be blythe, though thou ryde up-on a jade.
What though thyn hors be bothe foulē
and lene,

(47)

If he wol serve thee, rekke nat a bene;
Look that thyn herte be mery evermo.'
'Yis, sir,' quod he, 'yis, host, so mote I go,
But I be mery, y-wis, I wol be blamed:
And right anon his tale he hath attamed,
And thus he seyde un-to us everichon,
This swete preest, this goodly man, sir
John.

4010

Explicit.

THE NONNE PREESTES TALE.

Here biginneth the Nonne Preestes Tale of the Cok and Hen,
Chauntecleer and Pertelote.

A **POVRE** widwe, somdel stape in age,
Was whylom dwelling in a narwe cotage,
Biside a grove, stonding in a dale.
This widwe, of which I telle yow my tale,
Sin thilke day that she was last a wyf,
In pacience ladde a ful simple lyf, 4016
For litel was hir catel and hir rente ;
By housbondrye, of such as God hir sente,
She fond hir-self, and eek hir doghtren
two.

Three large sowes hadde she, and namo,
Three kyn, and eek a sheep that highte
Malle, (ii) 4021
Ful sooty was hir boun, and eek hir halle,
In which she eet ful many a scelndre
meel.
Of poynaunt sauce hir neded never a deel.
No deyntee morsel passed thurgh hir
throte ; 4025

Hir dyete was accordant to hir cote.
Repleccioun ne made hir never syk ;
Attempree dyete was al hir phisyk,
And exercysye, and hertes suffisaunce, 4029
The goute lette hir no-thing for to daunce,
N'apoplexye shente nat hir heed ; (21)
No wyn ne drank she, neither whyt ne
reed ;

Hir bord was served most with whyt and
blak,

Milk and broun breed, in which she fond
no lak,
Seynd bacoun, and somtyme an ey or
tweye, 4035
For she was as it were a maner deye.

A yerd she hadde, enclosed al aboute
With stikkis, and a drye dich with-oute,
In which she hadde a cok, hight Chaun-
teeleer, 4039
In al the land of crowing nas his peer. (30)
His vois was merier than the mery organ
On messe-dayes that in the chirche gon ;

Wel sikerer was his crowing in his logge,
Than is a clokke, or an abbey orlogge.
By nature knew he ech ascenciou恩 4045
Of equinoxial in thilke toun ;
For whan degrees fiftene were ascended,
Thanne crew he, that it mighte nat ben
amended. (38)

His comb was redder than the fyn coral,
And batailed, as it were a castel-wal. 4050
His bile was blak, and as the joet it shoon ;
Lyk asur were his legges, and his toon ;
His nayles whytter than the lylie flour,
And lyk the burned gold was his colour.
This gentil cok hadde in his governaunce
Sevne hennes, for to doonal his plesaunce,
Whiche were his sustres and his para-
mours, 4057

And wonder lyk to him, as of colours.
Of whiche the faireste hewed on hir throte
Was cleped faire damoysele Pertelote.
Curteys she was, discreet, and debonaire,
And compaignable, and bar hir-self so
faire, (52)

Sin thilke day that she was seven night
old,

That trewely she hath the herte in hold
Of Chauntecleer loken in every lith ; 4065
He loved hir so, that wel was him ther-
with.

But such a joye was it to here hem singe,
Whan that the brighte sonne gan to
springe, 4068

In swete accord, 'my lief is faren in londe,'
For thilke tyme, as I have understande,
Bestes and briddes coude speke and singe.

And so bifel, that in a daweninge, (62)
As Chauntecleer among his wyves alle
Sat on his perche, that was in the halle,
And next him sat this faire Pertelote, 4075
This Chauntecleer gan gronen in his
throthe,

As man that in his dreem is drecched sore.
And whan that Pertelote thus herde him
 rore,

4078

She was agast, and seyde, 'O herte dere,
What eyleth yow, to grone in this manere?
Ye been a verray sleper, fy for shame!' (71)
And he answerde and seyde thus,
 'madame,

I pray yow, that ye take it nat a-grief:
By god, me mette I was in swich meschief
Right now, that yet myn herte is sore
afright.

4085

Now god,' quod he, 'my swevene recche
aright,

And keep my body out of foul prisoun!
Me mette, how that I romed up and doun
Withinne our yerde, wher-as I saugh
a beste,

Was lyk an hound, and wolde han maad
areste

4090

Upon my body, and wolde han had me
deed.

(81)

His colour was bitwixe yelwe and reed;
And tipped was his tail, and bothe his eres,
With blak, unlyk the remenant of his
heres;

His snowto smal, with glowinge eyen
tweye.

Yet of his look for fere almost I deye;
This caused me my groning, doutelees.'

'Avoy!' quod she, 'fy on yow, herte-
lees!

Allas!' quod she, 'for, by that god above,
Now han ye lost myn herte and al my
love;

4100

I can nat love a coward, by my feith.' (91)
For certes, what so any womman seith,
We alle desyren, if it mighite be,
To han housbondes hardy, wyse, and free,

And secre, and no nigard, ne no fool, 4105
Ne him that is agast of every tool,
Ne noon avauntour, by that god above!

How dorste ye seyn for shame unto your
love,

That any thing mighite make yow aferd?
Have ye no mannes herte, and han a berd?

Allas! and conne ye been agast of sve-
venis?

(101)

No-thing, god wot, but vanites, in sveven
is.

Swevenes engendren of repleccions,

And ofte of fume, and of compleccions,
Whan humours been to habundant in a
wight.

4115

Certes this dreem, which ye han mot
to-night,

Cometh of the grete superfluitee
Of youre rede *colera*, pardee,

Which causeth folk to dreden in here
dremes

(109)

Of arwes, and of syr with rede lemes, 4120
Of grete bestes, that they wol hem byte,

Of contek, and of whelpes grete and lyte;

Right as the humour of maleuncolye
Causeth ful many a man, in sleep, to crye,

For fere of blake beres, or boles blake, 4125
Or elles, blake develes wole hem take.

Of othere humours coude I telle also,
That werken many a man in sleep ful wo;

But I wol passe as lightly as I can.

Lo Catoun, which that was so wys
a man,

4130

Seyde he nat thus, ne do no fors of
dremes?

(121)

Now, sire,' quod she, 'whan we flee fro
the bemes,

For Goddes love, as tak som laxatyf;

Up peril of my soule, and of my lyf, 4134
I counseille yow the beste, I wol nat lye,

That bothe of colere and of malencolye
Ye purge yow; and for ye shul nat tarie,

Though in this toun is noon apotecarie,
I shal my-self to herbes techen yow,

That shul ben for your hele, and for your
prow;

4140

And in our yerd tho herbes shal I finde,
The whiche han of hir propretree, by

kinde,

(132)

To purgen yow binethe, and eek above.
Forget not this, for goddes owene love!

Ye been ful colerik of compleccions. 4145
Ware the sonne in his ascencion

Ne fynde yow nat replete of humours
hote;

And if it do, I dar wel leye a grote,
That ye shul have a fevere terciaine,

4150

Or an agu, that may be youre lane.
A day or two ye shul have digestyves (141)

Of wormes, er ye take your laxatyves,
Of lauriol, centaure, and fumeter,

4155

Or elles of ellebor, that growtheth thare.
Or catapuce, or of gaytres beryis,

Of erbe yve, growing in our yard, that
mery is;
Pekke hem up right as they growe, and
ete hem in.

Be mery, housbond, for your fader kin!
Dredeth no dreem; I can say yow na-
more.' (149)

' Madame,' quod he, 'graunt mercy of
your lore. 4160

But natheles, as touching dann Catoun,
That hath of wisdom such a greet renoun,
Though that he bad no dremes for to
dredre,

By god, men may in olde bokes rede
Of many a man, more of auctoritee 4165
Than ever Catoun was, so mote I thee,
That al the revers seyn of his sentence,
And han wel founden by experience,
That dremes ben significaciouns,
As wel of joye as tribulaciouns 4170
That folk enduren in this lyf present. (161)
Ther nedeth make of this noon argument;
The verray preve sheweth it in dede. //

Oon of the gretteste auctours that men
rede

Seith thus, that whylom two felawes
wente 4175

On pilgrimage, in a ful good entente;
And happed so, thay come into a toun,
Wher-as ther was swich congregacioun
Of peple, and cek so streit of herbergage
That they ne founde as muche as o cotage
In which they bothe mighthe y-logged be.
Wherfor thay mosten, of necessitee, (172)
As for that night, departen compaignye;
And ech of hem goth to his hostelye,
And took his logging as it wolde falie. 4185
That oon of hem was logged in a stalle,
Fer in a yerd, with oxen of the plough;
That other man was logged wel y-nough,
(As was his aventure, or his fortune, 4189
That us governeth alle as in commune.)

And so bifel, that, longe er it were day,
This man mette in his bed, ther-as he lay,
How that his felawe gan up-on him
calle, (183)

And seyde, "allas! for in an oxes stalle
This night I shal be mordred ther I lye.
Now help me, dere brother, er I dye; 4196
In alle haste com to me," he sayde.
This man out of his sleep for fere abrayde;

But whan that he was wakned of his sleep,
He turned him, and took of this no keep;
Him thoughte his dreem nas but a vanitee. Thus twy's in his sleping dremed he. (192)
And atte thridde tyme yet his felawe
Cam, as him thoughte, and seide, "I am
now slawe; ~~slawen~~
Bihold my blody woundes, depe and wyde!
Arys up erly in the morwe-tyde, 4206
And at the west gate of the toun," quod he,
"A carte ful of dong ther shal low see,
In which my body is hid ful prively; ~~here~~
Do thilke carte aresten boldely. ~~inward~~
My gold caused my mordre, sooth to
sayn;" (201)
And tolde him every poynt how he was
slayn,
With a ful pitous face, pale of hewe.
And truste wel, his dreem he fond ful
trewe;
For on the morwe, as sone as it was day,
To his felawes in he took the way; 4216
And whan that he cam to this oxes stalle,
After his felawes he bigan to calle.
The hostiler answered him anon, ~~sir KEE~~
And seyde, "sire, your felawe is agon, 4220
As sone as day he wente out of the toun."
This man gan fallen in suspiciooun, (212)
Remembryng on his dremes that he mette,
And forth he goth, no lenger wolde he
lette, 4224
Unto the west gate of the toun, and fond
A dong-carte, as it were to donge lond,
That was arrayed in the same wyse
As ye han herd the dede man devyse;
And with an hardy herte he gan to crye
Vengeaunce and justice of this felonye :—
" My felawe mordred is this same night,
And in this carte he lyth gapinge upright,
I crye out on the ministres," quod he, (223)
" That sholden kepe and reulen this citee :
Harrow! allas! her lyth my felawe
slayn!" 4235
What shold I more un-to this tale sayn?
The peple out-stertere, and caste the cart to
grounde,
And in the middel of the dong they
founde
The dede man, that mordred was al newe.
O blissful god, that art so just and
trewe! 4240

Lo, how that thou biwreyest mordre
alway! (231)

Mordre wol out, that see we day by day.
Mordre is so wlatson and abhominable
To god, that is so just and resonable,
That he ne wol nat suffre it heled be; 4245
Though it abyde a yeer, or two, or three,
Mordre wol out, this my conclusioun.
And right anoon, ministres of that toun
(Han hent the carter, and so sore him
pyned, (239)

And eek the hostiler so sore engyned, 4250
That thay bliknewe hir wikkednesse anoon,
And were an-hanged by the nekke-boon.)

Here may men seen that dremes been
to drede.
And certes, in the same book I rede,
Right in the nexte chapitre after this,
(I gabbe nat, so have I joye or blis,) 4256
Two men that wolde han passed over see,
For certeyn cause, in-to a fer contree,
If that the wind ne hadde been contrarie,
That made hem in a citee for to tarie, 4260
That stood ful mery upon an haven-
syde. (251)

But on a day, agayn the even-tyde,
The wind gan chaunge, and blew right
as hem leste.

Jolif and glad they wente un-to hir reste,
And casten hem ful erly for to stille; 4265
But to that oo man fil a greet mervaille.
That oon of hem, in sleping as he lay,
Him mette a wonder dreem, agayn the
day; ^{but for}

Him thoughte a man stood by his beddes
syde,
And him comaunded, that he sholde
abide,

And seyde him thus, "if thou to-morwe
wende, (261)
Thou shalt be dreynt; my tale is at an
ende."

He wook, and tolde his felawe what he
mette,
And preyde him his viage for to lette; ^{de}
As for that day, he preyde him to abide.
His felawe, that lay by his beddes syde,
Gan for to laughe, and scorned him ful
faste.

"No dreem," quod he, "may so myn herte
agaste,

That I wol lette for to do my things.
I sette not a straw by thy dreminges, 4280
For swevenes been but vanitees and japes.
Men dreme al-day of owles or of apes, (272)
And eke of many a mase therwithal; ^{for}
Men dreme of thing that never was no
shal. 4284

But sith I see that thou wolt heer abyde,
And thus for-sleuthen wilfully thy tyde,
God wot it reweth me; and have good
day."

And thus he took his leve, and wente his
way.

But er that he hadde halfe his cours
y-seyded,

Noot I nat why, ne what mischaunce it
eyled, 4290

But casuelly the shippes botme rente, (281) ^{but for}
And ship and man under the water wente
In sighte of othere shippes it byside,
That with hem seyled at the same tyde.
And therfor, faire Pertelote so dere, 4295
By swiche ensamples olde maistow lere,
That no man sholde been to recchelees
Of dremes, for I sey thee, doutelees,
That many a dreem ful sore is for to
drede. 4299

Lo, in the lyf of saint Kenelm, I rede,
That was Kenulphus sone, the noble king
Of Mercenrike, how Kenelm mette a
thing; (292)

A lyte er he was mordred, on a day,
His mordre in his avisoun he say.
His norice him expouned every del 4305
His swenen, and bad him for to kepe him
wel

For traïsoun; but he nas but seven yeer
old,

And therfore litel tale hath he told
Of any dreem, so holy was his herte.
By god, I hadde lever than my sherte 4310
That ye had rad his legende, as have I.
Dame Pertelote, I sey yow trewely, (302)
Macrobeus, that writ th'avisoun
In Affrike of the worthy Cipioun,
Affermeth dremes, and seith that they
been 4315

Warning of things that men after seen.
And farther-more, I pray yow loketh
wel
In th'olde testament, of Daniel,

If he held dremes any vanitee. 4319
 Reed eek of Joseph, and ther shul ye see
 Wher dremes ben somtyme (Isey nat alle)
 Warning of things that shul after falle.
 Loke of Egipt the king, daun Pharao, (313)
 His bakere and his boteler also, 4324
 Wher they ne felte noon effect in dremes.
 Who-so wol seken actes of sondry remes,
 May rede of dremes many a wonder thing.

Lo Cresus, which that was of Lyde king,
 Mette he nat that he sat upon a tree, 4329
 Which signified he sholde anhanged be?
 Lo heer Andromacha, Ectores wyf, (321)
 That day that Ector sholde lese his lyf,
 She dremed on the same night biforn,
 How that the lyf of Ector sholde be lorn,
 If thilke day he wente in-to bataille; 4335
 She warned him, but it mighte nat
 availle;

He wente for to fighte nathlees,
 But he was slayn anoon of Achilles.
 But thilke tale is al to long to telle, 4339
 And eek it is ny day, I may nat dwelle.
 Shortly I seye, as for conclusioun, (331)
 That I shal han of this avisoun
 Adversitee; and I seye forther-more,
 That I ne telle of laxatyves no store,
 For they ben venimous, I woot it wel; 4345
 I hem defye, I love hem never a del.

Now let us speke of mirthe, and stinte
 al this;
 Madame Pertelote, so have I blis,
 Of o thing god hath sent me large grace;
 For whan I see the beautee of your face,
 Ye ben so scarlet-reed about your yén,
 It maketh al my drede for to dyen; (342)
 For, also siker as *In principio*,
Mulier est hominis confusio; 4354
 Madame, the sentence of this Latin is—
 Womman is mannes joye and al his blis.
 For whan I fele a-night your softe syde,
 Al-be-it that I may nat on you ryde,
 For that our perche is maad so narwe,
 alas!

I am so ful of joye and of solas 4360
 That I defye bothe sweven and dreem.
 And with that word he fleydoun fro the
 beem, (352)
 For it was day, and eek his hennes alle;
 And with a chuk he gan hem for to calle,
 For he had founde a corn, lay in the yerd.

Royal he was, he was namore aferd; 4366
 He fethered Pertelote twenty tyme,
 And trad as ofte, er that it was pryme.
 He loketh as it were a grim leoun; 4369
 And on his toos he rometh up and doun,
 Him deyned not to sette his foot to
 grounde. (361)
 He chukketh, whan he hath a corn
 y-founde,
 And to him rennen thanne his wyves
 alle.
 Thus royal, as a prince is in his halle,
 Leve I this Chauntecleer in his pasture:
 And after wol I telle his aventure. 4376
 Whan that the month in which the
 world bigan,
 That highte March, whan god first maked
 man,
 Was complet, and [y]-passed were also,
 Sin March bigan, thirty dayes and two.
 Bifel that Chauntecleer, in al his pryd,
 His seven wyves walking by his syde, (372)
 Caste up his eyen to the brighte sonne,
 That in the signe of Taurus hadde
 y-ronne
 Twenty degrees and oon, and somewhat
 more; 4385
 And knew by kynde, and by noon other
 lore,
 That it was pryme, and crew with blisful
 stevene.
 'The sonne,' he sayde, 'is clommen up on
 hevene
 Forty degrees and oon, and more, y-wis.
 Madame Pertelote, my worldes blis, 4390
 Herkneth thise blisful briddes how they
 singe, (381)
 And see the fresshe floures how they
 springe;
 Ful is myn herte of revel and solas.'
 But sodeinly him fil a sorweful cas;
 For ever the latter ende of joye is wo. 4395
 God woot that worldly joye is sone ago;
 And if a rethor coude faire endytie,
 He in a cronique saufly mighte it wryte,
 As for a sovereyn notabilitee. 4400
 Now every wys man, lat him herkne me;
 This storie is al-so trewe, I undertake, (391)
 As is the book of Launcelot de Lake,
 That wommen holde in ful gret reverence.
 Now wol I torne agayn to my sentence.

A col-fox, ful of sly iniquitee, 4405
That in the grove hadde woned yeres
three,

By heigh imaginacioun forn-cast,
The same night thurgh-out the hegges
brast

Into the yerd, ther Chauntecleer the faire
Was wont, and eek his wyves, to repaire;
And in a bed of wortes stille he lay, (401)
Til it was passed undern of the day,
Wayting his tyme on Chauntecleer to
falle,

As gladly doon thise homicydes alle,
That in awayt liggen to mordre men. 4415
O false mordrer, lurking in thy den!
O newe Scariot, newe Genilon!
False dissimilour, O Greek Sinon,
That broghtest Troye al outrely to sorwe!
O Chauntecleer, acursed be that morwe,
That thou into that yerd flough fro the
bemes! (411) 4421

Thou were ful wel y-warned by thy
dremes,

That thilke day was perilous to thee.
But what that god forwoot mot nedes be,
After the opinioune of certeyn cleriks. 4425
Witnessesse on him, that any perfit clerk is,
That in scole is gret altercacioun
In this matere, and greet disputisoun,
And hath ben of an hundred thousand
men.

But I ne can not bulte it to the bren, 4430
As can the holy doctour Augustyn, (421)
Or Boëce, or the bishop Bradwardyn,
Whether that goddes worthy forwiting
Streyneth me nedely for to doon a thing,
(Nedely clepe I simple necessitee); 4435
Or elles, if free choys be graunted me
To do that same thing, or do it noght,
Though god forwoot it, er that it was
wroght;

Or if his witing streyneth nevere a del
But by necessitee condicione. 4440
I wol not han to do of swich matere; (431)
My tale is of a cok, as ye may here,
That took his counsel of his wyf, with
sorwe,

To walken in the yerd upon that morwe
That he had met the dreem, that I yow
tolde. 4445

Wommennes counseils been ful ofte colde;

Wommannes counsel broghte us first to
wo,

And made Adam fro paradys to go,
Ther-as he was ful mery, and wel at ese.—
But for I noot, to whom it mighte
displese, 4450

If I counsel of wommen wolde blame, (441)
Passe over, for I seyde it in my game.
Rede auctours, wher they trete of swich
matere,

And what thay seyn of wommen ye may
here.

Thise been the cokkes wordes, and nat
myne; 4455

I can noon harm of nowoman divyne.—

Faire in the sond, to bathe hir merily,
Lyth Pertelote, and alle hir sustres by,
Agayn the sonne; and Chauntecleer so
free

Song merier than the mermayde in the
see; 4460

For Phisiologus seith sikerly, (451)

How that they singen wel and merily.
And so bifel that, as he caste his yë,
Among the wortes, on a boterflye, 4464
He was war of this fox that lay ful lowe.
No-thing ne liste him thanne for to crowe,
But cryde anon, 'cok, cok,' and up he
sterte,

As man that was affrayed in his herte.
For naturelly a beest desyreth flee

Fro his contrarie, if he may it see, 4470
Though he never erst had seyn it with
his yë. (461)

This Chauntecleer, whan he gan him
espye,

He wolde han fled, but that the fox anon
Seyde, 'Gentil sire, allas! wher wol ye
gon?

Be ye affrayed of me that am your
freend? 4475

Now certes, I were worse than a feend,
If I to yow wolde harm or vileinye.
I am nat come your counsel for t'espoye;
But trewely, the cause of my cominge
Was only for to herkne how that ye
sing. (470) 4480

For trewely ye have as mery a stevene;
As eny aungel hath, that is in hevene;
Therwith ye han in musik more feiinge
Than hadde Boëce, or any that can singe.

My lord your fader (god his soule blesse !)
And eek your moder, of hir gentilesse,
Han in myn hous y-been, to my gret ese;
And certes, sire, ful fayn wolde I yow
plese. 4488

But for men speke of singing, I wol saye,
So mote I brouke wel myn eyen tweye,
Save yow, I herde never man so singe,
As dide your fader in the morweninges;
Certes, it was of herte, al that he song.
And for to make his voys the more strong,
He wolde so peyne him, that with bothe
his yēn. 4495

He moste winke, so loude he wolde cryen,
And stonden on his tiptoon ther-with-al,
And strecche forth his nekke long and
smal.

And eek he was of swich discreciooun,
That ther nas no man in no regioune 4500
That him in song or wisdom mighthe
passee. 4501

I have wel rad in daun Burnel the Asse,
Among his vers, how that ther was a cok,
For that a preestes sone yaf him a knok
Upon his leg, whyl he was yong and
nyce, 4505

He made him for to lese his benefyee.
But certeyn, ther nis no comparisoun
Bitwix the wisdom and discreciooun
Of youre fader, and of his subtiltee. 4509
Now singeth, sire, for sainte Charitee, 4510
Let see, conne ye your fader countrefete?.

This Chauntecleer his winges gan to bete,
As man that coude his tresoun nat espye,
So was he ravished with his flaterye.
Allas ! ye lordes, many a fals flatour
Is in your courtes, and many a losengheour,
That plesen yow wel more, by my feith,
Than he that soothfastnesse unto yow
seith.

Redeth Ecclesiaste of flaterye; 
Beth war, ye lordes, of hir trecherye. 4520
This Chauntecleer stood hye up-on his
toos, 511
Strecching his nekke, and heeld his eyen
cloos,
And gan to crowe loude for the nones;
And daun Russel the fox sterte up at
ones, 4524
And by the gargat hente Chauntecleer,
And on his bak toward the wode him beer,

For yet ne was ther no man that him
sewed.

O destinee, that mayst nat been eschewed !
Allas, that Chauntecleer fleigh fro the
bemes ! 4529

Allas, his wyf ne roghte nat of dremes !
And on a Friday fil al this meschaunce. (521)
O Venus, that art goddesse of plesaunce,
Sin that thy servant was this Chaunte-
cleer,

And in thy service dide al his powere,
More for delyt, than world to multiplye,
Why woldestow suffre him on thy day to
dye ? 4536

O Gaufred, dere mayster soverayn,
That, whan thy worthy king Richard
was slain

With shot, compleynedest his deth so
sore, ^{Lamented}
Why ne hadde I now thy sentence and
thy lore, 4540

The Friday for to chyde, as diden ye? (531)
(For on a Friday soothly slain was he.)

Than wolde I shewe yow how that I coude
pleyne

For Chauntecleres drede, and for his
payne.)

Certes, swich cry ne lamentaciooun 4545

Was never of ladies maad, whan Ilioun
Was wonne, and Pirrus with his streite
swerd,

Whan he hadde hent king Priam by the
berd,

And slain him (as saith us *Eneydos*),
As maden alle the hennes in the clos, 4550
Whan they had seyn of Chauntecleer the
sighte. (541)

But sovereynly dame Pertelote shrighte,
Ful louder than dide Hasdrubales wyf,
Whan that hir housbond hadde lost his lyf,
And that the Romayns hadde brend
Cartage ; 4555

She was so ful of torment and of rage,
That wilfully into the fyr she sterte,
And brende hir-selven with a stedfast
herte.

O woful hennes, right so cryden ye,
As, whan that Nero brende the citee 4560
Of Rome, cryden senatoures wyves,
For that hir housbondes losten alle hir
lyves;

Withouten gilt this Nero hath hem slayn.
Now wol I torn to my tale agayn:—

This sely widwe, and eek hir doghtrs
two, 4505

Herden thise hennes crye and maken wo,
And out at dores sterten they anoon,
And syen the fox toward the grove goon,
And bar upon his bak the cok away;
And cryden, 'Out! harrow! and weylaway!' 4570

Ha, ha, the fox!' and after him they
ran, 4561

And eek with staves many another man;
Ran Colle our dogge, and Talbot, and
Gerland,
And Malkin, with a distaf in hir hand;
Ran cow and calf, and eek the verray
hogges 4575

So were they fered for berking of the
dogges

And shouting of the men and wimmen
eke,

They ronne so, hem thoughte hir herte
breke.

They yeldden as feendes doon in helle;
The dokes cryden as men wolde hem
quelle; 4580 (571)

The gees for fere flownen over the trees;
Out of the hyve cam the swarm of bees;
So hidous was the noyse, a! benedicite!
Certes, he Jakke Straw, and his meynee,
Ne made never shoutes half so shrille, 4585

Whan that they wolden any Fleming
kille,

As thilke day was maad upon the fox.
Of bras thay broghten bemes, and of box,
Of horn, of boon, in whiche they blewe
and pouped,

And therewithal thay shryked and they
houped;

It semed as that heven sholde falle. 4590 (581)

Now, gode men, I pray yow herkneth alle!
Lo, how fortune turneth sodeinly

The hope and pryd eek of hir enemy!
This cok, that lay upon the foxes bak, 4595
In al his drede, un-to the fox he spak,
And seyde, 'sire, if that I were as ye,
Yet sholde I seyn (as wis god helpe me),
Turneth agayn, ye proude cherles alle!

A verray pestilence up-on yow falle! 4600
Now am I come un-to this wodes syde,
Maugree your heed, the cok shal heer
abyde; 592

I wol him ete in feith, and that anon.'—
The fox awurde, 'in feith, it shal be
don,'—

And as he spak that word, al sodeinly 4605
This cok brak from his mouth deliverly,
And heighe up-on a tree he fleigh anon.
And whan the fox saugh that he was
y-gon,

'Allas!' quod he, 'O Chauntecleer, allas!
I have to yow,' quod he, 'y-doon trespass,
In-as-muche as I maked yow aferd, 601)
Whan I yow hente, and broghte out of
the yerd;

But, sire, I dide it in no wikke entente;
Com doun, and I shal telle yow what
I mente.

I shal seye sooth to yow, god help me so,
'Nay than,' quod he, 'I shrewe us bothe
two, 4616

And first I shrewe my-self, bothe blood
and bones,

If thou bigyle me ofter than ones.
Thou shalt na-more, thurgh thy flaterye,
Do me to singe and winke with myn ȳ.
For he that winketh, whan he sholde see,
Al wilfully, god lat him never thee! 612)

'Nay,' quod the fox, 'but god yeve him
meschaunce,
That is so undiscreet of governaunce,
That jangleth whan he sholde holde his
pees,' 4625

Lo, swich it is for to be recchelees,
And negligent, and truste on flaterye.
But ye that holden this tale a folye,
As of a fox, or of a cok and hen,

Taketh the moralitee, good men. 4630
For saint Paul seith, that al that writen
is,

To our doctryne it is y-write, y-wis.
Takest the fruyt, and lat the chaf be
stille,

Now, gode god, if that it be thy wille,
As seith my lord, so make us alle good
men; 4635
And bringe us to his heighe blisse. Amen.

EPILOGUE TO THE NONNE PREESTES TALE.

'SIR Nonnes Preest,' our hoste seyde anoon,
'Y-blessed be thy breche, and every stoon!
This was a mery tale of Chauntecleer.
But, by my trouthe, if thou were seculer,
Thou woldest been a trede-foula-right.⁴⁶⁴¹
For, if thou have corage as thou hast
might,
Thee were nede of hennes, as I wene,
Ya, mo than seven tymes seventene.

See, whiche braunes hath this gentil
Preest,⁴⁶⁴⁵
So greet a nekke, and swich a large breest!
He loketh as a sperhawk with his yēn; (11)
Him nedeth nat his colour for to dyen
With brasil, ne with greyn of Portingale.
Now sire, faire falle yow for youre tale!
And after that he, with ful mery chere,
Seide to another, as ye shullen here.⁴⁶⁵²

* * B. 4652 = T. 15468 ; C. 1 = T. 11935.

GROUP C.

THE PHISICIENS TALE.

Here folweth the Phisiciens Tale.

THER was, as telleth Titus Livius,
A knight that called was Virginius,
Fulfil of honour and of worthinesse,
And strong of frendes and of greet
richesse. [T. 11938]

This knight a doghter hadde by his wyf,
No children hadde he mo in al his lyf. 6
Fair was this mayde in excellent beautee
Aboven every wight that man may see;
For nature hath with sovereyn diligence
Y-formed hir in so greet excellencye,
As though she woldeseyn, 'lo! I, Nature,
Thus can I forme and peynte a creature,
Whan that me list; who can me countre-
fete?

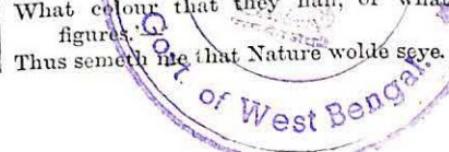
Pigmalion noght, though he ay forge and
bete,

Or grave, or peynte; for I dar welseyn,¹⁵
Apelles, Zanzis, sholde werche in veyn,
Other to grave or peynte or forge or bete,
If they presumed me to countrefete.

For he that is the former principal
Hath maked me his vicairo general,²⁰
To forme and peynten ethely creaturis
Right as me list, and ell thing in my
cure is

Under the mons that may wane and wax,
And for my werk right nything wol I ax;
My lord and I ben ful of oon accord;²⁵
I made hir to the worship of my lord.
So do I alle myne othere creatures,
What colour that they han, or what
figures.

Thus semeth me that Nature wolde seye.



This mayde of age twelf yeer was and
tweye, 30
In which that Nature hadde swich delty.
For right as she can peynte a lilie whyt
And reed a rose, right with swich peynture
She peynted hath this noble creature
Er she were born, up-on hir limes free, 35
Wher-as by right swiche colour sholde be;
And Phebus dyed hath hir tresses grete
Lyk to the stremes of his burned hete,
And if that excellent was hir beautee,
A thousand-fold more vertuous was she. 40
In hir ne lakked no condicoun,
That is to preyse, as by discreciooun.
As wel in goost as body chast was she;
For which she floured in virginitee
With alle humilitie and abstinenee, 45
With alle attemperaunce and pacience,
With mesure eek of bering and array.
Discreet she was in answering alway;
Though she were wys as Pallas, dar I seyn,
Hir facound eek ful wommanly and pleyn, 50
No countrefeted termes hadde she
To seme wys; but after hir degree
She spak, and alle hir wordes more and
lesse
Souninge in vertu and in gentillesse.
Shamfast she was in maydens shamfast-
nesse, 55
Constant in herte, and ever in bisynesse
To dryve hir out of ydel slogardye.
Bacus hadde of hir mouth right no
maistrye;
For wyn and youthe doon Venus encrece,
As men in fyr wol casten oile or grece, 60
And of hir owene vertu, unconstreyned,
She hath ful ofte tym syk hir feyned,
For that she wolde fleen the companye
Wher lykly was to treten of folye,
As is at festes, revels, and at daunces. 65
That been occasions of daliaunes
Swich thinges maken children for to be
To sone rype and bold, as men may see,
Which is ful perilous, and hath ben yore.
For al to sone may she lerne lore 70
Of boldnesse, whan she woxen is a wif
And ye maistresses in your olde lyf,
That lordes doghtres han in governaunce,
Ne taketh of my wordes no displesaunce;
Thenketh that ye ben set in governinges 75
Of lordes doghtres, only for two thinges;

Outher for ye han kept your honestee,
Or elles ye han falle in freletee,
And knownen wel y-nough the olde daunce,
And han forsaken fully swich meschaunce
For evermo; therfore, for Cristes sake, 81
To teche hem vertu loke that ye ne slake.
A theef of venisoun, that hath forlaft
His likerousnesse, and al his olde craft,
Can kepe a forest best of any man. 85
Now kepeth hem wel, for if ye wol, ye can;
Loke wel that ye un-to no vice assente,
Lest ye be dampned for your wilke en-
tente;
For who-so doth, a traitour is certeyn.
And taketh kepe of that that I shal
seyn; 90
Of alle tresons sovereyn pestilence
Is whan a wight bitrayseth innocencie.
Ye fadres and ye modres eek also,
Though ye han children, be it oon or two,
Your is the charge of al hir surveyaunce, 95
Whyl that they been under your govern-
aunce.
Beth war that by ensample of your livinge,
Or by your negligencie in chastisinge,
That they ne perisse; for I dar wel seye,
If that they doon, ye shul it dere abeye. 100
Under a shepherde softe and negligent
The wolf hath many a sheep and lamb
to-rent.
Sufiyseth oon ensample now as here,
For I mot turne agayn to my matere.
This mayde, of which I wol this tale
expresse, 105
So kepte hir-self, hir neded no maistresse;
For in hir living maydens mighten rede,
As in a book, every good word or dede,
That longeth to a mayden vertuous;
She was so prudent and so bounteuous. 110
For which the fame out-sprong on every
syde
Bothe of hir beautee and hir bountee wyde;
That thurgh that land they preyed hir
echone,
That loved vertu, save envye allone,
That sory is of other mennes wele, 115
And glad is of his sorwe and his unhele;
(The doctour maketh this descripcioune).
This mayde up-on a day wente in the toun
Toward a temple, with hir moder dere,
As is of yonge maydens the manere. 120

Now was ther thanne a justice in that toun,
That governour was of that regiou恩.
And so bifel, this juge his eyen caste
Up-on this mayde, avysinge him ful faste,
As she cam forby ther this juge stood, 125
Anon his herte chaunged and his mood,
So was he caught with beautee of this
mayde;

And to him-self ful prively he sayde,
'This mayde shal be myn, for any man.'

Anon the feend in-to his herte ran, 130
And taughte him sodeynly, that he by
slighe

The mayden to his purpos winne myghte.
For certes, by no force, ne by no mede,
Him thoughte, he was nat able for to spedre;
For she was strong of frendes, and eek she
Confermed was in swich soverayn bountee,
That wel he wiste he myghte hir never
winne 137

As for to make hir with hir body sinne.
For which, by greet deliberacionn,
He sente after a cherl, was in the toun, 140
Which that he knew for subtil and for
bold.

This juge un-to this cherl his tale hath told
In secrete wyse, and made him to ensure,
He sholde telle it to no creature,
And if he dide, he sholde lese his heed. 145
Whan that assented was this cursed reed,
Glad was this juge and maked him greet
chere,

And yaf him yiftes preciouise and dere.

Whan shapen was al hir conspiracye
Fro point to point, how that his lecherye
Parfourned sholde been ful subtilly, 151
As ye shul here it after openly,
Hoom gooth the cherl, that highte Clau-
dius.

This false juge that highte Apius,
So was his name, (for this is no fable, 155
But knownen for historial thing notable,
The sentence of it sooth is, out of doute),
This false juge gooth now faste aboute
To hasten his delty al that he may.
And so bifel sone after, on a day, 160
This false juge, as telleth us the storie,
As he was wont, sat in his consistorioe,
And yaf his domes up-on sondry cas.
This false cherl cam forth a ful greet pas,

And seyde, 'lord, if that it be your wille, 165
As dooth me right up-on this pitous bille,
In which I pleyne up-on Virginius.
And if that he wol seyn it is nat thus,
I wol it preve, and finde good witnesse,
That sooth is that my bille wol expresse.'
The juge answerde, 'of this, in his
absence, 171

I may nat yeve diffinitif sentence.
Lat do him calle, and I wol gladly here;
Thou shalt have al right, and no wrong
here.' 174

Virginius cam, to wite the juges wille,
And right anon was rad this cursed bille;
The sentence of it was as ye shul here.

'To yow, my lord, sire Apius so dere,
Sheweth your povre servant Claudius,
How that a knight, called Virginius, 180
Agayns the lawe, agayn al equitee,
Holdeth, expres agayn the wil of me,
My servant, which that is my thrall by
right,

Which fro myn hous was stole up-on
a night,

Whyl that she was ful yong; this wol
I preve 185

By witnesse, lord, so that it nat yow greve.
She nis his doghter nat, what so he seye;
Wherfore to yow, my lord the juge, I preye,
Yeld me my thrall, if that it be your wille.'
Lo! this was al the sentence of his bille.

Virginius gan up-on the cherl biholde,
But hastily, er he his tale tolde, 192
And wolde have preved it, as sholde
a knight,

And eek by witnessing of many a wight,
That it was fals that seyde his adversarie,
This cursed juge wolde no-thing tarie, 196
Ne here a word more of Virginius,
But yaf his judgement, and seyde thus:—

'Idemeanon this cherl his servant have;
Thou shalt no lenger in thyng hous hir
save. 200
Go bring hir forth, and put hir in our
wardre,
The cherl shal have his thrall, this I
awarde.'

And whan this worthy knight Virginius,
Thurgh sentence of this justice Apius,
Moste by force his dere doghter yiven 205
Un-to the juge, in lecherye to liven,

He gooth him hoom, and sette him in his
halle,
And leet anon his dere daughter calle,
And, with a face deed as ashen colde,
Upon hir humble face he gan biholde, 210
With fadres piteestiking thurgh his herte,
Al wolde he from his purpos nat converte.
'Doghter,' quod he, 'Virginia, by thy
name,
Ther been two weyes, outher deeth or
shame,
That thou most suffre; allas! that I was
bore!' 215
For never thou deservedest wherfore
To dyen with a swerd or with a knyf.
O dere doghter, ender of my lyf,
Which I have fostred up with swich
plesaunce,
That thou were never out of my remem-
braunce!' 220
O doghter, which that art my laste wo,
And in my lyf my laste joye also,
O gemme of chastitee, in pacience
Take thou thy deeth, for this is my sen-
tence.
For love and nat for hate, thou most be
deed; 225
My pitous hand mot smyten of thyn heed.
Allas! that ever Apius thee say!
Thus hath he falsly juged thee to-day'—
And tolde hir al the cas, as ye before 229
Han herd; nat nedeth for to telle it more.
'O mercy, dere fader,' quod this mayde,
And with that word she both hir armes
layde
About his nekke, as she was wont to do:
The teres broste out of hir eyen two,
And seyde, 'gode fader, shal I dye?' 235
Is ther no grace? is ther no remedye?
'No, certes, dere doghter myn,' quod he.
'Thanne yif me leyser, fader myn,' quod
she,
'My deeth for to compleyne a litel space;
For pardee, Jepteyaf his doghter grace 240
For to compleyne, er he hir slow, allas!
And god it woot, no-thing was hir trespass,
But for she ran hir fader first to see,
To welcome him with greet solempnitez,
And with that word she fil aswowne anon,
And after, whan hir swowning is agon, 246

She ryseth up, and to hir fader sayde,
'Blessed be god, that I shal dye a mayde.
Yif me my deeth, er that I have a shame;
Doth with your child your wil, a goddes
name!' 250
And with that word she preyed him ful
ofte,
That with his swerd he wolde smyte softe,
And with that word aswowne doun she fil.
Hir fader, with ful sorweful herte and wil,
Hir heed of smoot, and by the top it
hente, 255
And to the juge he gan it to presente,
As he sat yet in doom in consistorie.
And whan the juge it saugh, as seith the
storie,
He bad to take him and anhange him
faste. 259
But right anon a thousand peple in thraste,
To save the knight, for routhe and for
pitee,
For knownen was the false iniquitee.
The peple anon hath suspect of this thing,
By manere of the cherles chalanging,
That it was by th'assent of Apius; 265
They wisten wel that he was lecherous.
For which un-to this Apius they gon,
And caste him in a prison right anon,
Wher-as he slow him-self; and Claudius,
That servant was un-to this Apius, 270
Was demed for to hange upon a tree;
But that Virginius, of his pitee,
So preyde for him that he was exyled;
And elles, certes, he had been bigyled.
The remenant were anhanged, more and
lesse, 275
That were consentant of this cursed-
nesse.—
Heer men may seen how sinne hath his
meryte!
Beth war, for no man woot whom god
wol smyte
In no degree, ne in which maner wyse
The worm of conscience may agryste 280
Of wikked lyf, though it so privee be,
That no man woot ther-of but god and he.
For be he lewed man, or elles lerid,
Henoot how sone that he shal been afered.
Therfore I rede yow this conseil take, 285
Forsaketh sinne, er sinne yow forsake.

Here endeth the Phisiciens Tale.

WORDS OF THE HOST.

The wordes of the Host to the Phisician and the Pardoner.

OUR Hoste gan to swere as he were wood,
 'Harrow !' quod he, 'by nayles and by blood !
 This was a fals cherl and a fals justyse !
 As shamful deeth as herte may devyse 290
 Come to thise juges and hir advocats !
 Algat this sely mayde is slayn, allas !
 Allas ! to dere boghite she beautee !
 Wherfore I seye al day, as men may see,
 That yiftes of fortune or of nature 295
 Ben cause of deeth to many a creature. (10)
 Hir beautee was hir deeth, I dar wel sayn ;
 Allas ! so pitously as she was slayn !
 Of bothe yiftes that I speke of now
 Men han ful ofte more harm than prow.
 But trewely, myn owene mayster dere, 301
 This is a pitous tale for to here.
 But natheles, passe over, is no fors ;
 I prey to god, so save thy gentil cors, 304
 And eek thyne urinals and thy jordanes,
 Thyn Ypoeras, and eek thy Galianes, (20)
 And every boist ful of thy letuarie ;
 God blesse hem, and our lady seinte
 Marie !
 So mot I theen, thou art a propre man,
 And lyk a prelat, by seint Ronyan ! 310

Seyde I nat wel ? I can nat speke in
 terme ;
 But wel I woot, thou doost my herte to
 erme,
 That I almost have caught a cardiacle.
 By corpus bones ! but I have triacle, 314
 Orelles a draught of moyste and corny ale,
 Or but I here anon a mery tale, (30)
 Myn herte is lost for pitee of this mayde.
 Thou bel amy, thou Pardoner,' he seyde,
 ' Tel us som mirthe or japes right anon.'
 ' It shall be doon,' quod he, ' by seint
 Ronyon ! 320
 But first,' quod he, ' heer at this ale-
 stake
 I wol both drinke, and eten of a cake.'
 But right anon thise gentils gonue to
 crye,
 ' Nay ! lat him telle us of no ribaudye ;
 Tel us som moral thing, that we may
 lere 325
 Som wit, and thanne wol we gladly
 here.' (40)
 ' I graunte, y-wis,' quod he, ' but I mot
 thinke
 Up-on som honest thing, whyl that I
 drinke.'

THE PROLOGUE OF THE PARDONERS TALE.

Here folweth the Prologe of the Pardoners Tale.

Radix malorum est Cupiditas: Ad Thimotheum, sex:o.

'LORDINGS,' quod he, 'in chirches whan I preche,

I peyne me to han an hauteyn speche, 330
And ringe it out as round as gooth a belle,
For I can al by rote that I telle.

My theme is alwey oon, and ever was—

"Radix malorum est Cupiditas."

First I pronounce whennes that I come,
And than my bulles shewe I, alle and somme.

Our lige lordes seal on my patente,
That shewe I first, my body to warente, (10)

That no man be so bold, ne preest ne clerk,
Me to destourbe of Cristes holy werk; 340

And after that than telle I forth my tales,
Bulles of popes and of cardinales,

Of patriarkes, and bishoppes I shewe;
And in Latyn I speke a wordes fewe,

To saffron with my predication, 345
And for to stire men to devocioun.

Than shewe I forth my longe cristal stones,
Y-crammed ful of cloutes and of bones;

Reliks been they, as wen they echoon.
Than have I in latoun a sholder-boon 350

Which that was of an holy Jewes shepe.
"Good men," seye I, "tak of my wordes

kepe;

If that this boon be wasshe in any welle,
If cow, or calf, or sheep, or oxe swelle

That any worm hath ete, or worm y-stonge,

Tak water of that welle, and wash his tongue, 355

And it is hool anon; and furthermore,

Of pokres and of scabbe, and everysore (30)

Shal every sheep be hool, that of this welle
Drinketh a draughte; tak kepe eek what

I telle. 360

If that the good-man, that the bestesoweth,
Wol every wike, er that the cok him croweth,

Fastinge, drinken of this welle a draughte,
As thilke holy Jewe our eldres taughe,

His bestes and his stoore shal multiplye. 365

And, sirs, also it heleth jalouslye;

For, though a man be falle in jalous rage,
Let maken with this water his potage, (40)

And never shal he more his wyf mistriste,
Though he the sooth of hir defaute wiste;

Al had she taken preestes two or three. 371

Heer is a miteyn eck, that ye may see.

He that his hond wol putte in this miteyn,
He shal have multiplying of his greyn,

Whan he hath sowen, be it whete or otes,
So that he offre pens, or elles grotes. 376

Good men and wommen, o thing warn^g

I yow,

If any wight be in this chirche now, (50)

That hath doon sinne horrible, that he Dar nat, for shame, of it y-shriven be, 380

Or any womman, be she yong or old,
That hath y-maad hir housbond cokewold,

Swich folk shul have no power ne no grace
To offren to my reliks in this place.

And who-so findeth him out of swich blame, 385

He wol com up and offre in goddes name,
And I assoille him by the auctoritee

Which that by bulle y-graunted was to me." 601

By this gaude have I wonne, yeer by
year,
An hundred mark sith I was Pardoner.
I stonde lyk a clerk in my pulpet, 391
And whan the lewed peple is down y-set,
I preche, so as ye han herd before,
And telle an hundred false japes more.
Than peyne I me to streeche forth the
nekke, 395
And est and west upon the peple I bekke,
As doth a dowve sitting on a berne. (69)
Myn hondes and my tonge goon so yerne,
That it is joye to see my bisenesse.
Of avaryee and of swich cursednesse 400
Is al my preaching, for to make hem free
To yeve her pens, and namely un-to me.
For my entente is nat but for to winne,
And no-thing for correccioun of sinne. 404
I rekke never, whan that they ben beried,
Though that her soules goon a-blake-
beried !

For certes, many a predicacioun
Comth ofte tyme of yvel entencioune ; (80)
Som for plesaunce of folk and flaterye,
To been avaunced by ipocrisye, 410
And som for veyne glorie, and som for hate.
For, whan I dar non other weyes debate,
Than wol I stinge him with my tongue
smerte

In preaching, so that he shal nat asterte
To been defamed falsly, if that he 415
Hath trespassed to my brethren or to me.
For, though I telle noght his propre name,
Men shal wel knoweth that it is the same (90)
By signes and by othercircumstances.
Thus quyte I folk that doon us dis-
plesances ; 420
Thus spitte I out my venim under hewe
Of holynesse, to seme holy and trewe.
But shortly myn entente I wol devyse ;
I preche of no-thing but for coveityse.
Therfor my theme is yet, and ever was —

"Radix malorum est cupiditas." 426

Thus can I preche agayn that same vyce
Which that I use, and that is avaryce. (100)
But, though my-self be gilty in that sinne,
Yet can I maken other foilk to twinne 430
From avaryce, and sore to repente.

But that is nat my principal entente.
I preche no-thing but for coveityse ;
Of this matere it oughte y-nogh suffysse.

Than telle I hem ensamples many oon
Of olde stories, longe tyme agoon : 436
For lewed peple loven tales olde ;
Swich thinges can they wel reporte and
holde. (110)

What? trowe ye, the whyles I may preche,
And winne gold and silver for I teche, 440
That I wol live in povert wilfully ?
Nay, nay, I thoghte it never trewely !
For I wol preche and begge in sondry
londes ;

I wol not do no labour with myn hondes,
Ne make baskettes, and live therby, 445
Because I wol nat beggen ydelly.
I wol non of the apostles counterfete ;
I wol have money, wolle, chese, and whete,
Al were it yeven of the povrest page, (121)
Or of the povrest widwe in a village, 450
Al sholde hir children sterve for famyne.
Nay ! I wol drinke licour of the vyne,
And have a joly wenche in every toun.
But herkneth, lordings, in conclusioun ;
Your lyking is that I shal telle a tale. 455
Now, have I dronke a draughte of corny
ale,

By god, I hope I shal yow telle a thing
That shal, by resoun, been at your lyking.
For, though myself be a ful vicious
man,

A moral tale yet I yow telle can, (132) 460
Which I am wont to preche, for to winne.
Now holde your poes, my tale I wol
beginne.'

THE PARDONERS TALE.

Here biginneth the Pardoners Tale.

In Flaundres whylom was a companye
Of yonge folk, that haunteden folye,
As ryot, hasard, stewes, and tavernes, 465
Wher-as, with harpes, lutes, and giternes,
They daunce and pleye at dees bothe day
and night, (139)

And ete also and dricken over hir might,
Thurgh which they doon the devel sacri-
fyse

With-in that develes temple, in cursed
wyse, 470

By superfluite abominable ;
Hir othes been so grete and so dampnable,
That it is grisly for to here hem swere ;
Our blissed lordes body they to-tere ;
Hem thoughte Jewes rente him noght
y-nough ; 475

And ech of hem at otheres sinne lough.
And right anon than comen tombesteres
Fetys and smale, and yonge fruyt-
teres, (150)

Singers with harpes, baudes, wafereres,
Whiche been the verray develes officeres
To kindle and blowe the fyr of lecherye,
That is annexed un-to glotonye ; 482
The holy writ take I to my witnesse,
That luxurio is in wyn and dronkenesse,

Lo, how that drunken Loth, unkindly,
Lay by his doghtres two, unwitingly ; 486
So dronke he was, he niste what he
wroghte. (159)

Herodes, (who-so wel the stories soghte),
Whan he of wyn was replet at his feste,
Right at his owene table he yaf his heste
To sleen the Baptist John ful giltelees. 491
Senek seith eek a good word doutelees;
He seith, he can no difference finde
Bitwix a man that is out of his minde

And a man which that is dronkelewe, 495
But that woodnesse, y-fallen in a shrewe,
Persevereth lenger than doth dronkenesse.
O glotonye, ful of cursednesse, (170)
O cause first of our confusoun,
O riginal of our dampnacioun, 500
Til Crist had boght us with his blood
agayn !

Lo, how dere, shortly for to sayn,
Aboght was thilke cursed vileyne ;
Corrupt was al this world for glotonye !

Adam our fader, and his wyf also, 505
Fro Paradys to labour and to wo
Were driven for that vyce, it is no drede ;
For whyl that Adam fasted, as I rede, (180)
He was in Paradys; and whan that he
Eet of the fruyt defended on the tree, 510
Anon he was out-cast to wo and peyne.
O glotonye, on thee wel oughte us pleyne !
O, wiste a man how many maladyes
Folwen of excesse and of glotonye,
He wolde been the more mesurable 515
Of his diete, sittinge at his table.
Allas ! the shorte throte, the tendre
mouth,

Maketh that, Est and West, and North
and South, (190)

In erthe, in eir, in water men to-swinke
To gete a glotoun deyntee mete and
drinke ! 520

Of this matere, o Paul, wel canstow trete,
' Mete un-to wombe, and wombe eek un-to
mete,
Shal god destroyen bothe,' as Paulus seith.
Allas ! a foul thing is it, by my feith, 524
To seye this word, and fouler is the dede,
Whan man so drinketh of the whyte and
rede,

That of his throte he maketh his privee,
Thurgh thilke cursed superfluitee. (200)
The apostel weeping seith ful pitously,
'Ther walken many of whiche yow told
have I,' 530
I seye it now weeping with pitous voys,
[That] they been enemys of Cristes erloys,
Of whiche the ende is deeth, wombe is
her god.'
O wombe! O bely! O stinking cod,
Fulfilde of donge and of corrupeion! 535
At either ende of thee foul is the soun.
How greet labour and cost is thee to
finde!
These cokes, how they stampē, and streyne,
and grinde, (210)
And turnen substaunce in-to accident,
To fulfille al thy likerous talent! 540
Out of the harde bones knokke they
The mary, for they caste noght a-wey
That may go thurgh the golet softe and
swote;
Of spicerie, of leef, and bark, and rote
Shal been his sauce y-maked by delyt, 545
To make him yet a newer appetyt.
But cortes, he that haunteth swich delyces
Is deed, whyl that he liveth in tho vyses.
A lecherous thing is wyn, and dronke-
nesse (221) 549
Is ful of stryving and of wrecchednesse.
O dronke man, disfigured is thy face,
Sour is thy breath, foul artow to embrace,
And thurgh thy dronke nose semeth the
soun
As though thou seydest ay 'Sampsoun,
Sampsoun';
And yet, god wol, Sampsoun drank never
no wyn. 555
Thou fallest, as it were a stiked swyn;
Thy tongue is lost, and al thy honest cure;
For dronkenesse is verray sepulture (230)
Of mannes wit and his diserecioun. 559
In whom that drinke hath dominacioun,
He can no conseil kepe, it is no drede.
Now kepe yow fro the whyte and fro the
rede,
And namely fro the whyte wyn of Lepe,
That is to selle in Fish-strete or in Chepe.
This wyn of Spayne crepeth subtilly 565
In othere wynes, growing faste by,
Of which ther ryseth swich fumositee,

That whan a man hath dronken draughtes
three, (240)
And weneth that he be at hoom in
Chepe,
He is in Spayne, right at the toune of
Lepe, 570
Nat at the Rochel, ne at Burdeux toun;
And thanne wol he seye, 'Sampsoun,
Sampsoun.'
But herkneth, lordings, o word, I yow
preye,
That alle the sovereyn actes, dar I seye,
Of victories in th'olde testament, 575
Thurgh verray god, that is omnipotent,
Were doon in abstinence and in preyere;
Loketh the Bible, and ther ye may it
lere. (250)
Loke, Attila, the grete conquerour,
Deyde in his sleep, with shame and dis-
honour, 580
Bledinge ay at his nose in dronkenesse;
A capitayn shoulde live in sobrenesse.
And over al this, avyseth yow right wel
What was comaunded un-to Lamuel—
Nat Samuel, but Lamuel, seye I— 585
Redeth the Bible, and finde it expresly
Of wyn-yeving to hem that han justyse.
Na-more of this, for it may wel suffye. (260)
And now that I have spoke of glotonye,
Now wol I yow defenden hasardrye. 590
Hasard is verray moder of lesinges,
And of deceite, and cursed forsweringes,
Blaspheme of Crist, manslaughtre, and
wast also
Of catel and of tyme; and forthermo,
It is repreve and contrarie of honour 595
For to ben holde a commune hasardour.
And ever the hyer he is of estaat,
The more is he holden desolaat. (270)
If that a prince useth hasardrye,
In alle governaunce and policye 600
He is, as by commune opinioun,
Y-holde the lasse in reputacioun.
Stilbon, that was a wys embassadour,
Was sent to Corinthe, in ful greet honour,
Fro Lacidomie, to make hir alliaunce. 605
And whan he cam, him happede, par
chaunce,
That alle the grettest that were of that
lond,
Pleyinge atte hasard he hem fond. (280)

For which, as sone as it myghte be, 609
 He stal him hoom agayn to his contree,
 And seyde, 'ther wol I nat lese my name;
 N' I wol nat take on me so greet defame,
 Yow for to allye un-to none hasardours.
 Sendeth oþere wyse embassadours; 614
 For, by my trouthe, me were lever dye,
 Than I yow sholde to hasardours allye.
 For ye that been so glorious in honours
 Shul nat alyen yow with hasardours (290)
 As by my wil, ne as by my tretee.'
 This wyse philosophre thus seyde he. 620

Loke eek that, to the king Demetrius
 The king of Parthes, as the book seith us,
 Sente him a paire of dees of gold in scorn,
 For he hadde used hasard ther-biforn;
 For which he heeld his glorie or his
 renoun 625
 At no value or reputacioun.
 Lordes may finden other maner pley
 Honeste y-nough to dryve the day awey.
 Now wol I speke of oþeres false and
 grete 630
 A word or two, as olde bokes trete.

Gret swering is a thing abominable,
 And false swering is yet more reprobable.
 The heigh god forbad swering at al,
 Witenesse on Mathew; but in special
 Of swering seith the holy Jeremye, 635
 'Thou shalt seye sooth thyn oþeres, and
 nat lye,

And swere in dome, and eek in rightwisenesse;'

But ydel swering is a cursednesse. (310)
 Bihold and see, that in the firste table
 Of heigh goddes hestes honourable, 640
 Howthat the seconde heste of him is this—
 'Tak nat my name in ydel or amis.'
 Lo, rather he forbedeth swich swering
 Than homicide or many a cursed thing;
 I seye that, as by ordre, thus it stondeth;
 This knownen, that his hestes under-

standeth, 646
 How that the second heste of god is
 that.

And farther over, I wol thee telle al plat,
 That vengeance shal nat parten from his
 hous,

That of his oþeres is to outrageous. (321)
 'By goddes precious herte, and by his
 nayles,

And by the blode of Crist, that it is in
 Hayles,
 Seven is my chaunce, and thyn is cink
 and treye;
 By goddes armes, if thou falsly pleye,
 This dagger shal thurgh-out thyn herte
 go'— 655
 This fruyt cometh of the bicched bonestwo,
 Forswering, ire, falsnesse, homicide. (329)
 Now, for the love of Crist that for us dyde,
 Leveth your oþeres, boþe grete and smale;
 But, sirs, now wol I telle forth my tale. 660

THISE ryotoures three, of whiche I telle,
 Longe erst er pryme rong of any belle,
 Were set hem in a taverne for to drinke;
 And as they satte, they herde a belle clink
 Biforn a cors, was caried to his grave; 665
 That oon of hem gan callen to his knave,
 'Go bet,' quod he, 'and axe redily, (339)
 What cors is this that passeth heer forby;
 And look that thou reporte his name wel.'

'Sir,' quod this boy, 'it nedeth never-
 a-del.

It was me told, er ye cam heer, two hours;
 He was, pardee, an old felawe of youres;
 And sodeynly he was y-slayn to-night,
 For-dronke, as he sat on his bench up-
 right;

Ther cam a privee theef, men clepeth
 Deeth,

That in this contree al the peple sleeth,
 And with his spere he smoot his herte
 a-two, (349)

And wente his wey with-outen wordes mo.
 He hath a thousand slain this pestilence:
 Aud, maister, er ye come in his presence,
 Me thinketh that it were necessarie 681
 For to be war of swich an adversarie:
 Beth redy for to mete him evermore.
 Thus taughe me my dame, I sey na-more.
 'By seinte Marie,' seyde this taverner, 685
 'The child seith sooth, for he hath slayn
 this yeer,

Henne over a myle, with-in a greet village,
 Both man and woman, child and hyne,
 and page. (360)

I trowe his habitacioun be there;
 To been avysed greet wisdom it were, 690
 Er that he dide a man a dishonour.
 'Ye, goddes armes,' quod this ryotour,

'Is it swich peril with him for to mete?
I shal him seke by wey and eek by strete,
I make avow to goddes digne bones! 695
Herkneth, felawes, we three been al ones;
Lat ech of us holde up his hond til other,
And ech of us bicomen otheres brother, (370)
And we wol sleen this false traytour Deeth;
He shal be slain, which that so many
sleeth, 700
By goddes dignitee, er it be night.'

Togidres han thise three her trouthes
plight,
To live and dyen ech of hem for other,
As though he were his owene y-boren
brother.
And up they sterte al dronken, in this
rage, 705
And forth they goon towardes that village,
Of which the taverner had spoke biforn,
And many a grisly ooth than han they
sworn, (380)
And Cristes blessed body they to-rente—
'Deeth shal be deed, if that they may him
hente.' 710
Whan they han goon nat fully half a
myle,
Right as they wolde han troden over a
style,
An old man and a povre with hem mette.
This olde man ful mekely hem grette,
And seyde thus, 'now, lordes, god yow
see!' 715

The proudest of thise ryotours three
Answerde agayn, 'what? earl, with sory
grace, (389)
Why artow al forwrapped save thy face?
Why livestow so longe in so greet age?'
This olde man gan loke in his visage, 720
And seyde thus, 'for I ne can nat finde
A man, though that I walked in-to Inde,
Neither in citee nor in no village,
That wolde chaunge his youthe for myn
age;
And therfore moot I han myn age stille,
As longe time as it is goddes wille. 726
Ne deeth, allas! ne wol nat han my lyf;
Thus walke I, lyk a resteeles caityf, (400)
And on the ground, which is my modres
gate,
I knokke with my staf, bothe erly and late,
And seye, "leve moder, leet me in!" 731

Lo, how I vanish, flesh, and blood, and
skin!
Allas! whan shul my bones been at reste?
Moder, with yow wolde I chaunge my
cheste, 734
That in my chambre longe tyme hath be,
Ye! for an heyre clout to wrappe me!"
But yet to me she wol nat do that grace,
For which ful pale and welked is my face.
But, sirs, to yow it is no curteisye (411)
To speken to an old man vileyne, 740
But he trespassse in worde, or elles in dede.
In holy writ ye may your-self wel rede,
"Agayns an old man, hoor upon hisheed,
Ye sholde aryse;" wherfor I yeve yow
reed,
Ne dooth un-to an old man noon harm
now, 745
Na-more than ye wolde men dide to yow
In age, if that ye so longe abyde;
And god be with yow, wher ye go or ryde.
I moot go thider as I have to go.' (421)
'Nay, olde cherl, by god, thou shalt nat
so,' 750
Seyde this other hasardour anon;
'Thou partest nat so lightly, by saint John!
Thou spak right now of thilke traitour
Deeth,
That in this contree alle our frendes
sleeth.
Have hear my trouthe, as thou art his
aspye, 755
Tel wher he is, or thou shalt it abyde,
By god, and by the holy sacrament!
For soothly thou art oon of his assent, (430)
To sleen us yonge folk, thou false theef!
'Now, sirs,' quod he, 'if that yow be so
leef 760
To finde Deeth, turne up this crooked
wey,
For in that grove I lafte him, by my fey,
Under a tree, and ther he wol abyde;
Nat for your boost he wol him no-thing
hyde.
See ye that ook? right ther ye shul him
finde. 765
God save yow, that boghte agayn man-
kinde,
And yow amende!—thus seyde this onie
man.
And everich of thise ryotours ran, (440)

Til he cam to that tree, and ther they founde
Of florins fyne of golde y-coyned rounde
Wel ny an eighte busshels, as hem thoughte. 771
Nolenger thanne after Deeth they soughte,
But ech of hem so glad was of that sighte,
For that the florins been so faire and
brighte,
That down they sette hem by this precious
hord. 775
The worse of hem he spake the firste word.
'Brethren,' quod he, 'tak kepe what I
seye;
My wit is greet, though that I bourde and
pleye. 450)
This tresor hath fortune un-to us yiven,
In mirthe and jolitee our lyf to liven, 780
And lightly as it comth, so wol we spende.
Ey! goddes precious dignitee! who wende
To-day, that we sholde han so fair a grace?
But mighte this gold be caried fro this
place 784
Hoom to myn hous, or elles un-to youres—
For wel ye woot that al this gold is oures—
Than were we in heigh felicitee.
But trewely, by daye it may nat be; (460)
Men wolde seyn that we were theves
stronge, 789
And for our owene tresor doon us honge.
This tresor moste y-caried be by nighte
As wysly and as slyly as it mighte.
Wherfore I rede that cut among us alle
Be drawe, and lat see wher the cut wol
falle;
And he that hath the cut with herte blythe
Shal renne to the toune, and that ful
swythe, 796
And bringe us breed and wyn ful prively.
And two of us shul kepen subtilly (470)
This tresor wel; and, if he wol nat tarie,
Whan it is night, we wol this tresor
carie 800
By oon assent, wher-as us thinketh best.
That oon of hem the cut broughte in his
fest,
And bad hem drawe, and loke wher it wol
falle;
And it fil on the yongeste of hem alle;
And forth toward the toune he wente anon.
And also sone as that he was gon, 806

That oon of hem spak thus un-to that
other,
'Thou knowest wel thou art my sworne
brother, 480)
Thy profit wol I telle thee anon.
Thou woost wel that our felawe is agon;
And heer is gold, and that ful greet
plente, 811
That shal departed been among us three.
But natholes, if I can shape it so
That it departed were among us twa
Hadde I nat doon a freendes torn to thee?'
That other answerde, 'I noot how that
may be; 816
He woot how that the gold is with us
tweye,
What shal we doon, what shal we to him
seye?' 490)
'Shal it be conseil?' seyde the firste
shrewe,
'And I shal tellen thee, in wordes fewe,
What we shal doon, and bringe it wel
aboute.' 81
'I graunte,' quod that other, 'out of
doute,
That, by my trouthe, I wol thee nat bi-
wreye.'
'Now,' quod the firste, 'thou woost wel
we be tweye, 824
And two of us shul strenger be than oon.
Look whan that he is set, and right anoon
Arys, as though thou woldest with him
pleye;
And I shal ryve him thurgh the sydes
tweye 500)
Whyl that thou strogelest with him as in
game,
And with thy dagger look thou do the
same; 830
And than shal al this gold departed be,
My dere freend, bitwixen me and thee;
Than may we bothe our lustes al fulfillie,
And pleye at dees right at our owene
wille.'
And thus acorded been thise shrewes
tweye 835
To sleep the thridde, as ye han herd me
seye.
This yongest, which that wente un-to
the toune,
Ful ofte in herte he rolleth up and doun

The beautee of thise florins newe and
brighte. (511)
'O lord!' quod he, 'if so were that I
michte' 840
Have al this tresor to my-self allone,
Ther is no man that liveth under the trone
Of god, that sholde live so mery as I!
And atte laste the feend, our enemy,
Putte in his thought that he shold poysone
beye, 845
With which he mighte sleen his felawes
tweye;
For why the feend fond him in swich
lyyvinge, (519)
That he had leve him to sorwe bringe,
For this was outrely his fulle entente
To sleen hem bothe, and never to repente.
And forth he gooth, no lenger wolde he
tarie, 851
Into the toun, un-to a pothecarie,
And preyed him, that he him wolde
selle
Som poysone, that he mighte his ratte
quelle; 856
And eek ther was a polcat in his hawe,
That, as he seyd, his capouns hadde
y-slawe,
And fayn he wolde wreke him, if he
michte,
On vermin, that destroyed him by nighte.
The pothecarie answerde, 'and thou
shalt have' (531)
A thing that, al-so god my soule save, 860
In al this world ther nis no creature,
That ete or dronke hath of this confiture
Noght but the mountance of a corn of
whete,
That he ne shal his lyf anon forlete;
Ye, sterve he shal, and that in lasse whyle
Than thou wolt goon a paas nat but a
myle; 866
This poysone is so strong and violent.'
This cursed man hath in his hond
y-hent (540)
This poysone in a box, and sith he ran
In-to the nexte strete, un-to a man, 870
And borwed [of] him large botels three;
And in the two his poysone poured he;
The thridde he kepte clene for his drinke.
For al the night he shoop him for to
swinke 874

In caryinge of the gold out of that place.
And whan this rytour, with sory grace,
Had filled with wyn his grete botels three,
To his felawes agayn repaireth he. (550)
What nedeth it to sermone of it more?
For right as they had cast his deeth biore,
Right so they han him slain, and that
anon. 881
And whan that this was doon, thus spak
that oon,
'Now lat us sitte and drinke, and make
us merie,
And afterward we wol his body berie.'
And with that word it happed him, par
eas, 885
To take the botel ther the poysone was,
And drank, and yaf his felawe drinke also,
For which anon they storven bothe two.
But, certes, I suppose that Avicen (561)
Wroot never in no canon, ne in no fen,
Mo wonder signes of empoysoning 891
Than hadde these wrecches two, er hir
ending.
Thus ended been these homicydes two,
And eek the false empoysoner also.

O cursed sinne, ful of cursednesse! 895
O traytours homicide, o wikkednesse!
O glotonye, luxurie, and hasardrye! (569)
Thou blasphemour of Crist with vilenye
And othes grete, of usage and of pryd!
Allas! mankinde, how may it bityde, 900
That to thy creatour which that thee
wroghte,
And with his precious herte-blood thee
boghite,
Thou art so fals and so unkinde, allas!
Now, goode men, god forgeve yow your
trespas, 904
And ware yow fro the sinne of avarice.
Myn holie pardoun may yow alle waryce,
So that ye offre nobles or sterlings,
Or elles silver broches, spones, ringes. (580)
Boweth your heed under this holy bulle!
Cometh up, ye wyves, offreth of your
wolle! 910
Your name I entre heer in my rolle anon;
In-to the blisse of hevene shul ye gon;
I yow assoile, by myn heigh power,
Yow that wol offre, as cleene and eek as
cleer

As ye were born; and, lo, sirs, thus I preche. 915

And Jesu Crist, that is our soules leche,
So graunte yow his pardon to receyve;
For that is best; I wol yow nat deceyve.

But sirs, o word forgot I in my tale, (591)
I have reliques and pardon in my male, 920
As faire as any man in Engelond,
Whiche were me yeven by the popes hond
If any of yow wol, of devocioun,
Offren, and han myn absolucioun,
Cometh forth anon, and kneleth heer
adoun,

925
And mckely receyveth my pardoun:
Or elles, taketh pardon as ye wende, (599)
Al newe and fresh, at every tounes ende,
So that ye offren alwey newe and newe
Nobles and pens, which that be gode and
trewe.

930
It is an honour to everich that is heer,
That ye mowe have a suffisant pardoneer
Tassaille yow, in contree as ye ryde,
For aventures which that may bityde.
Peraventure ther may falle oon or two 935
Doun of his hors, and breke his nekke
atwo.

Look which a seuretee is it to yow alle
That I am in your felaweship y-falle, (610)
That may assoille yow, bothe more and
lasser,

Whan that the soule shal fro the body
passee. 940

I rede that our hoste heer shal biginne,
For he is most enveloped in sinne.
Com forth, sir hoste, and offre first anon,
And thou shalt kisse the reliks everichon,

Ye, for a grote! unbokel anon thy purs.'

'Nay, nay,' quod he, 'than have I
Cristes curs!' 946

Lat be,' quod he, 'it shal nat be, so
theech!

Thou woldest make me kisse thyn old
breech, (620)

And swere it were a relik of a saint,
Thogh it were with thy fundement de-
point! 950

But by the croys which that saint Eleyne
fond,

I wolde I hadde thy coillons in myn hond
In stede of reliques or of scintuarie;
Lat cutte hem of, I wol thee helpe hem
carie;

They shul be shryned in an hogges tord.'

This pardoner answerde nat a word; 956
So wrooth he was, no word ne wolde he
seye.

'Now,' quod our host, 'I wol no lenger
pleye' (630)

With thee, ne with noon otherangry man.
But right anon the worthy Knight bigan,
Whan that he saugh that al the peple
lough, 961

'Na-more of this, for it is right y-nough;
Sir Pardoner, be glad and mery of chere;
And ye, sir host, that been to me so dere,
I prey yow that ye kisse the Pardoner. 965
And Pardoner, I prey thee, drawe thee
neer,

And, as we diden, lat us laughe and
pleye.' (639)

Anon they kiste, and riden forth hir
weye.

[T. 12902]

Here is ended the Pardoners Tale.

(For T. 12903, see p. 492).

GROUP D.

THE WIFE OF BATH'S PROLOGUE.

The Prologue of the Wyves Tale of Bathe.

'EXPERIENCE, though noon auctoritee
Were in this world, were right y-nough
to me

To speke of wo that is in mariage ;
For, lordinges, sith I twelf yeaer was of age,
Thonked be god that is eterne on lyve, 5
Housbondes at chirche-dore I have had
fyve ;

For I so ofte have y-wedded be ;
And alle were worthy men in hir degree.
But me was told certeyn, nat longe agon is,
That sith that Crist ne wente never but
onis 10

To wedding in the Cane of Galilee,
That by the same ensample taughe he me
That I ne sholde wedded be but ones.
Herke eek, lo ! which a sharp word for
the nones

Besyde a welle Jesus, god and man, 15
Spak in repreve of the Samaritan :

"Thou hast y-had fyve housbondes," quod
he,

"And thilke man, the which that hath
now thee,
Is noght thyн housbond ;" thus seyde he
certeyn ;

What that he mente ther-by, I can nat
seyn ; 20

But that I axe, why that the fifthe man
Was noon housbond to the Samaritan ?
How manye mighte she have in mariage ?
Yet herde I never tellen in myn age

Upon this nombre diffinicion ; 25

Men may devyne and glosen up and down.
But wel I woot expres, with-oute lye,
God bad us for to wexe and multiplye ;
That gentil text can I wel understande.
Eek wel I woot he seyde, myn housbonde

Sholde lete fader and moder, and take
me ; 31

But of no nombre menciou made he,
Of bigamye or of octogamye ;
Why sholde men speke of it vileinye ?

Lo, here the wyse king, dan Salomon ; 35
I trowe he hadde wyves mo than oon ;
As, wolde god, it leveful were to me
To be refreshed half so ofte as he !
Which yifte of god hadde he for alle his
wyvis !

No man hath swich, that in this world
alyve is. 40

God woot, this noble king, as to my wit,
The firste night had many a mery fit
With ech of hem, so wel was him on lyve !
Blessed be god that I have wedded fyve !*
Welcome the sixte, whan that ever he
shal. 45

For sothe, I wol nat kepe me chast in al ;
Whan myn housbond is fro the world
y-gon,

Som Cristen man shal wedde me anon ;
For thanne thi'apostle seith, that I am
free

To wedde, a godd's hatf, wher it lyketh
me. 50

He seith that to be wedded is no sinne ;
Bet is to be wedded than to brinne.
What rekkest me, thogh folk seye vileiny
Of shrewed Lameth and his bigamye ?

* Here some MSS. insert the following genuine
(but rejected) lines :—

Of whiche I have y-piked out the beste
Bothe of hir nether purs and of hir cheste,
Diverse scoles maken parfit clerkes,
Divers praktik, in many sondry werkes,
Maketh the werkman parfit sekirly.
Of fyve housbondes sculering am I.

I woot wel Abraham was an holy man, 55
 And Jacob eek, as ferforth as I can ;
 And ech of hem hadde wyves mo than
 two ;

And many another holy man also.
 Whan saugh ye ever, in any maner age,
 That hye god defended mariage 60
 By expres word ? I pray you, telleth me ;
 Or wher comanded he virginitee ?
 I woot as wel as ye, it is no drede,
 Th' apostol, whan he speketh of mayden-
 hede ;

He seyde, that precept ther-of hadde he
 noon. 65

Men may conseille a womman to been oon,
 But conseilling is no comandement ;
 He putte it in our owene jugement
 For hadde god comanded maydenhede,
 Thanne hadde he dampedn wedding with
 the dede ; 70

And certes, if ther were no seed y-sowe,
 Virginitee, wher-of than sholde it growe ?
 Pou dorste nat comanden atte leste
 A thing of which his maister yaf noon
 heste.

The dart is set up for virginitee ; 75
 Cacche who so may, who renneth best lat
 see.

But this word is nat take of every wight,
 But ther as god list give it of his might.
 I woot wel, that th' apostol was a mayde ;
 But nathless, thogh that he wroot and
 sayde, 80

He wolde that every wight were swich as
 he,

Alnis but conseil to virginitee ;
 And for to been a wif, he yaf me leve
 Of indulgence ; so it is no repreve
 To wedde me, if that my make dye, 85
 With-oute excepcion of bigamye.

Al were it good no womman for to touche,
 He mente as in his bed or in his couche ;
 For peril is bothe fyr and tow t'assemblie ;
 Ye knowe what this ensample may
 resemble. 90

This is al and som, he heeld virginitee
 More parfit than wedding in freletee.
 Freeltee clepe I, but-if that he and she
 Wolde leden al hir lyf in chastitee.

I grauntee it wel, I have noon envyee, 95
 Thogh maydenhede preferre bigamye ;

Hem lyketh to be clene, body and goost,
 Of myn estaat I nil nat make no boast.
 For wel ye knowe, a lord in his houshold,
 He hath nat every vessel al of gold ; 100
 Somme been of tree, and doon hir lord
 servyse.

God clepeth folk to him in sondry wyse,
 And everich hath of god a propre yifte,
 Som this, som that,—as him lyketh shifte.

Virginitee is greet perfeccioun, 105
 And continence eek with devocioun.
 But Crist, that of perfeccioun is welle,
 Bad nat every wight he sholde go selle
 All that he hadde, and give it to the pore,
 And in swich wyse folwe him and his
 fore. 110

He spak to hem that wolde live parfityl :
 And lordinges, by your leve, that am nat I.
 I wol bistowe the flour of al myn age
 In th' actes and in fruit of mariage.

Telle me also, to what conclusioun 115
 Were membres maad of generacioun,
 And for what profit was a wight
 y-wroght ?

Trusteth right wel, they wer nat maad
 for noght.

Glose who-so wole, and seye bothe up and
 doun,

That they were maked for purgacioun 120
 Of urine, and our bothe thinges smale
 Were eek to knowe a femele from a
 male,

And for noon other cause : sey ye no ?
 The experience woot wel it is noght so ;
 So that the clerkes be nat with me
 wrothe, 125

I sey this, that they maked been for bothe,
 This is to seye, for office, and for ese
 Of engendrure, ther we nat god dispiese.
 Why sholde men elles in hir bokes sette,
 That man shal yelde to his wif hir
 dette ? 130

Now wher-with sholde he make his
 payement,

If he ne used his sely instrument ?
 Than were they maad up-on a creature,
 To purge uryne, and eek for engendrure.

But I seye noght that every wight is
 holde, 135
 That hath swich harneys as I to yow
 tolde,

To goon and usen hem in engendrure;
Than sholde men take of chastitee no
cure.

Crist was a mayde, and shapen as a man,
And many a seint, sith that the world
bigan,¹⁴⁰

Yet lived they ever in parfit chastitee.
I nil envyne no virginitee;
Lat hem be breed of pured white-seed,
And lat us wyves hoten barley-breed;
And yet with barley-breed, Mark telle can,
Our lord Jesu refreshed many a man.¹⁴⁶
In swich estata as god hath cleped us
I wol persevere, I nam nat precious.
In wyfhoode I wol use myn instrument
As frely as my maker hath it sent.¹⁵⁰
If I be daungerous, god yeve me sorwe!
Myn housbond shal it have bothe eve and
morwe,

Whan that him list com forth and paye
his dette.

An housbonde I wol have, I nil nat lette,
Which shal be bothe my dettour and my
thral,¹⁵⁵

And have his tribulacioun with-al
Up-on his flessh, whyl that I am his wyf.
I have the power durieng al my lyf
Up-on his propre body, and noght he.
Right thus th' apostol tolde it un-to me;
And bad our housbondes for to love us
weel.¹⁶¹

Al this sentence me lyketh every-deel'
Up sterte the Pardoner, and that amon,
'Now dame,' quod he, 'by god and by
seint John,

Ye been a noble prechour in this cas!¹⁶⁵
I was aboute to wedde a wyf; alias!
What sholde I bye it on my flesh so dere?
Yet hadde I never wedde no wyf to-yere!

'Abyde!' quod she, 'my tale is nat
bigonne;¹⁶⁹

Nay, thou shalt drinken of another tonne
Er that I go, shal savoure wors than ale.
And whan that I have told thee forth
my tale

Of tribulacioun in mariage,
Of which I am expert in al myn age,
This to seyn, my-self have been the
whippe;¹⁷⁵

Than maystow chese whether thou wolt
sippo

Of thilke tonne that I shal abroche.
Be war of it, er thou to ny approche;
For I shal telle ensamples mo than ten.
Who-so that nil be war by othere men,¹⁸⁰
By him shul othere men corrected be.
The same wordes wryteth Ptholomee;
Rede in his Almageste, and take it there.
'Dame, I wolde praye yow, if your wil
it were,'

Seyde this Pardoner, 'as ye bigan,¹⁸⁵
Telle forth your tale, spareth for no man,
And teche us yonge men of your praktike.'

'Gladly,' quod she, 'sith it may yow
lyke.

But yet I praye to al this compayne,
If that I speke after my fantasye,¹⁹⁰
As taketh not a-grief of that I seye;
For myn entente nis but for to pleye.
Now sires, now wol I telle forth my
tale.—

As ever mote I drinnen wyn or ale,
I shal seye sooth, tho housbondes that
I hadde,¹⁹⁵
As three of hem were gode and two were
badde.

The three men were gode, and riche, and
olde;
Unnethe mighte they the statut holde
In which that they were bounden un-to
me.¹⁹⁹

Ye woot wel what I mene of this, pardee!
As help me god, I laughe whan I thinke
How pitously a-night I made hem swinck;
And by my fey, I tolde of it no stoor.
They had me yeven hir gold and hir
tresoor;

Me neded nat do lenger diligence²⁰⁵
To winne hir love, or doon hem reverence.
They loved me so wel, by god above,
That I ne tolde no deyntee of hir love!
A wys woman wol sette hir ever in oon
To gete hir love, ther as she hath noon.²¹⁰
But sith I hadde hem hooly in myn hond,
And sith they hadde me yeven all hir
lond,

What sholde I taken hede hem for to
plese,

But it were for my profit and myn ese?
I sette hem so a-werke, by my fey,²¹⁵
That many a night they songen "wei-
lawey!"

The bacoun was nat fet for hem, I trowe,
That som men han in Essex at Dunmowe.
I governed hem so wel, after my lawe,
That ech of hem ful blisful was and fawe
To bringe me gaye thinges fro the fayre. 221
They were ful glad whan I spak to hem
fayre;

For god it woot, I chidde hem spitously.
Now herkneth, how I bar me proprely,
Ye wyse wyves, that can understande. 225

Thus shul ye speke and bere hem wrong
on honde;

For half so boldely can ther no man
Swere and lyen as a womman can.
I say nat this by wyves that ben wyse,
But-if it be whan they hem misavyse. 230
A wys wif, if that she can hir good,
Shal beren him on hond the cow is wood,
And take witnessesse of hir owene mayde
Of hir assent; but herkneth how I sayde.

"Sir olde kaynard, is this thyng array?
Why is my neighebores wif so gay? 236
She is honoured over-al ther she goth;
I sitte at hoom, I have no thrifte cloth.
What dostow at my neighebores hous?
Is she so fair? artow so amorous? 240
What rowne ye with our mayde? *ben'-
cite!*

Sir olde lechour, lat thy japes be!
And if I have a gossib or a freend,
With-outen gilt, thou chyddest as a feend,
If that I walke or pleye un-to his hous! 245
Thou comest hoom as dronken as a mous,
And prechest on thy bench, with yvel
preef!

Thou seist to me, it is a greet meschief
To wedde a povre womman, for costage;
And if that she be riche, of heigh parage,
Than seistow that it is a tormentrye 251
To suffre hir pryd and hir malencolye.
And if that she be fair, thou verray knave,
Thou seyst that every holour wol hir have;
She may no whyle in chastitee abyde, 255
That is assailed up-on ech a syde.

Thou seyst, som folk desyre us for
richesse,
Som for our shap, and som for our fair-
nesse;
And som, for she can outhers singe or
daunce, 259
And som for gentillesse and daliaunce;

Som, for hir handes and hir armes smale;
Thus goth al to the devel by thy tale.
Thou seyst, men may nat kepe a castel-
wal;

It may so longe assailed been over-al.
And if that she be foul, thou seist that
she 265

Coveiteth every man that she may see;
For as a spaynel she wol on him lepe,
Til that she finde som man hir to chepe;
Ne noon so grey goos goth ther in the
lake, 269

As, seistow, that wol been with-oute make.
And seyst, it is an hard thing for to welde
A thing that no man wol, his thankes,
helde.

Thus seistow, lorel, whan thou goost to
bedde;

And that no wys man nedeth for to
wedde, 274

Ne no man that entendeth un-to hevene.
With wilde thonder-dint and firy levene
Mote thy welked nekke be to-broke!

Thow seyst that dropping houses, and
eek smoke,

And chyding wyves, maken men to flee
Out of hir owene hous; a! *ben'cite!* 280
What eyleth swich an old man for to
chyde?

Thow seyst, we wyves wol our vyses
hyde

Til we be fast, and than we wol hem
shewe;

Wel may that be a proverbe of a shrewe!
Thou seist, that oxen, asses, hors, and
houndes, 285

They been assayed at diverse stoundes;
Bacins, labours, er that men hem bye,
Spones and stoles, and al swich hous-
bondrye,

And so been pottes, clothes, and array;
But folk of wyves maken noon assay 290
Til they be wedded; olde dotard shrewe!
And than, seistow, we wol oure vices
shewe.

Thou seist also, that it displeseth me
But-if that thou wolt preyse my beautee,
And but thou poure alwey up-on my
face, 295

And clepe me 'faire dame' in every
place;

And but thou make a feste on thilke day
That I was born, and make me fresh and gay,
And but thou do to my norice honour,
And to my chamberere with-inne my bour,

300
And to my fadres folk and his allies;—
Thus seistow, olde barel ful of lies!

And yet of our apprentice Janekyn,
For his crisp heer, shyninge as gold sofyne,
And for he squiereth me bothe up and doun,

305
Yet hastow caught a fals suspectioun;
I wol hym noght, thogh thou were deed to-morwe.

But tel me this, why hydestow, with sorwe,
The keyes of thy cheste away fro me?

It is my good as wel as thyn, pardee. 310
What wenestow make an idiot of our dame?

Now by that lord, that called is saint Jame,
Thou shalt nat bothe, thogh that thou were wood,

Be maister of my body and of my good;
That oon thou shalt forgo, mangree thyne y  n;

315
What nedeth thee of me to enquire or spy  n?

I trowe, thou woldest loke me in thy cheste!

Thou sholdest seye, 'wyf, go wher thee leste,

Talk your dispot, I wol nat leve no talis;
I knowe yow for a trewe wyf, dame Alis.
We love no man that taketh kepe or charge

321
Wher that we goon, we wol ben at our large.

Of alle men y-blessed moot he be,
The wyse astrologien Dan Ptholome, 324
That seith this proverbe in his Almageste,
'Of alle men his wisdom is the hyest,
That rekkeheth never who hath the world in honde.'

By this proverbe thou shalt understande,
Have thou y-nogh, what thaer recche or care

How merily that othere folkes fare? 330

For certeyn, olde dotard, by your leve,
Ye shul have queynte right y-nough at eve.
He is to greet a nigard that wol werne
A man to lighte his candle at his lanterne;
He shal have never the lasse light,

pardee; 335
Have thou y-nough, thee thar nat pleyne thee

Thou seyst also, that if we make us gay
With clothing and with precious array.
That it is peril of our chastitee;
And yet, with sorwe, thou most enforce thee,

340
And seye thise wordes in the apostles name,

'In habit, maad with chastitee and shame,
Ye wommen shul apparaille yow,' quod he,

'And noght in tressed heer and gay perree,
As perles, ne with gold, ne clothes riche;' 345
After thy text, ne after thy rubriche
I wol nat wirche as muchel as a gnat.

Thou seydest this, that I was lyk a cat;
For who-so wolde senge a cattes skin,
Thanne wolde the cat wel dwellen in his in;

350
And if the cattes skin be slyk and gay,

She wol nat dwelle in house half a day,
But forth she wole, er any day be dawed,
To shewe hir skin, and goon a-cater-waved;

This is to seye, if I be gay, sir shrewe, 355
I wol renne out, my borel for to shewe.

Sire olde fool, what eyleth thee to spy  n?

Thogh thou preye Argus, with his hundred y  n,

To be my warde-cors, as he can best,
In feith, he shal nat kepe me but me lest;

360
Yet coude I make his berd, so moot I thee.

Thou seydest eek, that ther ben thinges three,
The whiche thinges troublen al this erthe,

And that no wight ne may endure the ferthe:

O leve sir shrewe, Jesu shorte thy lyf! 365
Yet prechestow, and seyst, an hateful wyf

Y-rekened is for oon of thise meschances,
Been ther none othere maner resem-
blances

That ye may lykne your parables to,
But if a sely wyp be oon of tho? 370

Thou lykenest wommanes love to helle,
To bareyne lond, ther water may not
dwelle.

Thou lyknest it also to wilde fyr;
The more it brenneth, the more it hath
desyr

To consume every thing that brent
wol be. 375

Thou seyst, that right as wormes shende
a tree,
Right so a wyp destroyeth hir housbonde;
This knowe they that been to wyves
bonde."

Lordinges, right thus, as ye have
understonde,

Bar I stify myne olde housbondes on
honde, 380

That thus they seyden in hir dronkenesse;
And al was fals, but that I took witnesso
On Janekin and on my nece also.

O lord, the peyne I dide hem and the wo,
Ful gilteees, by goddes swete pyne! 385
For as an hors I coude byte and whyne.
I coude pleyne, thogh I were in the
gilt,

Or elles often tyme hadde I ben spilt.
Who-so that first to mille comth, first
grint;

I pleyned first, so was our werre y-stint.
They were ful glad t'excusen hem ful
blyve

Of thing of which they never agilte hir
lyve. 391

Of wenches wolde I beren him on
honde,

Whan that for syk unnethes mighte he
stonde.

Yet tikled it his herte, for that he 395
Wende that I hadde of him so greet
chiertee.

I swoor that al my walkinge out by nighte
Was for t'espwy wenches that he dighte;
Under that colour hadde I many a mirthe.
For al swich wit is yeven us in our birthe;
Deceite, weping, spinning god hath yive
To wommen kindely, whyl they may live.

And thus of o thing I avaunte me, 403
Atte ende I hadde the bettre in ech
degree,

By sleighe, or force, or by som maner
thing, 405

As by continual murmur or grueching;
Namely a-bedde hadden they meschaunce,
Ther wolde I chyde and do hem no
plesaunce;

I wolde no lenger in the bed abyde,
If that I felte his arm over my syde, 410
Til he had maad his raunson un-to me;
Than wolde I suffre him do his nyctee.
And ther-fore every man this tale I telle,
Winne who-so may, for al is for to selle.
With empty hand men may none haukes
lure; 415

For winning wolde I al his lust endure,
And make me a feyned appetyt;
And yet in bacon hadde I never delyt;
That made me that ever I wolde hem
chyde. 419

For thogh the pope had seten hem bisyde,
I wolde nat spare hem at hir owene bord.
For by my trouthe, I quritte hem word
for word.

As help me verray god omnipotent,
Thogh I right now sholde make my
testament,

I ne owe hem nat a word that it nis quit
I broghte it so aboute by my wit, 426
That they moste yeve it up, as for the
beste;

Or elles hadde we never been in reste.
For thogh he loked as a wood leoun,
Yet sholde he faille of his conclusioun. 430
Thanne wolde I seye, "gode lief, tak
keep

How mekely loketh Wilkin oure sheep;
Com neer, my spouse, lat me ba thy
cheke!

Ye sholde been al pacient and meke,
And han a swete spycyd conscience, 435
Sith ye so preche of Jobes pacience.
Suffreth alwey, sin ye so wel can preche;
And but ye do, certein we shal yow
teche

That it is fair to have a wyp in pees.
Oon of us two moste bowen, doutlees; 440
And sith a man is more resonable
Than woman is, ye moste been suffrable.

What eyleth yow to grucche thus and
grone?

Is it for ye wolde have my queynte allone?
Why taak it al, lo, have it every-deel; 445
Peter! I shrewe yow but ye love it weel!
For if I wolde selle my *bele chose*,
I coude walke as fresh as is a rose;
But I wol kepo it for your owene tooth.
Ye be to blame, by god, I sey yow sooth."

Swiche maner wordes hadde we on
honde. 451

Now wol I speken of my fourthe hous-
bonde.

My fourthe housbonde was a revelour,
This is to seyn, he hadde a paramour;
And I was yong and ful of ragerye, 455
Stiborn and strong, and joly as a pye.
Wel coude I daunce to an harpe smale,
And singe, y-wis, as any nightingale,
Whan I had dronke a draughte of swete
wyn.

Metellius, the foule cherl, the swyn, 460
That with a staf birafte his wyf hir lyf,
For she drank wyn, thogh I hadde been
his wyf,
He sholde nat han daunted me fro drinke;
And, after wyn, on Venus moste I thinke:
For al so siker as cold engendreth hayl,
A likerous mouth moste han a likerous
tayl. 466

In womman violeant is no defence,
This knownen lechours by experience.

But, lord Crist! whan that it remem-
breth me

Up-on my yowthe, and on my jolitee, 470
It tikleth me aboue myn herte rote.
Unto this day it dooth myn herte bote
That I have had my world as in my tyme.
But age, allas! that al wol envenyme, 474
Hath me biraft my beautee and my pith;
Lat go, fare-wel, the devel go therwith!
The flour is goon, ther is na-more to telle,
The bren, as I best can, now moste I selle;
But yet to be right merry wol I fonde.
Now wol I tellen of my fourthe hous-
bonde. 480

I seye, I hadde in herte greet despyt
That he of any other had delyt.
But he was quit, by god and by saint
Joce!

I made him of the same wode a croce;

Nat of my body in no foul manere, 485
But certeinly, I made folk swich chere,
That in his owene grece I made him frye
For angre, and for verray jalouslye.
By god, in erthe I was his purgatorie, 489
For which I hope his soule be in glorie.
For god it woot, he sat ful ofte and song
Whan that his shoo ful bitterly him
wrong.

Ther was no wight, save god and he, that
wiste,

In many wyse, how sore I him twiste.
He deyde whan I cam fro Jerusalem, 495
And lyth y-grave under the rode-beem,
Al is his tombe noght so curious
As was the sepulcre of him, Darius,
Which that Appelles wroghte subtilly;
It nis but wast to burie him preciously. 500
Lat him fare-wel, god yeve his soule reste,
He is now in the grave and in his cheste.

Now of my fifthe housbond wol I telle.
God lete his soule never come in helle!
And yet was he to me the moste shrewe;
That fele I on my ribbes al by rewe, 506
And ever shal, un-to myn ending-day.
But in our bed he was so fresh and gay,
And ther-with-al so wel coude he me close,
Whan that he wolde han my *bele chose*, 510
That thogh he hadde me bet on every
boon,

He coude winne agayn my love anoon.
I trowe I loved him beste, for that he
Was of his love daungerous to me.
We wommen han, if that I shal nat lye,
In this materie a queynte fantasye; 516
Wayte what thing we may nat lightly
have,

Ther-after wol we crye al-day and crave.
Forbede us thing, and that desyren we;
Prees on us faste, and thanne wol we flee.
With daunger oute we al our chaffare; 521
Greet prees at market maketh dere ware,
And to greet cheep is holde at litel prys;
This knoweth every womman that is wys.

My fifthe housbonde, god his soule
blesse! 525

Which that I took for love and no
richesse,
He som-tyme was a clerk of Oxenford,
And had left scole, and wente at hoom to
bord

With my gossib, dwelinge in oure toun,
God have hir soule! hir name was
Alisoun.

She knew myn herte and eek my privatee
Bet than our parisshe-preest, so moot
I thee!

To hir biwreyed I my conseil al.
For had myn housbonde pissed on a wal,
Or doon a thing that sholde han cost his
lyf,

To hir, and to another worthy wyf,
And to my nece, which that I loved
weel,

I wolde han told his conseil every-deel.
And so I dide ful often, god it woot,
That made his face ful often reed and
hoot

For verray shame, and blamed him-self
for he

Had told to me so greet a privatee
And so bifel that ones, in a Lente,
(So often tymes I to my gossib wente,
For ever yet I lovede to be gay,

And for to walke, in March, Averille, and
May,

Fro hous to hous, to here sondry talis,
That Jankin clerk, and my gossib dame
Alis,

And I my-self, in-to the feldes wente.
Myn housbond was at London al that
Lente;

I hadde the bettre leyser for to pleye,
And for to see, and eek for to be seye
Of lusty folk; what wiste I wher my grace
Was shapen for to be, or in what place?

Therefore I made my visitaciouns,
To vigilies and to processions,
To preaching eek and to thise pilgrimages,
To pleyes of miracles and mariages,

And wered upon my gaye scarlet gytes.
These wormes, ne thise motthes, ne thise
mytes,

Upon my peril, frete hem never a deel;
And wostow why? for they were used
weel.

Now wol I tellen forth what happed me.
I seye, that in the feeldes walked we,
Til trewely we hadde swich daliiance,

This clerk and I, that of my purveyance
I spak to him, and seyde him, how that he,
If I were widwe, sholde wedde me.

For certeinly, I sey for no bobance,
Yet was I never with-outen purveyance
Of mariage, n'of othere things eek. 571
I holde a mouses herte nat worth a leek,
That hath but oon hole for to sterte to,
And if that faille, thanne is al y-do.

I bar him on honde, he hadde en-
chanted me;

My dame taugthe me that soutilee.
And eek I seyde, I mette of him al night;

He wolde han slayn me as I lay up-right,
And al my bed was ful of verray blood,
But yet I hope that he shal do me
good;

For blood bitokeneth gold, as me was
taught.

And al was fals, I dremed of it right
naught,

But as I folwed ay my dames lore,
As wel of this as of other things more.

But now sir, lat me see, what I shal
seyn?

A! ha! by god, I have my tale ageyn.
Whan that my fourthe housbond was

on bere,
I weep algate, and made sory chere,
As wyves moten, for it is usage,
And with my coverchief covered my
visage;

But for that I was purveyed of a make,
I weep but smal, and that I undertake.

To chirche was myn housbond born
a-morwe

With neighebores, that for him maden
sorwe;

And Jankin oure clerk was oon of tho.
As help me god, whan that I saugh
him go

After the bere, me thoughte he hadde a
paire

Of legges and of feet so clene and faire,
That al myn herte I yaf un-to his hold.

He was, I trowe, a twenty winter old,
And I was fourty, if I shal seye sooth;

But yet I hadde alwey a coltes tooth.
Gat-tothed I was, and that bicam me
weel;

I hadde the prente of sëynt Venus seel.
As help me god, I was a lusty oon,
And faire and riche, and yong, and wel
bigoon;

And trewely, as myne housbondes tolde me,
 I had the beste *quoniam* mighte be.
 For certes, I am al Venerien 609
 In felinge, and myn herte is Marcien.
 Venus me yaf my lust, my likerousnesse,
 And Mars yaf me my sturdy hardinesse.
 Myn ascendent was Taur, and Mars ther-
 inne.
 Allas! allas! that ever love was sinne!
 I folwed ay myn inclinacioun 615
 By vertu of my constellacioun;
 That made me I conde noght withdrawe
 My chambre of Venus from a good felawe.
 Yet have I Martes mark up-on my face,
 And also in another privee place. 620
 For, god so wis be my savacioun,
 I ne loved never by no discrecioun,
 But ever folwede myn appetyt,
 Al were he short or long, or blak or
 whyt;
 I took no kepe, so that he lyked me, 625
 How pore he was, ne eek of what degree.
 What sholde I seye, but, at the monthes
 ende,
 This joly clerk Jankin, that was so hende,
 Hath wedded me with greet solempnitez,
 And to him yaf I al the lond and fee 630
 That ever was me yeven ther-bifore;
 But afterward repented me ful sore.
 He nolde suffre nothing of my list.
 By god, he smoot me ones on the list,
 For that I rente out of his book a leef, 635
 That of the strook myn ere wex al deef.
 Stiborn I was as is a leonesse,
 And of my tonge a verray jangleresse,
 And walke I wolde, as I had doon biforn,
 From hous to hous, al-though he had it
 sworn. 640

For which he often tymes wolde preche,
 And me of olde Romayn gestes teche,
 How he, Simplicius Gallus, lefte his wyf,
 And hir forsook for terme of al his lyf,
 Noght but for open-heeded he hir say 645
 Lokinge out at his dore upon a day.
 Another Romayn tolde he me by name,
 That, for his wyf was at a someres game
 With-oute his witing, he forsook hir eke.
 And than wolde he up-on his Bible seke
 That ilke proverbe of Ecclesiaste, 651
 Wher he comandeth and forbedeth faste,

Man shal nat suffre his wyf go roule
 aboute;
 Than wolde he seye right thus, with-
 outen doute,
 "Who-so that buildeth his hous al of
 salwes, 655
 And priketh his blinde hors over the
 falwes,
 And suffreth his wyf to go seken halwes,
 Is worthy to been hanged on the gal-
 wes!"
 But al for noght, I sette noght an hawe
 Of his proverbes n'of his olde sawe, 660
 Ne I wolde nat of him corrected be.
 I hate him that my vices telleth me,
 And so do mo, god woot! of us than I.
 This made him with me wood al outrely;
 I nolde noght forberhe him in no cas. 665
 Now wol I seye yow sooth, by saint
 Thomas,
 Why that I rente out of his book a leef,
 For which he smoot me so that I was
 deef.
 He hadde a book that gladly, night and
 day,
 For his despert he wolde rede alway. 670
 He cleped it Valerie and Theofraste,
 At whiche book he lough alwey ful faste.
 And eek ther was som-tyme a clerk at
 Rome,
 A cardinal, that highte Seint Jerome,
 That made a book agayn Jovinian; 675
 In whiche book eek ther was Tertulan,
 Crisippus, Trotula, and Helowys,
 That was abbesse nat fer fro Parys;
 And eek the Parables of Salomon,
 Ovydes Art, and bokes many on, 680
 And alle thise wer bounden in o volume.
 And every night and day was his custume,
 Whan he had leyser and vacacioun
 From other worldly occupacioun, 684
 To reden on this book of wikked wyves.
 He knew of hem mo legenedes and lyves
 Than been of gode wyves in the Bible.
 For trusteth wel, it is an impossible
 That any clerk wol speke good of wyves,
 But-if it be of holy saintes lyves, 690
 Ne of noon other woman never the mo.
 Who peyntede the leoun, tel me who?
 By god, if wommen hadde writen stories,
 As clerkes han with-inne hir oratories,

ey wolde han writen of men more
wikkednesse 695
an all the mark of Adam may redresse.
e children of Mercurie and of Venus
en in hir wirkung ful contrarious;
ercurie loveth wisdom and science,
d Venus loveth ryot and dispence. 700
d, for hir diverse disposiciooun,
h falleth in otheres exaltacioun;
d thus, god woot! Mercurie is desolat
Pisces, wher Venus is exaltat;
d Venus falleth ther Mercurie is
reysed; 705
erfore no womman of no clerk is preyed.
e clerk, whan he is old, and may nocht
do
Venus werkes worth his olde sho,
an sit he down, and writ in his dotage
at wommen can nat kepe hir mariage!
But now to purpos, why I tolde thee
at I was beten for a book, pardee. 712
on a night Jankin, that was our
syre,
lde on his book, as he sat by the fyre,
Eva first, that, for hir wikkednesse,
s al mankinde broght to wrecched-
nesse, 716
which that Jesu Crist him-self was
slayn,
t boghte us with his herte-blood agayn.
here expres of womman may ye finde,
t womman was the los of al mankinde.
ho redde he me how Sampson loste
his heres, 721
inge, his leman kitte hem with hir
sheres;
rgh whiche tresoun loste he bothe
his yen.
ho redde he me, if that I shal nat lyen,
Hercules and of his Dianyre, 725
t caused him to sette himself a-fyre.
o-thing forgat he the penaunce and
wo
t Socrates had with his wifes two;
Xantippa caste pisse up-on his heed;
sely man sat stille, as he were dead;
typed his heed, namore dorste he seyn
"er that thonder stinte, comth a
reyn." 732
Phasipha, that was the quene of
Crete,

For shrewednesse, him thoughtle the tale
swete;
Fy! spek na-more—it is a grisly thing—
Of hir horrible lust and hir lyking. 736
Of Clitemistra, for hir lecherye,
That falsly made hir housbond for to dye,
He redde it with ful good devociooun.
He tolde me eek for what occasioune 740
Amphiorax at Thebes loste his lyf;
Myn housbond hadde a legende of his wyf,
Eriphile, that for an ouche of gold
Hath prively un-to the Grekes told
Wher that hir housbonde hidde him in a
place, 745
For which he hadde at Thebes sory grace.
Of Lyma tolde he me, and of Lucye,
They bothe made hir housbondes for to
dye;
That oon for love, that other was for
hate;
Lyma hir housbond, on an even late, 750
Empoysoned hath, for that she was his fo.
Lucya, likerous, loved hir housbond so,
That, for he sholde alwey up-on hir thinke,
She yaf him swich a maner love-drinke,
That he was deed, or it were by the
morwe; 755
And thus algates housbondes han sorwe.
Than tolde he me, how oon Latumius
Compleyned to his felawe Arrius,
That in his gardin growed swich a tree,
On which, he seyde, how that his wyves
three 760
Hanged hem-self for herte despitous.
"O leve brother," quod this Arrius,
"Yif me a plante of thilke blissed tree,
And in my gardin planted shal it be!"
Of latter date, of wyves hath he red,
That somme han slain hir housbondes in
hir bed, 766
And lete hir lechour dighte hir al the
night
Whyl that the corps lay in the floor up-
right.
And somine han drive nayles in hir brayn
Whyl that they slepte, and thus they han
hem slain. 770
Somme han hem yeve poysoun in hir
drinke.
He spak more harm than herte may
bithinke.

And ther-with-al, he knew of mo pro-
verbes
Than in this world ther growen gras or
herbes.
"Bet is," quod he, "thyn habitacioun 775
Be with a leoun or a foul dragoun,
Than with a womman usinge for to chyde.
Bet is," quod he, "hye in the roof abyde
Than with an angry wyf down in the
hous;

They been so wikked and contrarious; 780
They haten that hir housbondes loveth
ay."

He seyde, "a womman cast hir shame
away,
Whan she cast of hir smok;" and forther-
mo,

"A fair womman, but she be chaast also,
Is lyk a gold ring in a sowes nose." 785
Who wolde wenien, or who wolde suppose
The wo that in myn herte was, and pyne?

And whan I saugh he wolde never fyne
To reden on this cursed book al night,
Al sodeynly three leves have I plight 790
Out of his book, right as he radde, and
eke,

I with my fist so took him on the cheke,
That in our fyr he fil bakward adoun.
And he up-stirte as dooth a wood leoun,
And with his fist he smoot me on the
heed, 795

That in the floor I lay as I were deed.
And when he saugh how stille that I lay,
He was agast, and wolde han fled his
way,

Til atte laste out of my swogh I breyde:
"O! hastow slain me, false theef?" I
seyde, 800
"And for my land thus hastow mordred
me?

Er I be deed, yet wol I kisse thee."
And neer he cam, and kneled faire
adoun,

And seyde, "dere suster Alisoun, 804
As help me god, I shal thee never smyte;
That I have doon, it is thy-self to wytte.
Foryeve it me, and that I thee biseke"—
And yet eft-sones I hitte him on the cheke,
And seyde, "theef, thus muchel am I
wreke; 809
Now wol I dye, I may no lenger speke."

But atte laste, with muchel care and
We fille acorded, by us selven two.
He yaf me al the brydel in myn hond
To han the governance of hous and le-

And of his tonge and of his hond also
And made him brenne his book a
right tho.

And whan that I hadde geten un-to me
By maistrie, al the soveraynetee,
And that he seyde, "myn owene tr
wyf,

Do as thee lust the terme of al thy lyf
Keep thyn honour, and keep eek t
estaat"—

After that day we hadden never deba
God help me so, I was to him as kin
As any wyf from Denmark un-to Ind
And also trewe, and so was he to me,
I prey to god that sit in magestee,
So blesse his soule, for his mercy de
Now wol I seye my tale, if ye wol he-

Biholde the wordes bitween th Somonour and the Frere.

THE Frere lough, whan he hadde
al this,

'Now, dame,' quod he, 'so have I joy
blis,

This is a long preamble of a tale!'

And whan the Somnour herde the F
gale,

'Lo!' quod the Somnour, 'goddes a
two!

A frere wol entremette him ever-mo.
Lo, gode men, a flye and eek a frere
Wol falle in every dish and eek mate
What spekestow of preambulacioun?
What! amble, or trotte, or pees, o
sit doun;

Thou lettest our dispot in this man
'Ye, woltow so, sir Somnour?'

the Frere,
'Now, by my feith, I shal, er that I
Telle of a Somnour swich a tale or t
That alle the folk shal laughen in
place.'

'Now elles, Frere, I bishrew
face,'

Quod this Somnour, 'and I bishrew
But-if I telle tales two or three

Of freres er I come to Sidingborne,
That I shal make thyne herte for to morne;
For wel I woot thy pacience is goon.'

Our hoste cryde 'pees! and that anon!'
And seyde, 'lat the womman telle hir
tale.'

Ye fare as folk that dronken been of ale.

Do, dame, tel forth your tale, and that
is best.'

'Al redy, sir,' quod she, 'right as yow
lest,

If I have licence of this worthy Frere.'

'Yis, dame,' quod he, 'tel forth, and
I wol here.'

Here endeth the Wyf of Bathe hir Prologue.

THE TALE OF THE WYF OF BATHE.

Here biginneth the Tale of the Wyf of Bathe.

In th'olde dayes of the king Arthour,
Of which that Britons speken greet
honour,

Al was this land fulfuld of fayerye.

The elf-queen, with hir joly compayne,
Daunced ful ofte in many a grene mede;
This was the olde opinion, as I rede.

I speke of manye hundred yeres ago;
But now can no man see none elves mo.

For now the grete charitee and prayeres
Of limitours and othere holy freres,

That serchen every lond and every strem,
As thikke as motes in the sonne-beem,

Blessinge halles, chambres, kichenes,
boures.

Citees, burghes, castels, hye toures,

Thropes, bernes, shipnes, dayeryes,
This maketh that ther been no fayeryes.

For ther as wont to walken was an elf,
Ther walketh now the limitour him-

In undermeles and in morweninges,

And seyth his matins and his holy things

As he goth in his limitacion.

Wommen may go saufly up and doun,

In every bush, or under every tree;

Ther is noon other incubus but he,

And he ne wol doon hem but dishonour.

And so bifel it, that this king Arthour

Hadde in his hous a lusty bacheler,

That on a day cam rydinge fro river;
And happed that, allone as she was
born,

He saugh a mayde walkinge him biforn,
Ofwhiche mayde anon, maugree hir heed.

By verray force he rafte hir maydenheed;
For which oppresioun was swich clamour

And swich pursute un-to the king Ar-
thour,

That dampned was this knight for to be
deed

By cours of lawe, and sholde han lost his
heed

Paraventure, swich was the statut tho;
But that the quene and othere ladies mo

So longe preyeden the king of grace,

Til he his lyf him graunted in the place,
And yaf him to the quene al at hir
wille,

To chese, whether she wolde him save or
spille.

The quene thanketh the king with al
hir might,

And after this thus spak she to the knight,

Whan that she saugh hir tyme, up-on a
day:

'Thou standest yet,' quod she, 'in swich
array,

That of thy lyf yet hastow no suretee.
I grante thee lyf, if thou canst tellen me

What thing is it that wommen most
desyren? 905
Be war, and keep thy nekke-boon from
yren. (50)
And if thou canst nat tellen it anon,
Yet wol I yeve thee leve for to gon
A twelf-month and a day, to seche and
lere
An awnser suffisant in this matere. 910
And suretee wol I han, er that thou pace,
Thy body for to yelden in this place.
Wo was this knight and sorwefully he
syketh;
But what! he may nat do al as him lyketh.
And at the laste, he chees him for to
wende, 915
And come agayn, right at the yeres ende,
With swich awnser as god wolde him
purveye; (61)
And taketh his leve, and wendeth forth
his weye.
He seketh every hous and every place,
Wher-as he hopeth for to finde grace, 920
To lerne, what thing wommen loven
most;
But he ne coude arryven in no cost,
Wher-as he mighte finde in this matere
Two creatures accordinge in-fere.
Somme seyde, wommen loven best
richesse, 925
Somme seyde, honour, somme seyde, joly-
nesse; (70)
Somme, riche array, somme seyden, lust
abedde,
And ofte tyme to be widwe and wedde.
Somme seyde, that our hertes been
most esed,
Whan that we been y-flatered and y-
plesed. 930
He gooth ful ny the sothe, I wol nat lye;
A man shal winne us best with flaterye;
And with attendance, and with bisinesse,
Been we y-lymed, bothe more and lesse.
And somme seyng, how that we loven
best 935
For to be free, and do right as us lest, (80)
And that no man repreve us of our vyce,
But seye that we be wyse, and no-thing
nyce.
For trewely, ther is noon of us alle, 939
If any wight wol clawe us on the galle,

That we nil kike, for he seith us sooth;
Assay, and he shal finde it that so dooth.
For be we never so vicious with-inne,
We wol been holden wyse, and clene of
sinne.
And somme seyng, that greet delyt han
we (89) 945
For to ben holden stable and eek secrec,
And in o purpos stedefastly to dwelle,
And nat biwreye thing that men us telle,
But that tale is nat worth a rake-stele;
Pardee, we wommen conne no-thing hele;
Witnesse on Myda; wol ye here the tale?
Ovyde, amones othere thinges smale,
Seyde, Myda hadde, under his longe heres,
Growinge up-on his heed two asses eres,
The whiche vyce he hidde, as he best
michtie, 955
Ful subtilly from every mannes sighte,
That, save his wyf, ther wiste of it na-
mo. (101)
He loved hir most, and trusted hir also;
He preyede hir, that to no creature
She sholde tellen of his disigure. 960
She swoor him 'nay, for al this world
to winne,
She nolde do that vileyne or sinne,
To make hir housbond han so foul a name;
She nolde nat telle it for hir owene shame.
But nathelees, hir thoughte that she dyde,
That she so longe sholde a conseil hyde;
Hir thoughte it swal so sore aboute hir
herte, (111)
That nedely som word hir mooste asterte;
And sith she dorste telle it to no man,
Doun to a mareys faste by she ran; 970
Til she came there, hir herte was a-syre,
And, as a bitore bombleth in the myre,
She leyde hirmouth un-to the water doun:
'Biwreye me nat, thou water, with thy
soun,' (118) 974
Quod she, 'to thee I telle it, and name;
Myn housbond hath longe asses eres two!
Now is myn herte all hool, now is it oute:
I michtie no lenger kepe it, out of doute.'
Heer may ye se, thogh we a tyme abyde,
Yet out it moot, we can no conseil hyde;
The remenant of the tale if ye wol here,
Redeth Ovyde, and ther ye may it lere.
This knight, of which my tale is spe-
cially, 983

Whan that he saugh he myghte nat come therby,
 This is to seye, what wommen loven moost,
 With-inne his brest ful sorweful was the goost; (130) 986
 But hoom he gooth, he myghte nat sojourne.
 The day was come, that hoomward moste he tourne,
 And in his wey it happed him to ryde,
 In al this care, under a forest-syde, 990
 Wher-as he saugh up-on a daunce go
 Of ladies fourre and twenty, and yet mo;
 Toward the whiche daunce he drow ful yerne,
 In hope that som wisdom sholde he lerne.
 But certeinly, er he came fully there, 995
 Vanissshed was this daunce, he niste where.
 No creature saugh he that bar lyf, (141)
 Save on the grene he saugh sittinge a wyf;
 A foulr wight ther may no man devyse.
 Agayn the knight this olde wyf gan ryse,
 And seyd, 'sir knight, heer-forth ne lyth no wey. 1001
 Tel me, what that ye seken, by your fey?
 Paraventure it may the bettre be;
 Thise olde folk can muchel thing,' quod she,
 'My leve mooder,' quod this knight certeyn, 1005
 'I nam but deed, but-if that I can seyn
 What thing it is that wommen most desyre; (151)
 Coude ye me wisse, I wolde wel quyte your hyre.'
 'Plight me thy trouthe, heer in myn hand,' quod she,
 'The nexte thing that I requere thee, 1010
 Thou shalt it do, if it lye in thy might;
 And I wol telle it yow er it be night.'
 'Have heer my trouthe,' quod the knight,
 'I grante.'
 'Thanne,' quod she, 'I dar me wel avante, 1014
 Thy lyf is sauf, for I wol stonde therby,
 Up-on my lyf, the queen wol seye as I.
 Lat see which is the proudeste of hem alle, (161)
 That wereth on a coverchief or a calle,
 That dar seye nay, of that I shal thee teche;

Lat us go forth with-outen lenger speche.'
 Tho rouned she a pistel in his ere, 1021
 And bad him to be glad, and have no fere.
 Whan they be comen to the court, this knight
 Seyde, 'he had holde his day, as he hadde hight,
 And redy was his awnswere,' as he sayde.
 Ful many a noble wyf, and many a mayde, (170) 1026
 And many a widwe, for that they ben wyse,
 The quene hir-self sittinge as a justyse,
 Assembled been, his awnswere for to here;
 And afterward this knight was bode appere. 1030
 To every wight comanded was silence,
 And that the knight sholde telle in audience,
 What thing that worldly wommen loven best.
 This knight ne stood nat stille as doth a best,
 But to his questioun anon awnswarde 1035
 With manly voys, that al the court it herde: (180)
 'My lige lady, generally,' quod he,
 'Wommen desyren to have sovereyntee
 As wel over hir housbond as hir love,
 And for to been in maistrie him above;
 This is your moste desyr, thogh ye me kille, 1041
 Doth as yow list, I am heer at your wille.'
 In al the court ne was ther wyf ne mayde,
 Ne widwe, that contraried that he sayde,
 But seyden, 'he was worthy han his lyf.' 1045
 And with that word up stирte the olde wyf, (190)
 Which that the knight saugh sittinge in the grene:
 'Mercy,' quod she, 'my sovereyn lady quene!
 Er that your court departe, do me right.
 I taughte this awnswere un-to the knight;
 For which he pligte me his trouthe there, 1051
 The firste thing I wolde of him requere,
 He wolde it do, if it lay in his might.

Bifore the court than preye I thee, sir
knight,'

Quod she, 'that thou me take un-to thy
wyf'; 1055

For wel thou wost that I have kept thy
lyf. (200)

If I say fals, say nay, up-on thy fey!'

This knight answerde, 'allas! and
weylawey!

I woot right wel that swich was my
bilhest. 1059

For goddes love, as chees a newe requeste;
Tak al my good, and lat my body go.'

'Nay than,' quod she, 'I shrewe us
bothe two!

For thogh that I be foul, and old, and
pore,

I nolde for al the metal, ne for ore,
That under erthe is grave, or lyth above,
But-if thy wyf I were, and eek thy
love.' (210) 1066

'My love?' quod he; 'nay, my damp-
nacioun !

Allas! that any of my nacioun
Sholde ever so foule disparaged be!'

But al for noght, the ende is this, that he
Constreyned was, he nedes moste hir
wedde; 1071

And taketh his olde wyf, and gooth to
bedde.

Now wolden som men seye, paraventure,
That, for my negligence, I do no cure
To tellen yow the joye and al th'array
That at the feste was that ilke day. (220)
To whiche thing shortly answerwe I shal;
I seye, ther nas no joye ne feste at al,
Ther nas but hevinesse and muche sorwe;
For privily he wedded hir on a morwe,
And al day after hidde him as an oule:
So wo was him, his wyf looked so foule.

Greet was the wo the knight hadde in
his thought,

Whan he was with his wyf a-bedde y-
broght; 1084

He walweth, and he turneth to and fro.
His olde wyf lay smylinge evermo, (230)

And seyde, 'o dere housbond, ben'cite!
Fareth every knight thus with his wyf

as ye?

Is this the lawe of king Arthures hous?
Is every knight of his so dangerous? 1090

I am your owene love and eek your wyf;
I am she, which that saved hath your lyf;
And certes, yet dide I yow never unright;
Why fare yethus with me this firste night?
Ye faren lyk a man had lost his wit; 1095
What is my gilt? for godd's love, tel
me it, (240)

And it shal been amended, if I may.'

'Amended?' quod this knight, 'allas!
nay, nay!

It wol nat been amended never mo!
Thou art so loothly, and so old also, 1100
And ther-to comen of so lowe a kinde,
That litel wonder is, thogh I walwe and
windre.

So wolde god myn herte wolde breste!
'Is this,' quod she, 'the cause of your
unreste?' 1104

'Ye, certainly,' quod he, 'no wonder is.'

'Now, sire,' quod she, 'I coude amende
al this, (250)

If that me liste, er it were dayes three,
So wel ye mighte here yow un-to me.

But for ye speken of swich gentillesse
As is descended out of old richesse, 1110
That therfore sholden ye be gentil men,
Swich arrogance is nat worth an hen.
Loke who that is most vertuous alway,
Privee and apert, and most entendeth ay
To do the gentil dedes that he can, 1115
And tak him for the grettest gentil
man. (260)

Crist wol, we clayme of him our gentil-
lesse,

Nat of our oldres for hir old richesse.

For thogh they yeve us al hir heritage,
For which we clayme to been of heigh
parage, 1120

Yet may they nat biquethe, for no-thing,
To noon of us hir vertuous living,
That made hem gentil men y-called be;
And bad us folwen hem in swich degree.

Wel can the wyse poete of Florence,
That highte Dant, speken in this sentence;
Lo in swich maner rym is Dantes tale:
"Ful selde up ryseth by his branches
smale (272) 1128

Prowesse of man; for god, of his good-
nesse,

Wol that of him we clayme our gentil-
lesse;" 1130

For of our eldres may we no-thing
clayme 1131
But temporel thing, that man may hurte
and mayme.

Eek every wight wot this as wel as I,
If gentillesse were planted naturelly
Un-to a certeyn linage, doun the lyne,
Privee ne apert, than wolde they never
fyne (280) 1136
To doon of gentillesse the faire offyce;
They mighte do no vileyne or vyce.

Tak fyr, and ber it in the derkest hous
Bitwix this and the mount of Caucasus,
And lat men shette the dores and go
thenne; 1141

Yet wol the fyr as faire lye and brenne,
Astwenty thousand men mightheit biholde;
His office naturel ay wol it holde,
Up peril of my lyf, til that it dye. 1145

Heer may ye see wel, how that gentrye
Is nat annexed to possessioun, (291)
Sith folk ne doon hir operacioun
Alwey, as dooth the fyr, lo! in his kinde.
For, god it woot, men may wel often finde
A lordes sone do shame and vileyne; 1151
And he that wol han prys of his gentrye
For he was borene of a gentil hous,
And hadde hise eldres noble and vertuous,
And nil him-selven do no gentil dedis, 1155
Ne folwe his gentil auncestre that deed is,
He nis nat gentil, be he duk or erl; (301)
For vileyns sinful dedes make a cherl.

For gentillesse nis but renomee 1159
Of thyne auncestres, for hir heigh bountee,
Which is a strange thing to thy persone.
Thy gentillesse cometh fro god allone;
Than comth our verray gentillesse of grace,
It was no-thing biquethe us with our place.

Thenketh how noble, as seith Valerius,
Was thilke Tullius Hostilius, (310) 1166
That out of povert roos to heigh noblesse.
Redeth Senek, and redeth eek Boëce,
Ther shul ys seen expres that it no drede is,
That he is gentil that doth gentil dedis;
And therfore, leve housbond, I thus con-
clude, 1171

Al were it that myne auncestres were rude,
Yet may the hye god, and so hope I,
Grante me grace to liven virtuously. 1174
Thanne am I gentil, whan that I biginne
To liven virtuously and weyve sinne. (320)

And ther-as ye of povert me reprove,
The hye god, on whom that we bileyve.
In wilful povert chees to live his lyf. 1179
And certes every man, mayden, or wyf,
May understande that Jesus, hevene king,
Ne woldes nat chese a vicious living.
Glad povert is an honest thing, certeyn;
This wol Senek and othere clerkes seyn.
Who-so that halt him payd of his poverte,
I holde him riche, al hadde he nat a
sherte. (330) 1186

He that coveyteth is a povre wight,
For he wolde han that is nat in his might.
But he that noght hath, ne coveyteth have,
Is riche, al-though ye holde him but a
knave. 1190

Verray povert, it singeth proprely;
Juvenal seith of povert merily:
"The povre man, whan he goth by the
weye,

Bifore the theves he may singe and pleye."
Povert is hateful good, and, as I gesse, 1195
A ful greet bringer out of bisinesse; (340)
A greet amender eek of sapience
To him that taketh it in pacience.
Povert is this, al-though it semeth elenge:
Possessioun, that no wight wol challenge.
Povert ful ofte, whan a man is lowe, 1201
Maketh his god and eek him-selfto knowe.
Povert a spectacle is, as thinketh me,
Thurgh which he may his verray frendes
see.

And therfore, sire, sin that I noght yow
greve, 1205
Of my povert na-more ye me reprove. (350)

Now, sire, of elde ye reprovo me;
And certes, sire, thogh noon auctoritee
Were in no book, ye gentils of honour
Seyn that men sholde an old wight doon
favour, 1210

And clepe him fader, for your gentillesse;
And auctours shal I finden, as I gesse.

Now ther ye seye, that I am foul and old,
Than drede you noght to been a cokewold;
For filthe and elde, al-so mote I thee, 1215
Been grete wardeyns up-on chastitee. (360)
But nathelees, sin I knowe your delty,
I shal fulfille your worldly appetty.

Chees now,' quod she, 'oon of this
things tweye, 1219
To han me foul and old til that I deye,

And be to yow a trewe humble wyf,
And never yow displesse in al my lyf,
Or elles ye wol han me yong and fair,
And take your aventure of the repair ¹²²⁴
That shal be to your hous, by-cause of me,
Or in som other place, may wel be. (370)
Now chees yourselven, whether that yow
lyketh.'

This knight avyseth him and sore
syketh,

But atte laste he seyde in this manere,
'My lady and my love, and wyf so dere,
I put me in your wyse governance; ¹²³¹
Cheseth your-self, which may be most
plesance,

And most honour to yow and me also.
I do no fors the wherther of the two;
For as yow lyketh, it suffiseth me.' ¹²³⁵

'Thanne have I geto of yow maistreie,'
quod she, ⁽³⁸⁰⁾

'Sin I may chese, and governe as me lest?'
'Ye, certes, wyf,' quod he, 'I holde it
best.'

'Kis me,' quod she, 'we be no lenger
wrothe; ¹²³⁹

For, by my trouthe, I wol be to yow bothe,
This is to seyn, ye, bothe fair and good.
I prey to god that I mot sterven wood,

But I to yow be al-so good and trewe
As ever was wyf, sin that the world was
newe.

And, but I be to-morn as fair to sene ¹²⁴⁵
As any lady, emperye, or quene, (390)
That is bitwixe the est and eke the west,
Doth with my lyf and deeth right as yow
lest.

Cast up the curtin, loke how that it is.'
And whan the knight saugh verrailly al
this, ¹²⁵⁰

That she so fair was, and so yong ther-to,
For joye he hente hir in his armes two,
His herte bathed in a bath of blisse;
A thousand tyme a-rewe he gan hir
kisse.

And she obeyed him in every thing ¹²⁵⁵
That mighte doon him plesance or lyking.

And thus they live, un-to hir lyves
ende, ⁽⁴⁰¹⁾

In parfit joye; and Jesu Crist us sende
Housbondes meke, yonge, and fresshe a-
bedde, ¹²⁵⁹

And grace t'overbyde hem that we wedde.
And eek I preye Jesu shorte hir lyves
That wol nat be governed by hir wyves;
And olde and angry nigrades of dispence,
God sende hem sone verray pestilence.

Here endeth the Wyves Tale of Bathe.

THE FRIAR'S PROLOGUE.

The Prologue of the Freres tale.

This worthy limitour, this noble Frere, ¹²⁶⁵
He made alwey a maner louring chere
Upon the Somnour, but for honestee
No vileyng word as yet to him spak he.
But atte laste he seyde un-to the Wyf,
'Dame,' quod he, 'god yeve yow right
good lyf!' ¹²⁷⁰
Ye han heer touched, al-so mote I thee,
In scole-materie greet difficultee;

Ye han seyd muchel thing right wel, I
seye; ⁽⁹⁾
But dame, here as we ryden by the weye,
Us nedeth nat to speken but of game, ¹²⁷⁵
And lete auctoritees, on goddes name,
To preaching and to scole eek of clergye.
But if it lyke to this compayne,
I wol yow of a somnour telle a game. ¹²⁷⁹
Pardee, ye may wel knowe by the name,

That of a somnour may no good be
sayd;
I praye that noon of you be yvel apayd.
A somnour is a renner up and doun
With mandements for fornicacioun, (20)
And is y-bet at every tounes ende.' 1285
Our host tho spak, 'a! sire, ye sholde
be hende
And curteys, as a man of your estaat;
In compayne we wol have no debaat.
Telleth your tale, and lat the Somnour
be.'

'Nay,' quod the Somnour, 'lat him
seye to me' 1290

What so him list; whan it comth to my lot,
By god, I shal him quyten every grot.
I shal him tellen which a greet honour (29)
It is to be a flateringe limitour; [T. 6876]
And his offyce I shal him telle, y-wis.'

[T. 6879]

Our host answerde, 'pees, na-more of
this.' 1296

And after this he seyde un-to the Frere,
'Tel forth your tale, levo maister deere.'

Here endeth the Prologue of the Frere.

THE FRERES TALE.

Here biginneth the Freres tale.

WHILOM ther was dwellinge in my contree
An erchedeken, a man of heigh degree,
That boldely dide execucioune 1301
In punisshinge of fornicacioun,
Of wicchecraft, and eek of bauderye,
Of diffamacioun, and avoutrye,
Of chirche-reves, and of testaments, 1305
Of contractes, and of lakke of sacraments,
And eek of many another maner cryme

[T. om.]

Which nedeth nat rehercen at this tyme;

[T. om.]

Of usure, and of symonye also. (11)

But certes, lechours dide he grettest wo;

They sholde singen, if that they were
hent; 1311

And smale tytheres weren foule y-shent.
If any persone wolde up-on hem pleyne,
Ther mighte asterte him no pecunial
peyne.

For smale tythes and for smal offrингe 1315
He made the peple pitously to singe.

For er the bisshop caughte hem with his
hook,

They weren in the erchedeknes book. (20)
Thanne hadde he, thurgh his jurisdic-
cioun,

Power to doon on hem correccioun. 1320
He hadde a Somnour redy to his hond,
A slyer boy was noon in Engelond;
For subtilly he hadde his espialle,
That taughte him, wher that him mighthe
availle. 1324

He coude spare of lechours oon or two,
To techen him to foure and twenty mo.
For thogh this Somnour wood were as an
hare,

To telle his harlotrye I wol nat spare; (30)
For we been out of his correccioun;

They han of us no jurisdiccioun, 1330
Ne never shullen, terme of alle hir lyves.
'Peter! so been the wommen of the
styves,'

Quod the Somnour, 'y-put out of my cure!'
'Pees, with mischance and with mis-
aventure,'

Thus seyde our host, 'and lat him tell
his tale. 1335'

Now telleth forth, thogh that the Som-
nour gale,
Ne spareth nat, myn owene maister dere.
This false theef, this Somnour, quod
the Frere, (40)
Hadde alwey baudes redy to his hond,
As any hank to lure in Engelond, 1340
That tolde him al the secrete that they
knewe;
For hir acqueyntance was nat come of
newe.

They weren hise approwours prively;
He took him-self a greet profit therby;
His maister knew nat alwey what he wan.
With-outen mandement, a lewed man 1346
He coude somne, on peyne of Cristes curs,
And they were gladde for to fille his
purs, (50)
And make him grete festes atte nale.
And right as Judas hadde purses smale,
And was a theef, right swich a theef was
he; 1351
His maister hadde but half his duetee.

He was, if I shal yeven him his laude,
A theef, and eek a Somnour, and a baunde.
He hadde eek wenches at his retenuue, 1355
That, whether that sir Robert or sir Huwe,
Or Jakke, or Rauf, or who-so that it were,
That lay by hem, they tolde it in his ere;
Thus was the wenche and he of oon as-
sent. (61)

And he wolde fecche a feyned man-
ement, 1360
And somne hem to the chapitre bothe two,
And pile the man, and lete the wenche go.
Thanne wolde he seye, 'frend, I shal for
thy sake 1363

Do stryken hir out of our lettres blake;
Thee thar na-more as in this cas travaille;
I am thy freend, ther I thee may availle.'
Certeyn he knew of bryberyes mo
Than possible is to telle in yeres two. (70)
For in this world nis dogge for the bowe,
That can an hurt deer from an hool
y-knowe, 1370

Bet than this Somnour knew a sly lechour,
Or an avouter, or a paramour.
And, for that was the fruit of al his rente,
Therfore on it he sette al his entente.
And so bifel, that ones on a day 1375
This Somnour, ever waiting on his pray,

Rood for to somme a widwe, an old ribybe,
Feyninge a cause, for he wolde brybe. (80)
And happed that he saugh before him ryde
A gay yeman, under a forest-syde. 1380
A bowe he bar, and arwes brighte and
kene;

He hadde up-on a courtepy of grene;
An hat up-on his heed with frenges blake.
'Sir,' quod this Somnour, 'hayl! and
wel a-take!' 1385

'Wel-come,' quod he, 'and every good
felawe!' 1390
Wher rydestow under this grene shawe?'
Seyde this yeman, 'wiltow fer to day?'
This Somnour him answerde, and seyde,
'nay; (90)

Heer faste by,' quod he, 'is myn entente
To ryden, for to reysen up a rente 1395
That longeth to my lordes duetee.'
'Artow thanne a baily?' 'Ye!' quod
he.

He dorste nat, for verry filthe and shame,
Seye that he was a somnour, for the
name.

'Depardieu,' quod this yeman, 'dere
brother, 1395

Thou art a baily, and I am another.
I am unknownen as in this contree; (99)
Of thyn aqueyntance I wolde praye thee,
And eek of brotherhede, if that yow leste.
I have gold and silver in my cheste; 1400
If that thee happe to comen in our shyre,
Al shal be thyn, right as thou wolt desyre.'
'Grantmercy,' quod this Somnour, 'by
my feith!'

Everich in otheres hand his trouthe leith,
For to be sworne bretheron til they deye.
In daliiance they ryden forth hir weye. 1406
This Somnour, which that was as ful
of jangles,

As ful of venim been thise wariangles, (110)
And ever enquiering up-on every thing,
'Brother,' quod he, 'where is now your
dwelling, 1410

Another day if that I sholde yow seche?
This yeman him answerde in softe
speche,

'Brother,' quod he, 'fer in the north
contree,
Wher, as I hope, som-tyme I shal thee see.
Er we departe, I shal thee so wel wissee,

That of myn hous ne shaltes never
missee.' 1416

'Now, brother,' quod this Somnour, 'I
yow preye,

Techie me, whyl that we ryden by the
weye,' 120

Sin that ye been a baillif as am I,
Som subtiltee, and tel me feithfully 1420
In myn offyce how I may most winne;
And sparest nat for conscience ne sinne,
But as my brother tel me, how do ye?'

'Now, by my trouthe, brother dere,'
seyde he,

'As I shal tellen thee a feithful tale, 1425
My wages been ful streite and ful smale.
My lord is hard to me and daungerous,
And myn offyce is ful laborous; 130
And therfore by extorcions I live.
For sothe, I take al that men wol me
yive; 1430

Algate, by sleighte or by violence,
Fro yeer to yeer I winne al my dispence.
I can no bettre telle feithfully.'

'Now, certes,' quod this Somnour, 'so
fare I;

I spare nat to taken, god it woot, 1435
But-if it be to hevy or to hoot.

What I may gete in conseil prively,
No maner conscience of that have I; 140
Nere myn extorcion, I mighte nat liven,
Ne of swiche japes wol I nat be shriven.
Stomak ne conscience ne knowe I noon;
I shrewe thishe shrifte-fadres everichoon.
Wel be we met, by god and by saint
Jame!

But, leve brother, tel me than thy name,
Quod this Somnour; and in this mene
whyle, 1445

This yeman gan a litel for to smyle.
'Brother,' quod he, 'wiltow that I thee
telle?

I am a feend, my dwelling is in helle. (150)
And here I ryde about my purchasing,
To wite wher men wolde yeve me any
thing. 1450

My purchas is th'effect of al my rente.
Loke how thou rydest for the same en-
tentie,

To winne good, thou rekkest never how;
Right so fare I, for ryde wolde I now
Un-to the worldes ende for a praye.' 1455

'A,' quod this Somnour, 'ben'cite, what
sey ye?'

I wende ye were a yeman trewely.
Ye han a mannes shap as wel as I; (160)

Han ye figure than determinat
In helle, ther ye been in your estat?' 1460

'Nay, certainly,' quod he, 'ther have
we noon;

But whan us lyketh, we can take us oon,
Or elles make yow seme we ben shape

Som-tyme lyk a man, or lyk an ape;
Or lyk an angel can I ryde or go. 1465

It is no wonder thing thogh it be so;
A lousy jogelour can deceyve thee,
And pardee, yet can I more craft than
he.' (170)

'Why,' quod the Somnour, 'ryde ye
thanne or goon 1469

In sondry shap, and nat alwey in oon?'

'For we,' quod he, 'wol us swich formes
make

As most able is our preyes for to take.'

'What maketh yow to han al this
labour?'

'Ful many a cause, leve sir Somnour,'
Seyde this feend, 'but alle thing hath
tyme. 1475

The day is short, and it is passed pryme,
And yet ne wan I no-thing in this day.

I wol entende to winnen, if I may, (180)
And nat entende our wittes to declare.

For, brother myn, thy wit is al to bare 1480
To understande, al-thogh I tolde hem theo.

But, for thou axest why labouren we;
For, som-tyme, we ben goddes instru-
ments,

And menes to don his comandements,
Whan that him list, up-on his creatures.

In divers art and in divers figures. 1480
With-outen him we have no might, cer-
tain,

If that him list to stonden ther-agayn.
And som-tyme, at our prayere, han we leve

Only the body and nat the soule greve;
Witnesso on Job, whom that we didn

wo. 1491

And som-tyme han we might of bothe two,
This is to seyn, of soule and body eke.

And somtyme be we suffred for to seke
Up-on a man, and doon his soule unreste,

And nat his body, and al is for the besto.

Whan he withstandeth our temptacioun,
It is a cause of his savacioun; (200)
Al-be-it that it was nat our entente
He sholdes be sauf, but that we wolde
him hente. 1500

And som-tyme be we servant un-to man,
As to the erchebisshop Saint Dunstan
And to the apostles servant eek was I.
'Yet tel me,' quod the Somnour, 'feith-
fully,

Make ye yow newe bodies thus alway 1505
Of elements?' the feend answerde, 'nay;
Som-tyme we feyne, and som-tyme we
aryse

With dede bodies in ful sondry wyse, (210)
And speke as renably and faire and wel
As to the Phitonissa dide Samuel. 1510
And yet wol som men seye it was nat he;
I do no fors of your divinitie.
But o thing warne I thee, I wol nat jape,
Thou wolt algates wite how we ben shape;
Thou shalt her-afterward, my brother
dere, 1515

Com ther thee nedeth nat of me to lere.
For thou shalt by thyn owene experiance
Conne in a chayer rede of this sentence
Bet than Virgyle, whyl he was on lyve,
Or Dant also; now lat us ryde blyve. 1520
For I wol holde compayne with thee (223)
Til it be so, that thou forsake me.'

'Nay,' quod this Somnour, 'that shal
nat bityde;
I am a yeman, knownen is ful wyde;
My trouthe wol I holde as in this cas. 1525
For though thou were the devel Sathanas,
My trouthe wol I holde to my brother,
As I am sworn, and ech of us til other (230)
For to be trewe brother in this cas;
And bothe we goon abouten our purchas.
Tak thou thy part, what that men wol
thee yive, 1531

And I shal myn; thus may we bothe live.
And if that any of us have more than
other,

I lat him be trewe, and parte it with his
brother.'

'I graunte,' quod the devel, 'by my fey.'
And with that word they ryden forth hir
wey. 1536
And right at the entring of the tounes
ende,

To which this Somnour shoop him for to
wende, (240)
They saugh a cart, that charged was with
hey,

Which that a carter droofforth in his wey.
Deep was the wey, for which the carte
stood. 1541

The carter smoot, and cryde, as he were
wood,
'Hayt, Brok! hayt, Scot! what spare ye
for the stones?

The feend,' quod he, 'yow feeche body
and bones,

As ferforthly as ever were ye foled! 1545
So muche wo as I have with yow tholed!
The devel he al, bothe hors and cart
and hey!'

This Somnour seyde, 'heer shal we
have a pley;', (250)
And neer the feend he drough, as noght
ne were,
Ful prively, and rouned in his ere: 1550
'Herkne, my brother, herkne, by thy
feith;

Herestow nat how that the carter seith?
Hent it anon, for he hath yeve it thee,
Bothe hey and cart, and eek hise caples
three.'

'Nay,' quod the devel, 'god wot, never
a deel; 1555

It is nat his entente, trust me weel.
Axe him thy-self, if thou nat trowest me,
Or elles stint a while, and thou shalt
see.' (260)

This carter thakketh his hors upon the
croupe,

And they bigonne drawen and to-stoupe;
'Heyt, now!' quod he, 'ther Jesu Crist
yow blesse, 1561

And al his handwerk, bothe more and
lesse!

That was wel twight, myn owe[n]e lyard
boy!

I pray god save thee and st[an]yt Loy!
Now is my cart out of the slow, pardee!'
'Lo! brother,' quod the feend, 'what
tolde I thee?' 1566

Heer may ye see, myn owene dere brother,
The carl spak oo thing, but he thought
another.

'Lat us go forth abouten our viage'; (270)

Heer winne I no-thing up-on cariage.
 Whan that they comen som-what out
 of toune, 1571
 This Somnour to his brother gan to roune,
 'Brother,' quod he, 'heer woneth an old
 rebekke,
 That hadde almost as lief to lese hir nekke
 As for to yeve a peny of hir good. 1575
 I wol han twelf pens, though that she be
 wood,
 Or I wol sompne hir un-to our offyce;
 And yet, god woot, of hir knowe I no
 vye. 1580
 But for thou canst nat, as in this contree,
 Winne thy cost, tak heer ensample of
 me.' 1580
 This Somnour clappeth at the widwes
 gate.
 'Com out,' quod he, 'thou olde virirrate!
 I trowe thou hast som frere or preest
 with thee!'
 'Who clappeth?' seyde this widwe,
 '*ben'cite!*'
 God save you, sire, what is your swete
 wille?
 'I have,' quod he, 'of somonce here
 a bille; 1585
 Up peyne of cursing, loke that thou be
 To-morn before the erchedeknes knee (290)
 T'answere to the court of certeyn thinges.
 'Now, lord,' quod she, 'Crist Jesu, king
 of kinges, 1590
 So wisly helpe me, as I ne may.
 I have been syk, and that ful many a day.
 I may nat go so fer,' quod she, 'ne ryde,
 But I be deed, so priketh it in my syde.
 May I nat axe a libel, sir Somnour, 1595
 And answere there, by my procoutour,
 To swich thing as men wol opposen me?
 'Yis,' quod this Somnour, 'pay anon,
 lat se, 1600
 Twelf pens to me, and I wol thee acquyte.
 I shall no profit han ther-by but lyte; 1600
 My maister hath the profit, and nat I.
 Com of, and lat me ryden hastily;
 Yif me twelf pens, I may no lenger tarie.'
 'Twelf pens,' quod she, 'now lady
 Seinte Marie
 So wisly help me out of care and sinne,
 This wyde world thogh that I sholde
 winne, 1606

Ne have I nat twelf pens with-inne myn
 hold. (309)
 Ye knownen wel that I am povre and old;
 Kythe your almesse on me povre wrecche.
 'Nay than,' quod he, 'the foule feend
 me fecche 1610
 If I th'excuse, though thou shul be spilt!'
 'Alas,' quod she, 'god woot, I have no
 gilt.'
 'Pay me,' quod he, 'or by the swete
 seinte Anne,
 As I wol bere awey thy newe panne
 For dette, which that thou owest me of
 old, 1615
 Whan that thou madest thyn housbond
 cokewold,
 I payde at hoom for thy correcciouon.
 'Thou lixit,' quod she, 'by my sava-
 cioun! (320)
 Ne was I never er now, widwe ne wylf,
 Somonden un-to your court in al my lyf;
 Ne never I nas but of my body trewe! 1621
 Un-to the devel blak and rough of hewe
 Yeve I thy body and my panne also!'
 And whan the devel herde hir cursen so
 Up-on hir knees, he seyde in this manere,
 'Now Mabely, myn owene moder dere, 1626
 Is this your wil in ernest, that ye seye?
 'The devel,' quod she, 'so fecche him
 er he deye, (330)
 And panne and al, but he wol him re-
 pente!' 1629
 'Nay, olde stot, that is nat myn entente,'
 Quod this Somnour, 'for to repente me,
 For any thing that I have had of thee;
 I wolde I hadde thy smok and every
 clooth!'
 'Now, brother,' quod the devel, 'be nat
 wrooth;
 Thy body and this panne ben myne by
 right. 1635
 Thou shalt with me to helle yet to-night,
 Where thou shalt knownen of our privete
 More than a maister of divinitee:' (340)
 And with that word this foule feend him
 hente;
 Body and soule, he with the devel wente
 Wher-as that somnours han hir heritage.
 And god, that maked after his image
 Mankinde, save and gyde us alle and
 some;

And leve this Somnour good man to
bicombe !

Lordinges, I coude han told yow, quod
this Frere, 1645

Hadde I had leyser for this Somnour here,
After the text of Crist [and] Pouland John,
And of our othere doctours many oon,
Swiche peynes, that your hertes mighte
agryse, 351)

Al-be-it so, no tonge may devyse, 1650
Thogh that I mighte a thousand winter
telle,

The Payne of thilke cursed hous of helle.
But, for to kepe us fro that cursed place,
Waketh, and preyeth Jesu for his grace

So kepe us fro the temptour Sathanas. 1655
Herketh this word, beth war as in this
cas;

The leoun sit in his await alway
To slee the innocent, if that he may. (360)
Disposeth ay your hertes to withstande
The feend, that yow wolde make thral
and bonde. 1660

He may nat tempten yow over your myght ;
For Crist wol be your champion and
knight.

And prayeth that thise Somnours hem
repente
Of hir misdedes, er that the feend hem
hente.

Here endeth the Freres tale.

THE SOMNOUR'S PROLOGUE.

The prologe of the Somnours Tale.

This Somnour in his stiropes hye stood ;
Up-on this Frere his herte was so wood,
That lyk an aspen leef he quook for yre.

"Lordinges," quod he, "but o thing I
desyre ;

I yow biseke that, of your curteisye,
Sin ye han herd this false Frere lye, 1670
As suffereth me I may my tale telle !

This Frere bosteth that he knoweth helle,
And god it woot, that it is litel wonder ;
Freres and feendes been but lyte a-sonder.
For pardee, ye han ofte tyme herd telle,
How that a frere ravisshed was to helle
In spirit ones by a visioun ; 1677
And as an angel ladde him up and doun,
To shewen him the peynes that ther were,
In al the place saugh he nat a frere ; 1680
Of other folk he saugh y-nowe in wo.
Un-to this angel spak the frere tho :

"Now, sir," quod he, "han freres swich
a grace (19)

That noon of hem shal come to this place?"
"Yis," quod this angel, "many a mil-
lioun ! "

1685
And un-to Sathanas he ladde him doun.
"And now hath Sathanas," seith he,
"a tayl

Brodder than of a carrik is the sayl.
Hold up thy tayl, thou Sathanas !" quod
he, 1689

"Sheweforth thyngers, and lat the freres see
Wher is the nest of freres in this place ?"
And, er that half a furlong-wey of space,
Right so as bees out swarmen from an
hyve,

Out of the develes ers ther gonnel dryve (30)
Twenty thousand freres in a route, 1695
And thurgh-out helle swarmeden aboute

And comen agayn, as faste as they may
gon,
And in his ers they crepten everichon.
He clapte his tayl agayn, and layful stille.
This frere, whan he loked hadde his fille
Upon the torments of this sory place, 1701
His spirit god restored of his grace

Un-to his body agayn, and he awook ;
But natheles, for fere yet he quook, (40)
So was the develes ers ay in his minde,
That is his heritage of verray kinde. 1706
God save yow alle, save this cursed
Frere ;
My prologue wol I ende in this manere.'

Here endeth the Prologue of the Somnours Tale.

THE SOMNOEURS TALE.

Here biginneth the Somonour his Tale.

LORDINGES, ther is in Yorkshire, as I
gesse,
A mersshy contree called Holdernessee,
In which ther wente a limitour aboute, 1711
To preche, and eek to begge, it is no doute.
And so bifel, that on a day this frere
Had preached at a chirche in his manere,
And specially, aboven every thing, 1715
Excited he the peple in his preaching
To trentals, and to yeve, for goddes sake,
Wher-with men mighten holy houses
make, (10)
Ther as divyne service is honoured,
Nat ther as it is wasted and devoured, 1720
Ne ther it nedeth nat for to be yive,
As to possessioners, that mowen live,
Thanked be god, in wele and habundaunce.
'Trentals,' seyde he, 'deliveren fro pen-
aunce' 1724

Hir freendes soules, as wel olde as yonge,
Ye, whan that they been hastily y-songe ;
Nat for to holde a preest joly and gay,
He singeth nat but o masse in a day ; (20)
Delivereth out,' quod he, 'anon the soules ;
Ful hard it is with fleshhook or with oules
To been y-clawed, or to brenne or bake ;
Now spedē yow hastily, for Cristes sake.'
And whan this frere had seyd al his
entente,
With *qui cum patre* forth his wey he wente.

Whan folk in chirche had yeve him
what hem leste, 1735
He wente his wey, no lenger wolde he
reste,
With scrippe and tipped staf, y-tukked
hye ; (29)
In every hous he gan to poure and prye,
And beggeth mele, and chese, or elles corn.
His felawe hadde a staf tipped with horn,
A peyre of tables al of ivory, 1741
And a poyntel polisshed fetisly,
And wroot the names alwey, as he stood,
Of alle folk that yaf him any good, 1744
Ascaunces that he wolde for hem prey'e.
'Yeve us a busshel wheate, malt, or reye,
A goddes kechil, or a trip of chese,
Or elles what yow list, we may nat chese ;
A goddes halfpenny or a masse-peny, (41)
Or yeve us of your brawn, if ye have eny ;
A dagon of your blanket, leve dame, 1751
Our suster dere, lo ! here I write your name ;
Bacon or beef, or swich thing as ye finde.'

A sturdy harlot wente ay hem bihind'e,
That was hir hostes man, and bar a sak,
And what men yaf hem, leyde it on his
bak. 1756
And whan that he was out at dore anon,
He planed awey the names everichon (50)
That he biforn had writhen in his tables ;
Heserved hem with nyfles and with fables.

'Nay, ther thou lixt, thou Somnour,'
quod the Frere. 1701

'Ey, maister! wel-come be ye, by saint
John!' 1800

'Pees,' quod our Host, 'for Cristes
moder dere;

Seyde this wyf, 'how fare ye hertely?'

Tel forth thy tale and spare it nat at al.'
Sothryve I, quod this Somnour, so I shal.—

The frere aryseth up ful curteisly,
And hir embraceth in his armes narwe,
And kiste hir swete, and chirketh as
a sparwe

So longe he wente hous by hous, til he
Cam til an hous ther he was wont to be
Refreshed more than in an hundred
placis. 1767

With his lippes: 'dame,' quod he, 'right
weel, 1805

Sik lay the gode man, whos that the place
is; 60)

As he that is your servant every deal.
Thanked be god, that yow yaf souleandlyf,
Yet saugh I nat this day so fair a wyf (100)
In al the chirche, god so save me!'

Bedrede up-on a couche lowe he lay.
'Deus hic,' quod he, 'O Thomas, freend,
good day,' 1770

'Ye, god amende defautes, sir,' quod she,
'Algates wel-come be ye, by my fey!' 1811
'Graunt mercy, dame, this have I founde
alwey.

Seyde this frere curteisly and softe.
'Thomas,' quod he, 'god yelde yow! ful
otte

But of your grete goodnesse, by your
leve,

Have I up-on this bench faren ful weel.
Here have I eten many a mery meel;
And fro the bench he droof away the cat,
And leyde adoun his potente and his hat,
And eek his scrippe, and sette him softe
adoun. 1777

I wolde prey yow that ye nat yow greve,
I wol with Thomas speke a litel throwe.
This curats been ful negligent and slowe
To grope tendrely a conscience. (109) 1817
In shrift, in preaching is my diligence,
And studie in Petres wordes, and in Poules,
I walke, and fisshe Cristen mennes soules,
To yelden Jesu Crist his propre rente; 1821
To sprede his word is set al myn en-
tent'e.'

His felawe was go walked in-to toun, (70)
Forth with his knave, in-to that hostelrye
Wher-as he shoop him thilke night to lye.

'Now, by your leve, o dere sir,' quod she,
'Chydeth him weel, for seinte Trinitee.
He is as angry as a pissemyre, 1825
Though that he have al that he can
desyre.

'O dere maister,' quod this syke man,
'How han ye fare sith that March bigan?
I saugh yow noght this fourtenight or
more.'

Though I him wrye a-night and make
him warm, (119)

'God woot,' quod he, 'laboured have I ful
sore;

And on hym leye my leg outhier myn arm,
He groneth lyk our boor, lyth in our sty.
Other despert right noon of him have I;
I may nat plesse him in no maner cas.'

And seyd many a precious orisoun,
And for our othere frendes, god hem
blesse!

'O Thomas! Je vous dy, Thomas!
Thomas!

I have to-day been at your chirche at
messe, 80)

This maketh the feend, this moste ben
amended.

And seyd a sermon after my simple wit,
Nat al after the text of holy writ; 1790

Ire is a thing that hye god defended, 1834
And ther-of wol I speke a word or two.'

For it is hard to yow, as I suppose,
And therfore wol I teche yow al the glose.

'Now maister,' quod the wyf, 'er that
I go,

Glosinge is a glorious thing, certeyn,
For lettre sleeth, so as we clerkes seyn.

What wol ye dyne? I wol go ther-aboute.'

Ther have I taught hem to be charitable,
And spende hir good ther it is resonable,
And ther I saugh our dame; a! wher
is she?' 1797

'Now dame,' quod he, 'Je vous dy sans
doute, (130)

'Yond in the yerd I trowe that she be,'
Seyde this man, 'and she wol come anon.'

Have I nat of a capon but the liver,
And of your softe breed nat but a shivere,
And after that a rosted pigges heed, 1841
(But that I nolde no beest for me were
deed),

Thanne hadde I with yow hoomly suffi-
saunce.

I am a man of litel sustenaunce.

My spirit hath his fostring in the Bible.
The body is ay so redy and penyble 1846
To wake, that my stomak is destroyed.

I prey yow, dame, ye be nat anoyed, (140)
Though I so frendly yow my conseil
shewe; 1849

By god, I wolde nat telle it but a fewe.'

'Now, sir,' quod she, 'but o word er I go;
My child is deed with-inne thise wykes
two,

Sone after that ye wente out of this toun.'

'His deeth saugh I by revelacioun,' 1854
Seith this frere, 'at hoom in our dortour.
I dar wel seyn that, er that half an hour
After his deeth, I saugh him born to blisse
In myn avisoun, so god me wisse! (150)
So dide our sexteyn and our fermerer,
That han been trewe freres fifty yeer;
They may now, god be thanked of his
lone, 1861

Maken hir jubilee and walke allone.
And up I roos, and al our covent eke,
With many a tere trikling on my cheke,
Withouten noyse or clateringe of belles;
Te deum was our song and no-thing elles,
Save that to Crist I seyde an orisoun,
Thankinge him of his revelacioun. (160)
For sir and dame, trusteth me right weel,
Our orisons been more effectuel, 1870
And more we seen of Cristes secre things
Than burel folk, al-though they weren
kinges.

We live in povert and in abstinence,
And burel folk in richesse and despence
Of mete and drinke, and in hir foul delyt.
We han this worldes lust al in despyt.
Lazar and Dives liveden diversly, 1877
And diverse guerdon hadden they ther-by.
Who-so wol prey, he moot faste and be
clene, (171) 1879

And fatte his soule and make his body lene.
We fare as seith th'apostle; cloth and fode
Suffysen us, though they be nat ful gode.

The clennesse and the fastinge of us freres
Maketh that Crist accepteth our preyeres.

Lo, Moyses fourty dayes and fourty
night 1885

Fasted, er that the heighe god of might
Spale with him in the mountain of Sinay.
With empty wombe, fastinge many a day,
Receyved he the lawe that was writen (181)
With goddes finger; and Elie, wel ye
witen, 1890

In mount Oreb, er he hadde any speche
With hye god, that is our lyves leche,
He fasted longe and was in contemplaunce.
Aaron, that hadde the temple in govern-
aunce, 1894

And eek the otherre preestes everichon,
In-to the temple whan they sholde gon
To preye for the peple, and do servyse,
They nolden drinnen, in no maner wyse,
No drinke, which that mighte hem dronke
make, (191) 1899

But there in abstinence prey and wake,
Lest that they deyden; tak heed what
I seye.

But they be sobre that for the peple prey,
War that I seye; namore! for it suffyseth.
Our lord Jesu, as holy writ devyseth, 1904
Yaf us ensample of fastinge and preyeres.
Therfor we mendinants, we sely freres,
Been wedded to poverte and continence,
To charitee, humblesse, and abstinence,
To persecucion for rightwisnesse, (201) 1909
To weeping, misericorde, and clennesse.
And therfor may ye see that our preyeres—
I speke of us, we mendinants, we freres—
Ben to the hye god more acceptable
Than youres, with your festes at the table.
Fro Paradys first, if I shal nat lye, 1915
Was man out chaced for his glotonye;
And chaast was man in Paradys, certeyn.

But herkne now, Thomas, what I shal
seyen. (210)

I ne have no text of it, as I suppose,
But I shall finde it in a maner glose, 1920
That specially our swete lord Jesus
Spak this by freres, whan he seyde thus:
"Blessed be they that povre in spirit
been."

And so forth al the gospel may ye seen,
Wher it be lyker our professioune, 1925
Or hirs that swimmen in possessionoun.

Fy on hir pompe and on hir glotonye !
And for hir lewednesse I hem diffye. (220)

Me thinketh they ben lyk Jovinian,
Fat as a whale, and walkinge as a swan ;
Al vinolent as botel in the spence. 1931
Hir preyer is of ful gret reverence ;
Whan they for soules seye the psalm of
Davit,

Lo, "buf!" they seye, "*cor meum eructavit!*"

Who folweth Cristes gospel and his fore,
But we that humble been and chast and
pore, 1936
Werkers of goddes word, not auditours ?
Therfore, right as an hauk up, at a
sours, (230)

Up springeth in-to their, right so prayeres
Of charitable and chaste bisy freres 1940
Maken hir sours to goddes eres two.
Thomas ! Thomas ! so mote I ryde or go,
And by that lord that clepid is saint Yve,
Nere thou our brother, sholdestou nat
thryve ! 1944

In our chapitre praye we day and night
To Crist, that he thee sende hele and
mighty,

Thy body for to welden hastily.'

'God woot,' quod he, 'no-thing ther-of
fele I ;' (240)

As help me Crist, as I, in fewe yeres, 1949
Han spended, up-on dyvers maner freres,
Ful many a pound ; yet fare I never the
bet.

Certeyn, my good have I almost biset.
Farwel, my gold ! for it is al ago !'

The frere answerde, 'O Thomas, dostow
so ? 1954

What nedeth yow diverse freres seche ?
What nedeth him that hath a parfit leche
To sechen othere leches in the toun ?
Your inconstance is your confusiouen. (250)
Holde ye than me, or elles our covent,
To praye for yow ben insufficient ? 1960

Thomas, that jape nis nat worth a myte ;
Your maladye is for we han to lyte.

"A ! yif that covent half a quarter otes !"
"A ! yif that covent four and twenty
grotos !"

"A ! yif that frere a peny, and lat him
go !" 1965

Nay, nay, Thomas ! it may no-thing be so.

What is a ferthing worth parted in twelve ?
Lo, ech thing that is oned in him-selve
Is more strong than whan it is to
scattered. (261)

Thomas, of me thou shalt nat been y-
flatered ; 1970

Thou woldest han our labour al for noght.
The hye god, that al this world hath
wroght,

Seith that the werkman worthy is his
hyre.

Thomas ! noght of your tresor I desyre
As for my-self, but that al our covent 1975
To preye for yow is ay so diligent,
And for to builden Cristes owene chirche.
Thomas ! if ye wol lernen for to wirche,
Of buildinge up of chirches may ye
finde (271)

If it be good, in Thomas lyf of Inde. 1980
Ye lye heer, ful of anger and of yre,
With which the devel set your herte
a-fyre,

And chyden heer this sely innocent,
Your wyf, that is so meke and pacient.
And therfor, Thomas, trowe me if thee
leste, 1985

Ne stryve nat with thy wyf, as for thy
beste ;

And ber this word awey now, by thy feith,
Touchinge this thing, lo, what the wyse
seith :

"With-in thy hous ne be thou no leoun ;
To thy subgits do noon oppressiouen ; 1990
Ne make thyne aqueyntances nat to flee."
And Thomas, yet eft-sones I charge thee,
Be war from hir that in thy bosom slepeth ;
War fro the serpent that so slyly crepeth
Under the gras, and stingeth subtilly. 1995
Be war, my sone, and herkne paciently,
That twenty thousand men han lost hir
lyves,

For stryving with hir lemmans and hir
wyves. (296)

Now sith ye han so holy and meke a wyf,
What nedeth yow, Thomas, to maken
stryf ? 2000

Ther nis, y-wis, no serpent so cruel,
Whan man tret on his tayl, ne half so fel,
As womman is, whan she hath caught
an ire ;

Vengeance is thanne al that they desyre.

Ire is a sinne, oon of the grete of sevene,
Abhominable un-to the god of hevene;
And to him-self it is destrucion.

This every lewed viker or person (300)
Can seye, how Ire engendreth homicide.
Ire is, in sooth, executour of prude.
I coude of Ire seye so muche sorwe,
My tale sholde laste til to-morwe.

And therfor preye I god bothe day and
night, 2013

An irous man, god sende him litel might!
It is greet harm and, certes, gret pitee,
To sette an irous man in heigh degree.

Whilom ther was an irous potestat,
As seith Senek, that, duringe his estaat,
Up-on a day out riden knighting two, (311)
And as fortune woldeth that it were so, 2020
That oon of hem cam hoom. that other
noght.

Anon the knight biforn the juge is broght,
That seyde thus, "thou hast thy felawe
slayn,

For which I deme thee to the deeth, cer-
tain."

And to another knight comanded he, 2025
"Go lede him to the deeth, I charge thee."
And happed, as they wente by the weyo
Toward the place ther he sholde deye,
The knight cam, which men wenden had
be deed. (321)

Thanne thoughte they, it was the beste
reed, 2030
To lede hem bothe to the juge agayn.

They seiden, "lord, the knight ne hath
nat slain

His felawe; here he standeth hoolalyve."
"Ye shul be deed," quod he, "so moot I
thryve!"

That is to seyn, bothe oon, and two, and
three!" 2035

And to the firste knighthirgthu spak he,
"I damped thee, thou most algate be
deed.

And thou also most nedes lese thyn heed,
For thou art cause why thy felawe deydh."
And to the thridde knight right thus he
seyth,

"Thou hast nat doon that I comanded
thee." (332) 2040

And thus he dide don sleen hem alle three.
Irous Camlyses was eek dronkelewe,

And ay delyted him to been a shrewe.
And so bisel, a lord of his meyne, 2045

That lovede vertuous moralitee,
Seyde on a day bitwix hem two right thus:

"A lord is lost, if he be vicious; (340)
And dronkenesse is eek a foul record

Of any man, and namely in a lord. 2050
Ther is ful many an eye and many an ere
Awaiting on a lord, and he noot where.

For goddes love, drink more attemprely;
Wyn maketh man to lesen wrecchedly
His minde, and eek his limes everichon."

"The revers shaltouse," quod he, "anon;
And preve it, by thyn owene experience,
That wyn ne dooth to folk no swich
offence. (350) 2058

Ther is no wyn bireveth me my might
Of hand ne foot, ne of myn eyen sight"—
And, for despyt, he drank ful muchel more
An hondred part than he had doon biforn;
And right anon, this irous cursed wrecche
Leet this knighting sone biforn him fecche,
Comandinge him he sholde biforn him
stonde. 2065

And sodeynly he took his bowe in honde,
And up the streng he pulled to his ere,
And with an arwe he slow the child right
there: (360)

"Now whether have I a siker hand or
noon?"

Quod he, "is al my might and minde
agoon?" 2070

Hath wyn bireved me myn eyen sight?"
What sholde I telle th'answere of the
knight?

Hissone wasslayn, ther is na-more to seye.
Beth war therfor with lordes how yepleye.
Singeth Placebo, and I shal, if I can, 2075
But-if it be un-to a povre man.

To a povre man men sholde hisevyces telle,
But nat to a lord, thogh he sholde go to
helle. (370)

Lo irous Cirus, thilke Percien,
How he destroyed the river of Gysen, 2080
For that an hors of his was dreynyt ther-
inne,

Whan that he wente Babiloigne to winne.
He made that the river was so smal,
That wommen mighte wade it over-al.

Lo, what seyde he, that so wel teche can?
"Ne be no felawe to an irous man. 2086

Ne with no wood man walke by the weye,
Lest thee repente ;" ther is na-more to
seye. (380)

Now Thomas, leve brother, lef thyne ire;
Thou shalt me finde as just as is a squire.
Hold nat the develes knyfay at thyne herte;
Thyn angre dooth thee al to sore smerte;
But shewe to me al thy confessioune.'

' Nay,' quod the syke man, ' by Seint
Simoun !' 2094

I have be shriven this day at my curat ;
I have him told al hooly myn estat ;
Nedeth na-more to speke of it,' seith he,
' But if me list of myn humilitee.' (390)

' Yif me thanne of thy gold, to make
our cloistre,'

Quod he, ' for many a muscle and many
an oistre,' 2100

Whan other men han ben ful wel at eyse,
Hath been our fode, our cloistre for to reyse.
And yet, god woot, unnethe the fundement
Parfourned is, ne of our pavement 2104
Nis nat a tyle yet with-inne our wones ;
By god, we owen fourty pound for stones !
Now help, Thomas, for him that harwed
helle !

For elles moste we our bokes selle. (400)
And if ye lakke our predicacioun, 2109
Than gooth the world al to destruccioun.
For who-so wolde us fro this world bireve,
So god me save, Thomas, by your leve,
Hewolde bireve out of this world the sonne.
For who can teche and werchen as we
conne? 2114

And that is nat of litel tyme,' quod he ;
' But sith that Eii was, or Elisee,
Han freres been, that finde I of record,
In charitee, y-thanked be our lord. (410)
Now Thomas, help, for sainte Charitee !'
And doun anon he sette him on his knee.

This syke man wex wel ny wood for ire ;
He wolde that the frere had been on-fire
With his false dissimulacioun.
' Swich thing as is in my possessioun,'
Quod he, ' that may I yeven, and non
other.' 2125

Ye say me thus, how that I am your
brother ?'

' Ye, certes,' quod the frere, ' trusteth
weel ;
I took our dame our lettre with our seal.'

' Now wel,' quod he, ' and somwhat
shal I yive' (421)

Un-to your holy covent whyl I live, 2130
And in thy hand thou shalt it have
anoon ;

On this condicoun, and other noon,
That thou departe it so, my dere brother,
That every frere have also muche as other.
This shalton swere on thy professioune,
With-outen fraude or cavillacioun.' 2136

' I swere it,' quod this frere, ' upon my
feith !'

And ther-with-al his hand in his he leith :
' Lo, heer my feith ! in me shal be no lak.'

' Now thanne, put thy hand down by
my bak,' (432) 2140

Seyde this man, ' and grope wel bilinde ;
Bynethe my buttok ther shalton finde
A thing that I have hid in privathee.'

' A !' thoghte this frere, ' this shal go
with me !'

And doun his hand he launcheth to the
clife, 2145

In hope for to finde ther a yifte. (438)

And whan this syke man felte this frere
Aboute his tuwel grope there and here,
Amidde his hand he leet the frere a fart.
Ther nis no capul, drawinge in a cart, 2150
That mighte have lete a fart of swich
a soun.

The frere up stirte as doth a wood
leoun :

' A ! false cherl,' quod he, ' for goddes
bones,
This hastow for despyt doon, for the
nones !'

Thou shalt abyte this fart, if that I may !'
His meynee, whiche that herden this
affray, 2156

Cam lepinge in, and chaced out the frere ;
And forth he gooth, with a ful angry
chere, (450)

And fette his felawe, ther-as lay his stoor.
He looked as it were a wilde boor ; 2160
Hegrinte with his teeth, so was he wrooth.
A sturdy pas down to the court he gooth,
Wher-as ther woned a man of greet
honour,

To whom that he was alwey confessour ;
This worthy man was lord of that village.
This frere cam, as he were in a rage, 2166

Wher-as this lord sat eting at his bord.
Unnethes mighte the frere speke a word,
Tilatte laste he seyde: 'god yow see!' (461)

This lord gan loke, and seide, 'ben'-
cite! 2170

What, frere John, what maner world is
this?

I see wel that som thing ther is amis.
Ye loken as the wode were ful of thevis,
Sit doune anon. and tel me what your
gref is,

And it shal been amended, if I may.' 2175

'I have,' quod he, 'had a despyt this day,
God yelde yow! adoun in your village,
That in this world is noon so poure a page,
That he nolde have abhominiacioun' (471)
Of that I have receyved in your toun. 2180
And yet ne greveth me no-thing so sore,
As that this olde cherl, with lokkes hore,
Blasphemed hath our holy covent eke.'

'Now, maister,' quod this lord, 'I yow
biseke.'

'No maister, sire,' quod he, 'but servitour,' 2185

Thogh I have had in scole swich honour.
God lyketh nat that "Raby" men us calle,
Neither in market ne in your large halle.'

'No fors,' quod he, 'but tel me al your
grief.' (481)

'Sire,' quod this frere, 'an odious mes-
chief' 2190

This day bitid is to myn ordre and me,
And so *per consequens* to ech degree
Of holy chirche, god amende it sone!'

'Sir,' quod the lord, 'ye woot what is
to done.

Distempre yow noght, ye be my con-
fessour; 2195

Ye been the salt of the erthe and the
savour.

For goddes love your pacience ye holde;
Tel me your grief:' and he anon him
tolde, (490)

As ye han herd biforn, ye woot wel what.

The lady of the hous ay stille sat, 2200
Til she had herd al what the frere sayde:
'Ey, goddes moder,' quod she, 'blisful
mayde!

Is ther ought elles? telle me feithfully.'

'Madame,' quod he, 'how thinketh yow
her-by?' (500)

'How that me thinketh?' quod she;
'so god me speede, 2205
I seye, a cherl hath doon a cherles dede.
What shold I seye? god lat him never
thee!

His syke heed is ful of vanitee, (500)
I hold him in a maner frenesye.'

'Madame,' quod he, 'by god I shal nat
lye; 2210

But I on other weyes may be wreke,
I shal diffame him over-al ther I speke,
This false blasphemour, that charged me
To parte that wol nat departed be,
To every man y-liche, with meschaunce!'

The lord sat stille as he were in a
traunce, 2215

And in his herte he rolled up and doun,
'How hadde this cherl imaginacioun' (510)

To shewe swich a probleme to the frere?
Never erst ernowherde I of swich matere;

I trowe the devel putte it in his minde.
In ars-metryke shal ther no man finde,

Biforn this day, of swich a questioun.
Who sholde make a demonstracioun,

That every man sholde have y-liche his
part 2225

As of the soun or savour of a fart? (515)

O nyce proude cherl, I shrewe his face!
Lo, sires,' quod the lord, with harde grace,

'Who ever herde of swich a thing er now?
To every man y-lyke? tel me how. 2230

It is an impossible, it may nat be!
Ey, nyce cherl, god lete him never thee!

The rumblinge of a fart, and every soun,
Nis but of eir reverberacioun, 2235

And ever it wasteth lyte and lyte awey.
Ther is no man can demen, by my fey,

If that it were departed equally. (529)

What, lo, my cherl, lo, yet how shrewedly
Un-to my confessour to-day he spak!

I holde him certeyn a demoniak! 2240

Now ete your mete, and lat the cherl go
pleye,

Lat him go honge himself, a devel weye!'

Now stood the lordes squyer at the bord,
That earf his mete, and herde, word by

word, 2245

Of alle thinges of which I have yow sayd.

'My lord,' quod he, 'be ye nat yvel apayd;

I coude telle, for a goune-clooth,

To yow, sir frere, so ye be nat wrooth, (540)

How that this fart shold be even aled be
Among your covent, if it lyked me.' 2250

'Tel,' quod the lord, 'and thou shalt
have a aon'

A goun-e-cloth, by god and by Seint John!'

'My lord,' quod he, 'whan that the
weder is fair,

With-outen wind or perturbinge of air,
Lat bringe a cartwheel here in-to this
halle, 2255

But loke that it have his spokes alle.

Twelf spokes hath a cartwheel comuly.
And bring me than twelf freres, woot ye
why? 2250

For thrittene is a covent, as I gesse.

The confessour heer, for his worthiness,
Shal parfourne up the nombre of his
covent. 2261

Than shal they knele doun, by oon assent,
And to every spokes ende, in this manere,
Ful sadly leye his nose shal a frere.

Your noble confessour, ther god him save,
Shal holde his nose upright, under the
nave. 2266

Than shal this cherl, with bely stif and
toght

As any tabour, hider been y-brought; (560)
And sette him on the wheel right of this
cart, 2269

Upon the nave, and make him lete a fart.

And ye shul seen, up peril of my lyf,
By preve which that is demonstratif,
That equally the soun of it wol wende,
And eek the stink, un-to the spokes
ende;

Save that this worthy man, your con-
fessour, 2275

By-cause he is a man of greet honour,
Shal have the firste fruit, as reson is;
The noble usage of freres yet is this, (570)
The worthy men of hem shul first be
served; 2279

And certeinly, he hath it weel deserved.
He hath to-day taught us so muchel good
With preaching in the pulpit ther he stood,
That I may vouche-saunf, I sey for me,
He hadde the firste smel of fartes three,
And so wolde al his covent hardily; 2285
He bereth him so faire and holily.'

The lord, the lady, and ech man, save
the frere, 2289

Seyde that Jankin spak, in this mater,
As wel as Euclide or [as] Ptholomee.
Touchinge this cherl, they seyd, subtiltee
And heigh wit made him speken as he
spak; 2291

He nis no fool, ne no demoniak.
And Jankin hathy-wonne a newegoune.—
My tale is doon we been almost at
toune. 2294

Here endeth the Somnours Tale.

GROUP E.

THE CLERK'S PROLOGUE.

Here folweth the Prologe of the Clerkes Tale of Oxenford.

'Sir clerk of Oxenford,' our hoste sayde,
'Ye ryde as coy and stille as dooth a
mayde,

Were newe spoused, sitting at the bord ;
This day ne herde I of your tonge a word.
I trowe ye studie aboute som sophyme, 5
But Salomon seith, "every thing hath
tyme."

For goddes sake, as beth of bettre chere,
It is no tyme for to studien here.
Telle us som mery tale, by your fey ;
For what man that is entred in a pley, 10
He nedes moot unto the pley assente.
But precheth nat, as freres doon in Lente,
To make us for our olde sinnes wepe,
Ne that thy tale make us nat to slepe.

Telle us som mery thing of aventures ;—
Your termes, your colours, and your
figures,

Kepe hem in stoor til so be ye endyte
Heigh style, as whan that men to kinges
wryte.

Speketh so pleyn at this tyme, I yow preyse,
That we may understande what ye seye.'

This worthy clerk benignely answer'e,
'Hoste,' quod he, 'I am under your yerde ;
Ye han of us as now the governaunce,
And therfor wol I do yow obeisaunce,
As fer as reson axeth, hardily.

I wol yow telle a tale which that i
Lerned at Padowe of a worthy clerk,
As preved by his wordes and his werk.

He is now deed and nayled in his cheste,
I prey to god so yeve his soule reste! 30

Fraunceys Petrark, the laureat poete,
Highte this clerk, whos rethoryke sweete
Enlumined al Itaille of poetrye,
As Linian dide of philosophye
Or lawe, or other art particuler ; 35
But deeth, that wol nat suffre us dwellen
heer

But as it were a twinkling of an yë,
Hem bothe hath slayn, and alle shul we
dyë.

But forth to tellen of this worthy man,
That taughte me this tale, as I bigan, 40
I seye that first with heigh style he
endyteth,

Er he the body of his tale wryteth,
A proheme, in the which discryveth he
Pemond, and of Saluces the contree, 44
And speketh of Apennyn, the hilles hye,
That been the boundes of West Lum-
bardye,

And of Mount Vesulus in special,
Where as the Poo, out of a welle smal,
Taketh his firste springing and his souris,
That estward ay encresseth in his cours: 50
To Emelward, to Ferrare, and Venyse :
The which a long thing were to devyse.
And trewely, as to my judgement,
Me thinketh it a thing impertinent,
Save that he wol conveyen his matere : 55
But this his tale, which that ye may here.'

THE CLERKES TALE.

Here beginneth the Tale of the Clerk of Oxenford.

THER is, at the west syde of Itaille,
 Doun at the rote of Vesulus the colde,
 A lusty playne, habundant of vitaille,
 Wher many a tour and toun thou mayst
 bisholde, 60

That founded were in tyme of fadres olde,
 And many another delitable sighte,
 And Saluces this noble contree highte.

A markis whylom lord was of that londe,
 As were his worthy eldres him bifore; 65
 And obeisant and redy to his honde (10)
 Were alle his liges, bothe lasse and more.
 Thus in dely the liveth, and hath don yore,
 Biloved and drad, thurgh favour of for-
 tune, 69
 Bothe of his lordes and of his commune.

Therwith he was, to speke as of linage,
 The gentilleste y-born of Lombardye,
 A fair persone, and strong, and yong of
 age,
 And ful of honour and of curteisye;
 Discreet y-nogh his contree for to gye, 75
 Save in somme things that he was to
 blame, (20)
 And Walter was this yonge lordes name.

I blame him thus, that he considereth
 noght 78
 In tyme cominge what mighte him bityde,
 But on his lust present was al his thought,
 As for to hauke and hunte on every syde;
 Wel ny alle othere cures leet he slyde,
 And eek he nolde, and that was worst of
 alle, (27)
 Wedde no wyf, for noght that may bifalle.

Only that point his peple bar so sore, 85
 That flokmele on a day they to him wente,
 And oon of hem, that wysest was of lore,
 Or elles that the lord best wolde assente

That he sholde telle him what his peple
 mente, 89
 Or elles coude he shewe wel swich matere,
 He to the markis seyde as ye shul here.

' O noble markis, your humanitee
 Assureth us and yeveth us hardinesse,
 As ofte as tyme is of necessitee 94
 That we to yow mowe telle our heviness
 Accepteth, lord, now for your gentillesse.
 That we with pitous herte un-to yow
 pleyne, (41)
 And lette your eres nat my voys disdeyne.

Al have I noght to done in this matere
 More than another man hath in this place,
 Yet for as muche as ye, my lord so
 dere, 101
 Han alwey shewed me favour and grace
 I dar the better aske of yow a space
 Of audience, to shewen our requeste,
 And ye, my lord, to doon right as yow
 leste. 105

For certes, lord, so wel us lyketh yow (50)
 And al your werk and ever han doon,
 that we

Ne coude nat us self devysen how
 We mighte liven in more felicitee,
 Save o thing, lord, if it your wille be, 110
 That for to been a wedded man yow leste,
 Than were your peple in sovereyn hertes
 reste.

Boweth your nekke under that blisful yok
 Of soveraynetee, noght of servyse,
 Which that men clepeth sposaille or
 wedlok; 115
 And thenketh, lord, among your thoughtes
 wyse, (60)
 How that our dayes passee sondry wyse;

For though we slepe or wake, or rome, or
ryde,
Ay feleth the tyme, it nil no man abyde.

And though your grene youthe floure as
yit, 120

In crepeth age alwey, as stille as stoon,
And deeth manaceth every age, and smit
In ech estaat, for ther escapeth noon :
And al so certein as we knowe echoon
That we shul deye, as uncerteyn we alle
Been of that day whan deeth shal on us
falle. (70) 126

Accepteth than of us the trewe entente,
That never yet refuseden your heste,
And we wol, lord, if that ye wol assente,
Chese yow a wyf in short tyme, atte leste,
Born of the gentilleste and of the mest
Of al this lond, so that it oghe seme
Honour to god and yow, as we can deme.

Deliver us out of al this bisy dreme,
And tak a wyf, for hye goddes sake; 135
For if it so bifelle, as god forbide, (80)
That thurgh your deeth your linage
sholde slake,

And that a straunge successour sholde
take

Your heritage, o! wo were us alyve!
Wherfor we pray you hastily to wyve.' 140

Hir meke preyere and hir pitous chere
Made the markis herte han pitee.
'Ye wol,' quod he, 'myn owene peple
dere,
To that I never erst thought streyne me.
I me rejoysed of my libertee, 145
That selde tyme is founde in mariage; (90)
Ther I was free, I moot been in servage.

But nathelees I see your trewe entente,
And truste upon your wit, and havedonay;
Wherfor of my free wil I wol assente 150
To wedde me, as sone as ever I may.
But ther-as ye han profred me to-day
To chese me a wyf, I yow releesse
That choys, and prey yow of that profe
cess. 154

For god it woot, that children ofte been
Unlyk her worthy eldres hem before; (100)

Bountee comth al of god, nat of the streen
Of which they been engendred and y-bore;
I truste in goddes bountee, and therfore
My mariage and myn estaat and reste 160
I him bitake; he may don as him leste.

Lat me alone in chesinge of my wyf,
That charge up-on my bak I wol endure;
But I yow preye, and charge up-on your lyf,
That what wyf that I take, ye me assure
To worshipe hir, whyl that hir lyf may
dure, (110) 166

In word and werk, bothe here and every-
where,
As she an emperoures doghter were.

And furthermore, this shal ye swere, that
ye

Agayn my choys shul neither grueche ne
stryve; 170

For sith I shal forgoon my libertee
At your requeste, as ever moot I thryve,
Ther as myn herte is set, ther wol I wyve;
And but ye wole assente in swich manere,
I prey yow, speketh na-more of this
matere.' (119) 175

With hertly wil they sworen, and assenten
To al this thing, ther seyd no wight nay;
Bisekinge him of grace, er that they
wenten,

That he wolde graunten hem a certain day
Of his sposaille, as sone as ever he may;
For yet alwey the peple som-what dredde
Lest that this markis no wyf wolde wedde.

He graunted hem a day, swich as him
lest,

On which he wolde be wedded sikerly, 184
And seyd, he dide al this at hir requeste;
And they, with humble entente, buxomly,
Knelinge up-on her knees ful reverently
Him thanken alle, and thus they han an
ende (132)

Of hir entente, and hoom agayn they
wende.

And heer-up-on he to his officeres 190
Comaundeth for the feste to purveye,
And to his privee knighetes and squyeres;
Swich charge yaf, ashlim liste on hem leyse;

And they to his comandement obeye,
And ech of hem doth al his diligence 195
To doon un-to the feste reverence. (140)

Explicit prima pars.

Incipit secunda pars.

Noght fer fro thilke paleys honourable
Ther-as this markis shoop his mariage,
Ther stood a throp, of site delitable,
In which that povre folk of that village 200
Hadden hir bestes and hir herbergage,
And of hir labour took hir sustenance
After that th'erthe yaf hem habundance.

Amonges thise povre folk ther dwelte
a man

Which that was holden povrest of hem
alle; 205

But hye god som tyme senden can (150)
His grace in-to a litel oxes stalle:
Janicula men of that throp him calle.
A doghter hadde he, fair y-nogh to sighte,
And Grisildis this yonge mayden highte.

But for to speke of vertuous beautee, 211
Than was she oon the faireste under
sonne;

For povreliche y-fostred up was she,
No likerous lust was thurgh hir herte
y-ronne; (158) 214

Wel ofter of the welle than of the tonne
She drank, and for she wolde vertu plesse,
She knew wel labour, but non ydel ese.

But thogh this mayde tendre were of age,
Yet in the brest of hir virginitee
Ther was enclosed rype and sad corage;
And in greet reverence and charitee 221
Hir olde povre fader fostred she;
A fewe sheep spinning on feeld she kepte,
She wolde noght been ydel til she slepte.

And whan she hoomward cam, she wolde
bringe 225
Wortes or othere herbes tymes ofte, (170)
The whiche she shredde and seeth for hir
livinge,
And made hir bed ful harde and no-thing
softe;
And ay she kepte hir fadres lyf on-lofete
With everich obeisaunce and diligence 230
That child may doon to fadres reverence.

Up-on Grisilde, this povre creature,
Ful ofte sythe this markis sette his yé
As he on hunting rood paraventure; 234
And whan it fil that he mighte hir espye,
He noght with wantoun loking of folye
His yén caste on hir, but in sad wyse (181)
Up-on hir chere he wolde him ofte avyse,

Commending in his herte hir womman-
hede,

And eek hir vertu, passing any wight 240
Of so yong age, as wel in chere as dede.
For thogh the peple have no greet insight
In vertu, he considered ful right
Hir bountee, and disposed that he wolde
Wedde hir only, if ever he wedde sholde.

The day of wedding cam, but no wight
can (190) 246

Telle what womman that it sholde be;
For which merveille wondred many a man,
And seyden, whan they were in privathee,
'Wol nat our lord yet leve his vanitee? 250
Wol he nat wedde? alas, alas the whyle!
Why wol he thus him-self and us bigyle?'

But natheles this markis hath don make
Of gemmes, set in gold and in asure,
Broches and ringes, for Grisildis sake, 255
And of hir clothing took he the mesure
By a mayde, lyk to hir stature, (201)
And eek of othere ornamente alle
That un-to swich a wedding sholde falle.

The tyme of undern of the same day 260
Approcheth, that this wedding sholde be;
And al the paleys put was in array,
Bothe halle and chambres, ech in his
degree;

Houses of office stuffed with plentee 264
Ther maystow seen of deyntevous vitaille,
That may be founde, as fer as last Itaille.

This royal markis, richely arrayed, (211)
Lordes and ladyes in his companye,
The whiche unto the feste were y-prayed,
And of his retene the bachelrye, 270
With many a soun of sondry melodye,
Un-to the village, of the which I tolde,
In this array the righte wey han holde.

Grisilde of this, god woot, ful innocent,
That for hir shapen was al this array, 275

To feechen water at a welle is went, (220)
And cometh hoom as sone as ever she may.
For wel she hadde herd seyd, that thilke
day
The markis sholde wedde, and, if she
michte,
She wolde fayn han seyn som of that
sighte. 280

She thoghte, 'I wol with oþere maydens
stonde,
That been my felawes, in our dore, and see
The markisesse, and therfor wol I fonde
To doon at hoom, as sone as it may be,
The labour which that longeth un-to me ;
And than I may at leyser hir biholde, 286
Ifshe this wey un-to the castel holde.' (231)

And as she wolde over hir threshfold goon,
The markis cam and gan hir for to calle ;
And she set doun hir water-pot anoon 290
Bisyde the threshfold, in an oxes stalle,
And doun up-on hir knees she gan to falle,
And with sad contenance kneleth stille
Til she had herd what wasthe lordes wille

This thoughtfull markis spak un-to this
mayde (239) 295
Ful soberly, and seyde in this manere,
' Wher is your fader, Grisildis ? ' lie sayde,
And she with reverence, in humble chere,
Answerde, ' lord, he is al redy here.'
And in she gooth with-outer lenger lette,
And to the markis she hir fader fette. 20:

He by the hond than took this olde man,
And seyde thus, whan he him hadde
asyde,

*'Janicula, I neither may ne can
Lenger the plesance of myn herte hyde.
If that thou vouche-sauf, what-so bityde,
Thy doghiter wol I take, er that I wende,
As for my wyf, un-to hir lyves ende. (252)*

Thou lovest me, I woot it wel, certeyn,
And art my feithful lige man y-bore; 310
And al that lyketh me, I dar wel seyn
It lyketh thee, and specially therfore
Tel me that poynt that I have seyd before,
If that thou wolt un-to that purpos drawe,
To take me as for thy sone-in-lawe? 315

This sodeyn cas this man astoned so, (260)
That reed he wex, abayst, and al quaking
He stood; unnethes seyde he wordes mo,
But only thus: 'lord,' quod he, 'my wil-
ling

Is as ye wole, ne ayeines your lyking 320
I wol no-thing; ye be my lord so dere;
Right as yow lust governeth this matere.'

' Yet wol I,' quod this markis softly,
' That in thy chambre I and thou and she
Have a collacion, and wostow why? 325
For I wol axe if it hir wille be (270)
To be my wyf, and reule hir after me;
And al this shal be doon in thy presence,
I wol noght speke out of thyn audience.'

And in the chambre whyl they were
aboute 330
Hir tretis, which as ye shal after here,
The peple cam un-to the hous with-oute,
And wondred hem in how honest manere
And tentify she kepte hir fader dere. (27)
But outerly Grisildis wondre mighte, 335
For never erst ne saugh she swich a sighte.

No wonder is thogh that she were astoned
To seen so greet a gest come in that place;
She never was to swiche gestes wonded,
For which she loked with ful pale face.
But shortly forth this tale for to chace,
Thise arn the wordes that the markis
sayde 342
To this benigne verray feithful mayde.

'Grisilde,' he seyde, 'ye shul wel understande

It lyketh to your fader and to me 345
That I yow wedde, and eek it may so
stonde, (290)

As I suppose, ye wol that it so be.
But this demandes axe I first,' quod he,
That, sith it shal be doon in hastif wyse,
Wol ye assente, or elles yow avyse? 350

I seye this, be ye redy with good herte
To al my lust, and that I frely may,
As me best thinketh, do yow laughe or
smerte,
And never ye to grucehe it, night ne day?
And eek whan I sey "ye," ne sey nat
"nay." 355

Neither by word ne frowning contenance ;
Swer this, and here I swere our alliance.'

Wondring upon this word, quaking for
dredre, (302)
She seyde, 'lord, undigne and unworthy
Am I to thilke honour that ye me bede ; 360
But as ye wol your-self, right so wol I.
And heer I swere that never willingly
In werk ne thought I nil yow disobeye,
For to be deed, though me were looth to
deye.' (308) 364

'This is y-nogh, Grisilde myn !' quod he.
And forth he gooth with a ful sobre chere
Out at the dore, and after that cam she,
And to the peple he seyde in this manere,
'This is my wyf,' quod he, 'that standeth
here.' (369)
Honoureth hir, and loveth hir, I preye,
Who-so me loveth ; ther is na-more to
seye.'

And for that no-thing of hir olde geref
She sholde bringe in-to his hous, he bad
That wommen sholde dispoilen hir right
there ; (318) 374
Of which thise ladyes were nat right glad
To handle hir clothes wher-in she was clad.
But natheles this mayde bright of hewe
Fro foot to heed they clothed han al newe.

Hir heres han they kembd, that lay un-
tressed
Ful rudely, and with hir fingres smale 380
A corone on hir heed they han y-dressed,
And sette hir ful of nowches grete and
smale ;
Of hir array what sholde I make a tale ?
Unnethe the peple hir knew for hir fair-
nesse,
Whan she translated was in swich rich-
esse. 385

This markis hath hir spoused with a ring
Broght for the same cause, and than hir
sette (331)
Up-on an hors, snow-whyt and wel am-
bling,
And to his paleys, er he lenger lette,
With joyful peple that hir ladde and
mette, 390

Conveyed hir, and thus the day they
spende

In revel, til the sonne gan descende.

And shortly forth this tale for to chace,
I seye that to this newe markisesse
God hath swich favour sent hir of his
grace, 395
That it ne seemed nat by lyklinesse (340)
That she was born and fed in rudenesse,
As in a cote or in an oxe-stalle,
But norished in an emperoures halle.

To every wight she woxen is so dere 400
And worshipful, that folk ther she was
bore

And from hir birthe knewe hir yeer by
yere,
Unnethe trowed they, but dorste han
sware
That to Janicle, of which I spak bifore,
She doghter nas, for, as by conjecture, 405
Hem thoughte she was another creature.

For thogh that ever vertuous was she, (351)
She was encressed in swich excellencie
Of thewes gode, y-set in heigh bountee,
And so discreet and fair of eloquence, 410
So benigne and so digne of reverence,
And coude so the peples herte embrase,
That ech hir lovede that loket on hir face.

Noght only of Saluces in the toun
Publisced was the bountee of hir name, 415
But eek bisyde in many a regioune, (360)
If oon seyde wel, another seyde the same ;
So spradde of hir heigh bountee the fame,
That men and wommen, as wel yonge as
olde,

Gon to Saluce, upon hir to biholde. 420

Thus Walter lowly, nay but royally,
Wedded with fortunat honestete,
In goddes pees liveth ful esily
At hoom, and outward grace y-nogh had
he ; (368) 424

And for he saugh that under low degree
Was ofte vertu hid, the peple him helde
A prudent man, and that is seyn ful selde.

Nat only this Grisildis thurgh hir wit
Coudre al the feet of wyfly hoomiinesse,

But eek, whan that the cas requyred it,
The commune profit coude she redresse.
Ther nas discord, rancour, ne hevinesse
In al that lond, that she ne coude apeste,
And wysly bringe hem alle in reste and
ese.

Though that hir housbonde absent were
anoon, 435
If gentil men, or othere of hir contree
Were wrothe, she wolde bringen hem
atoon; (381)
So wyse and rype wordes hadde she,
And jugementes of so greet equitee,
That she from heven sent was, as men
wende, 440
Peple to save and every wrong t'amende.

Nat longe tyme after that this Grisild
Was wedded, she a daughter hath y-bore,
Al had hir lever have born a knave child.
Glad was this markis and the folk ther-
fore; 445
For though a mayde child come al bifore,
She may unto a knave child atteyne (391)
By lyklied, sin she nis nat bareyne.

Explicit secunda pars.

Incipit tercia pars.

Ther fil, as it bifal leth tymes mo,
Whan that this child had souked but
a throwe, 450
This markis in his herte longeth so
To tempte his wyf, hir sadnesse for to
knowe,
That he ne mighte out of his herte throwe
This merveillous desyr, his wyf t'assaye,
Needless, god woot, he thoughte hir for
t'affraye. 455

He hadde assayed hir y-nogh bifore, (400)
And fond hir ever good; what neded it
Hir for to tempte and alwey more and
more?

Though som men preise it for a subtil wit,
But as for me, I seye that yvel it sit 460
T'assaye a wyf whan that it is no nede,
And putten her in anguish and in drede.

For which this markis wroghte in this
manere;
He cam alone a-night, ther as she lay,

With sterne face and with ful trouble
chere, 465
And seyde thus, 'Grisild,' quod he, that
day (410)

That I yow took out of your povre array,
And putte yow in estaat of heigh noblesse,
Ye have nat that forgeten, as I gesse.

I seye, Grisild, this present dignitee, 470
In which that I have put yow, as I trowe,
Maketh yow nat foryetful for to be
That I yow took in povre estaat ful lowe
For any wele ye moot your-selven knowe,
Tak hede of every word that I yow seye,
Ther is no wight that hereth it but we
tweye. (420) 476

Ye woot your-self wel, how that ye cam
here

In-to this hous, it is nat longe ago,
And though to me that ye be lief and
dere,

Un-to my gentils ye be no-thing so; 480
They seyn, to hem it is greet shame and
wo

For to be subgets and ben in servage
To thee, that born art of a smal village.

And namely, sith thy doghter was y-bore,
These wordes han they spoken doutelees;
But I desyre, as I have doon bifore, (430)
To live my lyf with hem in reste and
pees;

I may nat in this caas be recchelees.
I moot don with thy doghter for the
beste,

Nat as I wolde, but as my peple leste. 490

And yet, god wot, this is ful looth to me;
But nathelees with-oute your witing
I wol nat doon, but this wol I, quod he,
'That ye to me assento as in this thing.
Shewe now your pacience in your working
That ye me highte and swore in your
village (440) 496

That day that maked was our mariage.'

Whan she had herd al this, she nought
ameved

Neither in word, or chere, or counten-
aunce;

For, as it semed, she was nat agreede: 500

She seyde, 'lord, al lyth in your plesance,
My child and I with hertly obeisaunce
Ben youres al, and ye mowe save or spille
Your owene thing; werketh after your
wille.' 504

Ther may no-thing, god so my soule save,
Lyken to yow that may displesse me; (450)
Ne I desyre no-thing for to have,
Ne drede for to lese, save only ye;
This wil is in myn herte and ay shal be.
No lengthe of tyme or deeth may this
deface, 510
Ne chaunge my eorage to another place.'

Glad was this markis of hir answering,
But yet he feyned as he were nat so;
Al drery was his chere and his lokynge
Whan that he sholde out of the chambre
go. 515

Sone after this, a furlong wey or two, (460)
He prively hath told al his entente
Un-to a man, and to his wyf him sente.

A maner sergeant was this privee man,
The which that feithful ofte he founden
hadde 520

In things grete, and eek swich folk wel
can
Don execucioun on things badde.
The lord knew wel that he him loved and
dradde;
And whan this sergeant wiste his lordes
wille, 525
In-to the chambre he stalked him ful
stille.

'Madame,' he seyde, 'ye mote foryeve it
me, 530
Thogh I do thing to which I am con-
streyned;
Ye ben so wys that ful wel knowe ye
That lordes hestes mowe nat been
feyned;
They mowe wel been biwailled or com-
pleyned, 535
But men mot nede un-to her lust obeye,
And so wol I; ther is na-more to seye.

This child I am comanded for to take'—
And spak na-more, but out the child he
hente

Despitously, and gan a chere make 535
As though he wold han slayn it er he
wente. (480)

Grisildis mot al suffren and consente;
And as a lamb she sitteth meke and stille,
And leet this cruel sergeant doon his wille.

Suspicious was the diffame of this man,
Suspect his face, suspect his word also; 541
Suspect the tyme in which he this bigan.
Allas! hir daughter that she lovede so
She wende he wold han slawen it right
tho. 544

But natheles she neither weep ne syked,
Consenting hir to that the markis lyked.

But atte laste spoken she bigan, (491)
And mekely she to the sergeant preyde,
So as he was a worthy gentil man,
That she moste kisse hir child er that it
deyde; 550

And in her barm this litel child she leyde
Withful sad face, and gan the child tokisse
And lulled it, and after gan it blisse.

And thus she seyde in hir benigne voys,
'Far weel, my child; I shal thee never
see; 555
But, sith I thee have marked with the
croys,

Of thilk fader blessed mote thou be,
That for us deyde up-on a croys of tree,
Thy soule, litel child, I him bitake,
For this night shaltow dyen for my sake.'

I trowe that to a norice in this cas 561
It had ben hard this rewthe for to se;
Wel mighte a mooder than han cryed
'allas!'

But natheles so sad stedfast was she,
That she endured all adversitee, 565
And to the sergeant mekely she sayde, (510)
'Have heer agayn your litel yonge mayde.'

Goth now,' quod she, 'and dooth my
lordes heste.

But o thing wol I preye yow of your grace,
That, but my lord forbad yow, atte leste
Burieith this litei body in som place 571
That bestes ne no briddes it to-race.'

But he no word wol to that purpos seye,
But took the child and wente upon his
weye.

And bad his sergeant that he prively
Sholde this child ful softe winde and
wrappe
With alle circumstancies tendrely,
And carie it in a cofre or in a lappet; 585
But, up-on peyne his heed of for to
swappe, (530)
That no man sholde knowe of his entente,
Ne whenne he cam, ne whider that he
wente;

But at Boloigne to his suster dere,
That thilke tyme of Panik was countesse,
He sholde it take, and shewe hir this
matere, 591
Bisekinge hir to don hir bisenesse
This child to fostre in alle gentilesse;
And whos child that it was he bad hir
hyde
From every wight, for oght that may
bityde.

The sergeant gooth, and hath fulfild this
thing; (540)
But to this markis now retourne we;
For now goth he ful faste imagining
If by his wyves chere he migthe see,
Or by hir word aperceyve that she 600
Were chaunged; but he never hir coude
finde

But ever in oon y-lyke sad and kinde.
As glad, as humble, as busy in servyse,
And eek in love as she was wont to be,
Was she to him in every maner wyse ;
Ne of hir doghther nocht a word spak shē
Non accident for noon adversitee (55)
Was seyn in hir, ne never hir doghther
name

Ne nempned she, in ernest nor in game.
Explicit tercia pars.

Explicit tercia pars.

Sequitur pars quarta.
In this estaat ther passed been four
yeer
Er she with childe was; but, as god welde,
A knave child she bar by this Walter,
Ful gracious and fair for to bisholde.
And whan that folk it to his fader tolde,
Nat only he, but al his contree, merie 615
Was for this child, and god they thanke
and herie. (560)

Whan it was two yeer old, and fro the
brest
Departed of his norice, on a day
This markis caughte yet another leſt
To tempte his wyf yet ofter, if he may. 620
O needles was she tempted in assay!
But wedded men ne knowe no measure,
Whan that they finde a pacient creature.

'Wyf,' quod this markis, 'ye han herd er
this,
My peple sikly berth our mariage, 625
And namely, sith my sone y-boren is, (570)
Now is it worse than ever in al our age.
The murmur sleeth myn herte and my
corage;
For to myne eres comth the voys so
smerte,
That it wel ny destroyed hath myn herte.

Now sey they thus, "whan Walter is
agoon,
Then shal the blood of Janicle succede
And been our lord, for other have we
noon;"
Swiche wordes seith my peple, out of
dred.
Wel oughte I of swich murmur taken
hede;
For certeinly I drede swich sentence, (580)
Though they nat pleyn speke in myn
audience.

I wolde live in pees, if that I myghte;
Wherfor I am disposed outerly,
As I his suster servede by nighte, 640
Right so thenke I to serve him prively;
This warne I yow, that ye nat sodeynly
Out of your-self for no wo sholde outrayre;
Beth pacient, and ther-of I yow preye.'

'I have,' quod she, 'seyd thus, and ever
shal, (589) 645

I wol no thing, ne nil no thing, certayn,
But as yow list; noght greveth me at al,
Thogh that my doghter and my sone be
slayn,

At your comandement, this is to sayn.
I have noght had no part of children
tweyne 650

But first siknesse, and after wo and peyne.

Ye been our lord, doth with your owene
thing

Right as yow list; axeth no reed at me.
For, as I lefte at hoom al my cloathing,
Whan I first cam to yow, right so,' quod
she, 655

'Lefte I my wil and al my libertee, (600)
And took your cloathing; wherfor I yow
preye,

Doth your plesaunce, I wol your lust
obeye.

And certes, if I hadde prescience
Your wil to knowe er ye your lust me
tolde, 660

I wolde it doon with-outen negligence;
But now I woot your lust and what ye
wolde,

Al your plesaunce ferme and stable
I holde;

For wiste I that my deeth wolde do yow
ese, 664

Right gladly wolde I dyen, yow to plesse.

Deth may noght make no comparisoun
Un-to your love: and, whan this markis
sey (611)

The constance of his wyf, he caste adoun
His y n two, and wondreth that she may
In pacience suffre al this array. 670

And forth he gooth with drery conten-
aunce,

But to his herte it was ful greet plesaunce.

This ugly sergeant, in the same wyse
That he his doghter caughte, right so he,
Or worse, if men worse can devyse, 675
Hath hent his sone, that ful was of
beautee. (620)

And ever in oon so pacient was she,
That she no chere made of hevinesse,
But kiste his sone, and after gan it blesse;

Save this; she preyed him that, if he
mighthe, 680

Hir litel sone he wolde in erthe grave,
His tendre limes, delicat to sighte,
Fro foules and fro bestes for to save.

But she non answer of him mighthe have.
He wente his wey, as him no-thing ne
roghe; 685

But to Boloigne he tendrely it broghte.

This markis wondreth ever lenger the
more (631)

Up-on his pacience, and if that he
Ne hadde soothly knownen ther-bifore,
That parfitly his children lovede she, 690
He wolde have wend that of som subtiltee,
And of malice or for cruel corage,
That she had suffred this with sad visage.

But wel he knew that next him-self,
certayn, 694

She loved his children best in every wyse.
But now of wommen wolde I axen fayn,
If thisse assayes mighthe nat suffysse? (641)

What coude a sturdy housbond more
devysse

To preve his wyfhod and his stedfast-
nesse, 699

And he continuing ever in sturdinesse?

But ther ben folk of swich condicoun,
That, whan they have a certein purpos
take,

They can nat stinte of his entencoun,
But, right as they were bounden to
a stake,

They wol nat of that firste purpos slake.
Right so this markis fulliche hath pur-
posed (650) 706

To tempte his wyf, as he was first disposed.

He waiteth, if by word or contenance
That she to him was changed of corage;
But never coude he finde variance; 710
She was ay oon in herte and in visage;
And ay the forther that she was in age,
The more trewe, if that it were possible,
She was to him in love, and more penible.

For which it semed thus, that of hem two
Ther nas but o wil; for, as Walter leste,
The same lust was his plesance also, (661)

And, god be thanked, al fil for the beste.
She shewed wel, for no worldly unreste
A wyf, as of hir-self, no-thing ne sholde
Wille in effect, but as hir housbond wolde.

The sclaudre of Walter ofte and wyde
spradde, 722

That of a cruel herte he wikkedly,
For he a povre womman wedded hadde,
Hath mordred bothe his children prively.
Swich murmur was among hem comunly.
No wonder is, for to the peuples ere (671)
Ther cam no word but that they mordred
were.

For which, wher-as his peple ther-bifore
Had loved him wel, the sclaudre of his
diffame 730

Made hem that they him hatede therfore;
To been a mordrer is an hateful name.
But natheles, for ernest ne for game
He of his cruel purpos nolde stente; 734
To tempte his wyf was set al his entente.

Whan that his doghther twelf yeer was of
age, (680)

He to the court of Rome, in subtil wyse
Enformed of his wil, sente his message,
Comaunding hem swiche bulles to devyse
As to his cruel purpos may suffyse, 740
How that the pope, as for his peuples reste,
Bad him to wedde another, if him leste.

I seye, he bad they sholde countrefete
The popes bulles, making mencioune
That he hath leve his firste wyf to lete, 745
As by the popes dispensacioun, (690)
To stinte rancour and dissenciooun
Bitwixe his peple and him; thus seyde
the bulle,
The which they han publiced atte fulle.

The rude peple, as it no wonder is, 750
Wenden ful wel that it had been right so;
But whan these tydinges cam to Grisildis,
I deme that hir herte was ful wo.
But she, y-lyke sad for evermo,
Disposed was, this humble creature, 755
Th'adversitee of fortune al t'endure. (700)

Abyding ever his lust and his plesaunce,
To whom that she was yeven, herte and al,
As to hir verray worldly suffisaunce;

But shortly if this storie I tellen shal, 760
This markis writen hath in special
A lettre in which he sheweth his entente,
And secrely he to Boloigne it sente.

To th'erl of Panik, which that hadde tho
Wedded his suster, preyde he specially 765
To bringen hoom agayn his children two
In honourable estaat al openly. (711)

But o thing he him preyde outerly,
That he to no wight, though men wolde
enquere,
Sholde nat telle, whos children that they
were, 770

But seye, the mayden sholde y-wedded be
Un-to the markis of Saluce anon.
And as this erl was preyed, so dide he;
For at day set he on his wey is goon
Toward Saluce, and lordes many oon, 775
In riche array, this mayden for to gyde;
Hir yonge brother ryding hir bisyde. (721)

Arrayed was toward hir mariage
This fresshe mayde, ful of gemmes clere;
Hir brother, which that seven yeer was of
age, 780

Arrayed eek ful fresh in his manere.
And thus in greet noblesse and with glad
chere,
Toward Saluces shaping hir journey,
Fro day to day they ryden in hir wey.

Explicit quarta pars.

Sequitur quinta pars.

Among al this, after his wilke usage, 785
This markis, yet his wyf to tempte more
To the uttereste preve of hir corage, (731)
Fully to han experience and lore
If that she were as stedfast as bifore,
He on a day in open audience 790
Ful boistously hath seyd hir this sentence:
'Certes, Grisilde, I hadde y-nough ples-

aunce
To han yow to my wyf for your goodnessse,
As for your trouthe and for your obeis-
aunce,
Nought for your linage ne for your
richesse; 795
But now knowe I in verray soothfast-
nesse (740)

That in gret lordshipe, if I wel avyse,
Ther is gret servitude in sondry wyse.

I may nat don as every plowman may ;
My peple me constreyneth for to take 800
Another wyf, and cryen day by day ;
And eek the pope, rancour for to slake,
Consenteth it, that dar I undertake ;
And treweliche thus muche I wol yow
seye,

My newe wyf is coming by the weye. 805

Be strong of herte, and voyde anon hir
place, (750)

And thilke dower that ye broghten me
Tak it agayn, I graunte it of my grace ;
Retourneth to your fadres hous,' quod he ;
'No man may alwey han prosperitee ;' Sio
With evene herte I rede yow t'endure
The strook of fortune or of aventure.'

And she answerde agayn in pacience,
'My lord,' quod she, 'I woot, and wiste
alway

How that bitwixen your magnificeunce 815
And my povertie no wight can ne may (760)
Maken comparison ; it is no nay.
I ne heed me never digne in no manere
To be your wyf, no, ne your chamberere.

And in this hous, ther ye me lady made—
The heighe god take I for my witnesse, 821
And also wisly he my soule glade—
I never heed me lady ne maistresse,
But humble servant to your worthinessse,
And ever shal, whyl that my lyf may
dure, 825
Aboven every worldly creature. (770)

That ye so longe of your benignitee
Han holden me in honour and nobleye,
Wheras I was noght worthy for to be,
That thonke I god and yow, to whom
I preye 830
Foryelde it yow ; there is na-more to seye.
Un-to my fader gladly wol I wende,
And with him dwelle un-to my lyves ende.

Ther I was fostred of a child ful smal,
Til I be deed, my lyf ther wol I lede 835
A widwe elene, in body, herte, and al. (780)
For sith I yaf to yow my maydenhede,
And am your trewe wyf, it is no drede.

God shilde swich a lordes wyf to take
Another man to housbonde or to make. 840

And of your newe wyf, god of his grace
So graunte yow welo and prosperitee :
For I wol gladly yelden hir my place,
In which that I was blisful wont to be,
For sith it lyketh yow, my lord,' quod
she, 845

'That whylom weren al myn hertes reste,
That I shal goon, I wol gon whan yow
leste. (791)

But ther-as ye me profre swich dowaire
As I first broghte, it is wel in my minde
It were my wrecched clothes, no-thing
faire, 850

The which to me were hard now for to
finde.

O gode god ! how gentil and how kinde
Ye semed by your speche and your visage
The day that maked was our mariage !

But sooth is seyd, algate I finde it trewe—
For in effect it preved is on me—(800) 856
Love is noght old as whan that it is newe.
But certes, lord, for noon adversitee,
To dyen in the cas, it shal nat be 859
That ever in word or werk I shal repente
That I yow yaf myn herte in hool entente.

My lord, ye woot that, in my fadres place,
Ye dede me strepe out of my povre wede,
And richely me cladden, of your grace.
To yow broghte I noght elles, out of drede,
But feyth and nakednesse and mayden-
hede. (810) 866

And here agayn my clothing I restore,
And eek my wedding-ring, for evermore.

The remenant of your jewels redy be 869
In-with your chambre, dar I saufly sayn ;
Naked out of my fadres hous,' quod she,
'I cam, and naked moot I turne agayn.
Al your plesaunce wol I folwen fayn ;
But yet I hope it be nat your entente 874
That I smoklees out of your paleys wente.

Ye conde nat doon so dishoneste a thing,
That thilke wombe in which your children
leye (821)
Sholde, biforn the peple, in my walking,

Be seyn al bare; wherfor I yow preye,
Lat me nat lyk a worm go by the weye. 880
Remembre yow, myn owene lord so dere,
I was your wyf, thogh I unworthy were.

Wherfor, in guerdon of my maydenhede,
Which that I broghte, and noght agayn
I bere, 884

As voucheth sauf to yeve me, to my mede,
But swich a smok as I was wont to were,
That I therwith may wrye the wombe of
here 884
(831)

That was your wyf; and heer take I my
leve

Of yow, myn owene lord, lest I yow greve.'

'The smok,' quod he, 'that thou hast on
thy bak, 889

Lat it be stille, and ber it forth with thee.
But wel unnethes thilke word he spak,
But wente his wey for rewthe and for
pitee.

Biforn the folk hir-selven strepeth she,
And in hir smok, with heed and foot al
bare, 895
(839)

Toward hir fader hous forth is she fare.

The folk hir folwe wepinge in hir weye,
And fortune ay they cursen as they goon;
But she fro weeping kepte hir yēn dreye,
Ne in this tyme word nespak she noon. 900
Hir fader, that this tyding herde anon,
Curseth the day and tyme that nature
Shoop him to been a lyves creature.

For out of doute this olde povre man
Was ever in suspect of hir mariage; 905
For ever he demed, sith that it bigan, (850)
That whan the lord fulfuld had his corage,
Him wolde thinke it were a disparage
To his estaat so lowe for t'alighte,
And voyden hir as sone as ever he mighte.

Agayns his doghther hastilich goth he, 911
For he by noyse of folk knew hir cominge,
And with hir olde cote, as it mighte be,
He covered hir, ful sorwefullly wepinge;
But on hir body mighte he it nat bringe.
For rude was the cloth, and more of age
By dayes fele than at hir mariage. (861)

Thus with hir fader, for a certeyn space,
Dwellethe this flour of wyfly pacience,

That neither by hir wordes ne hir face 920
Bisorn the folk, ne eek in hir absence,
Ne shewed she that hir was doon offence;
Ne of hir heigh estaat no remembrange
Ne hadde she, as by hir countenaunce.

No wonder is, for in hir grete estaat 925
Hir goost was ever in pleyn humylitee;
No tendre mouth, non herte delicate, (871)
No pompe, no semblant of royaltee,
But ful of pacient benignitee,
Discreet and prydèles, ay honourable, 930
And to hir housbonde ever meke and
stable.

Men speke of Job and most for his hum-
blesse,

As clerkes, whan hem list, can wel endyte,
Namely of men, but as in soothfastnesse,
Thogh clerkes preyse wommen but a
lyte, 935

Ther can no man in humblesse him ac-
quyte 880
(880)

As woman can, ne can ben half so trewe
As wommen been, but it be falle of-newe.

[*Pars Sexta.*]

Fro Boloigne is this erl of Panik come,
Of which the fame up-sprang to more and
lesse, 940

And in the peples eres alle and some
Was coulth eck, that a newe markisesse
He with him broghte, in swich pompe and
richesse,

That never was ther seyn with mannes yē
So noble array in al West Lumbardye. 945

The markis, which that shoop and knew
al this, 890
(890)

Erthat this erl was come, sente his message
For thilke sely povre Grisildis;

And she with humble herte and glad
visage, 949

Nat with no swollen thought in hir corage,
Cam at his heste, and on hir knees hir
sette,

And reverently and wysly she him grette.

'Grisild,' quod he, 'my wille is outerly,
This mayden, that shal wedded been to me,
Receyved be to-morwe as royally 955

As it possible is in myn hous to be. (900)
And eek that every wight in his degree
Have his estaat in sitting and servyse
And heigh plesaunce, as I can best devyse.

I have no wommen suffisaunt certayn 960
The chambres for t'arraye in ordinaunce
After my lust, and therfor wolde I fayn
That thyn were al swich maner govern-
aunce;

Thou knowest eek of old al my plesaunce;
Though thyn array be badde and yvel
biseye, 965
Do thou thy devoir at the leeste weye.' (910)

'Nat only, lord, that I am glad,' quod she,
'To doon your lust, but I desyre also
Yow for to serve and plesse in my degree
With-outer feynting, and shal evermo. 970
Ne never, for no wele ne no wo,
Ne shal the gost with-in myn herte stente
To love yow best with al my trewe entente.'

And with that word she gan the hous to
dighite,
And tables for to sette and beddes make;
And peyned hir to doon al that she
mighthie, 920 976
Preying the chambereres, for goddes sake,
To hasten hem, and faste swepe and shake;
And she, the moste servisable of alle,
Hath every chambre arrayed and hishalle.

Abouten undern gan this erl alighte, 981
That with him broghte thise noble child-
ren tweye,
For which the peple ran to seen the sighte
Of hir array, so richely biseye;
And than at erst amonges hem they seye,
That Walter was no fool, thogh that him
leste 930 986
To chaunge his wyf, for it was for the beste.

For she is fairer, as they demen alle,
Than is Grisild, and more tendre of age,
And fairer fruit bitwene hem shoulde
falle, 990
And more plesant, for hir heigh lineage;
Hir brother eek so fair was of visage,
That hem to seen the peple hath caught
plesaunce,
Commending now the markis govern-
aunce.—

Auctor. 'O stormy peple! unsad and ever
untrewe!' (939) 995

Ay undiscreet and chaunging as a vane,
Delyting ever in rumbel that is newe,
For lyk the mone ay wexe ye and wane;
Ay ful of clapping, dere y-nogh a Jane;
Your doom is fals, your constance yvel
preveth, 1000
A ful greet fool is he that on yow leveth!'

Thus seyden sadde folk in that citee,
Whan that the peple gazed up and doun,
For they were glad, right for the noveltee,
To han a newe lady of hir toun. 1005
Na-more of this make I now mencioune;
But to Grisilde agayn wol I me dresse, (951)
And telle hir constance and hir bisessene.—

Ful busy was Grisilde in every thing
That to the feste was apertinent; 1010
Right noght was she abyast of hir clothing
Though it were rude and sondel eek to-
rent.

But with glad chere to the yate is went,
With other folk, to grete the markisesse,
And after that doth forth hir bisessene. 1015

With so glad chere his gestesshe receyveth,
And conningly, everich in his degree, (961)
That no defaute no man aperceyveth;
But ay they wondren what she mighthie ba
That in so povre array was for to see, 1020
And coude swich honour and reverence;
And worthily they preisen hir prudence.

In al this mene whyle she ne stente
This mayde and eek hir brother to com-
mende
With al hir herte, in ful benigne entente,
So wel, that no man coude hir prys
amende. 970 1026
But atte laste, whan that thise lordes
wende

To sitten down to mete, he gan to calle
Grisilde, as she was busy in his halle.

'Grisilde,' quod he, as it were in his
pley, 1030

'How lyketh thee my wyf and hir beautee?'
'Right wel,' quod she, 'my lord; for, in
good fey,

A fairer say I never noon than she.
I prey to god yeve hir prosperitee; 1034

And so hope I that he wol to yow sende
Plesance y-nogh un-to your lyves ende.

O thing biseke I yow and warne also, (981)
That ye ne prikke with no tormentinge
This tendre mayden, as ye han don mo;
For she is fostred in hir norishinge 1040
More tendrely, and, to my supposinge,
She coude nat adversitee endure
As coude a povre fostred creature.'

And whan this Walter say hir pacience,
Hir glado chere and no malice at al, 1045
And he so ofte had doon to hir offence, (990)
And she ay sad and constant as a wal,
Continuing ever hir innocence overal,
This sturdy markis gan his herte dresse
To rewen up-on hir wyfly stedfastnesse. 1050

'This is y-nogh, Grisilde myn,' quod he,
'Be now na-more agast ne yvel apayed;
I have thy feith and thy benignitee,
As wel as ever womman was, assayed,
In greet estaat, and povreliche arrayed. 1055
Now knowe I, dere wyf, thy stedfast-
nesse,'— (1000)

And hir in armes took and gan hir kesse.

And she for wonder took of it no keep;
She herde nat what thing he to hir seyde;
She ferde as she had stert out of a sleep,
Til she out of hir masednesse abreyde. 1061
'Grisilde,' quod he, 'by god that for us
deyde,

Thou art my wyf, ne noon other I have,
Ne never hadde, as god my soule save!

This is thy doghter which thou hast sup-
posed 1065
To be my wyf; that other feithfully (1010)
Shal be myn heir, as I have ay purposed;
Thou bare him in thy body trewely.
At Boloigne have I kept hem prively; 1069
Tak hem agayn, for now maystow nat
seye

That thou hast lorn non of thy children
tweye.

And folk that otherweyes han seyd of me,
I warne hem wel that I have doon this
dede
For no malice ne for no crueltee, 1074

But for t'assaye in thee thy wommanhede,
And nat to sleen my children, god for-
bede! (1020)

But for to kepe hem prively and stille,
Til I thy purpos knewe and al thy wille.'

Whan she this herde, aswowne doun she
falleth 1079

For pitons joye, and after hir swowninge
She bothe hir yonge children un-to hir
calleth,

And in hir armes, pitously wepinge,
Embraceeth hem, and tendrely kissinge
Ful lyk a mooder, with hir salte teres 1084
She batheth bothe hir visage and hir heres.

O, which a pitous thing it was to see (1050)
Hir swowning, and hir humble voys to
here!

'Grauntmercy, lord, that thanke I yow,'
quod she,

'That ye han saved me my children dere!
Now rekke I never to ben deed right
here; 1090

Sith I stonde in your love and in your grace!
No fors of deeth, ne whan my spirit pace!

O tendre, o dere, o yonge children myne,
Your woful mooder wende stedfastly 1094
That cruel houndes or som foul vermyne
Hadde eten yow; but god, of his mercy,
And your benigne fader tendrely (1041)
Hath doon yow kept; and in that same
stounide

Al sodeynly she swapte adoun to grounde.

And in her swough so sadly holdeth she
Hir children two, whan she gan hem
t'embrace, 1101

That with greet sleighe and greet diffi-
cultee

The children from hir arm they gonne
arace. (1047)

O many a teer on many a pitous face 1104
Doun ran of hem that stoden hir bisyde;
Unnethe abouten hir mighte they abyde.

Walter hir gladeth, and hir sorwe slaketh;
She ryseth up, abaysed, from hir traunce,
And every wight hir joye and festemaketh,
Til she hath caught agayn hir conten-
aunce. 1110

Walter hir dooth so feithfully plesaunce,
That it was deyntee for to seen the chere
Bitwixe hem two, now they ben met y-fere.

These ladyes, whan that they hir tymes say,
Han taken hir, and in-to chambre goon,
And strepen hir out of hir rude array, (1060)
And in a cloth of gold that brighte shoon,
With a coroune of many a riche stoon
Up-on hir heed, they in-to halle hir
broughte, (1119)
And ther she was honoured as hir oghte.

Thus hath this pitous day a blisful ende,
For every man and womman dooth his
might

This day in murthe and revel to dispende
Til on the welkne shoon the sterres light.
For more solempne in every mannes sight
This feste was, and gretter of costage, (1126)
Than was the revel of hir mariage. (1071)

Ful many a yeer in heigh prosperitee
Liven thise two in concord and in reste,
And richely his doghter maried he (1130)
Un-to a lord, oon of the worthieste
Of al Itaille; and than in pees and reste
His wyves fader in his court he kepereth,
Til that the soule out of his body crepeth.

His sone succedeth in his heritage (1135)
In reste and pees, after his fader day; (1080)
And fortunat was eek in mariage,
Al putte he nat his wylf in greet assay.
This world is nat so strong, it is no may,
As it hath been in olde tymes yore, (1140)
And herkneth what this auctour seith
therfore.

This storie is seyd, nat for that wyves
sholde
Folwen Grisilde as in humilitie,
For it were importable, though they wolde;
But for that every wight, in his degree, (1145)
Sholde be constant in adversitee (1090)
As was Grisilde; therfor Petrark wryteth
This storie, which with heigh style he
endyteth.

For, sith a womman was so pacient (1149)
Un-to a mortal man, wel more us oghte
Receyven al in gree that god us sent;

Forgreet skile is, he preveth that he wroghte.
But he ne tempteth no man that he boghte,
As seith seint Jame, if ye his pistel rede;
He preveth folk al day, it is no drede, (1155)

And suffreth us, as for our excercyse, (1100)
With sharpe scourges of adversitee
Ful ofte to be bete in sondry wyse;
Nat for to knowe our wil, for certes he,
Er we were born, knew al our freleete; (1160)
And for our besto is al his governaunce;
Lat us than live in virtuous suffraunce.*

But o word, lordinges, herkneth er I go:—
It were ful hard to finde now a dayes (1108)
In al a toun Grisildes three or two; (1165)
For, if that they were put to swiche assyses,
The gold of hem hath now so badde alayes
With bras, that thogh the coyne be fair
at yē,
It wolde rather breste a-two than plye.

For which heer, for the wyves love of
Bathe, (1170)
Whos lyf and al hir sechte god mayntene
In heigh maistrie, and elles were it scathe,
I wol with lusty herte fresshe and grene
Seyn yow a song to glade yow, I wene,
And lat us stinte of ernestful matere:—
Herkneth my song, that seith in this
manere. (1120) (1176)

Lenvoy de Chaucer.

Grisilde is deed, and eek hir pacience,
And bothe atones buried in Itaille;
For which I crye in open audience,
No wedded man so hardy be t'assaille (1180)
His wyves pacience, in hope to finde
Grisildes, for in certein he shall faille!

* It seems to have been Chaucer's intention, in the first instance, to end this Tale here. Hence, we find, in MSS. E. Ha. Cm. Dd., the following genuine, but rejected stanza, suitable for insertion at this point:—

Bihold the merye wordes of the Hoste.
This worthy Clerk, whan ended was his tale,
Our hoste seyde, and swoor by goddes bones,
'Me were lever than a barel ale
My wylf at hoom had herd this legende ones;
This is a gentil tale for the nones,
As to my purpos, wiste ye my wile;
But thing that wol nat be, lat it be stillle.'

Here endeth the Tale of the Clerk
of Oxenford.

O noble wyves, ful of heigh prudence,
Lat noon humilitie your tongenaille, 1184
Ne lat no clerk have cause or diligence
To wryte of yow a storie of swich mervaille
As of Grisildis pacient and kinde; (1131)
Lest Chichevache yow swelwe in hir entraille!

Folweth Ekko, that holdeth no silence,
But evere answereth at the countretaille;
Beth nat bidaffed for your innocence, 1191
But sharply tak on yow the governaille.
Emprinteth wel this lesson in your minde
For commune profit, sith it may availle.

Ye archewyves, stondeth at defence, 1195
Sinye be stronge as is a greet camaille; (1140)
Nesuffreth nat that men yow doon offence.
And scelende wyves, feble as in bataille,

Beth egre as is a tygre yond in Inde;
Ay clappeth as a mille, I yow consaille. 1200

Ne dred hem nat, do hem no reverence;
For though thyn housbonde armed be in
maille,

The arwes of thy crabbed eloquence
Shal perce his brest, and eek hisaventaille;
In jalousye I rede eek thou him binde, 1205
And thou shalt make him couche as dooth
a quaille. (1150)

If thou be fair, ther folk ben in presence
Shew thou thy visage and thyn apparaille;
If thou be foul, be free of thy dispence, 1209
To gete thee frendes ay do thy travaille;
Be ay of chere as light as leef on linde,
And lat him care, and wepe, and wringe,
and waille! (1156)

Here endeth the Clerk of Oxonford his Tale.

THE MERCHANT'S PROLOGUE.

The Prologe of the Marchantes Tale.

WEPING and wayling, care, and other
sorwe

I know y-nogh, on even and a-morwe,
Quod the Marchaunt, 'and so don othere
mo' 1215

That wedded been, I trowe that it be so.
For, wel I woot, it fareth so with me.
I have a wyf, the worste that may be;
For thogh the feend to hir y-coupled were,
She wolde him overmacche, I dar wel
swere. 1220

What sholdie I yow reherce in special

Hir hye malice? she is a shreve at al. (10)

Ther is a long and large difference

Bitwix Grisildis grete pacience

And of my wyf the passing crueltee. 1225

Were I unbounden, al-so moot I thee!

I wolde never eft comen in the snare.

We wedded men live in sorwe and care;

Assaye who-so wol, and he shal finde
I seye sooth, by saint Thomas of Inde, 1230
As for the more part, I sey nat alle.
God shilde that it sholdie so bifalle! (20)

A! good sir hoost! I have y-wedded bo
This monthes two, and more nat, pardee;
And yet, I trowe, he that all his lyve 1235
Wyflees hath been, though that men woldo
him ryve

Un-to the herte, ne coude in no manere
Tellen so muchel sorwe, as I now here
Coud'e tellen of my wyves cursednesse!

'Now,' quod our hoost, 'Marchaunt, so
god yow blesse, 1240

Sin ye so muchel knownen of that art,

Ful hertely I pray yow telle us part.' (30)

'Gladly,' quod he, 'but of myn owene
sore,
For sory herte, I telle may na-more.' 1244

THE MARCHANTES TALE.

Here biginneth the Marchantes Tale.

WHYLOM ther was dwellinge in Lombardye
 A worthy knight, that born was of Pavye,
 In which he lived in greet prosperitee;
 And sixty yeer a wylfles man was he,
 And folwed ay his bodily delyt
 On wommen, ther-as was his appetyt, 1250
 As doon thise foles that ben seculere.
 And whan that he was passed sixty yeer,
 Were it for holinesse or for dotage,
 I can nat saye, but swich a greet corage, (10)
 Hadde this knight to been a wedded man,
 That day and night he dooth al that he can
 Trespyen where he myghte wedded be;
 Preyng our lord to granten him, that he
 Myghte ones knowe of thilke blisful lyf
 That is bitwixe an housbond and his wyf;
 And for to live under that holy bond 1261
 With which that first god man and
 womman bond.

'Non other lyf,' seyde he, 'is worth a bene;
 For wedlok is so esy and so clene, (20)
 That in this world it is a paradys.' 1265
 Thus seyde this olde knight, that was so
 wys.

And certeinly, as sooth as god is king,
 To take a wyf, it is a glorious thing,
 And namely whan a man is old and hoor;
 Thanne is a wyf the fruit of his tresor, 1270
 Than sholde he take a yong wyf and a feir,
 On which he myghte engendren him an
 heir,
 And lede his lyf in joye and in solas,
 Wher-as thise bacheleres singe 'allas,' (30)
 Whan that they finden any adversitee 1275
 In love, which nis but childish vanitee.
 And trewely it sit wel to be so,
 That bacheleres have often peyne and wo;
 On brotel ground they builde, and brotel-
 nesse 1279
 They finde, whan they wene sikernesse.

They live but as a brid or as a beste,
 In libertee, and under non areste,
 Ther-as a wedded man in his estaat
 Liveth a lyf blisful and ordinaat, (40)
 Under the yok of mariage y-bounde; 1285
 Wel may his herte in joye and blisse
 habounde.
 For who can be so buxom as a wyf?
 Who is so trewe, and eek so ententyf
 To kepe him, syk and hool, as is his make?
 For wele or wo, she wol him nat forsake.
 She nis nat wery him to love and serve,
 Thogh that he lye bedrede til he sterue.
 And yet somme clerkes seyn, it nis nat so,
 Of whiche he, Theofraste, is oon of tho. (50)
 What force though Theofrastol listelye? 1295
 'Ne take no wyf,' quod he, 'for hous-
 bondrye,

As for to spare in houshold thy dispence;
 A trewe servant dooth more diligence,
 Thy good to kepe, than thyn owene wyf.
 Forshe wol clayme half partal hirlyf; 1300
 And if that thou be syk, so god me save,
 Thy verray frendes or a trewe knave
 Wol kepe theebet than she that waiteth ay
 After thy good, and hath don many a day.
 And if thou take a wyf un-to thyn
 hold, (61) [T. om.

Ful lightly maystow been a cokewold. 1306 [T. om.

This sentence, and an hundred things
 worse,

Wryteth this man, ther god his bones
 corspe!

But take no kepe of al swich vanitee;
 Deffye Theofraste and herke me. 1310

A wyf is goddes yifte verrally;
 Alle other maner yiftes hardily,
 As londes, rentes, pasture, or commune,
 Or moebles, alle ben yiftes of fortune, (70)

That passen as a shadwe upon a wal. 1315
But dredelees, if pleynly speke I shal,
A wyf wol laste, and in thyng hous endure,
Wel lenger than thee list, paraventure.

Mariage is a ful gret sacrament;
He which that hath no wyf, I holde him
shent; 1320

He liveth helpees and al desolat,
I speke of folk in seculer estaat.

And herkewhy, I sey nat this for noghth. (79)
That womman is for mannes helpy-wroght.
The hye god, whan he hadde Adam maked,
And saugh him al allone, bely-naked, 1326
God of his grete goodnesse seyde than,
'Lat us now make an help un-to this man
Lyk to him-self;' and thanne he made
him Eve. 1329

Heer may ye se, and heer-by may ye preve,
That wyf is mannes help and his confort,
His paradys terrestre and his dispert
So buxom and so vertuous is she,
They moste nedes live in unitee. (90) 1334
O flesh they been, and o flesh, as I gesse,
Hath but on herte, in wele and in distresse.

A wyf! a! Seinte Marie, *ben'cite!*
How mighte a man han any adversitee
That hath a wyf? certes, I can nat seye. 1339
The blisse which that is bitwixe hem tweye
Ther may no tonge telle, or herte thinke.
If he be povre, she helpeth him to swinke;
She kepereth his good, and wasteth never
a deal;

Al that hir housbonde lust, hir lyketh
weel; 100)

She seith not ones 'nay,' when he seith
'ye.'

'Do this,' seith he; 'al redy, sir,' seith she.
O blisful ordre of wedlok precious,
Thou art so mery, and eek so vertuous,
And so commended and appreveed eek,
That every man that halt him worth a
leek,

Up-on his bare knees oughte al his lyf
Thanken his god that him hath sent a
wyf;

Or elles preye to god him for to sende
A wyf, to laste un-to his lyves ende. (110)
For thanne his lyf is set in sikernesse; 1355
He may nat be deceyved, as I gesse,
So that he werke after his wyvess reed;
Than may he boldly beron up his heed,

They been so trewe and ther-with-al so
wyse;

For which, if thou wolt werken as the
wyse, 1360

Do alwey so as wommen wol thee rede.
Lo, how that Jacob, as thise clerkes
rede,

By good conseil of his moder Rebekke,
Bond the kides skin abouthe his nekke; (120)
Thurgh which his fadres benisoun he wan.

Lo, Judith, as the storie eek telle can,
By wys conseil she goddes peple kepte,
And slow him, Olofernus, whyl he slepte.

Lo Abigayl, by good conseil how she 1369
Saved hir housbond Nabul, whan that he
Sholde han be slayn; and loke, Ester also
By good conseil delivered out of wo
The peple of god, and made him, Mar-
dochee,

Of Assuere enhauanced for to be. (130)

Ther nis no-thing in gree superlatif; 1375
As seith Senek, above an humble wyf.

Suffre thy wyves tongue, as Caton lit;
She shal comande, and thou shalt suffren
it;

And yet she wol obeye of curteisye.
A wyf is keper of thyn housbondrye; 1380
Wel may the syke man biwaille and wepe,
Ther-as ther nis no wyf the hous to kepe.
I warne thee, if wysly thou wolt wirche,
Love wel thy wyf, as Crist loveth his
chirche. (140) 1384

If thou lovest thy-self, thou lovest thy wyf;
No man hateth his flesh, but in his lyf
He fostreth it, and therfore bidde I thee,
Cherisse thy wyf, or thou shalt never thee.
Housbond and wyf, what so men jape or
pleye,

Of worldly folk holden the siker weye; 1390
They been so knit, ther may noon harm
bityde:

And namely, up-on the wyves syde.
For which this Januarie, of whom I tolde,
Considered hath, inwith his dayes olde, (150)
The lusty lyf, the vertuous quiete, 1395
That is in mariage hony-swete;
And for his freendes on a day he sente,
To tellen hem th'effect of his entente.

With face sad, his tale he hath hem
told; 1399
He seyde, 'freendes, I am hoor and old,

And almost, god wot, on my Pittes brinke ;
Up-on my soule somwhat moste I thinke.
I have my body folily despended ; (159)
Blessed be god, that it shal been amended !
For I wol be, certeyn, a wedded man, 1405
And that anoon in al the haste I can,
Un-to som mayde fair and tendre of age.
I prey yow, shapeth for my mariage
Al sodeynly, for I wol nat abyde ;

And I wol fonde t'espyn, on my syde, 1410
To whom I may be wedded hastily.
But for-as-muche as ye ben mo than I,
Ye shullen rather swich a thing espyn
Than I, and wher me best were to allyen.

But o thing warne I yow, my frendes
dere, (171) 1415

I wol non old wyf han in no manere.
She shal nat passe twenty yeer, certayn ;
Old fish and yong flesh wolde I have ful
fayn.

Bet is,' quod he, 'a pyk than a pikerel ;
And bet than old beef is the tendre veel.
I wol no womman thritty yeer of age, 1421
It is but bene-straw and greet forage.
And eek thisse olde widwes, god it woot,
They conne so muchel craft on Wades
boot, (180)

So muchel broken harm, whan that hem
reste, 1425

That with hem sholde I never live in reste.
For sondry scoles maken sotil clerkis ;
Womman of manye scoles half a clerk is.
But certeynly, a yong thing may men gye,
Right as men may warm wex with handes
plye. 1430

Wherfore I sey yow pleynly, in a clause,
I wol non old wyf han right for this
cause. (188)

For if so were, I hadde swich mischaunce,
That I in hir ne coude han no plesaunce,
Thanne sholde I lede my lyf in avoutrye,
And go streight to the devel, whan I dye.
Ne children sholde I none up-on hirgeten ;
Yet were me lever houndes had me eten,
Than that myn heritage sholde falie 1439
In straunge hand, and this I tell yow alle.
I dote nat, I woot the cause why
Men sholde wedde, and furthermore wot I,
Ther speketh many a man of mariage,
That woot na-more of it than woot my

page, (200) 1444

For whiche causes man sholde take a wif.
If he ne may nat liven chast his lyf,
Take him a wif with greet devocioun,
By-cause of leveful procreacioun
Of children, to th'onour of god above,
And nat only for paramour or love ; 1450
And for they sholde lecherye eschue,
And yelde hir dettes whan that they ben
due ;

Or for that ech of hem sholde helpen
other . (209)

In meschief, as a suster shal the brother ;
And live in chastitee ful holily. 1455
But sires, by your leve, that am nat I.
For god be thanked, I dar make avaunt,
I fele my limes stark and suffisaunt
To do al that a man bilongeth to ;
I woot my-selven best what I may do. 1460
Though I be hoor, I fare as dooth a tree
That blosmeth er that fruyt y-woxen be ;
A blosmy tree nis neither drye ne deed.
I fele me nowher hoor but on myn heed ;
Myn herte and alle my limes been as
grene (221) 1465

As laurer thurgh the yeer is for to sene,
And sin that ye han herd al myn entente,
I prey yow to my wil ye wole assente.'

Diverse men diversely him tolde
Of mariage manye ensamples olde. 1470
Somme blamed it, somme preyded it,
certeyn ;

But atte laste, shortly for to seyn,
As al day falleth alteracioun 1473
Bitwixen frendes in disputisoun, (230)
Ther fil a stryf bitwixe his bretheren two,
Of whiche that oon was cleped Placebo,
Justinus soothly called was that other.

Placebo seyde, 'o Januarie, brother,
Ful litel nede had ye, my lord so dere,
Conseil to axe of any that is here ; 1480
But that ye been so ful of sapience,
That yow ne lyketh, for your heighe
prudence,

To weyven fro the word of Salomon.
This word seyde he un-to us everichon :
" Wirk alle thing by conseil," thus seyde
he, (241) 1485

" And thanne shal tow nat repente thee."
But though that Salomon spak swich
a word,

Myn owene dere brother and my lord,

So wisly god my soule bringe at reste,
I hold your owene conseil is the beste. 1490
For brother myn, of me tak this motyf,
I have now been a court-man al my lyf.
And god it woot, though I unworthy be,
I have stonden in ful greet degree (250)
Abouten lordes of ful heigh estaat; 1495
Yet hadde I never with noon of hem
debaat.

I never hem contraried, trewely;
I woot wel that my lord can more than I.
What that he seith, I holde it ferme and
stable;

I seye the same, or elles thing semblable.
A ful gret fool is any conseillour, 1501
That serveth any lord of heigh honour,
That dar presume, or elles thenken it,
That his conseil sholde passe his lordes
wit. (260)

Nay, lordes been no foles, by my fay; 1505
Ye han your-selven shewed heer to-day
So heigh sentece, so holly and weel,
That I consente and conferme every-deel
Your wordes alle, and your opinoun. 1509
By god, ther nis no man in al this toun
N'in al Itaille, that coude bet han sayd;
Crist halt him of this conseil wel apayd.
And trewely, it is an heigh corage
Of any man, that stapan is in age, (270)
To take a yong wyf; by my fader kin,
Your herte hangeth on a joly pin. 1516
Both now in this matere right as yow
leste,

For finally I holde it for the beste.'
Justinus, that ay stille sat and herde,
Right in this wyse to Placebo answerde:
'Now brother myn, be pacient, I preye,
Sin ye han seyd, and herkneth what I
seye.

Senek among his othere wordes wyse
Seith, that a man oghte him right wel
avyse, 1522

To whom he yeveth his lond or his
cately. (280)

And sin I oghte avyse me right wel
To whom I yeve my good awey fro me,
Wel muchel more I oghte avysed be
To whom I yeve my body; for alwey
I warne yow wel, it is no childes pley 1530
To take a wyf with-oute avysement.
Men moste enquere, this is myn assent,

Wher she be wys, or sobre, or dronke-
lewe, (289)

Or proud, or elles other-weys a shrewe;
A chydester, or wastour of thy good, 1535
Or riche, or poore, or elles mannish wood.
Al-be-it so that no man finden shal
Noon in this world that trotteth hool
in al,

No man ne beest, swich as men conde
devyse;

But nathelees, it oughte y-nough suffise 1540
With any wyf, if so were that she hadde
Mo gode thewes than hir vyses badde;
And al this axeth leyser for t'enquere.
For god it woot, I have wept many a tere
Ful prively, sin I have had a wyf. (301) 1545
Preysse who-so wole a wedded mannes lyf,
Certein, I finde in it but cost and care,
And observances, of alle blisses bare. 1548
And yet, god woot, my neighebores aboute,
And namely of wommen many a route,
Seyn that I have the moste stedefast wyf,
And eek the mekreste oon that bereth lyf.
But I wot best wher wringeth me my
sho. (309)

Ye mowe, for me, right as yow lyketh do;
Avyseth yow, ye been a man of age, 1555

How that ye entren in-to mariage,
And namely with a yong wyf and a fair.
By him that made water, erthe, and air,
The yongest man that is in al this route
Is bisy y-nogh to bringen it aboute 1560

To han his wyf allone, trusteth me.

Ye shul nat plesse hir fully yeres three,
This is to seyn, to doon hir ful plesaunce.
A wyfaxeth ful manyan observaunce. (320)
I prey yow that ye be nat yvel apayd.'

'Wel,' quod this Januarie, 'and hastow
sayd?' 1566

Straw for thy Senek, and for thy pro-
verbes,

I counte nat a panier ful of herbes
Of scole-termes; wyser men than thou,
As thou hast herd, assenteden right now
To my purpos; Placebo, what sey ye?'

'I seye, it is a cursed man,' quod he,
'That letteth matrimoine, sikerly.' (329)
And with that word they rysen sodeynly,
And been assented fully, that he sholde
Be wedded whanne him list and wher he
wolde. 1576

Heigh fantasye and curious bisenesse
Fro day to day gan in the soule impresse
Of Januarie aboute his mariage.
Many fair shap, and many a fair visage
Ther passeth thurgh his herte, night by
night. (337) 1581

As who-so toke a mirour polished bright,
And sette it in a commune market-place,
Than sholde he see many a figure pace
By his mirour; and, in the same wyse,
Gan Januarie inwith his thoght devyse
Of maydens, whiche that dwelten him
bisyde. 1587

He wiste nat wher that he myghte abyde.
For if that oon have beautee in hir face,
Another stant so in the peuples grace 1590
For hir sadnessse, and hir benignitee,
That of the peple grettest voys hath she.
And somme were riche, and hadden badde
name. (349)

But nathelies, bitwixe ernest and game,
He atte laste apoynted him on oon, 1595
And leet alle othere from his herte
goon,
And chees hir of his owene auctoritee;
For love is blind al day, and may nat see.
And whan that he was in his bed y-
brought,

He purtreyed, in his herte and in his
thoght, 1600
Hir fresshe beautee and hir age tendre,
Hir myddel smal, hir armes longe and
selendre,

Hir wyse governaunce, hir gentillesse,
Hir wommanly beringe and hir sadnessse.
And whan that he on hir was con-
descended, (361) 1605
Him thoughte his chois myghte nat ben
amended.

For whan that he him-self concluded
hadde,

Him thoughte ech other mannes wit so
badde,

That impossible it were to replye

Agayn his chois, this was his fantasye. 1610

His frendes sente he to at his instaunce,
And preyed hem to doon him that ples-

aunce,

That hastily they wolden to him come;
He wolde abregge hir labour, alle and
some. (370) 1614

Nedeth na-more for him to go ne ryde,
He was apoynted ther he wolde abyde.
Placebo cam, and eek his frendes sone,
And alderfirst he bad hem alle a bone,
That noon of hem none argumentes make
Agayn the purpos which that he hath
take; 1620

'Which purpos was pleasant to god,' seyde
he,

'And verray ground of his prosperitee.'
He seyde, ther was a mayden in the
toun,

Which that of beautee hadde greet re-
noun, (380)

Al were it so she were of smal degree; 1625
Suffyseth him hir youthe and hir beautee.
Which mayde, he seyde, he wolde han to
his wylf,

To lede in ese and holinesse his lyf.
And thanked god, that he myghte han
hire al, 1629

That no wight of his blisse parten shal.
And preyde hem to labouren in this
nede,

And shapen that he faille nat to spedre;
For thanne, he seyde, his spirit was at ese.
'Thanne is,' quod he, 'no-thing may me
displease, (390) 1634

Save o-thing priketh in my conscience,
The which I wol reherce in your presence.
I have,' quod he, 'herd seyd, ful yore
ago,

Ther may no man han parsite blisses two,
This is to seye, in erthe and eek in
hevene.

For though he kepe him fro the sinnes
sevene, 1640

And eek from every branche of thilke
tree,

Yet is ther so parfit felicitee,
And so greet ese and lust in mariage, (399)
That ever I am agast, now in myn age,
That I shal lede now so mery a lyf, 1645
So delicat, withi-outen wo and stryf,
That I shal have myn hevene in erthe
here.

For sith that verray hevene is boght so
dere,

With tribulacioun and greet penaunce,
How sholde I thanne, that live in swich
plesaunce 1650

As alle wedded men don with hir wyvis,
Come to the blisse ther Crist eterne on
lyve is?

This is my drede, and ye, my bretheren
twye, (400)

Assoileth me this questionn, I preye.'

Justinus, which that hated his folye, (455)

Answerde anon, right in his japerye;

And for he wolde his longe tale abregge,

He wolde noon auctoritee allegge, (458)

But seyde, 'sire, so ther be noon obstacle

Other than this, god of his hye miracle

And of his mercy may so for yow wirche,

That, er ye have your right of holy

chirche, (418)

Ye may repente of wedded mannes lyf,

In which ye seyn ther is no wo ne stryf.

And elles, god forbede but he sente (465)

A wedded man him grace to repente

Wel ofte rather than a sengle man!

And therfore, sire, the beste reed I can,

Dispeire yow noght, but have in your

memorie, (469)

Paraunter she may be your purgatorie!

She may be goddes mene, and goddes

whippe;

Than shal your soule up to hevene skippe

Swifter than dooth an arwe out of the

bowe! (429)

I hope to god, her-after shul ye knowe,

That their nis no so greet felicitee (475)

In mariage, ne never-mo shal be,

That yow shal lette of your savacioun,

So that ye use, as skile is and resoun,

The lustes of your wyf attemprely, (479)

And that ye plesse hir nat to amorously,

And that ye kepe yow eek from other

sinne.

My tale is doon:—for my wit is thinne.

Beth nat agast her-of, my brother dere.—

(But lat us waden out of this matere. (440)

The Wif of Bathe, if ye han understande,

Of mariage, which we have on honde, (486)

Declared hath ful wel in litel space).—

'Fareth now wel, god have yow in his

grace.'

And with this word this Justin and his

brother

Han take hir leve, and ech of hem of

other. (460)

For whan they sawe it moste nedes be,

They wroughten so, by sly and wys tretee,
That she, this mayden, which that Maius
highte,

As hastily as ever that she mighte, (450)

Shal wedded be un-to this Januarie. (465)

I trowe it were to longe yow to tarie,

If I yow tolde of every scrit and bond,

By which that she was feffed in his lond;

Or for to herkenen of hir riche array.

But finally y-comen is the day (470)

That to the chirche bothe be they went

Fer to receyve the holy sacrament.

Forth comth the preest, with stole aboute
his nekke, (450)

And bad hir be lyk Sarra and Rebekke,

In wisdom and in trouthe of mariage;

And seyde his orisons, as is usage, (476)

And crouched hem, and bad god sholde

hem blesse,

And made al siker y-nogh with holinesse.

Thus been they wedded with solemp-

nitee,

And at the feste sitteth he and she (470)

With other worthy folk up-on the deys.

Al ful of joye and blisse is the paleys,

And ful of instruments and of vitaille,

The moste deyntevous of al Itaille. (470)

Biforn hem stooode swiche instruments of

soun, (475)

That Orpheus, ne of Thebes Amphion,

Ne maden never swich a melodye.

At every cours than cam loud minstral-

eye,

That never tromped Joab, for to here,

Nor he, Theodomas, yet half so clere, (470)

At Thebes, whan the citee was in doute.

Bacus the wyn hem skinketh al aboute,

And Venus laugheth up-on every wight.

For Januarie was become hir knight, (480)

And wolde bothe assayen his corage (475)

In libertee, and eek in mariage;

And with hir fyrbrond in hir hand aboute

Daunceth biforn the bryde and al the

route.

And certeinly, I dar right wel scyn this,

Ymenœus, that god of wedding is, (470)

Saugh never his lyf so mery a wedded

man.

Hold thou thy pees, thou poete Marcian.

That wrytest us that ilke wedding murié

Of hir, Philologye, and him, Mercurie,

And of the songs that the Muses songe.
To smal is bothe thy penne, and eek thy
tonge, (492) 1736

For to descriyven of this mariage.

Whan tendre youthe hath wedded stouping age,

Ther is swich mirthe that it may nat be
written;

Assayeth it your-self, than may ye witen
If that I lye or noon in this matere. 1741

Mains, that sit with so benigne a chere,
Hir to biholde it semed fayeryë; (499)
Quene Ester loked never with swich an yë
On Assuer, so meke a look hath she. 1745
I may yow nat devyse al hir beautee;
But thus muche of hir beautee telle I
may,

That she was lyk the brighte morwe of
May,

Fulfull of alle beautee and plesaunce.

This Januarie is ravisshed in a traunce
At every time he loked on hir face; 1751
But in his herte he gan hir to manace,
That he that night in armes wolde hir
streyne

Harder than ever Paris dide Eleyne. (510)
But nathelées, yet hadde he greet pitee,
That thilke night offenden hir moste he;
And thoughte, 'allas! o tendre creature!
Now wolde god ye myghte wel endure
Al my corage, it is so sharp and kene;
I am agast ye shul it nat sustene. 1760
But god forbede that I dide al my might!
Now wolde god that it were woxen night,
And that the night wolde lasten evermo.
I wolde that al this peple were ago.' (520)
And finally, he doth al his labour, 1765
As he best myghte, savinge his honour,
To haste hem fro the mete in subtil
wyse.

The tyme cam that reson was to ryse;
And after that, men daunce and drinnen
faste, 1769

And spyces al aboute the hous they caste;
And ful of joye and blisse is every man;
All but a squyer, highte Damian,
Which carf bisorn the knight ful many
a day.

He was so ravisshed on his lady May, (530)
That for the verray payne he was ny
wood;

Almost he swelte and swowned ther he
stood.

So sore hath Venus hurt him with hir
brond,

As that she bar it daunsinge in hir
hond.

And to his bed he wente him hastily;
Na-mora of him as at this tyme speke I.
But ther I lete him wepe y-nough and
pleyne, (537) 1781

Til fresshe May wol rewen on his payne.

O perilous fyr, that in the bedstraw
bredeþ ! Auctor.

O famulier foo, that his servyce bedeth!
O servant traitour, false hoomly hewe, 1785
Lyk to the naddre in bosom sly untrewe,
God shilde us alle from your aqueynt-
aunce!

O Januarie, dronken in plesaunce
Of mariage, see how thy Damian,
Thyn owene squyer and thy borne man,
Entendeth for to do thee vileinye. 1791
God graunte thee thyn hoomly fo t'espýe.
For in this world nis worse pestilence (549)
Than hoomly foo al day in thy presence.

Parfourned hath the sonne his ark
diurne, 1795

No lenger may the body of him sojurne
On th'orisonte, as in that latitude.
Night with his mantel, that is derk and
rude,

Gan oversprede the hemisperie aboue;
For which departed is this lusty route
Fro Januarie, with thank on every syde.
Hom to hir houses lustily they ryde, 1802
Wher-as they doon hir thinges as hem
lesté,

And whan they sye hir tyme, goon to
reste. (560)

Sone after that, this hastif Januarie 1805
Wolde go to bedde, he wolde no lenger
tarie.

He drinketh ipocras, clarree, and vernage
Of spyces hote, t'encreseen his corage;
And many a letuarie hadde he ful syn,
Swiche as the cursed monk dan Con-
stantyn 1810

Hath writhen in his book *de Coitu*; (567)
To eten hem alle, he nas no-thing eschu.
And to his privee freendes thus seyde he:
'For goddes love, as sone as it may be,

Lat voyden al this hous in curteys wyse.
And they han doon right as he wol
devyse. 1816

Men drinnen, and the travers drawe anon;
The bryde was broght a-bedde as stille as
stoone;
And whan the bed was with the preest
y-blessed,
Out of the chambre hath every wight
him dressed. 1820

And Januarie hath faste in armes take
His fresshe May, his paradys, his make.
He lulleth hir, he kisseth hir ful ofte
With thikke bristles of his berd unsoste,
Lyk to the skin of houndfish, sharp as
brere, (581) 1825

For he was shave al newe in his manere.
He rubbeth hir aboute hir tendre face,
And seyde thus, 'allas! I moot trespace
To yow, my spouse, and yow gretly offend'e,
Er tyme come that I wil doun descend'e.
But nathelees, considereth this,' quod he,
'Thernis no werkman, what-so-ever he be,
That may bothe werke wel and hastily;
This wol be doon at leyser parfitly. (590)
It is no fors how longe that we pleye; 1835
In trewe wedlok wedded be we tweye;
And blessed be the yok that we been
inne,

For in our actes we mowe do no sinne.
A man may do no sinne with his wylf,
Ne hurte him-selven with his owene knyf;
For we han leve to pleye us by the
lawe.' 1841

Thus laboureth he til that the day gan
dawe;

And than he taketh a sop in fyn clarree,
And upright in his bed than sitteth he,
And after that he sang ful loude and
clare, (601) 1845

And kiste his wylf, and made wantoun
chere.

He was al coltish, ful of ragerye,
And ful of jargon as a flekked pye.
The slakke skin aboute his nekke shaketh,
Whyl that he sang; so chaunteth he and
eraketh. 1850

But god wot what that May thoughte in
hir herte,

Whan she him saugh up sittinge in his
sherte,

In his night-cappe, and with his nekke
lene;

She preyseth nat his pleying worth a
bene. (610) 1854

Than seide he thus, 'my reste wol I take;
Now day is come, I may no lenger wake.'
And doun he leyde his heed, and sleep
til pryme.

And afterward, whan that he saugh his
tyme,

Up ryseth Januarie; but fresshe May
Holdeth hir chambre un-to the fourth
day, 1860

As usage is of wyves for the beste.
For every labour som-tyme moot han
reste,

Or elles longe may he nat endure;
This is to seyn, no lyves creature, (620)
Be it of fish, or brid, or beest, or man. 1865

Auctor.

Now wol I speke of woful Damian,
That languissheth for love, as ye shul
here;

Therfore I speke to him in this manere:
I seye, 'O sely Damian, allas!
Answer to my demaunde, as in this cas;
How shalton to thy lady fresshe May 1871
Telle thy wo? She wole alwey seye "nay";
Eek if thou speke, she wol thy wo bi-
wreye; (629)

God be thy help, I can no bettre seye.

This syke Damian in Venus fyr 1875
So brenneth, that he dyeth for desyre;

For which he putte his lyf in aventur,
No lenger mighte he in this wyse endure;
But prively a penner gan he borwe,

And in a lettere wroot he al his sorwe, 1880
In manere of a compleynt or a lay,
Un-to his faire fresshe lady May.

And in a purs of silk, heng on his sherte,
He hath it put, and leyde it at his
herte. (640) 1884

The mone that, at noon, was, thilke day
That Januarie hath wedded fresshe May,
In two of Taur, was in-to Cancre gliden;
So longe hath Maius in hir chambre
biden,

As custume is un-to thise nobles alle.
A bryde shal nat eten in the halle, 1890
Til dayes four or three dayes atte leste
Y-passed been; than lat hir go to feste.

The fourthe day compleet fro noon to noon, (649)

Whan that the heighe masse was y-doone,
In halle sit this Januarie, and May 1895
As fresh as is the brighte someres day.
And so bifel, how that this gode man
Remembred him upon this Damian,
And seyde, 'Sciente Marie! how may this be,
That Damian entendeth nat to me? 1900
Is he ay syk, or how may this bityde?'
His squyeres, whiche that stoden ther
bisyde, (658)

Excused him by-cause of his siknesse,
Which letted him to doon his bisynesse;
Noon other cause mighte make him tarie.

'That me forthinketh,' quod this Januarie, 1906
'He is a gentil squyer, by my trouthe!
If that he deyde, it were harm and routhie;
He is as wys, discreet, and as secreet
As any man I woot of his degree; 1910
And ther-to manly and eek servisable,
And for to been a thrifte man right able.
But after mete, as sone as ever I may,
I wol my-self visyte him and eek May,
To doon him al the confort that I can.'
And for that word him blessed every man,
That, of his bountee and his gentillesse,
He wolde so conforten in siknesse (674)
His squyer, for it was a gentil dede.

'Dame,' quod this Januarie, 'tak good
hede, 1920
At-after mete ye, with your wommen alle,
Whan ye han been in chambre out of
this halle,

That alle ye go see this Damian;
Doth him disport, he is a gentil man; (680)
And tolleth him that I wol him visyte,
Have I no-thing but rested me a lyte;
And spedē yow faste, for I wole abyde
Til that ye slepe faste by my syde.'
And with that word he gan to him to calle
A squyer, that was marchal of his halle,
And tolde him certeyn thinges, what he
wolde. 1931

This fresshe May hath streight hir wey
y-holde,
With alle hir wommen, un-to Damian.
Doun by his beddes syde sit she than, (690)
Confortinge him as godly as she may.
This Damian, whan that his tyme he say,

In secreet wise his purs, and eek his bille,
In which that he y-writen hadde his
wille, 1938

Hath put in-to hir hand, with-outen more,
Save that he syketh wonder depe and sore,
And softly to hir right thus seyde he :
'Mercy! and that ye nat discovere me;
For I am deed, if that this thing be kid.'
This purs hath she inwith hir bosom hid,
And wente hir wey; ye gete namore of me.
But un-to Januarie y-comen is she, 1946
That on his beddes syde sit ful softe. (703)
He taketh hir, and kisseth hir ful ofte,
And leyde him doun to slepe, and that
anon.

She feyned hir as that she moste gon 1950
Ther-as ye woot that every wight mot
nede.

And whan she of this bille hath taken
hede,
She rente it al to cloutes atte laste,
And in the privee softly it caste. (710)
Who studieth now but faire fresshe
May? 1955

Adoun by olde Januarie she lay,
That sleep, til that the coughe hath him
awaked;

Anon he preyde hir strepen hir al naked;
He wolde of hir, he seyde, han som ple-
saunce,

And seyde, hir clothes dide him encom-
braunce, 1960
And she obeyeth, be hir lief or looth.

But lest that precious folk be with me
wrooth,

How that he wroghte, I dar nat to yow
telle;

Or whether hir thoughte it paradys or
helle; (720)

But here I lete hem werken in hir wyse
Til evensong rong, and that they moste
aryse. 1966

Were it by destinee or aventure,
Were it by influence or by nature,
Or constellacion, that in swich estat
The hevene stood, that tyme fortunat 1970
Was for to putte a bille of Venus werkes
(For alle thing hath tyme, as seyn thise
clerkes)

To any woman, for to gete hir love,
I can nat seye; but grete god above, (730)

That knoweth that non act is causelees,
He deme of al, for I wol holde my pees.
But sooth is this, how that this fresshe
May

Hath take swich impression that day,
For pitee of this syke Damian,
That from hir herte she ne dryve can
The remembraunce for to doon him ese.
'Certeyn,' thoghte she, 'whom that this
thing displesse,

I rekke noght, for here I him assure,
To love him best of any creature, (740)
Though he na-more hadde than his sherte.'
Lo, pitee renneth sone in gentil herte.

Heer may ye se how excellent franchyse
In wommen is, whan they hem narwe
avyse.

Som tyrant is, as ther be many oon,
That hath an herte as hard as any stoon,
Which wolde han lete him sterven in
the place

Wel rather than han graunted him hir
grace;

And hem rejoysen in hir cruel pryd,
And rekke nat to been an homicyde. (750)

This gentil May, fulfilled of pitee, 1995
Right of hir hande a lettre made she,
In which she graunteth him hir verray
grace;

Ther lakketh noght but only day and
place,

Wher that she mighte un-to his lust
suffysse:

For it shal be right as he wol devyse. 2000
And whan she saugh hir time, up-on a day,
To visite this Damian goth May,
And sotilly this lettredoun she threste
Under his pilwe, rede it if him leste. (760)
She taketh him by the hand, and harde
him twiste

So secrely, that no wight of it wiste,
And bad him been al hool, and forth she
wente

To Januarie, whan that he for hir sente.
Up ryseth Damian the nexte morwe,
Al passed was his siknesse and his sorwe.
He kembeth him, he proyneth him and
pyketh,

He dooth al that his lady lust and lyketh;
And eek to Januarie he gooth as lowe
As ever dide a dogge for the bowe. (770)

He is so pleasant un-to every man, 2015
(For craft is al, who-so that do it can)
That every wight is fayn to speke him
good;

And fully in his lady grace he stood.
Thus lete I Damian aboue his nede,
And in my tale forth I wol procede. 2020

Somme clerkes holden that felicitee
Stant in delyt, and therefor certeyn he,
This noble Januarie, with al his might,
In honest wyse, as longeth to a knight,
Shoop him to live ful deliciously. (781) 2025
His housinge, his array, as honestly
To his degree was maked as a kinges.
Amonges othero of his honest thinges,
He made a gardin, walled al with stoon;
So fair a gardin woot I nowher noon. 2030
For out of doute, I verrailly suppose,
That he that wroot the Romance of the
Rose

Ne coude of it the beautee wel devyse;
Ne Priapus ne mighte nat suffysse, (790)
Though he be god of gardins, for to
telle

The beautee of the gardin and the welle,
That stood under a laurer alwey grene.
Ful ofte tyme he, Pluto, and his quene,
Proserpina, and al hir fayerye
Disporten hem and maken melodye 2040
Aboute that welle, and daunced, as men
tolde.

This noble knight, this Januarie the olde,
Swich deintee hath in it to walke and
pleye,

That he wol no wight suffren bere the keye
Save he him-self; for of the smale wikel
He bar alwey of silver a smal cliket, 2046
With which, whan that him leste, he it
unshette.

And whan he wolde paye his wyf hir dette
In somer seson, thider wolde he go,
And May his wyf, and no wight but they
two;

And thinges whiche that were nat doon
a-bedde,
He in the gardin parfourned hem and
spedde.

And in this wyse, many a mery day,
Lived this Januarie and fresshe May. (810)
But worldly joye may nat alwey dure 2055
To Januarie, ne to no creature.

Auctor.

O sodeyn hap, o thou fortune instable,
Lyk to the scorpioun so deceivable,
That flaterest with thyne heed when thou
wolt stinge ;
Thy tayl is deeth, thurgh thyne enveni-
minge. 2060

O brolly joye ! o swete venim queynte !
O monstre, that so subtilly canst peyne
Thy yiftes, under hewe of stedfastnesse,
That thou deceyvest bothe more and lesse !
Why hastow Januarie thus deceyved, (821)
That haddest him for thy ful frend re-
ceyved ? 2066

And now thou hast birraft him bothe hise
yēn,

For sorwe of which desyreth he to dyen.
Allas ! this noble Januarie free,
Amidde his lust and his prosperitee, 2070
Is woxen blind, and that al sodeynly.
He wepeth and he wayleth pitously ;
And ther-with-al the syr of jalouslye, (829)
Lest that his wyf sholde falle in som folye,
So brenteth his herte, that he wolde fayn 2075
That som man bothe him and his had
slayne.

For neither after his deeth, nor in his lyf,
Ne wolde he that she were love ne wyf,
But ever live as widwe in clothes blake,
Soul as the turtle that lost hath his make.
But atte laste, after a monthe or tweye,
His sorwe gan aswage, sooth to seye ; 2082
For whan he wiste it may noon other be,
He paciently took his adversitee ; (840)
Save, out of doute, he may nat forgoon
That he nas jalous evermore in oon ;
Which jalouslye it was so outrageous,
That neither in halle, n'in noon other hous,
Ne in noon other place, never-the-mo,
He nolde suffre his for to ryde or go, 2090
But-if that he had hand on his alway ;
For which ful ofte wepeth fresshe May,
That loveth Damian so benignely,
That she mot outhir dyen sodeynly, (850)
Or elles she mot han him as his leste ; 2095
She wayteth whan his herte wolde breste.

Up-on that other syde Damian
Bicomen is the sorwefulleste man
That ever was ; for neither night ne day
Ne myghte he speke a word to fresshe
May, 2100

As to his purpos, of no swich matere,
But-if that Januarie moste it here,
That hadde an hand up-on his evermo.
But nathelees, by wryting to and fro (860)
And privee signes, wiste he what she
mente ; 2105

And she knew eek the fyn of his entente.
Auctor.

O Januarie, what mighte it thee availle,
Thou myghtest see as fer as shippes saille ?
For also good is blind deceyved be,
As be deceyved whan a man may see. 2110
Lo, Argus, which that hadde an honderd
yēn,

For al that ever he coude poure or pryen,
Yet was he blent ; and, god wot, so ben
mo,

That weneth wisly that it be nat so. (870)
Passe over is an ese, I sey na-more. 2115

This fresshe May, that I spak of so
yore,

In warme wex hath emprented the eliket,
That Januarie bar of the smale wicket,
By which in-to his gardin ofte he wente.
And Damian, that knew al his entente,
The eliket countrefeted privily ; 2121
Ther nis na-more to seye, but hastily
Som wonder by this eliket shal bityde,
Which ye shul heren, if ye wole abyde.

O noble Ovyde, ful sooth seystou, god
woot ! Auctor.

What sleighe is it, thogh it be long and
hoot, (882) 2126

That he nil finde it out in som manere ?
By Piramus and Tesbee may men lere ;
Thogh they were kept ful longe streite
overal,

They been accorded, rouninge thurgh a
wal, 2130

Ther no wight coude han founde out
swich a sleighe. (887)

But now to purpos ; er that dayes eighte
Were passed, er the monthe of Juil, bifil
That Januarie hath caught so greet a wil,
Thurgh egging of his wyf, him for to pleye
In his gardin, and no wight but they tweye
That in a morwe un-to this May seith he
'Rys up, my wyf, my love, my lady free ;
The turtles vois is herd, my douve swete
The winter is goon, with alle his reyne
wete ; 214

Com forth now, with thyn eyen columbyn !
 How fairer been thy brestes than is wyn !
 The gardin is enclosed al aboute ;
 Com forth, my whyte spouse ; out of
 doute, (900)
 Thou hast me wounded in myn herte,
 o wylf ! 2145

No spot of thee ne knew I al my lyf.
 Com forth, and lat us taken our dispot ;
 I chees thee for my wyf and my confort.'

Swiche olde lewed wordes used he ;
 On Damian a signe made she, 2150
 That he sholde go biforen with his clikut :
 This Damian thanne hath opened the
 wiket,

And in he sterte, and that in swich manere,
 That no wight mighte it see neither
 y-here ; (910)

And stille he sit under a bush anoon. 2155

This Januarie, as blind as is a stoon,
 With Maius in his hand, and no wight mo,
 In-to his fresshe gardin is ago,
 And clapte to the wiket sodeynly.

'Now, wylf,' quod he, 'heer nis but thou
 and I, 2160

That art the creature that I best love.
 For, by that lord that sit in heven above,
 Lever ich hadde dyen on a knyf,
 Than thee offendre, trewe dere wylf ! (920)
 For goddes sake, think how I thee chees,
 Noght for no coveteysse, doutlees, 2166
 But only for the love I had to thee.

And though that I be old, and may nat see,
 Beth to me trewe, and I shal telle yow why.
 Three thinges, certes, shul ye winne ther-
 by ; 2170

First, love of Crist, and to your-self honour,
 And al myn heritage, toun and tour ;
 I yeve it yow, maketh chartres as yow
 leste ; (929)

This shal be doon to-morwe er sonne reste.
 So wisly god my soule bringe in blisse, 2175
 I prey yow first, in covenant ye me kisse.
 And though that I be jalous, wyt me noght.
 Ye been so depe enprented in my thought,
 That, whan that I considere your beautee,
 And ther-with-al the unlykly elde of me
 I may nat, certes, thogh I sholde dye,
 Forbere to been out of your compayne
 For verray love ; this is with-outen doute.
 Now kis me, wylf, and lat us rome aboute.'

This fresshe May, whan she thise wordes
 herde, (941) 2185

Benignely to Januarie answerde,
 But first and forward she bigan to wepe,
 'I have,' quod she, 'a soule for to kepe
 As wel as ye, and also myn honour,
 And of my wyfhood thilke tendre flour, 2190
 Which that I have assured in your hond,
 Whan that the preest to yow my body
 bond ;

Wherfore I wole awarde in this manere
 By the leve of yow, my lord so dere : (950)
 I prey to god, that never dawe the day 2195
 That I ne sterfe, as foule as womman may,
 If ever I do un-to my kin that shame,
 Or elles I empayre so my name,
 That I be fals ; and if I do that lakke,
 Do strepe me and put me in a sakke, 2200
 And in the nexte river do me drenchie.
 I am a gentil womman and no wenche.
 Why speko ye thus ? but men ben ever
 untrewe, (959)

And wommen have repreve of yoway newe.
 Ye han non other contenance, I leve, 2205
 But speke to us of untrust and repreve.'

And with that word she saugh wher
 Damian

Sat in the bush, and coughen she bigan,
 And with hir finger signes made she,
 That Damian sholde climbe up-on a tree,
 That charged was with fruit, and up he
 wente ; 2211

For verrailly he knew al hir entente,
 And every signe that she coude make.
 Wel bet than Januarie, hir owene make.
 For in a lettre she had told him al 2215
 Of this matere, how he werchen shal, (972)
 And thus I lete him sitte up-on the pyrie,
 And Januarie and May rominge myrie.

Bright was the day, and blew the firma-
 ment,

Phebus of gold his stremes down hath
 sent, 2220

To gladen every flour with his warmnesse.
 He was that tyme in *Geminis*, as I gesse,
 But litel fro his declinacion
 Of Cancer, Jovis exaltacion. (980)

And so bifel, that brighte morwe-tyde, 2225
 That in that gardin, in the ferther syde,
 Pluto, that is the king of fayerye,
 And many a lady in his companye,

Folwinge his wyf, the quene Proserpyne,
Ech after other, right as any lyne— 2230
Whyl that she gadered floures in the mede,
In Claudian ye may the story rede,
How in his grisly carte he hir fette:—
This king of fairyre thanne adoun him
sette (990) 2234

Up-on a banch of turves, fresh and grene,
And right anon thus seyde he to his quene.

' My wyf,' quod he, ' ther may no wight
sey nay;

Th'experience so preveth every day
The treson whiche that wommen doon to
man. (2239)

Ten hondred thousand [stories] telle I can
Notable of your untrouth and brotilnesse.
O Salomon, wys, richest of richesse, 2242
Fulfilid of sapience and of worldly glorie,
Ful worthy been thy wordes to memorie
To evry wight that wit and reson can.
Thus preiseth he yet the bountee of man:
" Amonges a thousand men yet fond Ioon,
But of wommen alle fond I noon." (1004)

Thus seith the king that knoweth your
wikkednesse;

And Jesus *filius Syrak*, as I gesse, 2250
Ne speketh of yow but selle reverence.
A wilde fyr and corrupt pestilence
So falle up-on your bodies yet to-night!
Ne see ye nat thishonurable knight, (1010)
By-cause, allas! that he is blind and old,
His owene man shal make him cokewold;
Loheer he sit, the lechour, in the tree. 2257
Now wol I graunten, of my magestee,
Un-to this olde blinde worthy knight
That he shal have ayeyn his eyen sight, 2260
Whan that his wyf wold doon him vileyne;
Than shal he knownen al his harlotrye
Both in repreve of hir and othere mo.'

' Ye shal,' quod Proserpyne, ' wol ye so;
Now, by my modres sires soule I swere,
That I shal yeven hir suffisant answere,
And alle wommen after, for hir sake;
That, though they be in any gilt y-take,
With face bold they shulle hem-self
excuse,

And bere hem down that wolden hem
accuse. (2270)

For lakke of answer, noon of hem shald ydyn.
Al hadde man seyn a thing with bothe his
yēn, (1028)

Yit shul we wommen visage it hardly,
And wepe, and swere, and chyde subtily,
So that ye men shul been as lewed as gees.
What rekkeheth me of your auctoritees?

I woot wel that this Jew, this Salomon,
Fond of us wommen foles many oon.
But though that he ne fond no good
woman, (2279)

Yet hath ther founde many another man
Wommen ful trewe, ful gode, and ver-
tuuous.

Witnessse on hem that dwelle in Cristes
hous,
With martirdom they preved hir con-
stance. (1039)

The Romayn gestes maken remembrance
Of many a verray trewe wyf also. 2285
But sire, ne be nat wrooth, al-be-it so,
Though that he seyde he fond no good
woman,

I prey yow take the sentence of the man;
He mente thus, that in sovereyn bontee
Nis noon but god, that sit in Trinitee. 2290

Ye! for verray god, that nis but oon,
What make ye so muche of Salomon?
What though he made a temple, goddes
hous? (1049)

What though he were riche and glorious?
So made he eek a temple of false goddis,
How mighte he do a thing that more for-
bode is? (2295)

Pardee, as faire as ye his name emplastre,
He was a lechour and an ydolastre.
And in his elde he verray god forsook.
And if that god ne hadde, asseith the book,
Y-spared him for his fadres sake, he sholde
Have lost his regne rather than he wolde.
I sette noght of al the vileyne, (1059)
That ye of wommen wryte, a boterflye.
I am a womman, nedes moot I speke, 2305
Or elles swelle til myn herte breke.
For sithen he seyde that we ben jan-
gleresses,

As ever hool I mote brouke my tresses,
I shal nat spare, for no curteisye, 2309
Tospeke him harm that wolde us vileyne.'

' Dame,' quod this Pluto, ' be no lenger
wrooth;

I yeve it up; but sith I swoor myn ooth
That I wolde graunten him his sighta
agayn, (1069)

My word shal stonde, I warne yow, certeyn.
I am a king, it sit me nought to lye.' 2315
' And I,' quod she, 'a queene of fayerye.
Hir awnse shal she have, I undertake;
Lat us na-more wordes heer-of make.
For sothe, I wol no lenger yow contrarie.'

Now lat us turne agayn to Januarie, 2320
That in the gardin with his faire May
Singeth, ful merier than the papejay,
' Yow love I best, and shal, and other
noon.'

So longe aboute the aleyes is he goon, (1080)
Til he was come agaynes thilke pyrie, 2325
Wher-as this Damian sitteth ful myrie
An heigh, among the fresche leves grene.

This fresche May, that is so bright and
shene,
Gan for to syke, and seyde, 'allas, my
syde!'

Now sir,' quod she, 'for aught that may
bityde, 2330
I moste han of the peres that I see,
Or I mot dye, so sore longeth me
To eten of the smale peres grene. (1089)
Help, for hir love that is of hevene quene!
I telle yow wel, a womman in my
plyt

May han to fruit so greet an appetyt,
That she may dyen, but she of it have.'

' Allas!' quod he, 'that I ne had heer
a knave
That coude climbe; allas! allas!' quod he,
' That I am blind.' ' Ye, sir, no fors,'

quod she: 2340
' But wolde ye vouche-sauf, for goddes
sake,

The pyrie inwith your armes for to take,
(For wel I woot that ye mistruste me)
Thanne sholde I climbe wel y-nogh,' quod
she, (1100)

' So I my foot mighte sette upon your bak.'
' Certes,' quod he, 'ther-on shal be no
lak,

Mighte I yow helpen with myn herte
blood.' 2346

Hestoupeth doun, and on his bak shestood,
And caughte hir by a twiste, and up she
gooth.

Ladies, I prey yow that ye be nat wrooth;
I can nat close, I am a rude man. 2351
And sodeynly anon this Damian

Gan pullen up the smok, and in he throng.
And whan that Pluto saugh this grete
wrong, (1110)
To Januarie he gaf agayn his sighte, 2355
And made him see, as wel as ever he
mighthie.

And whan that he hadde caught his
sighte agayn,
Ne was ther never man of thing so fayn.
But on his wyf his thought was evermo';
Up to the tree he caste his eyen two, 2360
And saugh that Damian his wyf had
dressed

In swich manere, it may nat ben ex-
pressed

But if I wolde speke uncurteisly:
And up he yaf a roring and a cry (1120)
As doth the moder whan the child shal
dye: 2365
' Out! help! allas! harrow!' he gan to crye,
' O stronge lady store, what dostow?'
And she answerde, 'sir, what eyleth
yow?

Have pacience, and reson in your minde,
I have yow holpe on bothe your eyen
blinde, 2370

Up peril of my soule, I shal nat lyen,
As me was taught, to hele with your ȳn,
Was no-thing bet to make yow to see
Than strugle with a man up-on-a tree. (1130)
God woot, I dide it in ful good entente.'

' Strugle!' quod he, 'ye, algate in it
wente! 2376

God yeve yow bothe on shames deeth to
dyen!

He swyved thee, I saugh it with myn ȳn,
And elles be I hanged by the hals!'

' Thanne is,' quod she, 'my medycyne
al fals; 2380

For certeinly, if that ye mighthie see,
Ye wolde nat seyn thise wordes un-to me;
Yehan som glimsing and no parfit sighte.'

' I see,' quod he, 'as wel as ever I
mighthie, (1140)

Thonked be god! with bothe myne eyen
two, 2385

And by my trouthe, me thoughte he dido
thee so.'

' Ye maze, maze, gode sire,' quod she,
' This thank have I for I have maad yow
see;

Allas!' quod she, 'that ever I was so
kinde!'

'Now, dame,' quod he, 'lat al passe out
of minde.'

Com doun, my lief, and if I have missayd,
God help me so, as I am yvel apayd.

But, by my fader soule, I wende han seyn,
How that this Damian had by thee leyn,
And that thy smok had leyn up-on his
brest.'

'Ye, sire,' quod she, 'ye may wene as
yow lest;

But, sire, a man that waketh out of his
sleep,

He may nat sodeynly wel taken keep
Up-on a thing, ne seen it parfitly,
Til that he be adawed verrailly ;

Right so a man, that longelath blind y-be,
Ne may nat sodeynly so wel y-see,

First whan his sighte is newe come ageyn.
As he that hath a day or two y-seyn. (1160)
Til that your sighte y-satled be a whyle,
Ther may ful many a sighte yow bigyle.
Beth war, I prey yow; for, by hevene
king,

Ful many a man weneth to seen a thing,
And it is al another than it semeth.
He that misconceyveth, he misdemeth.
And with that word she leep doun fro the
tree.

This Januarie, who is glad but he?
He kisseth hir, and clippeth hir ful ofte,
And on hir wombe he stroketh hir ful
softe,

And to his palays hoom he hath hir lad.
Now, gode men, I pray yow to be glad. (1170)
Thus endeth heer my tale of Januarie;
God blesse us and his moder Seinte Marie !

Here is ended the Marchantes Tale of Januarie.

EPILOGUE TO THE MARCHANTES TALE.

'EY! goddes mercy!' seyde our Hoste tho,
'Now swich a wyf I pray god kepe me fro!
Lo, whiche sleightes and subtilitees (2421)
In wommen been ! for ay as bisy as bees
Ben they, us sely men for to deceyve,
And from a sothe ever wol they weyve;
By this Marchauntes Tale it preveth weel.
But doutelees, as trewe as any steel (2426)
I have a wyf, though that she povre be;
But of hir tonge a labbing shrewe is she,
And yet she hath an heep of vyses mo; (21)
Ther-of no fors, lat alle swiche thinges go.

But, wite ye what? in conseil be it seyd,
Me reweth sore I am un-to hir teyd. (2432)
For, and I sholde rekenem every vyee
Which that she hath, y-wis, I were to
nyce,
And cause why; it sholde reported be (2435)
And told to hir of somme of this meynee;
Of whom, it nedeth nat for to declare,
Sin wommen connen outen swich chaf-
fare;

And eek my wit suffyseth nat ther-to
To tellen al; wherfor my tale is do.' (20)

GROUP F.

THE SQUIERES TALE.

The Squire's Prologue.

'SQUIER, com neer, if it your wille be,
And sey somwhat of love; for, certes, ye
Connen ther-on as muche as any man.'
'Nay, sir,' quod he, 'but I wol seye as I can
With hertly wille; for I wol nat rebelle
Agayn your lust; a tale wol I telle.
Have me excused if I speke amis,
My wil is good; and lo, my tale is this.'

Here biginneth the Squieres Tale.

At Sarrey, in the land of Tartarye, (1)
Ther dwelte a king, that werreyed Russye,
Thurgh which ther deyde many a doughty
man.

This noble king was cleped Cambinskan,
Which in his tyme was of so greet renoun
That ther nas no-wher in no regioune
So excellent a lord in alle thing; (15)
Him lakked noght that longeth to a king.
As of the seete of which that he was born
He kepte his lay, to which that he was
sworn; (10)

And ther-to he was hardy, wys, and riche,
And þpiétois and just, alwey y-liche; (20)
Sooth of his word, benigne and honourable,
Of his corage as any centre stable;
Yong, fresh, and strong, in armes desirous
As any bacheler of al his hous.

A fair persone he was and fortunat, (25)
And kepte alwey so wel royal estat,
That ther was nowher swich another man.
This noble king, this Tartre Cambinskan
Hadde two sones on Elpheta his wyf, (21)
Of whiche th'eldeste highte Algarsyf, (30)
That other sone was cleped Cambalo.
A daughter hadde this worthy king also,
That yongest was, and highte Canacee.
But for to telle yow al hir beautee,

It lyth nat in my tonge, n'in my conning;
I dar nat undertake so heigh a thing. (36)
Myn English eek is insufficient;
It moste been a rethor excellent, (30)
That coude his colours longing for that art,
If he sholde hir dyscryven every part. (40)
I am non swich, I moot speke as I can.

And so bifel that, whan this Cambinskan
Hath twenty winter born his diademe,
As he was wont fro yeer to yeer, I deme,
He leet the feste of his nativitee (45)
Don cryen thurghout Sarrey his citee,
The last Idus of March, after the yeer.
Phebus the sonne ful joly was and clear;
For he was neigh his exaltacioun (41)
In Martes face, and in his mansioune (50)
In Aries, the colerik hote signe.
Ful lusty was the weder and benigne,
For which the foules, agayn the sonne
shene,
What for the seson and the yonge grene,

Ful loude songen hir affecciouns; (55)
Hem semed han geten hem protecciouns
Agayn the swerd of winter kene and cold.

This Cambinskan, of which I have yow (50)
told,

In royal vestiment sit on his deys,
With diademe, ful heighe in his paleys,
And halt his feste, so solempne and so (61)
riche

That in this world ne was ther noon it

liche.
Of which if I shal tellen al th'array,
Than wolde it occupye a someres day;
And eek it nedeth nat for to devyse (65)
At every cours the ordre of hir servyse.
I wol nat tellen of hir strange sewes, (59)
Ne of hir swannes, ne of hir heronsewes.
Eek in that lond, as tellen knighthes olde,
Ther is som mete that is ful deyntee holde,

That in this lond men recche of it but
smal ; 71

Ther nis no man that may reporten al.

I wol nat tarien yow, for it is pryme,
And for it is no fruit but los of tyme;

Un-to my firste I wol have my recours. 75

And so bifel that, after the thridde cours,
Whylthat this king sit thus in his nobleye,
Herkninge his minstralles hir thinges
pleye 70

Biforn him at the bord deliciously,
In at the halle-dore al sodeynly 80
Ther cam a knight up-on a stede of bras,
And in his hand a brood mirour of glas.
Upon his thombe he hadde of gold a
ring,

And by his syde a naked swerd hanging;
And up he rydeth to the heigh bord. 85
In al the halle ne was ther spoke a word
For merveille of this knight; him to bi-
holde

Ful bisily ther wayten yonge and olde.

This strange knight, that cam thus
sodeynly, 81

Al armed save his heed ful richely, 90
Salueth king and queen, and lordes alle,
By ordre, as they seten in the halle,
With so heigh reverence and obeisaunce
As wel in speche as in contenaunce,
That Gawain, with his olde curteisye, 95
Though he were come ageyn out of Fairye,
Ne coude him nat amende with a word.
And after this, biforn the heigh bord, (90)
He with a manly voys seith his message,
After the forme used in his langage, 100
With-outen vye of sillable or of lettre;
And, for his tale sholde sceme the bettre,
Accordant to his wordes was his chere,
As techeth art of speche hem that it
lere;

Al-be-it that I can nat soun his style, 105
Ne can nat climben over so heigh a style,
Yet seye I this, as to commune entente,
Thus muche amounteth al that ever he
mente, (100)

If it so be that I have it in minde.

He seyde, 'the king of Arabie and of
Inde, 110

My lige lord, on this solempne day
Salueth yow as he best can and may,
And sendeth yow, in honour of your feste,

By me, that am al redy at your heste,
This stede of bras, that esily and wel 115
Can, in the space of o day naturel,
This isto seyn, in fourre and twenty houres,
Wher-so yow list, in droghte or elles
shoures, (110)

Beren your body in-to every place
To which your herte wilneth for to pace
With-outen wem of yow, thurgh foul or
fair; 121

Or, if yow list to fleen as hye in the air
As doth an egle, whan him list to sore,
This same stede shal bere yow ever-more
With-outen harm, til ye be ther yow
leste, 125

Though that ye slepen on his bak or reste;
And turne ayeyn, with wrything of a pin.
He that it wroghte coude ful many a gin;
He wayted many a constellacioun (121)
Er he had doon this operacioun; 130
And knew ful many a seel and many
a bond.

This mirour eek, that I have in myn
hond,

Hath swich a might, that men may in it
see

Whan ther shal fallen any adversitee
Un-to your regne or to your-self also; 135
And openly who is your freend or foo.
And over al this, if any lady bright
Hath set her herte on any maner wight,
If he be fals, she shal his treson see, (131)
His newe love and al his subtiltee 140
So openly, that ther shal no-thing hyde.
Wherfor, ageyn this lusty someres tyde,
This mirour and this ring, that ye may see,
He hath sent to my lady Canacee,
Your excellente doghter that is here. 145

The vertu of the ring, if ye wol here,
Is this; that, if hir lust it for to were (139)
Up-on hir thombe, or in hir purs it bere,
Ther is no foul that fleeth under the
hevene

That she ne shal wel understande his
stevene, 150

And knowe his mening openly and pleyn,
And answeare him in his langage ageyn.
And every gras that groweth up-on rote
She shal eek knowe, and whom it wol do
þ bote,

Al be his woundes never so depe and wyde.

This naked swerd, that hangeth by my syde, 156
 Swich vertu hath, that what man so ye smyte,
 Thurgh-out his armure it wol kerve and byte, 150
 Were it as thikke as is a branched ook ;
 And what man that is wounded with the strook 160
 Shal never be hool til that yow list, of grace,
 To stroke him with the platte in thilke place
 Ther he is hurt : this is as muche to seyn
 Ye mote with the platte swerd ageyn
 Stroke him in the wounde, and it wol close ; 165
 This is a verray sooth, with-outen glose,
 It failleth nat whyl it is in your hold.'
 And whan this knight hath thus his tale told, 160
 He rydeth out of halle, and doun he lighte.
 His stede, which that shoon as sonne brighte, 170
 Stant in the court, as stille as any stoon.
 This knight is to his chambre lad anon,
 And is unarmed and to mete y-set.
 The presents been ful roially y-fet,
 This is to seyn, the swerd and the mirour, 176
 And born anon in-to the heighe tour
 With certeine officers ordeyned therfore ;
 And un-to Canacee this ring was bore 170
 Solempnely, ther she sit at the table.
 But sikerly, with-outen any fable, 180
 The hors of bras, that may nat be remewed,
 It stant as it were to the ground y-glewed.
 Ther may no man out of the place it dryve
 For noon engyn of windas or polyve ; 184
 And cause why, for they can nat the craft.
 And therefore in the place they han it laft
 Til that the knight hath taught hem the manere
 To voyden him, as ye shal after here. 180
 Greet was the prees, that swarmeth to and fro, 189
 To gauren on this hors that stondeth so ;
 For it so heigh was, and so brood and long,
 So wel proporcioned for to ben strong,
 Right as it were a stede of Lumbardye ;
 Ther-with so horsly, and so quik of yë

As it a gentil Poileys courser were. 195
 For certes, fro his tayl un-to his ere,
 Nature ne art ne conde him nat amende
 In no degree, as al the peple wende. 190
 But evermore his moste wonder was,
 How that it conde goon, and was of bras ; 200
 It was of Fairye, as the peple semed.
 Diverse folk diversely they demed ;
 As many hedes, as many wittes ther been.
 They murmureden as dooth a swarm of been,
 And maden skiles after hir fantasyes, 205
 Rehersinge of thisse olde poetryes,
 And seyden, it was lyk the Pegasee,
 The hors that hadde wings for to flee ; 200
 Or elles it was the Grekes hors Synon,
 That broghte Troye to destruccion, 210
 As men may in thisse olde gestes rede.
 'Myn herte,' quod oon, 'is evermore in drede ;
 I trowe som men ofarmes been ther-iune,
 That shapen hem this citee for to winne.
 It were right good that al swich thing were knowe,' 215
 Another rownd to his felawe lowe,
 And seyde, 'he lyeth, it is rather lyk An apparence y-maad by som magyk, 210
 As jogelours pleyen at thisse festes grete.'
 Of sondry doutes thus they jangle and trete, 220
 As lewed peple demeth comuly
 Of thinges that ben maad more subtilly
 Than they can in her lewednes compre-hende ;
 They demen gladly to the badder ende.
 And somme of hem wondred on the mirour, 225
 That born was up in-to the maister-tour,
 How men myghte in it swiche thinges see.
 Another answerde, and seyde it myghte wel be 220
 Naturelly, by composicions
 Of angles and of slye reflexions, 230
 And seyden, that in Rome was swich oon.
 They speken of Alocen and Vitulon,
 And Aristotle, that writhen in hir lyves
 Of queynte mirours and of prospectyves,
 As knownen they that han hir bokes herd.
 And othere folk hanwondred on the swerd 236

That wolde percen thurgh-out every-thing;
And fille in speche of Thelophus the king,
And of Achilles with his queynte spere,
For he coude with it bothe hele and dere,
Right in swich wyse as men may with the
swerd (233) 241

Of which right now ye han yourselven
herd.

They speken of sondry harding of metal,
And speke of medicynes ther-with-al,
And how, and whanne, it sholde y-harded
be : 245

Which is unknowe algates unto me.

The speke they of Canaceës ring,
And seyden alle, that swich a wonder
thing. (240)

Of craft of ringes herde they never non,
Save that he, Moyses, and king Salomon
Hadde a name of konning in swich art. 25
Thus seyn the peple, and drawen hem
apart.

But nathelees, somme seyden that it was
Wonder to maken of fern-asshen glas,
And yet nis glas nat lyk asshen of fern ;
But for they han y-knownen it so fern, 250
Therfore cessest her jangling and he-
 wonder.

As sore wondren somme on cause of
thonder, (250)

On ebbe, on flood, on gosomer, and on
mist. 259

And alle thing, til that the cause is wist,
Thus jangle they and demen and devyse,
Til that the king gan fro the bord aryse.

Phebus hath laft the angle meridional,
And yet ascending was the beest royal,
The gentil Leon, with his Aldiran, 26
Whan that this Tartre king, this Cam-
binskan. (258)

Roos fro his bord, ther that he sat ful hye
Toforn him gooth the londe minstralcye,
Til he cam to his chaunbre of parements,
Ther as they sownen diverse instruments
That it is lyk an heven for to here. 27
Now dauncen lusty Venus children dere,
For in the Fish hir lady sat ful hye,
And loketh on hem with a freendly yē.

This noble king is set up in his throne. 275
This strange knight is fet to him ful sone,
And on the daunce he gooth with Canacee,
Heer is the revel and the jolitee (276)

That is nat able a dul man to devyse. 279
He moste han knownen love and his servyse,
And been a festlich man as fresh as
May.

That sholde yow devysen swich array.
Who conde telle yow the forme of
daunces.

So uncouth and so fresshe contenaunces,
Swich subtil loking and dissimulinges 285
Fordrede of jalouse mennesaperceyvings?
No man but Launcelot, and he is deed.
Therefor I passe of al this lustiheed ; (280)
I seye na-more, but in this jolynesse
I lete hem, til men to the soper dresse. 290

The steward bit the spyces for to hye,
And eek the wyn, in al this melodye.
The usshers and the squyres ben y-goon;
The spyces and the wyn is come anon.
They ete and drinke; and whan this hadde

-95

an ende,
Un-to the temple, as reson was, they
wende.

The service doon, they soupen al by day.
What nedeth yow rehercen hir array? (290)
Ech man wot wel, that at a kinges feeste
Hath plentee, to the moste and to the
leeste, 300

And deyntees mo than been in my
knowing.

At after soper gooth this noble king
To seen this hors of bras, with al the route
Of lordes and of ladyes him aboute.
And when he was theron this hors

Swich wondring was ther on this hors
of bras 305

That, sin the grete sege of Troye was,
Ther-as men wondreden on an hors also,
Ne was ther swich a wondring as was tho.
But fynally the king axeth this knight (301)
The vertu of this courser and the might,
And prevede him to telle his governaunce.

This hors anon bigan to trippe and
daunce,
Whan that this knight leyde hand up-on
his reyne,

And seyde, 'sir, ther is na-more to seyne,
But, whan yow list to ryden any-where,³¹⁵
Ye moten trille a pin, stant in his ere,
Which I shall telle yow bitwix vs two. (309)
Ye mote nempne him to what place also
Or to what contree that yow list to ryde.³¹⁹
And whan ye come ther as yow list abyde

Bidde him descende, and trille another pin,
For ther-in lyth the effect of al the gin,
And he wol doun descende and doon your
wille;

And in that place he wol abyde stille,
Though al the world the contrarie hadde
y-swore;

He shal nat thennes ben y-drawe n'y-
bore.

Or, if yow liste bidde him thennes goon,
Trillie this pin, and he wol vanishe anoon
Out of the sighte of every maner wight, (321)
And come agayn, be it by day or night, 330
When that yow list to clepen him ageyn
In swich a gyse as I shal to yow seyn
Bitwixe yow and me, and that ful sone.
Ryda whan yow list, ther is na-more to
done.'

Enfermed whan the king was of that
knight,

335

And hath conceyved in his wit aright
The maner and the forme of al this thing,
Thus glad and blythe, this noble doughty
king

(330)

Repeireth to his revel as biforn.

The brydel is un-to the tour y-born, 340
And kept among his jewels leve and
dere.

The hors vanisched, I noot in what manere,
Out of his sighte; ye gete na-more of me.
But thus I lete in lust and Iolitee
This Cambynskan his lordes festeyinge, 345
Til wel ny the day bigan to springe.

Explicit prima pars.

Sequitur pars secunda.

The norice of digestioun, the slepe,
Gan on hem winke, and bad hem taken
kepe,

(340)

That muchel drink and labour wolde han
reste;

And with a galping mouth hem alle he
keste,

350

And seyde, 'it was tyme to lye adoun,
For blood was in his dominacioun;
Cherisseth blood, natures freond,' quod
he.

They thanken him galpinge, by two, by
three,

And every wight gan drawe him to his
reste,

355

As slepe hem bad; they toke it for the
beste.

Hir dremes shul nat been y-told for me;
Ful were hir hedes of fumositee, (350)
That causeth dreem, of which ther nis no
charge.

359

They slepen til that it was pryme large,
The moste part, but it were Canacee;
She was ful mesurable, as wommen be.
For of hir fader hadde she take leve
To gon to reste, sone after it was eve;
Hir liste nat appalled for to be, 365
Nor on the morwe unfestlich for to see;
And slepte hir firste sleep, and thanne
awook.

(359)

For swich a joye she in hir herte took
Both of hir queynte ring and hir mirour,
That twenty tyme she changed hir colour;
And in hirslepe, right for impressioun 371
Of hir mirour, she hadde a vision.
Wherfore, er that the sonne gan up glyde,
She cleped on hir maistresse hir bisyde,
And seyde, that hir liste for to ryse. 375

Thise olde wommen that been gladly
wyse,

(370)

As is hir maistresse, answerde hir anoon,
And seyde, 'madame, whider wil ye
goon' Thus erly? for the folk ben alle on reste.
'I wol,' quod she, 'aryse, for me leste 380
No lenger for to slepe, and walke aboute.'
Hir maistresse clepeth wommen a gret
route,

(370)

And up they rysen, wel a ten or twelve;
Up ryseth fresshe Canacee hir-selve,
As rody and bright as dooth the yonge
sonne,

385

That in the Ram is four degrees up-ronne;
Noon hyer was he, whan she redy was;
And forth she walketh esily a pas, 380
Arrayed after the lusty seson sote 389
Lightly, for to pleye and walke on fote;
Nat but with fyve or six of hir meynee:
And in a trench, forth in the park, goth
she.

The vapour, which that fro the erthe glood,
Made the sonne to seme rody and brood;
But nathelees, it was so fair a sighte 395
That it made alle hir hertes for to lighte,
What for the seson and the morweninge,
And for the foules that she herde singe:

For right anon she wiste what they mente
Right byhir song, and knewal hir entente.

The knotte, why that every tule is told,
If it be taried til that lust be cold
Of hem that han it after herkned yore,
The savour passeth ever lenger the more,
For fulsomnesse of his prolixitee. 405
And by the same reson thinketh me,
I sholde to the knotte condescende,
And maken of hir walking sone an
ende. (400)

Amidde a tree fordrye, as whyt as chalk,
As Canacee was pleying in hir walk, 410
Ther sat a faucon over hir heed ful hye,
That with a pitous voys so gan to crye
That all the wode resouned of hir cry.
Y-beten hath she hir-self so pitously 414
With bothe hir wings, til the rede blood
Ran endelong the tree ther-as she stood.
And ever in oon she cryde alwey and
shrighte,
And with hir beek hir-selven so she
prighte, (410)
That ther nis tygre, ne noon so cruel
beste,
That dwelleth either in wode or in foreste
That nolde han wept, if that he wepe
coude, 421
For sorwe of hir, she shrighte alwey so
loude.

For ther nas never yet no man on lyve—
If that I coude a faucon wel discryve—
That herde of swich another of fairesse,
As wel of plumage as of gentillesse 426
Of shap, and al that mighte y-rekened be.
A faucon peregryn than semed she (420)
Of fremde land; and evermore, as she
stood,
She swowneth now and now for lakke of
blood, 430
Til wel neigh is she fallen fro the tree.

This faire kinges daughter, Canacee,
That on hir finger bar the queynte ring,
Thurgh which she understood wel every
thing
That any foul may in his ledene seyn, 435
And coude answer him in his ledene
ageyn,
Hath understande what this faucon seyde,
And wel neigh for the rewthe almost she
deyde. (430)

And to the tree she gooth ful hastily,
And on this faucon loketh pitously, 440
And heeld hir lappe abrood, for wel she
wiste

The faucon moste fallen fro the twiste,
When that it swowned next, for lakke of
blood.

A longe while to wayten hir she stood
Till atte laste she spak in this manere 445
Un-to the hauk, as ye shul after here.

'What is the cause, if it be for to telle,
That ye be in this furial pyne of helle?'
Quod Canacee un-to this hauk above. (441)
'Is this for sorwe of deeth or los of love?
For, as I trowe, thise ben causes two 451
That causen moost a gentil herte wo;
Of other harm it nedeth nat to speke.
For ye your-self upon your-self yow wreke,
Which prothew wel, that either love or
dredre 455

Mot been encheson of your cruel dede,
Sin that I see non other wight yow chace.
For love of god, as dooth your-selven grace
Or what may ben your help; for west nor
cest (451)

Ne say I never er now no brid ne beest
That ferde with him-self so pitously. 461
Yo slee me with your sorwe, verrailly;
I have of yow so gret compassion.
For goddes love, com fro the tree adoun;
And, as I am a kinges doghter trewe, 465
If that I verrailly the cause knewe
Of your diseise, if it lay in my might,
I wolde amende it, er that it were night,
As wisly helpe me gret god of kinde! (461)
And herbes shal I right y-nowe y-finde
To hele with your hurtes hastily.' 471

The shrighte this faucon more pitously
Than ever she dide, and fil to grounde
anoon,

And lyth asowne, deed, and lyk a stoon,
Til Canacee hath in hir lappe hir take 475
Un-to the tyme she gan of swough awake.
And, after that she of hir swough gan
breyde,

Right in hir haukes ledene thus she
seyde:— (470)

'That pitee renneth sone in gentil herte,
Feling his similitude in peynessmerte, 480
Is preved al-day, as men may it see,
As wel by werk as by auctoritee;

For gentil herte kytheth gentillesse.
 I see wel, that ye han of my distresse
 Compassioune, my faire Canacee, 485
 Of verray wommanly benignitee
 That nature in your principles hath set.
 But for non hope for to fare the bet, (480)
 But for to obeye un-to your herte free,
 And for to maken other be war by me,
 As by the whelp clusted is the leoun, 491
 Right for that cause and that conclusioun,
 Whyl that I have a leyser and a space,
 Myn harm I wol confessen, er I pace.
 And ever, whyl that oon hir sorwe tolde,
 That other weep, as she to water wold,
 Til that the faucon bad hir to be stille;
 And, with a syk, right thus she seyde hir
 wille. (490) 498
 'Ther I was bred (allas! that hard
 day!)
 And fostred in a roche of marbul gray
 So tendrely, that nothing cyled me, 501
 I niste nat what was adversitee,
 Til I coude flee ful hye under the sky.
 Tho dwelte a tercelet me faste by,
 That semed welle of alle gentillesse; 505
 Al were he ful of treson and falsnesse,
 It was so wrapped under humble chere,
 And under hewe of trouthe in swich
 manere, (500)
 Under plesance, and under bisy peyne,
 That no wight coude han wend he coude
 feyne, 510
 So depe in greyn he dyed his coloures.
 Right as a serpent hit him under floures
 Til he may seen his tyme for to byte,
 Right so this god of love, this ypocryte,
 Doth so his ceremonies and obeisaunces,
 And kepeth in semblant alle his obser-
 vances 516
 That sowneth in-to gentillesse of love.
 As in a toumbe is al the faire above, (510)
 And under is the corps, swich as ye woot,
 Swich was this ypocryte, bothe cold and
 hoot, 520
 And in this wyse he served his entente,
 That (save the feend) non wiste what he
 mente.
 Til he so longe had wopen and com-
 pleyned,
 And many a yeer his service to me feyned,
 Til that myn herte, to pitous and to nyce,

Al innocent of his crouned malice, 526
 For fered of his deeth, as thoughte me,
 Upon his othes and his seuretee, (520)
 Graunted him love, on this condicoun,
 That evermore myn honour and renoun
 Were saved, bothe privee and apert; 531
 This is to seyn, that, after his desert,
 I yaf him al myn herte and al my
 thoght—
 God woot and he, that otherwyse noght—
 And took his herte in chaunge for myn
 for ay. 535
 But sooth is seyd, gon sithen many a day,
 "A trew wight and a theef thenken nat
 oon."
 And, whan he saugh the thing so fer
 y-goon, (530)
 That I had graunted him fully my love,
 In swich a gyse as I have seyd above, 540
 And yeven him my trewe herte, as free
 As he swoor he his herte yaf to me;
 Anon this tygre, ful of doublenesse,
 Fil on his knees with so devout hum-
 blesse,
 With so heigh reverence, and, as by his
 chere, 545
 So lyk a gentil lovere of manere,
 So ravished, as it semed, for the joye,
 That never Jason, ne Parys of Troye, (540)
 Jason? certes, ne non other man,
 Sin Lameth was, that alderfirst bigan 550
 To loven two, as writen folk biforn,
 Ne never, sin the firste man was born,
 Ne coude man, by twenty thousand part,
 Countrefete the sophimes of his art;
 Ne were worthy unbokele his galache, 555
 Ther doublenesse or feyning sholde ap-
 proche,
 Ne so coude thanke a wight as he did me!
 His maner was an heven for to see (550)
 Til any woman, were she never so
 wys;
 So peynted he and kembde at point-devys
 As wel his wordes as his contenaunce. 561
 And I so lovede him for his obeisaunce,
 And for the trouthe I domed in his herte,
 That, if so were that any thing him
 smerte,
 Al were it never so lyte, and I it wiste, 565
 Me thoughte, I felte deeth myn herte
 twiste.

And shortly, so ferforth this thing is
went, (559)

That my wil was his willes instrument ;
This is to seyn, my wil obeyed his wil
In alle thing, as fer as reson fil, 570
Keping the boundes of my worship ever.
Ne never hadde I thing so leef, ne lever,
As him, god woot ! ne never shal na-mo.

This lasteth lenger than a yeer or two,
That I supposed of him neght but good.
But fynally, thus atte laste it stood, 576
That fortune wolde that he moste twinne
Out of that place which that I was inne.
Wher me was wo, that is no questioun ;
I can nat make of it discripcioune ; 580
For o thing dar I tellen boldely, (573)
I knowe what is the peyne of deth ther-by ;
Swich harm I felte for he ne mighte
bileve.
So on a day of me he took his leve,
So sorwefully eek, that I wende verrailly
That he had felt as muche harm as I, 586
Whan that I herde him speke, and saugh
his hewe. (579)

But natheneles, I thoughte he was so trewe,
And eek that he repaire sholde ageyn
With-inne a litel whyle, sooth to seyn ; 590
And reson wolde eek that he moste go
For his honour, as ofte it happeth so,
That I made vertu of necessitee,
And took it wel, sin that it moste be.
As I best mighte, I hidde fro him my
sorwe, 595
And took him by the hond, saint John to
borwe,
And seyde him thus : "lo, I am youres al ;
Beth swich as I to yow have been, and
shal." (590)

What he answerde, it nedea noght re-
herce,
Who can sey bet than he, who can do
worse ? 600
Whan he hath al wel seyd, thanne hath
he doon.

"Therfor bihoveth him a ful long spoon
That shal ete with a feend," thus herde
I seye.
So atte laste he moste forth his weye,
And forth he fleeth, til he cam ther him
leste. 605
Whan it cam him to purpos for to reste,

I trouwe he hadde thilke text in minde,
That "alle thing, repeiring to his kinde,
Gladeth him-self"; thus seyn men, as I
gesse ; (601)

Men loven of propre kinde newfangel-
nesse, 610
As briddes doon that men in cages fede.
For though thou night and day take of
hem hede,

And strawe hir cage faire and softe as
silk,
And yeve hem sugre, hony, breed and
milk,

Yet right anon, as that his dore is uppe,
He with his feet wol spurne adoun his
cuppe, 616
And to the wode he wol and wormes etc ;
So newfangel beeyn they of hir mete, (610)
And loven novelryes of propre kinde ;
No gentillesse of blood [ne] may hem
binde. 620

So ferde this terele, alas the day !
Though he were gentil born, and fresh
and gay,

And goodly for to seen, and humble and
free,

He saugh up-on a tyme a kyte flee,
And sodeynly he loved this kyte so, 625
That al his love is clene fro me ago,
And hath his trouthe falsed in this wyse ;
Thus hath the kyte my love in hir ser-
vyse, (620)

And I am lorn with-outen remedye !
And with that word this faucon gan to
crye, 630

And swowned eft in Canacees barme.
Greet was the sorwe, for the haukes
harme,
That Canacee and alle hir wommen made ;
They niste how they mighte the faucon
glade. 634

But Canacee hom bereth hir in hir lappe,
And softly in plastres gan hir wrappe,
Ther as she with hir beek had hurt hir-
selve. (629)

Now can nat Canacee but herbes delve
Out of the grounde, and make salves
newe
Of herbes precious, and fyne of hewe, 640
To helen with this hauk ; fro day to night
She dooth hir bisinesse and al hir might,

And by hir beddes heed she made a mewe,
And covered it with veluettes blewe,
In signe of trouthe that is in wommen
sene.

645
And al with-oute, the mewe is peynted
grene,

In which were peynted alle thise false
foules,

(639)
As beth thise tidifs, tercelets, and oules,
Right for despyt were peynted hem bisyde,
And pyes, on hem for to crye and chyde.

Thus lete I Canacee hir hauk keping;
I wol na-more as now speke of hir ring,
Til it come eft to purpos for to seyn
How that this faucon gat hir love ageyn
Repentant, as the storie telleth us, 655
By mediacion of Cambalus,
The kinges sone, of whiche I yow tolde.
But hennes-forth I wol my proces holde
To speke of aventures and of batailles,
That never yet was herd so grete mer-
vailles.

(652) 660
First wol I telle yow of Cambinskan,
That in his tyme many a citee wan;
And after wol I speke of Algarsyf,
How that he wan Theodora to his wyf,
For whom ful ofte in greet peril he was,
Ne hadde he ben holpen by the stede of
bras;

666
And after wol I speke of Cambalo,
That faught in listes with the bretheren
two

(660)
For Canacee, er that he mighe hir winne.
And ther I lefte I wol ageyn biginne. 670

Explicit secunda pars.

Incipit pars tercia.

Appollo whirleth up his char so lyfe,

Til that the god Mercurius hous the
slye— [T. om.]

(Unfinished.) [T. om.]

Here folwen the wordes of the Frankelin
to the Squier, and the wordes of the
Host to the Frankelin.

'In feith, Squier, thou hast thee wel
y-quit,

And gentilly I preise wel thy wit,'
Quod the Frankeleyn, 'considering thy
youth,

So feelingly thou spekest, sir, I allow
the!

As to my doom, there is non that is
here

Of eloquence that shal be thy pere,
If that thou live; god yeve thee good
chaunce,

675
And in vertu sende thee continuance!

For of thy speche I have greet deyntee.

I have a sone, and, by the Trinitie, 10
I hadde lever than twenty pound worth
lond,

Though it right now were fallen in my
hond,

He were a man of swich discrecion 685

As that ye been! fy on possession
But-if a man be vertuous with-al.

I have my sone snibbed, and yet shal,
For he to vertu listeth nat entende;

But for to pleye at dees, and to despende,
And lese al that he hath, is his usage. 691

And he hath lever talken with a page (20)

Than to comune with any gentil wight,
Ther he mighe lerne gentillesse aright.'

'Straw for your gentillesse,' quod our
host;

695
'What, frankeleyn? pardee, sir, wel thou
wost

That eche of yow mot tellen atte leste
A tale or two, or breken his bileste.'

'That knowe I wel, sir,' quod the
frankeleyn;

'I prey yow, haveth me nat in desdeyn
Though to this man I speke a word or
two.'

701
'Telle on thy tale with-outen wordes
mo.'

(30)
'Gladly, sir host,' quod he, 'I wol obeye
Un-to your wil; now herkneth what
I seye.

I wol yow nat contrarien in no wyse 705

As fer as that my wittes wol suffyse;

I prey to god that it may plesen yow,
Than weot I wel that it is good y-now.'

THE FRANKLIN'S PROLOGUE.

The Prolog of the Frankeleyns Tale.

Thise olde gentil Britons in hir dayes
Of diverse aventures maden layes, 710
Rymeyed in hir firste Briton tonge ;
Which layes with hir instruments they
 songe, (40)
Or elles reddien hem for hir plesaunce ;
And oon of hem have I in remembraunce,
Which I shal scyn with good wil as I
 can. 715

But, sires, by-cause I am a burel man,
At my biginning first I yow biseche
Have me excused of my rude speche ;

I lerned never rethoryk certeyn ;
Thing that I speke, it moot be bare and
 pleyn. 720

I sleep never on the mount of Pernaso,
Ne lerned Marcus Tullius Cithero. (50)
Colours ne knowe I none, with-outen
 drede,

But swiche colours as growen in the mede,
Or elles swiche as men dye or peynte. 725
Colours of rethoryk ben me to quynte ;
My spirit feleth nocht of swich matere.
But if yow list, my tale shul ye here.

THE FRANKELEYNS TALE.

Here beginneth the Frankeleyns Tale.

In Armorik, that called is Britayne,
Ther was a knight that loved and dide
 his payne 730

To serve a lady in his beste wyse ;
And many a labour, many a greet emprysse
He for his lady wroglite, er she were
 wonne.

For she was oon, the faireste under sonne,
And eek thereto come of so heigh kinrede,
That wel unnethes dorste this knight, for
 drede, 736

Telle hir his wo, his peyne, and his
 distresse.

But atte laste, she, for his worthinessse, (10)
And namely for his meke obeysaunce,
Hath swich a pitee caught of his pen-
 unee, 740

That prively she fil of his accord
To take him for hir housbonde and hir
 lord,

Of swich lordshipe as men han over hir
 wyves ;
And for to lede the more in blisse hir
 lyves, 744

Of his free wil he swoor hir as a knight,
That never in al his lyf he, day ne
 night,

Ne sholde up-on him take no maistreye
Agayn hir wil, ne kythe hir jalouslye, (20)
But hir obeye, and folwe hir wil in al
 As any lovere to his lady shal ; 750
Save that the name of soveraynetee,
That wolde he have for shame of his
 degree.

She thanked him, and with ful greet
humblesse

She seyde, 'sire, sith of your gentillesse
Ye profre me to have so large a reyne, 755
Ne wolde never god bitwixe us tweyne,
As in my gilt, were outher werre or stryf.
Sir, I wol be your humble trewe wyf, (30)
Have heer my trouthe, til that myn herte
breste.'

Thus been they bothe in quiete and in
reste. 760

For o thing, sires, saufly dar I seye,
That frendes everich other moot obeye,
If they wol longe holden compayne.
Love wol nat ben constreyned by mair-
trye;

Whan maistrie comth, the god of love
anon 765

Bethet hise winges, and farewell! he is
gon!

Love is a thing as any spirit free;
Wommen of kinde desiren libertee, (40)
And nat to ben constreyned as a thral;
And so don men, if I soth seyen shal. 770
Loke who that is most pacient in love,
He is at his avantage al above.

Paciene is an heigh vertu certeyn;
For it venquisseth, as thise clerkes seyn,
Thinges that rigour sholde never atteyne.
For every word men may nat chyde or
pleyne. 776

Lerneth to suffre, or elles, so moot I goon,
Ye shul it lerne, wher-so ye wole or noon.
For in this world, certein, ther no wight
is, (51)

That he ne dooth or seith som-tyme amis.
Ire, siknesse, or constellacioun, 781
Wyn, wo, or chaunginge of complexiou
Causeth ful ofte to doon amis or speken.
On every wrong a man may nat be wrekenn;
After the tyme, moste be temperaunce 785
To every wight that can on governaunce.
And therfore hath this wyse worthy
knight,

To live in ese, suffrance hir bilihght, (60)
And she to him ful wisly gan to swere
That never sholde ther be defaute in here.

Heer may men seen an humble wys
accord;

Thus hath she take hir servant and hir
lord, 791

Servant in love, and lord in mariage;
Than was he bothe in lordship and
servage;

Servage? nay, but in lordshipe above, 795
Sith he hath bothe his lady and his love;
His lady, certes, and his wyf also,
The which that lawe of love acordeth to.
And whan he was in this prosperitee, (71)
Hoom with his wyf he gooth to his
contree, 800

Nat fer fro Penmark, ther his dwelling
was,

Wher-as he liveth in blisse and in solas.

Who conde telle, but he had wedded be,
The joye, the ese, and the prosperitee
That is bitwixe an housbonde and his wyf?
A yeer and more lasted this blisful lyf, 806
Til that the knight of which I speke of
thus,

That of Kayrrud was cleped Arveragus, (80)
Shoop him to goon, and dwelle a yeer or
tweyne

In Engelond, that cleped was eek Briteyne,
To seke in armes worship and honour; 811
For al his lust he sette in swich labour;
And dwelled ther two yeer, the book seith
thus.

Now wol I stinte of this Arveragus,
And spoken I wole of Dorigene his wyf, 815
That loveth hir housbonde as hir hertes
lyf.

For his absence wepeþ she and syketh,
As doon thise noble wyves whan hem
lyketh, (90)

She moorneth, waketh, wayleþ, fasteth,
pleyneth; 819

Desyr of his presence hir so distreyneh,
That al this wyde world she sette at noght.
Hir frendes, whiche that knewe hir hevy
thoȝt,

Conforten hir in al that ever they may;
They prechen hir, they telle hir night
and day,

That causelesse she sleeth hir-self, allas! 825
And every confort possible in this cas
They doon to hir with al hir businesse,
Al for to make hir leve hir hevinesse. (100)

By proces, as ye knowen everichoon,
Men may so longe graven in a stoon, 830
Til som figure ther-inne emprented be,
So longe han they conforted hir, til she

Receyved hath, by hope and by resoun,
Th'emprenting of hir consolacioun, 834
Thurgh which hir grete sorwe gan aswage;
She may nat alwey duren in swich rage.

And eek Arveragus, in al this care,
Hath sent hir lettres hoom of his welfare,
And that he wol come hastily agayn; (111)
Or elles hadde this sorwe hir herte slayn.

Hir freendes sawe hir sorwe gan to
shake, 841
And preyede hir on knees, for goddes
sake,

To come and romen hir in compayne,
Awey to dryve hir derke fantasye.
And finally, she graunted that requeste;
For wel she saugh that it was for the
beste. (118) 846

Now stood hir castel faste by the see,
And often with hir freendes walketh she
Hir to dispote up-on the bank an heigh,
Wher-as she many a ship and barge seigh
Seilinge hir cours, wher-as hem liste go;
But than was that a parcel of hir wo.
For to hir-self ful ofte 'allas!' soith she,
'Is ther no ship, of so manye as I see,
Wol bringen hom my lord? than were
myn herte' 855

Al warisshed of his bittre paynes smerte.
Another tyme thor wolde she sitte and
thinke,
And caste hir eyen downward fro the
brinke. (130)
But whan she saugh the grisly rokkes
blake,
For verray fere so wolde hir herte quake,
That on hir feet she mighthe hir noght
sustene. 861

Than wolde she sitte adoun upon the
grene,
And pitously in-to the see biholde,
And seyn right thus, with sorweful sykes
colde:
'Eterne god, that thurgh thy purvey-
aunce' 865

Ledest the world by certein governaunce,
In ydel, as men seyn, ye no-thing make;
But, lord, thisse grisly feendly rokkes
blake, (140)
That semen rather a foul confusioune
Of werk than any fair creacioun 870
Of swich a parfit wys god and a stable,

Why han ye wroght this werk unreson-
able?

For by this werk, south, north, ne west,
ne eest,

Ther nis y-fostred man, ne brid, ne beest;
It dooth no good, to my wit, but anoyeth.
See ye nat, lord, how mankinde it
destroyeth? 876

An hundred thousand bodies of mankinde
Han rokkes slayn, al be they nat in minde,
Which mankinde is so fair part of thy
werk (151)

That thou it madest lyk to thyn owene
merk. 880

Than semed it ye hadde a greet chiertee
Toward mankinde; but how than may
it be

That ye swiche menes make it to de-
stroyen,

Whiche menes do no good, but ever
anoyen?

I woot wel clerkes wol seyn, as hem
leste, 885

By arguments, that al is for the beste,
Though I ne can the causes nat y-knowe.
But thilke god, that made wind to blowe,
As kepe my lord! this my conclusioun;
To clerkes lete I al disputisoun. (162) 890
But wolde god that alle thise rokkes blake
Were sonken in-to helle for his sake!
These rokkes sleen myn herte for the fere!
Thus wolde she seyn, with many a pitous
tere.

Hir freendes sawe that it was no disport
To romen by the see, but disconfort; 896
And shopen for to pleyen somwher elles.
They lednen hir by riveres and by welles,
And eek in othere places delitables; (171)
They dauncen, and they pleyen at ches
and tables. 900

So on a day, right in the morwe-tyde,
Un-to a gardin that was ther bisyde,
In which that they had maad hir ordin-
aunce

Of vitaille and of other purveyaunce,
They goon and pleye hem al the longe
day. 905

And this was on the sixte morwe of May,
Which May had peynted with his softe
shoures

This gardin ful of leve and of floures; (180)

And craft of mannes hand so curiously
Arrayed hadde this gardin, trewely, 910
'hat never was ther gardin of swich prys,
But if it were the verray paradys.

Th' odour of floures and the fresshe sighte
Wolde han maad any herte for to lighte
That ever was born, but if to gret sikenesse,

Or to gret sorwe helde it in distresse;

So ful it was of beautee with plesaunce.
At after diner gonnen they to daunce, (190)

And singe also, save Dorigen allone,
Which made alwey hir compleint and hir

mone;

For she ne saugh him on the daunce go,
That was hir housbonde and hir love also.
But nathelies she moste a tyme abyde,
And with good hope lete hir sorwe slyde.

Up-on this daunce, amonges oþere men,
Daunced a squyer biforen Dorigen, 926
That fresher was and jolyer of array,
As to my doom, than is the monthe of

May.

He singeth, daunceeth, passinge any man
That is, or was, sith that the world bigan.
Ther-with he was, if men sholde him
discryve,

Oon of the beste faringe man on-lyve;
Yong, strong, right vertuous, and riche
and wys,

And wel biloved, and holden in gret prys.
And shortly, if the sothe I tellen shal, 935
Unwiting of this Dorigen at al,

This lusty squyer, servant to Venus,
Which that y-cleped was Aurelius, (210)
Had loved hir best of any creature

Two yeer and more, as was his aventur,
But never dorste he telle hir his gre-

vauunce;

With-outen coppe he drank al his pen-

aunce.

He was despeyred, no-thing dorste he seye,
Save in his songess somewhat wolde he wreye
His wo, as in a general compleyning; 945
He seyde he lovede, and was biloved no-

thing.

Of swich matere made he manye layes,
Songes, compleintes, roundels, virelayes,
How that he dorste nat his sorwe telle,
But languissheth, as a furie dooth in helle;

And dye he moste, he seyde, as dide Ekko

For Narcisus, that dorste nat telle hir wo.
In other manere than ye here me seye,
Ne dorste he nat to hir his wo biwreye;
Save that, paraventure, som-tyme at

daunces,

Ther yonge folk kepen hir observaunces,

It may wel be he loked on hir face

In swich a wyse, as man that asketh grace;

But no-thing wiste she of his entente. (231)

Nathelees, it happed, er they thennes

wente,

By-cause that he was hir neighebour,

And was a man of worship and honour,

And hadde y-knownen him of tyme yore,

They fille in speche; and forth more and

more

Un-to his purpos drough Aurelius,

And whan he saugh his tyme, he seyde

thus:

'Madame,' quod he, 'by god that this

world made,

So that I wiste it mighete your herte

glade,

I wolde, that day that your Arveragus

Wente over the see, that I, Aurelius,

Had went ther never I sholde have come

agayn;

For wel I woot my service is in vayn.

My guerdon is but bresting of myn herte;

Madame, reweth upon my peynes smerte;

For with a word ye may me sleep or save,

Heer at your feet god wolde that I were

grave!

I ne have as now no leyser more to

seye;

Have mercy, swete, or ye wol do me deye!

She gan to loke up-on Aurelius: (251)

'Is this your wil,' quod she, 'and sey ye

thus?

Never erst,' quod she, 'ne wiste I what

ye mente.

But now, Aurelie, I knowe your entente,

By thilke god that yaf me soule and lyf;

Ne shal I never been untrewe wyf

In word ne werk, as fer as I have wit:

I wol ben his to whom that I am knit;

Tak this for fynal answer as of me.'

But after that in pley thus seyde she: (260)

'Aurelie,' quod she, 'by heigh ge god

above,

Yet wolde I graunte yow to been your love,

Sin I yow see so pitously complayne ;
 Loke what day that, endelong Britayne,
 Yeremoeve alle the rokkes, stoon by stoon,
 That they ne lette ship ne boot to goon—
 I seye, whan ye han maad the coost so
 cleene 995

Of rokkes, that ther nis no stoon y-sene,
 Than wol I love yow best of any man ;
 Have heer my trouthe in al that ever I
 can.' 270

'Is ther non other grace in yow?' quod he.
 'No, by that lord,' quod she, 'that maked
 me !' 1000

For wel I woot that it shal never bityde.
 Lat swiche folies out of your herte slyde.
 What deyntee sholde a man han in his lyf
 For to go love another mannes wyf,
 That hath hir body whan so that him
 lyketh ?' 1005

Aurelius ful ofte sore syketh ;
 Wo was Aurelie, whan that he this herde,
 And with a sorweful herte he thus an-
 swerde : 280

'Madame,' quod he, 'this were an in-
 possible !' 1009

Than moot I dye of sodein deth horrible.'
 And with that word he turned him anon.
 Tho come hir othere frendes many oon,
 And in the aleyes romeden up and down,
 And no-thing wiste of this conclusioun,
 But sodeinly bigonne revel newe 1015
 Til that the brighte sonne loste his hewe ;
 For th'orisonte hath reft the sonne his
 light ; 289

This is as muche to seye as it was night.
 And hoom they goon in joye and in solas,
 Save only wrecche Aurelius, allas ! 1020
 He to his hous is goon with sorweful herte ;
 He seeth he may nat fro his deth asterte.
 Him semed that he felte his herte colde ;
 Up to the hevene his handes he gan holde,
 And on his knowes bare hesette him down,
 And in his raving seyde his orisoun. 1026
 For verray wo out of his wit he breyd.
 He niste what he spak, but thus he seyde ;
 With pitous herte his pleynthath he
 bigonne 301

Un-to the goddes, and first un-to the
 sonne :

He seyde, 'Appollo, god and governour
 Of every plaunte, herbe, tree and flour,

That yevest, after thy declinacioun,
 To ech of hem his tyme and his sesoun,
 As thyn herberwe chaungeth lowe or hye,
 Lord Phebus, cast thy merciable yé 1036
 On wrecche Aurelie, which that am but
 lorn. (309)

Lo, lord ! my lady hath my deeth y-sworn
 With-oute gilt, but thy benignitee 1039
 Upon my dedly herte have som pitee !
 For wel I woot, lord Phebus, if yow lest,
 Ye may me helpen, save my lady, best.
 Now voucheth sauft that I may yow devyse
 How that I may been holpe and in what
 wyse. 1044

Your blisful suster, Lucina the shene,
 That of the see is chief goddesse and quene,
 Though Neptunus have deitee in the see,
 Yet emperesse aboven him is she : (310)
 Ye knownen wel, lord, that right as hir
 desyr 1049

Is to be quiked and lightned of your fyr,
 For which she folweth yow ful bisily,
 Right so the see desyreth naturally
 To folwen hir, as she that is goddesse
 Bothe in the see and riveres more and
 lesse.

Wherfore, lord Phebus, this is my re-
 queste— 1055

Do this miracle, or do myn herte breste—
 That now, next at this opposicioun, (329)
 Which in the signe shal be of the Leou,
 As preyth hir so greet a flood to bringe,
 That fyve fatme at the leeste it overspringe
 The hyeste rokke in Armorik Briteyne ;
 And lat this flood endure yeres tweyne ;
 Than certes to my lady may I seye :
 "Holdeth your heste, the rokkes been
 aweye." 1064

Lord Phebus, dooth this miracle for me ;
 Preye hir she go no faster cours than ye ;
 I seye, preyeth your suster that she go
 No faster cours than ye this yeres two.
 Than shal she been evene atte fulle alway,
 And spring-flood laste bothe night and
 day. (342) 1070

And, butshe vouche-sauf in swiche manere
 To graunta me my sovereyn lady dere,
 Prey hir to sinken every rok adoun
 In-to hir owene derke regioune
 Under the ground, ther Pluto dwelleth
 inne, 1075

Or never-mo shal I my lady winne,
 Thy temple in Delphos wol I barefoot seke;
 Lord Phebus, see the teres on my cheke,
 And of my peyne have som compassioune.
 And with that word in swowne he fil
 adoun, (352) 1080
 And longe tyme he lay forth in a traunce.
 His brother, which that knew of his
 penaunce,
 Up caughte him and to bedle he hath
 him broght.

Dispreyed in this torment and this thoght
 Lete I this woful creature lye; (1085)
 Chese he, for me, whether he wol live or
 dye.

Arveragus, with hele and greet honour,
 As he that was of chivalrye the flour, (360)
 Is comen hoom, and othereworthy men.
 O blisful artow now, thou Dorigen, (1090)
 That hast thy lusty housbonde in thyne
 armes,

The fresshe knight, the worthy man of
 armes,

That loveth thee, as his owene hertes lyf.
 No-thing list him to been imaginatyf
 If any wight had spoke, whyl he was
 oute, (1095)

To hire of love; he hadde of it no doute.
 He noglit entendeth to no swich matere,
 But daunceth, justeth, maketh his good
 chere;

And thus in joye and blisse I lete hem
 dwelle,

And of the syke Aurelius wol I telle. (1100)

In langour and in torment furious
 Two yeer and more lay wrecche Aurelius,
 Er any foot he myghte on erthe goon;
 Ne confort in this tyme hadde he noon,
 Save of his brother, which that was a clerk;
 He knew of al this wo and al this werk.
 For to non other creature certeyn (1107)

Of this matere he dorste no word seyn.

Under his brest he bar it more secrec (381)

Than ever dide Pamphilus for Galathee.

His brest was hool, with-oute for to sene,

But in his herte ay was the arwe kene.

And wel ye knowe that of a sursanure

In surgerye is perilous the cure,

But men myghte touche the arwe, or come
 therby.

His brother weep and wayled prively, (1115)

Til atte laste him fil in remembraunce,
 That whyl he was at Orliens in Fraunce,
 As yonge clerkes, that been likerous (391)
 To reden artes that been curios, (1120)
 Seken in every halke and every herne
 Particuler sciences for to lerne,
 He him remembred that, upon a day,
 At Orliens in studie a book he say

Of magik naturel, which his felawe, (1125)
 That was that tyme a bacheler of lawe,
 Al were he ther to lerne another craft,
 Had prively upon his desk y-laft; (400)
 Which book spak muchel of the opera-
 ciouns,

Touchinge the eighte and twenty man-
 siouns (1130)

That longen to the mone, and swich folye,
 As in our dayes is nat worth a flye;
 For holy chirelhes feith in our billeve
 Ne suffreth noon illusion us to greve.
 And whan this book was in his remem-
 braunce, (1135)

Anon for joye his herte gan to daunce,
 And to him-self he seyde prively :

'My brother shal be warisshd hastily;
 For I am siker that ther be sciences, (411)
 By whiche men make diverse apparences
 Swiche as thise subtile tregetours pleye.
 For ofte at festes have I wel herd seye,
 That tregetours, with-inno an halle large,
 Have maad come in a water and a barge,
 And in the halle rowen up and down. (1145)
 Somtyme hath semed come a grim leonn;
 And somtyme floresspringe as in a mede;
 Somtyme a vyne, and grapes whyte and
 rede;

Somtyme a castel, al of lym and stoon;
 And whan hem lyked, voyded it anoon.
 Thus semed it to every mannes sighte.

Now than conclude I thus, that if I
 myghte (1152)

At Orliens som old felawe y-finde,
 That hadde this mones mansions in minde,
 Or other magik naturel above, (1155)
 He sholde wel make my brother han his
 love.

For with an apparence a clerk may
 make

To mannes sighte, that alle the rokkes
 blake (430)

Of Britaigne weren y-voyded everichon,

And shippes by the brinke comen and
gon, 1160

And in swich forme endure a day or two;
Than were my brother warisshid of his
wo.

Than moste she nedes holden hir biheste,
Or elles he shal shame hir atte leste!

What sholde I make a lenger tale of
this? 1165

Un-to his brotheres bed he comen is,

And swich confort he yaf him for to gon
To Orliens, that he up sterte anon, (440)

And on his wey forthward thanne is he
fare,

In hope for to ben lissed of his care. 1170
Whan they were come almost to that
cittie,

But-if it were a two furlong or three,
A yong clerk rominge by him-self they
mette,

Which that in Latin thriftily hem grette,
And after that he seyle a wonder thing:
'I knowe,' quod he, 'the cause of your
coming'; 1176

And er they ferther any fote wente. (449)
He tolde hem al that was in hir entente.

This Briton clerk him asked of felawes
The whiche that he had knowe in olde
dawes; 1180

And he answerde him that they dede were,
For which he weep ful ofte many a tere.

Doun of his hors Aurelius lighte anon,
And forth with this magicien is he gon
Hoom to his hous, and made hem wel at
ese. 1185

Hem lakked no vitaille that mighte hem
plese;

So wel arrayed hous as ther was oon
Aurelius in his lyf saugh never noon. (460)

He shewed him, or he wente to sooper,
Forestes, parkes ful of wilde deer; 1190
Ther saugh he hertes with hir hornes
hye,

The gretteste that ever were seyn with ye.
He saugh of hem an hondred slain with
houndes,

And somme with arwes blede of bittre
woundes.

He saugh, whan voided were thise wilde
deer, 1195

Thise fauconers upon a fair river,

That with hir hankes han the heron
slayn.

Tho saugh he knighting in a playn;
And after this, he dide him swich ple-
saunce, (471)

That he him shewed his lady on a daunce
On which him-self he daunced, as him
thoughte. 1201

And whan this maister, that this magik
wroughte,

Saugh it was tyme, he clapte his handes
two,

And farewel! al our revel was ago.
And yet remooved they never out of the
hous, 1205

Whyl they saugh al this sighte merveillous,
But in his studie, ther-as his bookes be,
They seten stille, and no wight but they
three. (480)

To him this maister called his squyer,
And seyde him thus: 'is redy our soper?
Almost an houre it is, I undertake, 1211
Sith I yow bad our soper for to make,
Whan that thise worthy men wenten
with me

In-to my studie, ther-as my bookes be.'

'Sire,' quod this squyer, 'whan it lyketh
yow, 1215

It is al redy, though ye wol right now.
'Go we than soupe,' quod he, 'as for the
beste;

This amorous folk som-tyme mote han
reste.' (490)

At-after soper fille they in tretee,
What somme sholde this maistres guer-
don be, 1220

To remoove alle the rokkes of Britayne,
And eek from Gerounde to the mouth of
Sayne.

He made it straunge, and swoor, so god
him save,

Lasse than a thousand pound he wolde
nat have,

Ne gladly for that somme he wolde nat
goon. 1225

Aurelius, with blisful herte anon,
Answerde thus, 'fy on a thousand pound!
This wyde world, which that men seye is
round, (500)

I wolde it yeve, if I were lord of it. 1229
This bargayn is ful drive, for we ben knit,

Ye shal be payed trewely, by my trouthe!
But loketh now, for no negligence or
slonthe,
Ye tarie us heer no lenger than to-morwe.
'Nay,' quod this clerk, 'have heer my
feith to borwe.'

To bedde is goon Aurelius whan him
leste, 1235
And wel ny al that night he hadde his
reste; (508)
What for his labour and his hope of blisse,
His woful herte of penaunce hadde a lisse.
Upon the morwe, whan that it was day,
To Britaigne toke they the righteway, 1240
Aurelius, and this magicien bisyde,
And been descended ther they wolde
abyde;
And this was, as the bokes me remembre,
The colde frosty seson of Decembre.
Phebus wex old, and hewed lyk latoun,
That in his hote declinacioun 1246
Shoon as the burned gold with stremes
brighte; (519)
But now in Capricorn adoun he lighte,
Wheras he shoon ful pale, I dar wel seyn.
The bittre frostes, with the sleet and reyn,
Destroyed hath the grene in every yerd.
Janus sit by the fyr, with double berd,
And drinketh of his bugle-horn the wyn.
Biforn him stant braun of the tusked
swyn, 1254
And 'Nowel' cryeth every lusty man.
Aurelius, in al that ever he can,
Doth to his maister chere and reverence,
And preyeth him to doon his diligence
To bringen him out of his peynes smerte,
Or with a swerd that he wolde slitte his
herte.
This subtil clerk swich routhe had of
this man, (532) 1260
That night and day he spedde him that
he can,
To wayte a tyme of his conclusioun;
This is to seye, to make illusioun,
By swich an apparence or jogelrye, 1265
I ne can no termes of astrologye,
That she and every wight sholde wene
and seye, (539)
That of Britaigne the rokkes were aweye,
Or elles they were sonken under grounde.
So atte laste he hath his tyme y-founde

To maken his japes and his wrecched-
nesse 1271
Of swich a superstitious cursednesse.
His tables Toletanes forth he broght,
Ful wel corrected, ne ther lakked noght,
Neither his collect ne his expans yeres,
Ne his rotess ne his othere geres, 1276
As been his centres and his arguments,
And his proporcionels convenientis (550)
For his equacions in every thing.
And, by his eighte spere in his wirking,
He knew ful wel how fer Almath was
shove 1281
Fro the heed of thilke fixe Aries above
That in the ninthe speere considered is;
Ful subtilly he calculed al this.
Whan he had founde his firste man-
sion, 1285
He knew the remenant by proporcione;
And knew the arysing of his mone
weel,
And in whos face, and terme, and every-
deel; (560)
And knew ful weel the mones mansioun
Accordant to his operacioun, 1290
And knew also his othere observaunces
For swiche illusiouns and swiche mes-
chaunces
As hethen folk used in thilke dayes;
For which no lenger maked he delayes,
But thurgh his magik, for a wyke or
tweye, 1295
It semed that alle the rokkes were aweye.
Aurelius, which that yet despaired is
Wher he shal han his love or fare amis,
Awaiteth night and day on this miracle;
And whan he knew that ther was noon
obstacle, (572) 1300
That voided were thise rokkes everichon,
Doun to his maistres feet he fil anon,
And seyde, 'I woful wrecche, Aurelius,
Thanke yow, lord, and lady myn Venus,
That me han holpen fro my cares colde:',
And to the temple his wey forth hath he
holde, 1306
Wheras he knew he sholde his lady see.
And whan he saugh his tyme, anon-right
he, (580)
With dredful herte and with ful humble
chere,
Salewed hath his sovereyn lady dere: 1310

'My righte lady,' quod this woful man,
 'Whom I most drede and love as I best
 can,
 And lohest were of al this world displesse,
 Nere it that I for yow have swich diseise,
 That I moste dyen heer at your foot
 anon, 1315
 Noght wolde I telle how me is wo bigon;
 But certes outher moste I dye or pleyne;
 Ye see me gilteees for verray peyne. (590)
 But of my deeth, thogh that ye have no
 routhe,
 Ayysyth yow, er that ye breke your
 trouthe. 1320
 Repenteth yow, for thilke god above,
 Er ye me sleen by-cause that I yow love.
 For, madame, wel ye woot what ye han
 hight;
 Nat that I chalange any thing of right
 Of yow my sovereyn lady, but your grace;
 But in a gardin yond, at swich a place,
 Ye woot right wel what ye bilihiten me;
 And in myn hand your trouthe plighthen
 ye 600
 To love me best, god woot, ye seyde so,
 Al be that I unworthy be therto. 1330
 Madame, I speke it for the honour of yow,
 More than to save myn hertes lyf right
 now;
 I have do so as ye comanded me;
 And if ye vouche-saue, ye may go see.
 Doth as yow list, have your biheste in
 minde, 1335
 For quik or deed, right ther ye shul me
 finde;
 In yow lyth al, to do me live or deye;—
 But wel I woot the rokkes been aweye!
 He taketh his leve, and she astonished
 stood, 611
 In al hir face nas a drope of blood; 1340
 She wende never han come in swich a
 trappe:
 'Allas!' quod she, 'that ever this sholde
 happe!
 For wende I never, by possibilitee,
 That swich a monstre or merveille mighte
 be!
 It is agayns the proces of nature:' 1345
 And hoom she gooth a sorweful creature.
 For verray fere unnethe may she go,
 She wepeth, wailleth, al a day or two, (620)

And swowneth, that it routhe was to see;
 But why it was, to no wight tolde she; 1350
 For out of toun was goon Arveragus.
 But to hir-self she spak, and seyde thus,
 With face pale and with ful sorweful
 chere,
 In hir compleynt, as ye shul after here:
 'Allas,' quod she, 'on thee, Fortune,
 I pleyne, 1355
 That unwar wrapped hast me in thy
 cheyne;
 For which, t'escape, woot I no socour
 Save only deeth or elles dishonour; (630)
 Oon of these two bihoveth me to chese.
 But nathelees, yet have I lever lese 1360
 My lyf than of my body have a shame,
 Or knowe my-selven fals, or lese my name,
 And with my deth I may be quit, y-wis.
 Hath ther nat many a noble wyf, er
 this, 1364
 And many a mayde y-slayn hir-self, allas!
 Rather than with hir body doon trespass?
 Yis, certes, lo, thise stories beren wit-
 nesse;
 Whan thretty tyraunts, ful of cursed-
 nesse, 640
 Had slayn Phidoun in Athenes, atte feste,
 They comanded his doghtres for t'areste,
 And bringen hem biforn hem in despyt
 Al naked, to fulfille hir foul delyt, 1372
 And in hir fadres blood they made hem
 daunce
 Upon the pavement, god yeve hem mis-
 chance!
 For which thise woful maydens, ful of
 drede, 1375
 Rather than they wolde lese hir mayden-
 hede,
 They prively ben stirt in-to a welle,
 And dreynte hem-selven, as the bokes
 telle. 650
 They of Messene lete enquire and seke
 Of Lacedomie fifty maydens eke, 1380
 On whiche they wolden doon hir lecherye;
 But was ther noon of al that compayne
 That she nas slain, and with a good
 entente
 Chees rather for to dye than assente
 To been oppressed of hir maydenhede. 1385
 Why sholde I thanne to dye been in
 drede?

Lo, eek, the tiraunt Aristoclydes (659)
 That loved a mayden, heet Stimphalides,
 Whan that hir fader slayn was on a night,
 Un-to Dianes temple goth she right, 1390
 And hente the image in hir handes two,
 Fro which image wold she never go.
 No wight ne mighte hir handes of it arace,
 Til she was slayn right in the selve place.
 Now sith that maydens hadden swich
 despyst 1395

To been defouled with mannes foul delyt,
 Wel oughte a wyf rather hir-selven slee
 Than be defouled, as it thinketh me. (670)

What shal I seyn of Hasdrubales wyf,
 That at Cartage birafte hir-self hir lyf?
 For whan she saugh that Romayns wan
 the toun, 1401
 She took hir children alle, and skipte
 adoun

In-to the fyr, and chees rather to dye
 Than any Romayn dide hir vileyne.

Hath nat Lucresse y-slayn hir-self,
 alas! 1405

At Rome, whanne she oppressed was
 Of Tarquin, for hir thoughte it was
 a shame

To liven whan she hadde lost hir name?

The sevene maydens of Milesie also (681)
 Han slayn hem-self, for verray drede and
 wo, 1410

Rather than folk of Gaule hem sholde
 oppresse.

Mo than a thousand stories, as I gesse,
 Coude I now telle as touchinge this
 matere.

Whan Habradate was slayn, his wyf so
 dere

Hirselen slow, and leet hir blood to
 glyde

In Habradates woundes depe and wyde,
 And seyde, "my body, at the leeste way,
 Ther shal no wight defoulen, if I may."

What sholde I mo ensamples heer-of
 sayn, (691) 1419

Sith that so manye han hem-selven slayn
 Wel rather than they wolde defouled be?
 I wol conclude, that it is bet for me
 To sleen my-self, than been defouled thus.
 I wol be trewe un-to Arveragus,
 Or rather sleen my-self in som manere,
 As dide Demociones doghter dere, 1426

By-cause that she wolde nat defouled be.

O Cedasus! it is ful greet pitee, (700)
 To reden how thy doghtren deyde, allas!
 That slowe hem-selven for swich maner
 cas. 1430

As greet a pitee was it, or wel more,
 The Theban mayden, that for Nichanore
 Hir-selven slow, right for swich maner
 wo.

Another Theban mayden dide right so;
 For oon of Macedoine hadde hir oppressed,
 She with hir deeth hir maydenhede re-
 dressed. 1436

What shal I seye of Nicerates wyf,
 That for swich cas birafte hir-self hir lyf?

How trewe eek was to Alcebiades (711)
 His love, that rather for to dyen chees 1440
 Than for to suffre his body unburied be!
 Lo which a wyf was Alcestē, quod she.

What seith Omer of gode Penelope?
 Al Grece knoweth of hir chastitee.

Pardee, of Laolomya is written thus, 1445
 That whan at Troye was slain Prothe-
 selaus,

No lenger wolde she live after his day.

The same of noble Porcia telle I may;
 With-oute Brutus coude she nat live, (721)
 To whom she hadde al hool hir herte
 yive. 1450

The parfit wyfhod of Arthemosye
 Honouris is thurgh al the Barbarye.

O Teuta, queen! thy wyfly chastitee
 To alle wyves may a mirour be. 1454
 The same thing I seye of Bilia, [T. om.
 Of Rodogone, and eek Valeria.' [T. om.

Thus pleyned Dorigene a day or tweye,
 Purposinge ever that she wolde deye. (730)

But nathelees, upon the thridde night,
 Hom cam Arveragus, this worthy knight,
 And asked hir, why that she weep so
 sore? 1461

And she gan wepen ever lenger the more.
 'Allas!' quod she, 'that ever was

I born! Thus have I seyd,' quod she, 'thus have
 I sworn'—

And told him al as ye han herd bifore; 1465
 It nedeth nat reherere it yow na-more.

This housbond with glad chere, in
 freendly wyse,
 Answerde and seyde as I shal yow devyse:

'Is ther ought elles, Dorigen, but this?' (741)

'Nay, nay,' quod she, 'god help me so,
as wis;'

1470

This is to muche, and it were goddes wille.'

'Ye, wyf,' quod he, 'lat slepen that is
stille;

It may be wel, paraventure, yet to-day.

Ye shul your trouthe holden, by my fay!

For god so wisely have mercy on me,

1475

I hadde wel lever y-stiked for to be,

For verray love which that I to yow have,

But-if ye sholde your trouthe kepe and

save.

(750)

Trouthe is the hyeste thing that man
may kepo:'—

But with that word he brast anon to
wepe,

1480

And seyde, 'I yow forbede, up peyne of
deeth,

That never, whyl thee lasteth lyf ne
breeth,

To no wight tel thou of this aventure.

As I may best, I wol my wo endure,

Ne make no contenance of heviness, 1485
That folk of yow may demen harm or
gesse.'

And forth he cleped a snyuer and
a mayde:

'Goth forth anon with Dorigen,' he
sayde,

(760)

'And bringeth hir to swich a place
anon.'

They take hir leve, and on hir wey they
gon;

1490

But they ne wiste why she thider wente.

He nolde no wight tellen his entente.

(764)

Paraventure an heep of yow, y-wis,
[T. om.

Wol holden him a lewed man in this,
[T. om.

That he wol putte his wyf in jupartye;
[T. om.

Herkneth the tale, er ye up-on hir crye.
[T. om.

She may have bettre fortune than yow
semeth;

[T. om.

And whan that ye han herd the tale,
demeth.

[T. om.

This snyuer, which that hylte Aurelius,
On Dorigen that was so amorous,

1500

Of aventure happed hir to mete

Amidde the toun, right in the quikkest
strete,

As she was boun to goon the wey forth-
right

Toward the gardin ther-as she had hylt,
And he was to the gardinward also;

1505

For wel he spyd, whan she wold go
Out of hir hous to any maner place.

But thus they mette, of aventure or
grace;

(780)

And he saleweth hir with glad entente,

And asked of hir whiderward she wente?

And she answerde, halfasshe were mad,
'Un-to the gardin, as myn housbond bad,

My trouthe for to holde, alas! alas!'

Aurelius gan wondren on this eas,
And in his herte had greet compassioun

1516

Of hir and of hir lamentacioun,
And of Arveragus, the worthy knight,

That bad hir holden al that she had
hylt,

(790)

So looth him was his wyf sholde breke
hir trouthe;

And in his herte he caughte of this greet
routhe,

1520

Consideringe the beste on every syde,
That fro his lust yet were him lever abyde

Than doon so heigh a cherlisch wrecched-
nesse

Agayns franchyse and alle gentillesse;

For which in fewe wordes seyde he thus:
'Madame, seyth to your lord Arveragus,

1500

That sith I see his grete gentillesse
To yow, and eek I see wel your distresse,

That him were lever han shame (and that
were routhe)

Than ye to me sholde breke thus your
trouthe,

1530

I have wel lever ever to suffre wo
Than I departe the love bitwix yow two.

I yow relesse, madame, in-to your hond
Quit every surement and every bond,

1534

That ye han maad to me as heer-biforn,
Sith thilke tymme which that ye were born.

My trouthe I pligte, I shal yow never
repreve

Of no biheste, and here I take my leve,
As of the treweste and the beste wyf

1540

That ever yet I knew in al my lyf.
But every wyf be-war of hir biheste,

On Dorigene remembreth atte leste.

Thus can a squyer doon a gentil dede,
As well as can a knight, with-outen drede.'

She thonketh him up-on hir knees al
bare,

And hoom un-to hir housbond is she fare,
And tolde him al as ye han herd me sayd;
And be ye siker, he was so weel apayd, (820)
That it were impossible me to wryte;
What sholde I lenger of this cas endyte?

Arveragus and Dorigene his wyf

In sovereyn blisse ledien forth hir lyf.
Never eft ne was ther angre hem bitwene;

He cherisseth hir as though she were

a quene;

And she was to him trewe for evermore.
Of these two folk ye gete of me na-more.

Aurelius, that his cost hath al forlorn,
Curseth the tyme that ever he was born:
'Allas,' quod he, 'allas! that I bihighte
Of pured gold a thousand pound of
wighte'

Un-to this philosophre! how shal I do?
I see na-more but that I am fordo.

Myn heritage moot I nedes sellie,
And been a begger; heer may I nat
dwelle,

And shamen al my kinrede in this place,
But I of him may gete bettre grace.

But nathelees, I wol of him assaye, (839)
At certeyn dayes, yeer by yeer, to paye,
And thanke him of his grete curteisye;
My trouthe wol I kepe, I wol nat lye.'

With herte soor he gooth un-to his cofre,
And broghte gold un-to this philosophre,
The value of fyve hundred pound, I gesse,
And him bischeth, of his gentillesse,
To graunte him dayes of the remenaunt,
And seyde, 'maister, I dar wel make
avaunt,

I failled never of my trouthe as yit;

For sikerly my dette shal be quit

Towards yow, how-ever that I fare
To goon a-begged in my kirtle bare.

But wolde ye vouche-sauf, up-on seurtee,
Two yeor or three for to respyten me,

Than were I wel; for elles moot I sellie
Myn heritage; ther is na-more to telle.'

This philosophre soberly answerde,

1585

And seyde thus, whan he thise wordes
herde:

(858)

'Have I nat holden covenant un-to thee?'*

'Yes, certes, wel and trewely,' quod he.

'Hastow nat had thy lady as thee lyketh?'*

'No, no,' quod he, and sorwefully he

syketh.

1590

'What was the cause? tel me if thou can.'*

Aurelius his tale anon bigan,

And tolde him al, as ye han herd bifore;

It nedeth nat to yow rechere it more.

He seide, 'Arveragus, of gentillesse,

1595 Had lever dye in sorwe and in distresse

Than that his wyf were of hir trouthe

fals.'

(869)

The sorwe of Dorigen he tolde him als,

How looth hir was to been a wikked wyf,

And that she lever had lost that day hir

lyf,

1600 And that hir trouthe she swoor, thurgh

innocence:

'She never erst herde speke of apparence;

That made me han of hir so greet pitee.

And right as frely as he sente hir me,

As frely sente I hir to him ageyn.

1605 This al and som, ther is na-more to seyn.'

This philosophre answerde,

'leve brother,

Everich of yow dide gentilly til other.

(880) Thou art a squyer, and he is a knight;

But god forbede, for his blisful might,

1610 But-if a clerk coude doon a gentil dede

As wel as any of yow, it is no drede!

Sire, I releesse thee thy thousand pound,

As thou right now were cropen out of the

1614 ground,

Ne never er now ne haddest knownan me.

For sire, I wol nat take a pony of thee.

For al my craft, ne noght for my travaille.

(890) Thou hast y-payed wel for my vitalle;

It is y-nogh, and farewell, have good day:'

And took his hors, and forth he gooth

1620 his way.

Lordinges, this question wolde I aske

now,

Which was the moste free, as thinketh yow?

Now telleth me, er that ye ferther wende.

I can na-more, my tale is at an ende.

(896)

Here is ended the Frankeleyns Tale.

* * The six lines, numbered 11929-34 in Tyrwhitt's text, are spurious; for his

ll. 11935-12902, see pp. 551-564; for ll. 12903-15468, see pp. 492-551.

GROUP G.

THE SECONDE NONNES TALE.

The Prologe of the Seconde Nonnes Tale.

The ministre and the norice un-to vyces,
Which that men clepe in English ydelenesse,
That porter of the gate is of delyees,
Teschue, and by hir contrarie hir oppresse,
That is to seyn, by leueful bisenesse, 5
Wel oghten we to doon al our entente,
Lest that the feend thurgh ydelenesse us hente.

For he, that with his thousand cordes slye
Continually us waiteth to bielappe,
Whan he may man in ydelenesse espye, 10
He can so lightly eacche him in his trappe,
Til that a man be hent right by the lappe,
He nis nat war the feend hath him in honde;
Wel oughte us werche, and ydelenes with stonde.

And though men dradden never for to dye,
Yet seen men wel by reson doutelees, 16
That ydelenesse is roten slogardye,
Of which ther never comth no good encrees;

And seen, that slouthie hir holdeth in a lees

Only to slepe, and for to ete and drinke,
And to devouren al that other swinke. 21

And for to putte us fro swich ydelenesse,
That cause is of so greet confusioune,
I have heer doon my feithful bisenesse,
After the legende, in translacioun 25
Right of thy glorious lyf and passioune,
Thou with thy gerland wrought of rose
and lylie;
Thee mene I, mayde and martir, saint Cecilia!

Inuocacio ad Mariam.

AND thou that flour of virgines art alle,
Of whom that Bernard list so wel to wryte, 30
To thee at my beginning first I calle;
Thou comfort of us wrecches, do me endyte
Thy maydens deeth, than wan thurgh hir meryte
The eternal lyf, and of the feend victorie,
As man may after reden in hir storie. 35
Thou mayde and mooder, doghter of thy sone,
Thou welle of mercy, sinful soules cure,
In whom that god, for bountee, chees to wone,
Thou humble, and heigh over every creature,
Thou nobledest so ferforth our nature, 40
That no desdeyn the maker hadde of kinde,
His sone in blode and flesh to clothe and winde.

Withinne the cloistre blisful of thy sydes
Took mannes shap the eternal love and pees,
That of the tryne compas lord and gyde is, 45
Whom erthe and see and heven, out of reles,
Ay herien; and thou, virgin wemmelees,
Bar of thy body, and dweltest mayden pure,
The creatour of every creature.

Assembled is in thee magnificencie 50
With mercy, goodnesse, and with swich pitee

That thou, that art the sonne of excellence,
Nat only helpest hem that preyen thee,
But ofte tyme, of thy benignitee, 54
Ful frely, er that men thyn help biseche,
Thou goost biforn, and art hir lyves leche.

Now help, thou meke and blisful fayre
mayde,
Me, flemed wrecche, in this desert of galle:
Think on the womman Cananee, that
sayde

That whelpes eten somme of the crommes
alle 60
That from hir lordes table been y-falle;
And though that I, unworthy sone of Eve,
Be sinful, yet accepte my bileyve.

And, for that feith is deed with-outen
werkes,
So for to werken yif me wit and space, 65
That I be quit fro thennes that most derk
is!

O thou, that art so fayr and ful of grace,
Be myn advocat in that heighe place
Ther-as withouten ende is songe 'Osanne,'
Thou Cristes mooder, daughter dere of
Anne! 70

And of thy light my soule in prison lighte,
That troubled is by the contagiou
Of my body, and also by the wighte
Of ertly luste and fals affeccioun;
O haven of refut, o salvacioun 75
Of hem that been in sorwe and in dis-
tresse,

Now help, for to my werk I wol me dresse.

Yet preye I yow that reden that I wryte,
For yeve me, that I do no diligence
This ilke storie subtilly to endyte; 80
For both have I the wordes and sentence
Of him that at the seintes reverence
The storie wroot, and folwe hir legende,
And prey yow, that ye wol my werk
amende.

*Interpretatio nominis Cecilie, quam ponit
frater Jacobus Januensis in Legenda
Aurea.*

FIRST wolde I yow the name of saint
Cecilie 85
Expoune, as men may in hir storie see,

It is to seye in English 'hevenes lylie,'
For pure chastnesse of virginitee;
Or, for she whytnesse hadde of honestee,
And grene of conscience, and of good
fame 90
The sote savour, 'lylie' was hir name.

Or Cecile is to seye 'the wey to blinde,'
For she ensample was by good techinge;
Or elles Cecile, as I writyen finde,
Is joyned, by a maner conjoininge 95
Of 'hevene' and 'Lia'; and heer, in
figuringe,
The 'heven' is set for thought of holinesse,
And 'Lia' for hir lasting bisinesse.

Cecile may eek be seyd in this manere,
'Wanting of blindnesse,' for hir ¹⁰⁰ grete
light

Of sapience, and for hir thewes clere;
Or elles, lo! this maydens name bright
Of 'hevene' and 'leos' comth, for which
by right

Men mighte hir wel 'the heven of peple'
calle, 104

Ensample of gode and wyse werkes alle.

For 'leos' 'peple' in English is to seye,
And right as men may in the hevene see
The sonne and mone and sterres every
weye,

Right so men gostly, in this mayden free,
Seyen of feith the magnanimitee, 110
And eek the cleernessee hool of sapience,
And sondry werkes, brighte of excellencye.

And right so as thise philosophres wryte
That heven is swift and round and eek
brenninge,

Right so was fayre Cecilie the whyte 115
Ful swift and bisy ever in good werkinges,
And round and hool in good perseveringes;
And brenning ever in charitee ful brighte.
Now have I yow declared what she highte.

Explicit.

Here biginneth the Seconde Nonnes
Tale, of the lyf of Seinte Cecile.
This mayden bright Cecilie, as hir lyf
seith, 120
Was comen of Romayns, and of noble
kinde,

And from hir cradel up fostred in the
feith
Of Crist, and bar his gospel in hir minde;
She never cessed, as I witten finde,
Of hir preyere, and god to love and drede,
Biseking him to kepe hir maydenhede. 126

And when this mayden sholde unto a man
Y-wedded be, that was ful yong of age,
Which that y-cleped was Valerian,
And day was comen of hir mariage, 130
She, ful devout and humble in hir corage,
Under hir robe of gold, that sat ful fayre,
Had next hir flesh y-clad hir in an heyre.

And whyl the organs maden melodye,
To god alone in herte thus sang she; 135
'O lord, my soule and eok my body gye
Unwemmed, lest that I confounded be:'
And, for his love that deyde upon a tree,
Every seconde or thridde day she faste,
Ay biddinge in hir orisons ful faste. 140

The night cam, and to bedde moste she
gon
With hir housbonde, as ofte is the manere,
And prively to him she seyde anon,
'O swete and wel biloved spouse dere,
Ther is a conseil, and ye wolde it here,
Which that right fain I wolde unto yow
seye, 146
So that ye swere ye shul me nat biwreye.'

Valerian gan faste unto hir swere,
That for no cas, ne thing that mighte be,
He sholde never-mo biwreyen here; 150
And thanne at erst to him thus seyde she,
'I have an angel which that loveth me,
That with greet love, wher-so I wake or
slepe,
Is redy ay my body for to kepe. 154

And if that he may felen, out of drede,
That ye me touche or love in vileinye,
He right anon wol slee yow with the dede,
And in your yowthe thus ye shulden dye;
And if that ye in clene love me gye,
He wol yow loven as me, for your clen-
nesse, 160
And shewen yow his joye and his bright-
nesse.'

Valerian, corrected as god wolde,
Answerde agayn, 'if I shal trusten thee,
Lat me that angel see, and him biholde;
And if that it a verray angel be, 165
Than wol I doon as thou hast preyed me;
And if thou love another man, for sothe
Right with this swerd than wol I slee yow
bothe.'

Cecile answerde anon right in this wyse,
'If that yow list, the angel shul ye see, 170
So that ye trowe on Crist and yow bap-
tyse.
Goth forth to Via Apia,' quod she,
'That fro this toun ne stant but myles
three,

And, to the povre folkes that ther dwelle,
Sey hem right thus, as that I shal yow
telle. 175

Telle hem that I, Cecile, yow to hem sente,
To shewen yow the gode Urban the olde,
For secreet nedes and for good entente.
And whan that ye saint Urban han bi-
holde,

Telle him the wordes whiche I to yow
tolde; 180

And whan that he hath purged yow fro
sinne,

Thanne shul ye see that angel, er ye
twinne.'

Valerian is to the place y-gon,
And right as him was taught by his
lerninge,

He fond this holy olde Urban anon 185
Among the seintes buriels lotinge.

And he anon, with-outen taryinge,
Dide his message; and whan that he it
tolde,

Urban for joye his hondes gan up holde.

The teres from his yēn leet he falle— 190
'Almighty lord, O Jesu Crist,' quod he,

'Sower of chast conseil, herde of us alle,
The fruit of thilke seed of chastitee
That thou hast sowe in Cecile, tak to thee!
Lo, lyk a bisy bee, with-outen gyle, 195
Thee serveth ay thyng owene thral Cecile!

For thilke spouse, that she took but now
Ful lyk a fiers leoun, she sendeth here,

As meke as ever was any lamb, to yow!'
And with that worde, anon ther gan
appere 200
An old man, clad in whyte clothes clere,
That hadde a book with lettred of golde in
honde,
And gan biforn Valerian to stonde.

Valerian as deed fil down for drede
Whan he him saugh, and he up hente
him tho, 205
And on his book right thus he gan to
rede—

'Oo Lord, oo feith, oo god with-outen mo,
Oo Cristendom, and fader of alle also,
Aboven alle and over al everywhere'—
These wordes al with gold y-written were.

Whan this was rad, than seyde this olde
man, 211
'Levestow this thing or no? sey ye or
nay.'
'I leve al this thing,' quod Valerian,
'For sother thing than this, I dar wel say,
Under the hevene no wight thinke may.'
Tho vanisched th'olde man, he niste
where, 216
And pope Urban him cristenet right
there.

Valerian goth hoom, and fint Cecilie
With-inne his chambre with an angel
stonde;
This angel hadde of roses and of lylie 220
Corones two, the which he bar in honde;
And first to Cecile, as I understande,
He yaf that oon, and after gan he take
That other to Valerian, hir make.

'With body clene and with unwemmed
thoght 225
Kepeth ay wel thise corones,' quod he;
'Fro Paradys to yow have I hem broght,
Ne never-mo ne shal they roten be,
Ne lese her sote savour, trusteth me;
Ne never wight shal seen hem with his ȳ,
But he be chaast and hate vileyngē. 231

And thou, Valerian, for thou so sone
Assentedest to good conseil also,
Sey what thee list, and thou shalt han
thy bone.'

'I have a brother,' quod Valerian tho, 235
'That in this world I love no man so.
I pray yow that my brother may han
grace
To knowe the trouthe, as I do in this
place.'

The angel seyde, 'god lyketh thy requeste,
And bothe, with the palm of martirdom,
Ye shullen come unto his blisful feste.'
And with that word Tiburce his brother
com. 245

And whan that he the savour undernom
Which that the roses and the lilies caste,
With-inne his herte he gan to wondre
faste, 245

And seyde, 'I wondre, this tyme of the
yeer,

Whennes that sote savour cometh so
Of rose and lilies that I smelle heer.
For though I hadde hem in myn hondes
two, 249

The savour mighte in me no depper go.
The sote smel that in myn herte I finde
Hath chaunged me al in another kinde.'

Valerian seyde, 'two corones han we,
Snow-whyle and rose-reed, that shynen
clere,

Whiche that thyn ȳ han no might to
see; 255

And as thou smeltest hem thurgh my
preyere,

So shalton seen hem, leve brother dere,
If it so be thou wolt, withouten slouthe,
Bileve aright and knownen verray trouthe.'

Tiburce answerde, 'seistow this to me 260
In soothnesse, or in dreem I herkne this?'
'In dremes,' quod Valerian, 'han we be
Unto this tyme, brother myn, y-wis.
But now at erst in trouthe our dwelling is.
'How woostew this,' quod Tiburce, 'in
what wyse?' 265

Quod Valerian, 'that shal I thee devyse.

The angel of god hath me the trouthe
y-taught
Which thou shalt seen, if that thou wolt
reneye

The ydoles and be clene, and elles
naught.'—269
And of the miracle of thise coronestweye
Seint Ambrose in his preface list to seye;
Solempnely this noble doctour dere
Commendeth it, and seith in this manere:

The palm of martirdom for to receyve,
Seinto Cecile, fulfild of goddes yifte,275
The world and eek hir chambre gan she
weyve;

Witnes Tyburces and †Valerians shrifte,
To whiche god of his bountee wolde
shifte

Corones two of floures wel smellinge,
And made his angel hem the corones
bringe:280

The mayde hath broght thise men to
blisse above;
The world hath wist what it is worth,
certeyn,

Devocioun of chastitee to love.—
Tho shewede him Cecile al open and pleyne
That alle ydoles nis but a thing in veyn;
For they been dombe, and therto they
been deve,286

And charged him his ydoles for to leve.

'Who so that troweth nat this, a beste
he is,'

Quod tho Tiburce, 'if that I shal nat lye.'
And she gan kisse his brest, that herde
this,290

And was ful glad he coule trouthe espaye.
'This day I take thee for myn allye,'
Seyde this blisful fayre mayde dere;
And after that she seyde as ye may here:

'Lo, right so as the love of Crist,' quod
she,295

'Made me thy brotheres wyf, right in
that wyse

Anon for myn allye heer take I thee,
Sin that thou wolt thyn ydoles despysye.
Go with thy brother now, and thee bap-
tyse,300

And make thee clene; so that thou mowe
biholde

The angels face of which thy brother
tolde.'

Tiburce answerde and seyde, 'brother
dere,

First tel me whider I shal, and to what
man?'

'To whom?' quod he, 'com forth with
right good chere,

I wol thee lede unto the pope Urban.' 305

'Til Urban? brother myn Valerian,'

Quod tho Tiburce, 'woltow methider lede?
Me thinketh that it were a wonder dede.

Ne menestow nat Urban,' quod he tho,

'That is so ofte damped to be deed,310

And woneth in halkes alwey to and fro,

And dar nat ones putte forth his heed?

Men sholde him brennen in a fyr so reed

If he were founde, or that men mighte him

spye;

And we also, to bere him companye—315

And whyl we seken thilke divinitie

That is y-hid in hevene privly,
Algate y-brend in this world shul we be?'

To whom Cecile answerde boldely,319

'Men mighten dreden wel and skilfully

This lyf to lese, myn owene dere brother,

If this were livinge only and non other.

But ther is better lyf in other place,
That never shal be lost, ne drede thee
nocht,

Which goddes sone us tolde thurgh his
grace;325

That fadresonne hath alle thinges wrought;

And al that wrought is with a skilful thought,

The goost, that fro the fader gan procede,

Hath sowled hem, withouten any drede.

By word and by miracle goddes sone,330

Whan he was in this world, declared here

That ther was other lyf ther men may
wone.'

To whom answerde Tiburce, 'O suster dere,

Ne seydestow right now in this manere,

Ther nis but o god, lord in soothfastnesse;

And now of three how maystow bere

witnessse?'336

'That shal I telle,' quod she, 'er I go.

Right as a man hath sapiences three,

Memorie, engyn, and intellect also,

So, in o being of divinitie,340

Three persones may ther right wel be.
Tho gan she him ful bisily to preche
Of Cristes come and of his peynes teche,

And many pointes of his passioun ;
How goddes sone in this world was with-
holde,
To doon mankinde pleyn remissioune,
That was y-bounde in sinne and cures
colde :
345

Al this thing she unto Tiburee tolde.
And after this Tiburee, in good entente,
With Valerian to pope Urban he wente,

That thanked god ; and with glad herte
and light

He cristned him, and made him in that
place

Parfit in his lerninge, goddes knight.
And after this Tiburce gat swich grace,
That every day he saugh, in tyme and
space,

The angel of god ; and every maner bone
That he god axed, it was sped ful sone.

It were ful hard by ordre for to seyn
How many wondres Jesus for hem
wroghte ;

But atte laste, to tellen short and pleyn,
The sergeants of the toun of Rome hem
soghite,

361 And hem biforn Almache the prefect
broghte,

Which hem apposed, and knew al hir
entente,

And to the image of Jupiter hem sente,

And seyde, 'who so wol nat sacrifysse,
Swap of his heed, this is my sentence
here.'

Anon thise martirs that I yow devyse,
Oon Maximus, that was an officere
Of the prefecches and his corniculere,
Hem hente ; and whan he forth the
seintes ladde,

Him-self he weep, for pitee that he hadde.

Whan Maximus had herd the seintes lore,
He gat him of the tormentours leve,
And ladde hem to his hous withoute
more ;

374 And with hir preching, er that it were eve,

They gonnen fro the tormentours to reve,
And fro Maxime, and fro his folk echone
The false feith, to trowe in god alone.

Cecilie cam, whan it was woxen night,
With preestes that hem cristned alle
y-fere ;
380

And afterward, whan day was woxen
light,

Cecile hem seyde with a ful sobre chere,
'Now, Cristes owene knighthes leve and
dere,

Caste alle awey the werkes of derknesse,
And armeth yow in armure of bright-
nesse.

385 Ye han for sothe y-doон a greet bataille,
Your cours is doon, your feith han ye
conserved,

Goth to the corone of lyf that may nat
faile;

The rightful juge, which that ye han
served,

389 Shall yeve it yow, as ye han it deserved.'
And whan this thing was soyd as I devyse,
Men ladde hem forth to doon the sacrifysse.

But whan they weren to the place broght,
To tellen shortly the conclusioun,
They nolde encense ne sacrifice right
noght,

395 But on hir knees they setten hem adoun
With humble herte and sad devocioun,
And losten bothe hir hedes in the place.
Hir soules wenten to the king of grace.

This Maximus, that saugh this thing
bityde,

400 With pitous teres tolde it anon-right,
That he hir soules saugh to heven glyde
With angels ful of cleernesse and of light,
And with his word converted many a
wight ;

For which Almachius dide him so to-bete
With whippe of leed, til he his lyf gan
lete.

406 Cecile him took and buried him anoon
By Tiburee and Valerian softly,
Withinne hir buryng-place, under the
stoon.

410 And after this Almachius hastily

Bad his ministres feechen openly
Cecile, so that she mighe in his presence
Doon sacrificee, and Jupiter encense.

But they, converted at hir wyse lore,
Wepten ful sore, and yaven ful credence
Unto hir word, and cryden more and
more, 416
'Crist, goddes sone withouten difference,
Is verray god, this is al our sentence,
That hath so good a servant him to serve;
This with o voys we trowen, though we
serve!' 420

Almachius, that herde of this doinge,
Bad feechen Cecile, that he mighe hir see,
And alderfirst, lo! this was his axinge,
'What maner womman artow?' the quod
he. 424

'I am a gentil womman born,' quod she.
'I axe thee,' quod he, 'thogh it thee greve,
Of thy religioum and of thy bileyve.'

'Ye han bigonne your question folily,'
Quod she, 'that wolden two answeres
concluse

In oo demande; ye axed lewedly.' 430
Almache answerde unto that similitude,
'Of whennes comth thyn answering so
rude?'

'Of whennes?' quod she, whan that she
was freyned,
'Of conscience and of good feith un-
feyned.' 434

Almachius seyde, 'ne takestow non hede
Of my power?' and she answerde him
this—

'Your might,' quod she, 'ful litel is to
dredre;
For every mortal mannes power nis
But lyk a bladdre, ful of wind, y-wis. 439
For with a needles poynyt, whan it is blowe,
May al the boost of it be leyd ful lowe.'

'Ful wrongfully bigonne thou,' quod he,
'And yet in wrong is thy perseveraunce;
Wostow nat how our mighty princes free
Han thus comanded and maad ordin-
aunce, 445
That every Cristen wight shal han pen-
aunce

But if that he his Cristendom withseye,
And goon al quit, if he wol it reneye?

'Your princes erren, as your nobley dooth,'
Quod tho Cecile, 'and with a wood
sentence 450

Ye make us gilty, and it is nat sooth;
For ye, that knownen wel our innocence,
For as muche as we doon a reverence
To Crist, and for we bere a Cristen name,
Ye putte on us a cryme, and eek a blame.

But we that knownen thilke name so 456
For vertuous, we may it nat withseye.'
Almache answerde, 'chees oon of these
two,

Do sacrificee, or Cristendom reneye,
That thou mowe now escapen by that
weye.' 460

At which the holy blisful fayre mayde
Gan for to laughe, and to the juge seyde,

'O juge, confus in thy nyctee,
Woltow that I reneye innocence, 464
To make me a wikked wight?' quod she;
'Lo! he dissimuleth here in audience,
Hestareth and woodest in hisadvertere!
To whom Almachius, 'unseyl wrecche,
Ne woostow nat how far my might may
strecche?'

Han noght our mighty princes to me
yeven, 470

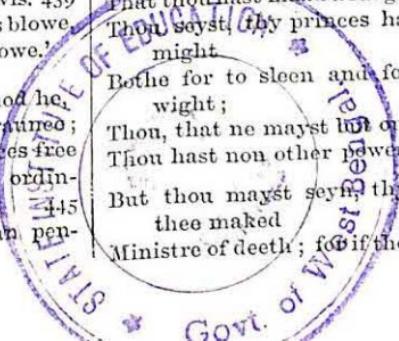
Ye, bothe power and auctoritee
To maken folk to dyen or to liven?
Why spekestow so proudly than to me?
'I speke noght but stedfastly,' quod she,
'Nat proudly, for I seye, as for my syde,
We haten deedly thilke vyce of prydye.'

And if thou drede nat a sooth to here,
Than wol I shewe al openly, by right,
That thou hast maad a ful gret lesing here.
Thou sayst, thy princes han thee yeven
might 480

Bothe for to sleepen and for to quiken a
wight;

Thou, that ne mayst but only lyf bireve,
Thou hast non other power ne no leve!

But thou mayst seyn, thy princes han
thee makid 484
Ministre of deeth; for if thou speke of mo,



Thou lyest, for thy power is ful naked.'
 'Do wey thy boldnes,' seyde Almachius
 tho,

'And sacrificye to our goddes, er thou go;
 I recche nat what wrong that thou me
 profre,
 For I can suffre it as a philosophre; 490

But thilke wronges may I nat endure
 That thou spekest of our goddes here,'
 quod he.

Cecile answerede, 'O nyee creature,
 Thou seydest no word sin thou spak to me
 That I ne knew therwith thy nycetee; 495
 And that thou were, in every maner
 wyse,

A lewed officer and a veyn justyse.

Ther lakketh no-thing to thyn utter yēn
 That thou nart blind, for thing that we
 seen alle 499

That it is stoon, that men may wel espyen,
 That ilke stoon a god thou wolt it calle.
 I rede thee, lat thyn hand upon it falle,
 And taste it wel, and stoon thou shalt it
 finde,
 Sin that thou seest nat with thyn yēn
 blinde.

It is a shame that the peple shal 505
 So scorne thee, and laughe at thy folye;
 For comunly men woot it wel overal,
 That mighty god is in his hevenes hye,
 And thise images, wel thou mayst espye,
 To thee ne to hem-self mowе nougħt
 profyte,
 For in effect they been nat worth a myte.'

These wordes and swiche othere seyde she,
 And he weex wroth, and bad men sholde
 hir lede

Hom til hir hous, 'and in hir hous,' quod
 he,
 'Brenne hir right in a bath of flambes
 rede.'

And as he bad, right so was doon in dede;
 For in a bath they gonне hir faste shetten,
 And night and day greet fyr they under
 betten.

The longe night and eek a day also,
 For al the fyr and eek the bathes hete,
 She sat al cold, and felede no wo, 521
 It made hir nat a drope for to swete.
 But in that bath hir lyf she moste lete;
 Forhe, Almachius, with ful wikke entente
 To sleen hir in the bath his sonde sente.

Three strokes in the nekke he smoot hir
 tho, 526

The tormentour, but for no maner chaunce
 He mighte noght smyte al hir nekke
 a-two;

And for ther was that tyme an ordin-
 aunce,

That no man sholde doon man swich
 penaunce 530

The ferthe strook to smyten, softe or sore,
 This tormentour ne dorste do na-more.

But half-deed, with hir nekke y-corven
 there,

He lefte hir lye, and on his wey is went.
 The Cristen folk, which that aboute hir
 were, 535

With shetes han the blood ful faire y-hent.
 Three dayes lived she in this torment,
 And never cessed hem the feith to tecche;
 That she hadde fostred, hem she gan to
 preche;

And hem she yaf hir moebles and hir
 thing, 540

And to the pope Urban bitook hem tho,
 And seyde, 'I axed this at hevene king,
 To han respyt three dayes and na-mo,
 To recomende to yow, er that I go,
 These soules, lo! and that I mighte do
 werche 545

Here of myn hous perpetually a cherche.'

Seint Urban, with his deknes, prively
 The body fette, and buried it by nighte
 Among his othere seintes honestly.

Hir hous the chirche of seint Cecilia
 highte; 550

Seint Urban halwed it, as he wel mighte;
 In which, into this day, in noble wyse,
 Men doon to Crist and to his seint servysz.

THE CANON'S YEOMAN'S PROLOGUE.

The prologue of the Chanons Yemannes Tale.

WHAN ended was the lyf of saint Cecyle,
Er we had ridden fully fyve myle, 555
At Boghton under Blee us gan atake
A man, that clothed was in clothes blake,
And undernethe he hadde a whyt surplys.
His hakeney, that was al pomely grys,
So swatte, that it wonder was to see ; 560
It semed he had priked myles three.
The hors eek that his yeman rood upon
So swatte, that unnethe mighte it gon. (10)
Aboute the peytrell stood the foom ful hye,
He was of fome al flekked as a pye. 565
A male tweyfold on his croper lay,
It semed that he caried lyte array.
Al light for somer rood this worthy man,
And in myn herte wondren I bigan
What that he was, til that I understood
How that his cloke was sowed to his
hood ; 571
For which, when I had longa avysed me,
I demed him som chanon for to be. (20)
His hat heng at his bak doun by a laas,
For he had ridden more than trot or paas;
He had ay priked lyk as he were wood.
A cloete-leef he hadde under his hood 577
For swoot, and for to kepe his heed from
hete.
But it was joye for to seen him swete !
His fortheed dropped as a stillatorie, 580
Were ful of plantain and of paritorie.
And whan that he was come, he gan to
crye,
' God save,' quod he, ' this joly compayne !
Faste have I priked,' quod he, ' for your
sake, 585
By-cause that I wolde yow atake,
To ryden in this mery compayne.'
His yeman eek was ful of curteisye,
And seyde, ' sires, now in the morwe-tyde
Out of your hostelrye I saugh you ryde,

And warned heer my lord and my
soverayn, 590
Which that to ryden with yow is ful fayn,
For his despott ; he loveth daliaunce.'
' Freend, for thy warning god yeve thee
good chaunce,' (40)
Than seyde our host, ' for certes, it wolde
seme
Thy lord were wys, and so I may wel
deme ; 595
He is ful jocund also, dar I leye.
Can he ought tell a mery tale or tweye,
With which he glade may this compayne ?'
' Who, sire ? my lord ? ye, ye, withouten
lye,
He can of murthe, and eek of jolitee 600
Nat but ynough ; also sir, trusteth me,
And ye him knewe as wel as do I,
Ye wolde wondre how wel and craftily (50)
He conde werke, and that in sondry wyse.
He hath take on him many a greet
emprysse, 605
Which were ful hard for any that is
here
To bringe aboute, but they of him it lere.
As homely as he rit amonges yow,
If ye him knewe, it wolde be for your
prow ; 609
Ye wolde nat forgoon his aqueyntaunce
For mochel good, I dar leye in balaunce
Al that I have in my possesoun.
He is a man of heigh discreciooun, (60)
I warne you wel, he is a passing man.'
' Wel,' quod our host, ' I pray thee, tel
me than, 615
Is he a clerk, or noon ? tel what he is ?
' Nay, he is gretter than a clerk, y-wis,'
Seyde this yeman, ' and in wordes fewe,
Host, of his craft som-what I wol yow
shewe. 619

I seye, my lord can swich subtilitee—
(But al his craft ye may nat wite at me;
And som-what helpe I yet to his werkynge)—
That al this ground on which we been
ryding, (70)

Til that we come to Caunterbury toun,
He conde al clene turne it up-so-doun, 625
And pave it al of silver and of gold.'

And whan this yeman hadde thus y-told
Unto our host, he seyde, '*bencite!*'
This thing is wonder merveillous to me,
Sin that thy lord is of so heigh prudence,
By-cause of which men sholde him rever-
ence, 631

That of his worship reketh he so lyte;
His overslope nis nat worth a myte, (80)
As in effect, to him, so mote I go!
It is al bandy and to-tore also. 635
Why is thy lord so sluttish, I thee preye,
And is of power better cloth to beye,
If that his dede accordeth with thy speche?
Telle me that, and that I thee biseche.'

'Why?' quod this yeman, 'wherto axe
ye me?' 640
God help me so, for he shal never thee!
(But I wol nat avowe that I seye,
And therfor kepe it secre, I yow preye).
He is to wys, in feith, as I bileve; (91)
That that is overdoon, it wol nat preve 645
Aright, as clerkes seyn, it is a vyce.
Wherfor in that I holde him lewed and
nyce.

For whan a man hath over-greet a wit,
Ful oft him happeth to misusen it;
So dooth my lord, and that me greveth
sore. 650

God it amende, I can sey yow na-more.'
'Ther-of no fors, good yeman,' quod our
host;

'Sin of the conning of thy lord thou
wost, (100)

Tel how he dooth, I pray thee hertely,
Sin that he is so crafty and so sly. 655
Wher dwellen ye, if it to telle be?'

'In the suburbs of a toun,' quod he,
'Lurkinge in hernes and in lanes blinde,
Wher-as thise robbours and thise theves
by kinde

Holden hir privee ferefule residence, 660
As they that dar nat shewen hir presence;
So faren we, if I shal seye the sothe.'

'Now,' quod our host, 'yit lat me talk
to the; (110)

Why artow so discoloured of thy face?'

'Peter!' quod he, 'god yeve it harde
grace, 665

I am so used in the fyr to blowe,
That it hath chaunged my colour, I trowe.
I am nat wont in no mirour to prye,
But swinke sore and lerne multiplye.

We blondren ever and pouren in the fyr,
And for al that we fayle of our desyr, 671
For ever we lakken our conclusioun.

To mochel folle we doon illusioun, (120)
And borwe gold, be it a pound or two,
Or ten, or twelve, or many sommes mo, 675
And make hem wenens, at the leeste weye,
That of a pound we coude make tweye!
Yet is it fals, but ay we han good hope
It for to doon, and after it we gropre.
But that science is so fer us biforn, 680
We mowen nat, al-though we hadde it
sworn,

It overtaketh, it slit away so faste;
It wol us maken beggers atte laste.' (130)

Whyl this yeman was thus in his
talking,

This chanoun drongh him neer, and herde
al thing 685

Which this yeman spak, for suspencion
Of mennes speche ever hadde this cha-
noun.

For Catoun seith, that he that gilty is
Demeth al thing be spoke of him, y-wis.
That was the cause hegan so ny him drawe.
To his yeman, to herknen al his sawe, 691
And thus he seyde un-to his yeman tho,
'Hold thou thy pees, and spek no wordes
mo, (140)

For if thou do, thou shalt it dere abyse;
Thou selaundrest me heer in this com-
panye, 695

And eek discoverest that thou sholdest
hyde.'

'Ye,' quod our host, 'telle on, what so
bityde;

Of al his threting rekke nat a myte!'
'In feith,' quod he, 'namore I do but lyte.'

And whan this chanon saugh it wolde
nat be, 700

But his yeman wolde telle his privatee,
He fledde awey for verray sorwe and shame.

'A!' quod the yeman, 'heer shal aryse
game, (150)
Al that I can anon now wol I telle. 704
Sin he is goon, the foule feend him quelle!
For never her-after wol I with him mete
For peny ne for pound, I yow bihete!
He that me broghte first unto that game,
Er that he dye, sorwe have he and shame!
For it is ernest to me, by my feith; 710
That fele I wel, what so any man seith.

And yet, for al my smerte and al my
grief,
For al my sorwe, labour, and meschief,
I conde never leve it in no wyse. (161)
Now wolde god my wit mighte suffysse 715
To tellen al that longeth to that art!
But natheles yow wol I tellen part;
Sin that my lord is gon, I wol nat spare;
Swich thing as that I knowe, I wol de-
clare.'— 719

Here endeth the Prologue of the Chanouns Yemannes Tale.

THE CHANOUNS YEMANNES TALE.

Here beginneth the Chanouns Yeman his Tale.

[*Prima Pars.*]

WITH this chanoun I dwelt have seven
yeer, 720
And of his science am I never the neer.
Al that I hadde, I have y-lost ther-by;
And god wot, so hath many mo than I. (170)
Ther I was wont to be right fresh and gay
Of clothing and of other good array, 725
Now may I were an hose upon myn heed;
And wher my colour was bothe fresh and
reed,

Now is it wan and of a ledene hewe;
Who-so it useth, sore shal he rewe.
And of my swink yet blered is myn yē, 730
Lo! which avantage is to multiplye!
That slyding science hath me maad so bare,
That I have no good, wher that ever I fare;
And yet I am endettet so ther-by (181)
Of gold that I have borwed, trewely, 735
That whyl I live, I shal it quyte never.
Lat every man be war by me for ever!
What maner man that casteth him ther-to,
If he continue, I holde his thirst y-do.
So helpe me god, ther-by shal he nat winne,
But empete his purs, and make his wittes
thinne. (188) 741
And whan he, thurgh his madnes and folye,

Hath lost his owene good thurgh jupartye,
Thanne he excyteth other folk ther-to,
To lese hir good as he him-self hath do. 745
For unto shrewes joye it is and ese
To have hir felawes in peyne and diseise;
Thus was I ones lerned of a clerk.
Of that no charge, I wol speke of our werk.
Whan we been ther as we shul exercyse
Our elvish craft, we semen wonder wyse,
Our termes been so clergial and so
queynte. (199) 752
I blowe the fy til that myn herte feynete.

What sholde I tellen ech proporcione
Of thinges whiche that we werche upon,
As on fyve or sixe ounces, may wel be, 755
Of silver or som other quantitee,
And bisie me to telle yow the names
Of orpiment, brent bones, yren squames,
That into poudre grounden been ful smal?
And in an erthen potte how put is al, 761
And salt y-put in, and also papeer, (209)
Bisorn thise poudres that I speke of heer,
And wel y-covered with a lampe of glas,
And mochel other thing which that ther
was? 765

And of the pot and glasses enluting,
That of the eyre mighte passe out no-thing?

And of the esy fyr and smart also,
Which that was maad, and of the care
and wo

769

That we hadde in our matires sublyming,
And in amalgaming and calcening
Of quik-silver, y-clept Mercurie crude?
For alle our sleights we can nat conclude.

(220)

Our orpiment and sublymed Mercurie,
Our grounden litarge eek on the porphurie,
Of ech of thise of ounces a certeyn

776

Nought helpeth us, our labour is in veyn.
Ne eck our spirites ascenciou,

Ne our materes that lyen al fixe adoun,

Mowe in our werkyng no-thing us avayle.

For lost is al our laboar and travayle,

781

And al the cost, a twenty devel weye,
Is lost also, which we upon it leye.

(230)

Ther is also ful many another thing
That is unto our craft apertenynge;

785

Though I by ordre hem nat reherce can,

By cause that I am a lewed man,

Yet wol I telle hem as they come to minde,

Though I ne can nat sette hem in his

kinde;

As hole armoniak, verdegress, boras,

790

And sondry vessels maad of erthe and glas,

Our urinale and our descensories,

Violes, croslets, and sublymatories,

(240)

Cucurbites, and alemykes eek,

And other swiche, dere y-nough a leek.

Nat nedeth it for to reherce hem alle,

796

Watres rubifying and boles galle,

Arsenik, sal armoniak, and brimstoon;

And herbes conde I telle eek many oon,

As egremoine, valerian, and lunarie,

800

And other swiche, if that me liste tarie.

Our lampes brenning bothe night and day,

To bringe abouthe our craft, if that we

may.

Our fourneys eek of calcinacionioun,

(250)

And of watres albificacioun,

805

Unslekked lym, chalk, and gleyre of an ey,

Poudres diverse, asshes, dong, pissee, and

cley,

Cered pokets, sal peter, vitriole;

And divers fyres maad of wode and cole;

Sal tartre, alkaly, and sal preparat,

810

And combust materes and coagulat,

Cley maad with hors or mannes heer, and

oile

Of tartre, alum, glas, berm, wort, and
argoile,

(260)

Resalgar, and our materes enbibing;

And eek of our materes encorporing,

815

And of our silver citrinacioun,

Our cementing and fermentacioun,

Our ingottes, testes, and many mo.

I wol yow telle, as was me taught also,
The foure spirites and the bodies sevne,
By ordre, as ofte I herde my lord hem

821

nevene.

The firste spirit quik-silver called is,

(269) The second orpiment, the thridde, y-wis,

Sal armoniak, and the ferthe brimstoon.

The bodies sevne eek, lo! hem heeranone:

Sol gold is, and Luna silver we threpe,

Mars yren, Mercurie quik-silver we clepe,

Saturnus leed, and Jupiter is tin,

And Venus coper, by my fader kin!

This cursed craft who-so wol exercyse,

He shal no good han that him may suffysse;

For al the good he spendeth ther-aboute,

He lese shal, ther-of have I no doute.

(280) Who-so that listeth outen his folye,

Lat him come forth, and lerne multiplicye;

And every man that ought hath in his cofre,

Lat him appere, and wexe a philosophre.

Ascaunce that craft is so light to lere?

Nay, nay, god woot, al be he monk or

frere,

Preest or chanoun, or any other wight,

Though he sitte at his book bothe day and

night,

In lernynge of this elvish nyce lore,

Al is in veyn, and parde, mochel more!

To lerne a lewed man this subtiltee,

(291) Fy! spek nat ther-of, for it wol nat be;

Al come he letterure, or conne he noon,

As in effect, he shal finde it al oon.

For bothe two, by my savacioun,

Conclunden, in multiplicacioun,

Y-lyke wel, whan they han al y-do;

(295) This is to seyn, they faylen bothe two.

Yet forgat I to maken rehersaille

Of watres corosif and of limaille,

And of bodyes mollificacioun,

855

And also of hir induracioun,

Oiles, ablucions, and metal fusible,

To tellen al wolde passen any bible

That o-ther is; wherfor, as for the beste,

Of alle thise names now wol I me reste.

For, as I trowe, I have yow told y-nowe 860
To reyse a feend, al loke he never so rowe.

A ! nay ! lat be ; the philosophres stoon,
Elixir clept, we sechen faste echoon ; (310)
For hadde we him, than were we siker
y-now.

But, unto god of heven I make avow, 865
For al our craft, whan we han al y-do,
And al our sleighe, he wol nat come us to.
He hath y-maad us spenden mochel good,
For sorwe of which almost we wexen wood,
But that good hope crepeth in our herte,
Supposinge ever, though we sore smerte,
To be releved by him afterward ; 872
Swich supposing and hope is sharp and
hard ; (320)

I warne yow wel, it is to soken ever ;
That futur temps hath maad men to dis-
sever, 875
In trust ther-of, from al that ever they
hadde.

Yet of that art they can nat wexen sadde,
For unto hem it is a bitter swete ;
So semeth it ; for nadde they but a shete
Which that they mighthe wrappe hem inne
a-night, 880

And a bak to walken inne by day-light,
They wolde hem selle and spenden on this
craft ; (329)

They can nat stinte til no-thing be laift.
And evermore, wher that ever they goon,
Men may hem knowe by smel of brim-
stoon ; 885

For al the world, they stinken as a goot ;
Her savour is so rammish and so hoot,
That, though a man from hem a myle be,
The savour wol infecte him, trusteth me ;
Lo, thus by smelling and thredbare array,
If that men liste, this folk they knowe may.
And if a man wol aske hem prively, 892
Why they been clothed so unthriftily, (340)
They right anon wol rownen in his ere,
And seyn, that if that they espyed were,
Men wolde hem slee, by-cause of hir
science ; 896

Lo, thus this folk bitrayen innocence !
Passe over this ; I go my tale un-to.
Er than the pot be on the fyr y-do,
Of metals with a certein quantitee, 900
My lord hem tempreth, and no man but
he—

Now he is goon, I dar seyn boldely—
For, as men seyn, he can don craftily ; (350)
Alglate I woot wel he hath swich a name,
And yet ful ofte he renneth in a blame ; 905
And wite ye how ? ful ofte it happeth so,
The pot to-breketh, and farewel ! al is go !
Thise metals been of so greet violence,
Our walles mowe nat make hem resistence,
But if they weren wroght of lym and stoon ;
They perceen so, and thurgh the wal they
goon, 911

And somme of hem sinken in-to the
ground— (359)

Thus han we lost by tymes many a pound—
And somme are scattered al the floor aboute,
Somme lepe in-to the roof ; with-outen
doute, 915

Though that the feend noght in our sighte
him shewe,
I trowe he with ns be, that ilke shrewe !
In helle wher that he is lord and sire,
Nis ther more wo, ne more rancour ne ire.
Whan that our pot is broke, as I have
sayd, 920

Every man chit, and halt him yvel apayd.
Som seyde, it was long on the fyr-
making, (369)

Som seyde, nay ! it was on the blowing ;
(Than was I fered, for that was myn office) ;
'Straw !' quod the thridde, 'ye been lewed
and nyce, 925

It was nat tempred as it oughte be.
'Nay !' quod the ferthe, 'stint, and herkne
me ;

By-cause our fyr ne was nat maad of beech,
That is the cause, and other noon, so
theech !'

I can nat telle wher-on it was long, 930
But wel I wot greet stryf is us among.
'What !' quod my lord, 'ther is na-more
to done,

Of thise perils I wol be war eft-sone ; (380)
I am right siker that the pot was erased.
Be as be may, be ye no-thing amased ; 935
As usage is, lat swepe the floor as swythe,
Plukke up your hertes, and beth gladdie
and blythe.'

The mullok on an hepe y-sweped was,
And on the floor y-cast a canevas,
And al this mullok in a sive y-throwe, 940
And sifted, and y-piked many a throwe,

'Pardee,' quod oon, 'somwhat of our metal'

Yet is ther heer, though that we han nat al.
Al-though this thing mishapped have as now,
now, (391)

Another tyme it may be wel y-now, 945
Us moste putte our good in aventure;
A marchant, parde! may nat ay endure
Trusteth me wel, in his prosperitee;
Somtyme his good is drenched in the see,
And somtym comth it sauf un-to the londe.' 950

'Pees!' quod my lord, 'the next tyme I wol fonde' (398)

To bringe our craft al in another plyte;
And but I do, sirs, lat me han the wyte;
Ther was defaute in som-what, wel I woot.'

Another seyde, the fyrr was over hoot:—
But, be it hoot or cold, I dar seye this, 956
That we concluden evermore amis.
We fayle of that which that we wolden have,

And in our madnesse evermore we rave.
And whan we been togidres everichoon,
Every man semeth a Salomon. 961
But al thing which that shyneth as the gold

Nis nat gold, as that I have herd it told;
Ne every appell that is fair at y^e
Ne is nat good, what-so men clappe or crye. 965

Right so, lo! fareth it amonges us;
He that semeth the wysest, by Jesus!
Is most fool, whan it cometh to the preef;
And he that semeth trewest is a theef;

That shul ye knowe, er that I fro yow wende,
By that I of my tale have maad an ende. 970

Explicit prima pars.

Et sequitur pars secunda.

Ther is a chanoun of religioum

Amonges us, wolde infecte al a toun, (420)
Though it as greet were as was Ninevee,
Rome, Alisaundre, Troye, and otherthree.
His sleigthes and his infinit falsnesse 976
Ther coude no man wryten, as I gesse,
Thogh that he mighthe liven a thousand yeer.

In al this world of falsehood nis his peer;
For in his termes so he wolde him winde,

And speke his wordes in so sly a kinde, 981
Whan he communie shal with any wight,
That he wol make him dote anon right,
But it a feend be, as him-selven is. (431)
Ful many a man hath he bigyled er this,
And wol, if that he live may a whyle; 986
And yet men ryde and goon ful many a myle

Him for to seke and have his aqueynt-aunce,

Noght knowinge of his false governaunce.
And if yow list to yeve me audience, 990
I wol it tellen heer in your presence.

But worshipful chanouns religious,
Ne demeth nat that Isclaundre your hous,
Al-though my tale of a chanoun be. (441)
Of every ordre som shrewe is, parde, 995
And god forbede that al a compayne
Sholde rewe a singuler mannes folye.
To sclaudre yow is no-thing myn entente,
But to correcten that is mis I mente.
This tale was nat only told for yow, 1000
But eek for othere mo; ye woot wel how
That, among Cristes apostelles twelve,
There nas no traytour but Judas him-selve.
Than why sholde al the remenant have blame (451)

That giltlees were? by yow I seye the same.
Save only this, if ye wol herkne me, 1006
If any Judas in your covent be,
Remeveth him bitymes, I yow rede,
If shame or los may causen any drede. 1009
And beth no-thing displesed, I yow preye,
But in this cas herkneth what I shal seye.

In London was a preest, an annueleer,
That therin dwelled hadde many a yeer,
Which was so plesaunt and so servisable
Unto the wyf, wher-as he was at table, (462)
That she wolde suffre him no-thing for to paye 1016

For bord ne clothing, wente he never so gaye;

And spending-silver hadde he right y-now.
Theroft no fors; I wol procede as now, 1019
And telle forth my tale of the chanoun,
That broghte this preest to confusione.

This false chanoun cam up-on a day
Unto this preestes chambre, wher he lay,
Biseching him to lene him a certeyn (471)
Of gold, and he wolde quyte it him ageyn.

'Lene me a mark,' quod he, 'but dayes
three, 1026

And at my day I wol it quyten thee.

And if so be that thou me finde fals,

Another day do hange me by the hals !'

This preest him took a mark, and that
as swythe, 1030

And this chanoun him thanked ofte sythe,
And took his leve, and wente forth his
weye, 479)

And at the thridde day broghte his moneye,
And to the preest he took his gold agayn,
Wherof this preest was wonder glad and
fayn. 1035

'Certes,' quod he, 'no-thing anoyeth me
To lene a man a noble, or two or three,
Or what thing were in my possessioune,
Whan he so trewe is of condicoun,
That in no wyse he breke wol his day; 1040
To swich a man I can never seye nay.'

'What !' quod this chanoun, 'sholde I
be untrewe ?' 489)

Nay, that were thing y-fallen al of-newe.
Trouthe is a thing that I wol ever kepe
Un-to that day in which that I shal crepe
In-to my grave, and elles god forbede; 1046
Bileveth this as siker as is your crede.
God thanke I, and in good tyme be it sayd,
That ther was never man yet yvel apayd
For gold ne silver that he to me lente, 1050
Ne never falsohede in myn herte I mente.
And sir,' quod he, 'now of my privatee,
Sin ye so goodlich han been un-to me, (500)
And kythed to me so greet gentillesse, 1054
Somwhat to quyte with your kindenesse,
I wol yow shewe, and, if yow list to lere,
I wol yow teche pleynly the manere,
How I can werken in philosophye.
Taketh good heed, ye shul wel seen at yë,
That I wol doon a maistrie er I go.' 1060

'Ye,' quod the preest, 'ye, sir, and wol
ye so ?

Marie ! ther-of I pray yow hertely !' (509)

'At your comandement, sir, trewely,'

Quod the chanoun, 'and elles god forbede !'

Lo, how this theef coude his servyse
bede ! 1065

Ful sooth it is, that swich profred servyse

Stinketh, as witnessen thise olde wyse;

And that ful sone I wol it verifye

In this chanoun, rote of al trecherye, 1069

That ever-more delyt hath and gladnesse—
Swich feendly thoughtes in his herte im-
presse—

How Cristes peple he may to meschief
bringe ; (519)

God kepe us from his fals dissimulinge !
Noght wiste this preest with whom that
he delte,

Ne of his harm cominge he no-thing felte.
O sely preest ! O sely innocent ! 1076

With coveityse anon thou shalt be blent !
O gracelees, ful blind is thy conceit,

No-thing ne artow war of the deceit
Which that this fox y-shapen hath to thee !

His wyly wrenches thou ne mayst nat flee.
Wherfor, to go to the conclusioun 1082

That refereth to thy confusoun, (530)
Unhappy man ! anon I wol me hye

To tellen thyn unwit and thy folye, 1085
And eek the falsnesse of that other
wrecche,

As ferforth as that my conning may
streche.

This chanoun was my lord, ye wolden
wene ?

Sir host, in feith, and by the hevenes
quene,

It was another chanoun, and nat he. 1090
That can an hundred fold more subtiltee !

He hath bitrayed folkes many tyme ;
Of his falsohede it dulleth me to ryme. (540)

Ever whan that I speke of his falsohede,
For shame of him my chekkes wexen rede ;

Algates, they biginnen for to glowe, 1096
For reednesse have I noon, right wel I
knowe,

In my visage ; for fumes dyverse
Of metals, which ye han herd me reherce,

Consumed and wasted han my reednesse.
Now tak heed of this chanoun cursed-

nesse ! 1101

'Sir,' quod he to the preest, 'lat your
man gon (549)

For quik-silver, that we it hadde anon ;
And lat him bringen ounces two or three ;

And whan he comth, as faste shul ye see
A wonder thing, which ye saugh never er
this.' 1106

'Sir,' quod the preest, 'it shal be doon,
y-wis.'

He bad his servant fecchen him this thing,

And he al redy was at his bidding,
And wente him forth, and cam anon
agayn 1110

With this quik-silver, soothly for to sayn,
And took thise ounces three to the chanoun; (559)

And he hem leyde fayre and wel adoun,
And bad the servant coles for to bringe,
That he anon mighthe go to his werkinge.

The coles right anon weren y-fet, 1116
And this chanoun took out a crosselet
Of his bosom, and shewed it the preest.
'This instrument,' quod he, 'which that thou seest,

Tak in thy hand, and put thy-self therinne 1120

Of this quik-silver an ounce, and heer binginne,

In the name of Crist, to wexe a philosofre.
Ther been ful fewe, whiche that I wolde profre (570)

To shewen hem thus muche of my science.
For ye shul seen heer, by experiance, 1125
That this quik-silver wol I mortifye
Right in your sighte anon, withouten lye,
And make it as good silver and as fyn
As ther is any in your purs or myn,
Or elleswher, and make it malleable; 1130
And elles, holdeth me fals and unable
Amonges folk for ever to appere! (579)
I have a poudre heer, that coste me dere,
Shal make al good, for it is cause of al
My conning, which that I yow shewen shal.

Voydeth your man, and lat him be theroute, 1135

And shet the dore, whyls we been aboute
Our privathee, that no man us espye
Whyls that we werke in this philosophye.'
Al as he bad, fulfilled was in dede, 1140
This ilke servant anon-right out yede,
And his maister shette the dore anon,
And to hir labour speedily they gon. (59.)
This preest, at this cursed chanouns bidding,

Up-on the tyr anon sette this thing, 1145
And blew the fyr, and bisied him ful faste;
And this chanoun in-to the croslet caste
A poudre, noot I wher-of that it was
Y-naad, other of chalk, other of glas,
Or som-what elles, was nat worth a flye

To blynde with the preest; and bad him
hye 1151

The coles for to couchen al above (599)
The croslet; 'for, in tokening I thee
love,'

Quod this chanoun, 'thyn owene hondes
two'

Shul werche al thing which that shal heer
be do.' 1155

'Graunt mercy,' quod the preest, and
was ful glad,

And couched coles as the chanoun bad.
And whyle he bisy was, this feendly
wrecche,

This fals chanoun, the foule feend him
feccie!

Out of his bosom took a bechen cole, 1160
In which ful subtilly was maad an hole,
And ther-in put was of silver lymaille
An ounce, and stopped was, with-outen
fayle, (610)

The hole with wex, to kepe the lymail in.
And understandeth, that this false gin
Was nat maad ther, but it was maad
bifore; 1166

And othere things I shal telle more
Herafterward, which that he with him
broghte;

Er he cam ther, him to bigyle he thoughte,
And so he dide, er that they wente
a-twinne; 1170

Til he had terved him, conde he not blinne.
It dulleth me whan that I of him speke,
On his falshede fayn wolde I me wreke,
If I wiste how; but he is heer and ther:
He is so variaunt, he abit no-wher. 1175

But taketh heed now, sirs, for goddes
love! (623)

He took his cole of which I spake above,
And in his hond he baar it prively.
And whyls the preest couchede busily
The coles, as I tolde yow er this, 1180
This chanoun seyde, 'freend, yedoон amis;
This is nat couched as it oughte be;
But sone I shal amenden it,' quod he. (630)
'Now lat me medle therwith but a whyle,
For of yow have I pitee, by saint Gyle! 1185
Ye been right hoot, I see wel how ye swete,
Have heer a cloth, and wype away the
wete.'

And whyles that the preest wyned his face,

This chanoun took his cole with harde
grace,

1189

And leyde it above, up-on the middeward
Of the croslet, and blew wel afterward,
Til that the coles gonne faste brenne.

'Now yeve us drinke,' quod the chanoun
thenne,

(640)

'As swythe al shal be wel, I undertake;
Sitte we doun, and lat us mery make.'

1195

And whan that this chanounes bechen
cole

Was brent, al the lymaille, out of the hole,
Into the croslet fil anon adoun;

And so it moste nedes, by reson,
Sin it so even aboven couched was;

1200

But ther-of wiste the preest no-thing, alas!

He demed alle the coles y-liche good,
For of the sleighe he no-thing under-

stood.

(650)

And whan this alkamistre saugh his tyme,
'Rys up,' quod he, 'sir preest, and stondeth
by me;

1205

And for I woot wel ingot have ye noon,
Goth, walketh forth, and bring us a chalk-
stoon;

For I wol make oon of the same shap
That is an ingot, if I may han hap.

And bringeth eek with yow a bolle or
a panne,

1210

Ful of water, and ye shul see wel thanne
How that our bisinesse shal thryve and
preve.

And yet, for ye shul han no misbileve

(660)

Ne wrong conceit of me in your absence,
I ne wol nat been out of your presence,

1215

But go with yow, and come with yow
ageyn.'

The chambre-dore, shortly for to seyn,
They opened and shette, and wente hir
weye.

And forth with hem they carieden the
keye,

1219

And come agayn with-outen any delay.
What sholde I tarien al the longe day?

He took the chalk, and shoop it in the
wyse

Of an ingot, as I shal yow devyse.

(670)

I seye, he took out of his owene sleeve
A teyne of silver (yvele mote he cheve!)

Which that ne was nat but an ounce of
weigthe;

1226

And taketh heed now of his cursed
sleighe!

He shoop his ingot, in lengthe and eek
in brede,

Of this teyne, with-outen any drede,
So slyly, that the preest it nat espyde;

And in his sleeve agayn he gan it hyde;
And fro the fyr he took up his matere,

And in th'ingot putte it with mery chere,
And in the water-vessel he it caste

(681)
Whan that him luste, and bad the preest
as faste,

1235

'Look what ther is, put in thy hand and
groepe,

Thow finde shalt ther silver, as I hope;
What, devel of helle! sholde it elles be?

Shaving of silver silver is, pardee!
He putte his hond in, and took up a teyne

Of silver fyn, and glad in every veyne
Was this preest, whan he saugh that it
was so.

'Goddess blessing, and his modres also,

And alle halwes have ye, sir chanoun,'
Seyde this preest, 'and I hir malisoun,

But, and ye vouche-sauf to techen me
This noble craft and this subtilitee,

I wol be youre, in al that ever I may!'

Quod the chanoun, 'yet wol I make assay
The second tyme, that ye may taken hede

And been expert of this, and in your nede
Another day assay in myn absence

1252
This disciplyne and this crafty science.
Lat take another ounce,' quod he tho,

(701)
'Of quik-silver, with-outen wordes mo,

1255
And do ther-with as ye han doon er this
With that other, which that now silver is.'

This preest him bisieth in al that he can
To doon as this chanoun, this cursed man,

Comanded him, and faste he blew the fyr,
For to come to th'effect of his desyr.

1261
And this chanoun, right in the mene
whyle,

Al redy was, the preest eft to bigyle,

(710)
And, for a countenance, in his hande he bar

An holwe stikke (tak keep and be war!)
In the ende of which an ounce, and

na-more,

1266
Of silver lymail put was, as before

Was in his cole, and stopped with wex
weel

For to kepe in his lymail every deel.

And whyl this preest was in his bisenesse,
This chanoun with his stikke gan him
dresse

1271

To him anon, and his pouder caste in (719)
As he did er ; (the devel out of his skin
Him ertve, I pray to god, for his falshede ;
For he was ever fals in thought and dede) ;
And with this stikke, above the croslet,
That was ordeyned with that false get,
He stirred the coles, til relente gan
The wex agayn the fyr, as every man,
But it a fool he, woot wel it mot nede, 1280
And al that in the stikke was out yede,
And in the croslet hastily it fel. (720)
Now gode sirs, what wol ye bet than wel ?
Whan that this preest thus was bigyled
ageyn,

1284

Supposing noght but trouthe, soth to seyn,
He was so glad, that I can nat expresse
In no manere his mirthe and his glad-
nesse ;

And to the chanoun he profred eftsonne
Body and good ; 'ye,' quod the chanoun
sone,
'Though povre I be, crafty thou shalt me
finde ;'

1290

I warne thee, yet is ther more behinde.
Is ther any coper her-inne ?' seyde he.
'Ye,' quod the preest, 'sir, I trowe wel
ther be.'

(740)

'Elles go bye us som, and that as swythe,
Now, gode sir, go forth thy wey and
hy the.'

He wente his wey, and with the coper
cam,

1296

And this chanoun it in his handes nam,
And of that coper weyed out but an ounce.
Al to simple is my tonge to pronounce,
As ministre of my wit, the doublenesse
Of this chanoun, rote of a cursednesse. 1301
He semed freendly to hem that knewe
him noght,

But he was feendly bothe in herte and
thought.

(750)

It werieth me to telle of his falsnesse,
And natheles yet wol I it expresse, 1305
To th'entente that men may be war therby,
And for noon other cause, trewely.

He putte his ounce of coper in the
croslet,

And on the fyr as swythe he hath it set,

And caste in poudre, and made the preest
to blowe,

1310

And in his working for to stoupe lowe,
As he dide er, and al nas but a jape ;
Right as him liste, the preest he made
his ape ;

(760)

And afterward in th'ingot he it caste,
And in the panne putte it at the laste

1315

Of water, and in he putte his owene hond.
And in his sleeve (as ye biforn-hond

Herde me telle) he hadde a silver teyne.
He slyly took it out, this cursed heyne—

Unwiting this preest of his false craft—
And in the pannes botme he hath it laft;

And in the water rombled to and fro,
And wonder privily took up also

(770)

The coper teyne, noght knowing this
preest,

And hidle it, and him hente by the breest,
And to him spak, and thus seyde in his

1326

game,

'Stoupeth adoun, by god, ye be to blame,
Helpeth me now, as I dide yow whyl-er,

1329

Putte in your hand, and loketh what is
ther.'

This preest took up this silver teyne anon,
And thanne seyde the chanoun, 'lat us
gon

With thise three teynes, which that we
han wrought,

To som goldsmith, and wite if they been
oight.

(780)

For, by my feith, I nolde, for myn hood,
But-if that they were silver, fyn and
good,

1335

And that as swythe theved shal it be.
Un-to the goldsmith with thise teynes
three

They wente, and putte thiseteynes in assay
To fyr and hamer; mighte no man seynay,
But that they weren as hem oghte be.

This sotted preest, who was gladder
than he ?

1341

Was never brid gladder agayn the day,
Ne nightingale, in the sesoun of May,

(790)

Nas never noon that luste bet to singe ;
Ne lady lustier in caroline

1345

Or for to speke of love and wommanhede,
Ne knight in armes to doon an hardy dede

To stonde in grace of his lady dere,
Than had this preest this sory craft to lere;

And to the chanoun thus he spak and
seyde, 1350

'For love of god, that for us alle deyde,
And as I may deserve it un-to yow,
What shal this receit coste? telleth now?'

'By our lady,' quod this chanoun, 'it is
dere, (801)

I warne yow wel; for, save I and a frere,
In Engelond ther can no man it make.'

'No fors,' quod he, 'now, sir, for goddes
sake, 1357

What shal I paye? telleth me, I preye.'

'Y-wis,' quod he, 'it is ful dere, I seye;
Sir, at o word, if that thee list it have,
Ye shul paye fourty pound, so god me
save! 1361

And, nere the freendship that ye dide er
this

To me, ye sholde paye more, y-wis.' (810)
This preest the somme of fourty pound
anon

Of nobles fette, and took hem everichon
To this chanoun, for this ilke receit; 1366
Al his working nas but fraude and deceit.

'Sir preest,' he seyde, 'I kepe han no loos
Of my craft, for I wolde it kept were cloos;
And as ye love me, kepeth it secreet; 1370
For, and men knewe al my subtilitee,
By god, they wolden han so greet envyee
To me, by-cause of my philosophye, (820)
I sholde be dead, ther were non other
weye.'

'God it forbede!' quod the preest,
'what sey ye?' 1375

Yet hadde I never spenden al the good
Which that I have (and elles wexe I wood!)
Than that ye sholden falle in swich mes-
cheef!

'For your good wil, sir, have ye right
good preef,'

Quod the chanoun, 'and far-wel, grant
mercy!' 1380

He wente his wey and never the preest
him sy

After that day; and whan that this preest
sholde (829)

Maken assay, at swich tyme as he wolde,
Of this receit, far-wel! it wolde nat be!

Lo, thus byjaped and bigyled was he! 1385
Thus maketh he his introduccioun
To bringe folk to hir destruccioun.—

Considereth, sirs, how that, in ech
estaat,

Bitwixe men and gold ther is debaat
So ferforth, that unnethes is ther noon.

This multiplying blent so many oon, 1391
That in good feith I trowe that it be

The cause grettest of swich scarsetee. (840)
Philosophres speken so mistily

In this craft, that men can nat come
therby, 1395

For any wit that men han now a-dayes.
They mowe wel chiteren, as doon thise
jayes,

And in her termes sette hirlust and peyne,
But to hir purpos shul they never atteyn.

A man may lightly lerne, if he have aught,
To multiplye, and bringe his good to
naught! (848) 1401

Lo! swich a lucre is in this lusty game,
Amannes mirth it wol toerne un-to grame,
And empten also grete and hevy purses,
And maken folk for to purchasen curses
Of hem, that han hir good therto y-lent.
O! fy! for shame! they that han been
brent, 1407

Allas! can they nat flee the fyres hete?
Ye that it use, I rede ye it lete,
Lest ye lese al; for bet than never is
late. 1410

Never to thryve were to long a date.
Though ye prolle ay, ye shul it never
finde; (859)

Ye been as bolde as is Bayard the blinde,
That blundreth forth, and peril casteth
noon;

He is as bold to renne agayn a stoon 1415
As for to goon besydes in the weye.
So faren ye that multiplye, I seye.

If that your ȳn can nat seen aright,
Loke that your minde lakke nought his
sight. (866)

For, though ye loke never so brode, and
stare, 1420

Ye shul nat winne a myte on that chaffare,
But wasten al that ye may rape and renne.
Withdrawe the fyr, lest it to faste brenne;
Medleth na-more with that art, I mene,
For, if ye doon, your thrift is goon ful
clene. 1425

And right as swythe I wol yow tellen here,
What philosophres seyn in this matere.

Lo, thus seith Arnold of the Newe Toun,
As his Rosarie maketh mencioune;
He seith right thus, with-outen any lye,
'Ther may no man Mercurie mortifye, 1431
But it be with his brother knowleching.
How that he, which that first seydeth this
thing,

(880)

Of philosophres fader was, Hermes;
He seith, how that the dragoun, doutelees,
Ne deyeth nat, but-if that he be slain 1436
With his brother; and that is for to sayn,
By the dragoun, Mercurie and noon other
He understood; and brimston by his
brother,

That out of *sol* and *luna* were y-drawe.
And therfor,' seydhe he, 'tak heed to my
sawe,

1441

Let no man busy him this art for to seche,
But-if that he th'entencioune and speche
Of philosophres understande can; (891)
And if he do, he is a lewed man. 1445
For this science and this conning,' quod he,
'Is of the secrecys of secreces, pard'e.'

Also ther was a disciple of Plato,
That on a tyme seydeth his maister to,
As his book Senior wol bere witnesse, 1450
And this was his demande in soothfast-
nesse:

Tel me the name of the privy stoon?
And Plato answerde unto him anonyn,
'Tak the stoon that Titanos men name.'
'Which is that?' quod he. 'Magnesia
is the same,'

(902) 1455

Seyde Plato. 'Ye, sir, and is it thus?
This is *ignotum per ignotius*.
What is Magnesia, good sir, I yow preye?'

'It is a water that is maad, I seye,
Of elementes foure,' quod Plato. 1460

'Tel me the rote, good sir,' quod he tho,
'Of that water, if that it be your wille?'

'Nay, nay,' quod Plato, 'certein, that
I nille.' (910)

The philosophres sworn were everichoon,
That they sholden discouere it un-to
noon,

1465

Ne in no book it wryte in no manere;
For un-to Crist it is so leef and dere
That he wol nat that it discovered be,
But wher it lyketh to his deitee
Man for t'enspyre, and eek for to defende
Whom that him lyketh; lo, this is the
ende.' 1471

Thanne conclude I thus; sith god of
hevene

Ne wol nat that the philosophres nevene
How that a man shal come un-to this
stoon,

1471

I rede, as for the beste, lete it goon. 1475
For who-so maketh god his adversarie,
As for to werken any thing in contrarie
Of his wil, certes, never shal he thryve,
Thogh that he multiplye terme of his
lyve.

And ther a poynt; for ended is my tale;
God sende every trewe man bote of his
bale!—Amen.

(928) 1481

Here is ended the Chanouns Yemannes Tale.

GROUP H.

THE MANCIPLE'S PROLOGUE.

Here folweth the Prologue of the Maunciples Tale.

WITE ye nat wher ther stant a litel toun
 Which that y-eleped is Bob-up-and-doun,
 Under the Blee, in Caunterbury weye?
 Ther gan our hoste for to jape and pleye,
 And seyde, 'sirs, what! Dun is in the
 myre !' 5
 Is ther no man, for preyere ne for hyre,
 That wol awake our felawe heer bilihinde?
 A theef mighte him ful lightly robbe and
 bilden.
 See how he nappeth ! see, for cokkes bones,
 As he wol falle from his hors at ones. 10
 Is that a cook of Londoun, with mes-
 chaunce?
 Do him come forth, he knoweth his pen-
 ance,
 For he shal telle a tale, by my sey !
 Al-though it be nat worth a botel hey.
 Awake, thou cook,' quod he, 'god yeve
 thee sorwe, 15
 What cyleth thee to slepe by the morwe ?
 Hastow had fleen al night, or artow
 dronke,
 Or hastow with som quene al night y-
 swonke,
 So that thou mayst nat holden up thyn
 heed ?'
 This cook, that was ful pale and no-
 thing reed, 20
 Seyde to our host, 'so god my soule blesse,
 As ther is falle on me swich hevinesse,
 Noot I nat why, that me were lever slepe
 Than the beste galoun wyn in Chepe.'

Wel,' quod the maunciple, 'if it may
 doon ese 25
 To thee, sir cook, and to no wight displesse
 Which that heer rydeth in this compayne,
 And that our host wol, of his curteisye,
 I wol as now excuse thee of thy tale;
 For, in good feith, thy visage is ful pale,

Thyn y  n daswen eek, as that me
 thinketh, 31
 And wel I woot, thy breeth ful sonre
 stinketh,
 That sheweth wel thou art not wel dis-
 posed;
 Of me, certein, thou shalt nat been
 y-glosed.
 Se how he ganeth, lo, this dronken wight,
 As though he wolde us swolwe anon-right.
 Hold cloes thy mouth, man, by thy fader
 kin ! 37
 The devel of helle sette his foot ther-in !
 Thy cursed breeth infecte wol us alle ;
 Fy, stinking swyn, fy ! foule moot thee
 falle ! 40
 A ! taketh heed, sirs, of this lusty man.
 Now, swete sir, wol ye justen atte fan ?
 Ther-to me thinketh ye been wel y-shape !
 I trowe that ye dronken han wyn ape,
 And that is whan men pleyen with a
 straw.' 45
 And with this speche the cook wex wrooth
 and wraw,
 And on the maunciple he gan nodde faste
 For lakke of speche, and doun the hors
 him caste,
 Wher as he lay, til that men up him took ;
 This was a fayr chivachee of a cook ! 50
 Allas ! he nadde holde him by his ladel !
 And, er that he agayn were in his sadel,
 Ther was greet shovvynge bothe to and fro,
 To lifte him up, and muchel care and wo,
 So unweldy was this sory palled gost. 55
 And to the maunciple thanne spak our
 host,
 'By-cause drink hath dominacion
 Upon this man, by my savacion
 I trowe he lewedly wolde telle his tale.
 For, were it wyn, or old or moysty ale, 60

That he hath dronke, he speketh in his nose,
And fneseth faste, and eek he hath th pose.
He hath also to do more than y-nough
To kepe him and his capel out of slough ;
And, if he falle from his capel eft-sone, 65
Than shul we alle have y-nough to done,
In lifting up his hevy dronken cors.
Telle on thy tale, of him make I no fors.
But yet, maunciple, in feith thou art to nyce,
Thus openly repreve him of his vyce. 70
Another day he wol, peraventure,
Reclayme thee, and bringe thee to lure ;
I mene, he speke wol of smale thinges,
As for to pinchen at thy rekeninges,
That wer not honeste, if it cam to preef.
'No,' quod the maunciple, 'that were a greet mescheef !' 76
So mighte he lightly bringe me in the snare.
Yet hadde I lever payen for the mare
Which he rit on, than he sholde with me stryve ; 79
I wol nat wratthe him, al-so mote I thryve !
That that I spak, I seyde it in my bourde ;
And wite ye what ? I have heer, in a gourde,

A draught of wyn, ye, of a rype grape,
And right anon ye shul seen a good jape.
This cook shal drinke ther-of, if I may ; 85
Up peyne of deeth, he wol nat seye me nay !
And certeinly, to tellen as it was,
Of this vessel the cook drank faste, allas !
What neded him ? he drank y-nough biforn.
And whan he hadde pouped in this horn, 91
To the maunciple he took the gourde agayn ;
And of that drinke the cook was wonder fayn,
And thanked him in swich wyse as he coude.
Than gan our host to laughen wonder loude,
And seyde, 'I see wel, it is necessarie, 95
Wher that we goon, good drink we with us earie ;
For that wol turne rancour and disease
Tacord and love, and many a wrong apese.
O thou Bachus, y-blessed be thy name,
That so canst turnen ernest in-to game !
Worship and thank be to thy deitee ! 101
Of that matere ye gete na-more of me.
Tel on thy tale, maunciple, I thee preye.'
'Wel, sir,' quod he, 'now herkneth what I seye.'

Thus endeth the Prologue of the Manciple.

THE MAUNCIPLES TALE.

Here biginneth the Maunciples Tale of the Crowe.

WHAN Phebus dwelled here in this erthe adoun, 105
As olde bokes maken mencioune,
He was the moste lusty bachiler
In al this world, and eek the beste archer ;
He slow Phitoun, the serpent, as he lay
Stepinge agayn the sonne upon a day ; 110

And many another noble worthy dede
He with his bowe wroghte, as men may rede.
Pleyen he coude on every minstralcye, 110
And singen, that it was a melodye,
To heren of his clere vois the soun. 115
Certes the king of Thebes, Amphion,

That with his singing walled that citee,
Coude never singen half so wel as he.
Therto he was the semelieste man 119
That is or was, sith that the world bigan.
What nedeth it his fatures to discryve?
For in this world was noon so fair on lyve.
He was ther-with fulfild of gentillesse,
Of honour, and of parfit worthiness. (20)

This Phebus, that was flour of bachelrye,
As wel in fredom as in chivalrye, 126
For his despert, in signe eek of victorie
Of Phitoun, so as telleth us the storie,
Was wont to beren in his hand a bowe.

Now had this Phebus in his hous a crowe,
Which in a cage he fostred many a day,
And taughte it speken, as men teche a jay.
Whyt was this crowe, as is a snow-whyt
swan, (29)

And countrefete the speche of every man
He coude, whan he sholde telle a tale. 135
Ther-with in al this world no nightingale
Ne coude, by an hondred thousand deel,
Singen so wonder merily and weel.

Now had this Phebus in his hous a wyf,
Which that he lovede more than his lyf,
And night and day dide ever his diligence
Hir for to plesa, and doon hir reverence,
Save only, if the sothe that I shal sayn,
Jalous he was, and wolde have kept hir
fayn; (40)

For him were looth by-japed for to be. 145
And so is every wight in swich degree;
But al in ydel, for it availleth noght.

A good wyf, that is elene of werk and
thoght,
Sholde nat been kept in noon await,
certayn;

And trewely, the labour is in vayn 150
To kepe a shrewe, for it wol nat be.
This holde I for a verray nyctee,
To spille labour, for to kepe wyves;
Thus writen olde clerkes in hir lyves. (50)

But now to purpos, as I first bigan : 155
This worthy Phebus dooth all that he can
To plesen hir, weninge by swich plesaunce,
And for his manhede and his governaunce,
That no man sholde han put him from
hir grace.

But god it woot, ther may no man embrace
As to destreyne a thing, which that nature
Hath naturally set in a creature. 162

Tak any brid, and put it in a cage,
And do al thyn entente and thy corage (60)
To fostre it tendrelly with mete and
drinke, 165
Of alle deyntees that thou canst bithinke,
And keep it al-so clenly as thou may;
Al-though his cage of gold be never so gay,
Yet hath this brid. by twenty thousand
fold,

Lever in a forest, that is rude and cold, 170
Gon ete wormes and swich wrecchednesse.
For ever this brid wol doon his bisinesse
To escape out of his cage, if he may;
His libertee this brid desireth ay. (70)

Lat take a cat, and fostre him wel with
milk, 175
And tendre flesh, and make his conche
of silk,

And lat him seen a mous go by the wal;
Anon he weyveth milk, and flesh, and al,
And every deyntee that is in that hous,
Swich appetyt hath he to ete a mous. 180
Lo, here hath lust his dominacioun,
And appetyt flemeth discrecioun.

A she-wolf hath also a vileins kinde;
The lewedest wolf that she may finde, (80)
Or leest of reputacion wol she take, 185
In tyme whan hir lust to han a make.

Alle thise ensamples speke I by thise
men
That been untrewe, and no-thing by wom-
men.

For men han ever a likerous appetyt
On lower thing to parfourne hir delyt 190
Than on hir wyves, be they never so shire,
Ne never so trewe, ne so debonaire.
Flesh is so newefangel, with meschaunce,
That we ne come in no-thing han ple-
saunce (90)

That soundeth in-to vertu any whyle. 195
This Phebus, which that thoghte upon
no gyle,

Deceyved was, for al his jolitee;
For under him another hadde she,
A man of litel reputacioun, 199
Noght worth to Phebus in comparisoun.
The more harm is; it happeth ofte so,
Of which ther cometh muchel harm and
wo.

And so bifel, whan Phebus was absent,
His wyf anon hath for hir leman sent;

Hir leman? certes, this is a knavish speche!
(101) 205

Foryeveth it me, and that I yow biseche.
The wyse Plato seith, as ye may rede,
The word mot nede accorde with the dede.

If men shal telle proprely a thing,
The word mot cosin be to the working. 210
I am a boistous man, right thus seye I,
Ther nis no difference, trewely,
Bitwixe a wylf that is of heigh degree,
If of hir body dishonest she be, (110)
And a povre wenche, other than this—
If it so be, they werke bothe amis— 216
But that the gentile, in estaat above,
She shal be cleped his lady, as in love;
And for that other is a povre womanne,
She shal be cleped his wenche, or his
leman. 220

And, god it woot, myn owene dere brother,
Men leyn that oon as lowe as lyth that
other.

Right so, bitwixe a titleles tiraunt
And an outlawe, or a theef erraunt, (120)
The same I seye, ther is no difference. 225
To Alisaandre told was this sentence;
That, for the tyrant is of gretter might,
By force of meynee for to sleen doun-right,
And brennen hous and hoom, and make
al plain,

Lo! therfor is he cleped a capitain; 230
And, for the outlawe hath but smal meyne,
nee,

And may nat doon so greet an harm as he,
Ne bringe a contree to so greet mescheef,
Men clepen him an outlawe or a theef.
But, for I am a man noght textuel, 235
I wol noght tell o f textes never a del;
I wol go to my tale, as I bigan. (133)

Whan Phebus wylf had sent for hir leman,

Anon they wroghten al hir lust volage.
The whyte crowe, that heng ay in the cage, 240

Biheld hir werk, and seyde never a word.
And whan that hoom was come Phebus,
the lord,

This crowe sang ‘cokkow! cokkow!
cokkow!’

‘What, brid?’ quod Phebus, ‘what
song singestow? (140)

Ne were thow wont so merily to singe 245
That to myn herte it was a rejoisinge
To here thy vois? alas! what song is this?

‘By god,’ quod he, ‘I singe nat amis;
Phebus,’ quod he, ‘for al thy worthinesse,
For al thy beautee and thy gentilesse, 250
For al thy song and al thy minstralcye,
For al thy waiting, blered is thyn yē
With oon of litel reputacion, (149)
Noght worth to thee, as in comparisoun.
The mountance of a gnat; so mote I thryve!
For on thy bed thy wylf I saugh him swyve!

What wol ye more? the crowe anon
him tolde,

By sadde tokenes and by wordes bolde,
How that his wylf had doon hir lecherye,
Him to gret shame and to gret vilenye;
And tolde him ofte, he saugh it with his
yēn.

This Phebus gan aweyward for to wryen,
Him thoughte his sorweful herte brast
a-two;

His bowe he bente, and sette therinne
a flo, (160)

And in his ire his wylf thanne hath he
slayn.

This is th'effect, ther is na-more to sayn;
For sorwe of which he brak his
minstralcye,

Bothe harpe, and lute, and giterne, and
sautrye;

And eek he brak his arwes and his
bowe.

And after that, thus spak he to the crowe:
‘Traitor,’ quod he, ‘with tonge of
scorpions, 271

Thou hast me broght to my confusioune!
Allas! that I was wrought! why nere I
deed?

O dere wylf, O gemme of lustilheed, (170)
That were to me so sad and eek so trewe,
Now lystow deed, with face pale of hewe,
Ful gilteles, that dorste I swere, y-wis!
O raked hand, to doon so foule amis!

O trouble wit, O ire recchelees, 280
That unavysed smytest gilteles!

O wantrust, ful of fals suspiciooun,
Where was thy wit and thy discreciooun?

O every man, be-war of rakednesse,
Ne trowe no-thing with-outen strong wit-
nesse; (180)

Smyt nat to sone, er that ye witen why,
And beeth avysed wel and soberly 286
Er ye doon any execucion,
Up-on your ire, for suspiciooun.
Allas! a thousand folk hath rakel ire 289
Fully fordoon, and broght hem in themire.
Allas! for sorwe I wol my-selven slee!

And to the crowe, 'O false theef!'
seyde he, (188)

'I wol thee quyte anon thy falsa tale!
Thou songe whylom lyk a nightingale;
Now shal tow, false theef, thy song forgon,
And eek thy whyte fetheres everichon,
No never in al thy lyf ne shalton speke.
Thus shal men on a traitour been awreke;
Thou and thyn of-spring evershul be blake,
Ne never swete noise shul ye make, 300
But ever crye agayn tempest and rayn,
In tokeninge that thurgh thee my wyf is
slayn.'

And to the crowe he sterte, and that anon,
And pulled his whyte fetheres everichon,
And made him blak, and refte him al his
song, (201) 305

And eek his speche, and out at dore him
slong

Un-to the devel, which I him bitake
And for this caas ben alle crowes blake.—

Lordings, by this ensample I yow preye,
Beth war, and taketh kepe what I seye:
Ne telleth never no man in your lyf 311
How that anotherman hath dight his wyf;
He wol yow haten mortally, certeyn.
Daun Salomon, as wyse clerkes seyn, (210)
Techeth a man to kepe his tongue wel; 315
But as I seyde, I am noght textual.
But nathlees, thus taughte me my dame:
'My sone, think on the crowe, a goddes
name;

My sone, keep wel thy tongue and keep
thy freend.

A wilked tongue is worse than a feend. 320
My sone, from a feend men may hem
blesse;

My sone, god of his endeles goodnesse
Walled a tongue with teeth and lippes ekē,
For man sholde him avyse what he speke.
My sone, ful ofte, for to muche speche,

Hath many a man ben spilt, as clerkes
teche; (222) 326

But for a litel speche avysely
Is no men shent, to speke generally.
My sone, thy tonge sholdestow restreyne
At alle tyme, but whan thou doost thy
peyne 329

To speke of god, in honour and preyere.
The firste vertu, sone, if thou wolt lere,
Is to restreyne and kepe wel thy tonge.—
Thus lerne children whan that they ben
yonge.— (230) 334

My sone, of muchel speking yvel-avysed,
Therlassespeking hadde y-nough suffysed,
Comth muchel harm, thus was me told
and taught.

In muchel speche sinne wanteth naught.
Wostow wher-of a rakel tonge serveth?
Right as a swerd foreutteth and forkeruth
An arm a-two, my dere sone, right so 341

A tongue cutteth friendshipe al a-two.
A jangler is to god abominable; (239)
Reed Salomon, so wys and honourable;
Reed David in his psalmes, reed Senekke.

My sone, spek nat, but with thyne heed
thou bekke. 346

Dissimule as thou were deef, if that thou
here

A jangler speke of perilous matere.
The Fleming seith, and lerne it, if thee
lestē, 349

That litel jangling causeth muchel reste.
My sone, if thou no wikked word hast seyd,
Thee that nat drede for to be biwreyd;
But he that hath misseyd, I dar wel sayn,
He may by no wey clepe his word agayn.
Thing that is seyd, is seyd; and forth it
gooth, (251) 355

Though him repente, or be him leef or
looth.

He is his thrall to whom that he hath sayd
A tale, of which he is now yvel apayd.
My sone, be war, and be non auctour newe
Of tydinges, whether they ben false or
trewe. 360

Wher-so thou come, amonges hye or lowe,
Kepe wel thy tongue, and thank up-on the
crowe.'

Here is ended the Maunciples Tale of the Crowe.

GROUP I.

THE PARSON'S PROLOGUE.

Here folweth the Prologe of the Persones Tale.

By that the maunciple hadde his tale al
ended,

The sonne fro the south lyne was de-
scended

So lowe, that he nas nat, to my sighte,
Degrees nyne and twenty as in highte. 4
Foure of the clokke it was tho, as I gesse:
For eleven foot, or litel more or lesse,
My shadwe was at thilke tyme, as there,
Of swich feet as my lengthe parted were
In six feet equal of proporcione.
Ther-with the mones exaltacioun,

I mene Libra, alwey gan ascende,
As we were entringe at a thropes ende;
For which our host, as he was wont to gye,
As in this caas, our joly compayne,
Seyde in this wyse, 'lordings everichoone,
Now lakketh us no tales mo than oon. 16
Fulfilid is my sentence and my decree;
I trowe that we han herd of ech degree.
Almost fulfilid is al myn ordinaunce;
I prey to god, so yeve him right good
chaunce,

That telleth this tale to us lustily.
Sir preest,' quod he, 'artow a vicary?
Or art a person? sey sooth, by thy fey!
Be what thou be, ne breke thou nat our
pley;

For every man, save thou, hath told his
tale,

Unbokel, and shewe us what is in thy male;
For trewely, me thinketh, by thy chere,
Thousholdest knitte up wel a greet matere.
Tel us a tale anon, for cokkes bones!'

This Persone him answerde, al at ones,
'Thou getest fable noon y-told for me; 31
For Paul, that wryteth unto Timothee,
Repreveth hem that weyven soothfast-
nesse,

And tellen fables and swich wrecched-
nesse.

Why sholde I sownen draf out of my fest,
Whan I may sownen whete, if that me lest?

For which I seye, if that yow list to her^a
Moralitee and vertuous matere,
And thanne that ye wol yeve mo audience,
I wol ful fayn, at Cristes reverence, 40
Do yow plesaunce leefful, as I can.

But trusteth wel, I am a Southren man,
I can nat geste—rum, ram, ruf—by lettre,
Ne, god wot, rym holdle I bat litel bettre;
And therfor, if yow list, I wol nat glose.
I wol yow telle a mery tale in prose 46
To knitte up al this feeste, and make an
ende.

And Jesu, for his grace, wit me sende
To shewe yow the wey, in this viage,
Of thilke parfit glorious pilgrimage 50
That highte Jerusalem celestial.

And, if ye vouche-sauf, anon I shal
Biginne upon my tale, for whiche I prey^b
Telle your avys, I can no bettre seye.
But nathelees, this meditacioun
I putte it ay under correcccion
Of clerkes, for I am nat textuel;
I take but the sentens, trusteth wel.
Therfor I make protestacioun
That I wol stonde to correccion.' 60

Up-on this word we han assented sone,
For, as us semed, it was for to done,
To enden in som vertuous sentence,
And for to yeve him space and audience;
And bede our host he sholde to him
seye,

That alle we to telle his tale him prey.

Our host hadde the wordes for us alle:—

'Sir preest,' quod he, 'now fayre yow
bifalle!

Sey what yow list, and we wol gladly
here'—

And with that word he seyde in this
manere—

'Telleth,' quod he, 'your meditacioun.
But hasteth yow, the sonne wol adoun;
Beth fructuous, and that in litel space,
And to do wel god sende yow his grace!'

THE PERSONES TALE.

Here biginneth the Persones Tale.

Jer. 6^o. State super vias et videte et interrogate de viis antiquis, que sit via bona; et ambulate in ea, et inuenietis refrigerium animabus vestris, &c.

§ 1. Our swete lord god of hevene, that no man wol perisse, but wole that we comen alle to the knoweleche of him, 75 and to the blisfull yf that is perdurable, / amonesteth us by the prophete Jeremie, that seith in this wyse: / 'stondeth upon the weyes, and seeth and axeth of olde pathes (that is to seyn, of olde sentencys) which is the goode wey; / and walketh in that wey, and ye shul finde refreshinge for your soules,' &c. / Manye been the weyes espirituels that lednen folk to oure Lord Jesu Crist, and to the regne of glorie. / Of whiche weyes, ther is a ful noble wey and a ful covenable, which may nat faile to man ne to womman, that thurgh sinne hath misgoon fro the 80 righte wey of Jerusalem celestial; / and this wey is cleped Penitence, of which man sholde gladly herknen and enquire with al his herte; / to witen what is Penitence, and whennes it is cleped Penitence, and in how manye maneres been the accions or werkinges of Penitence, / and how manye spycys ther been of Penitence, and whiche thinges apertenent and bihaven to Penitence, and whiche thinges destourben Penitence. /

§ 2. Seint Ambrose seith, that 'Penitence is the pleyninge of man for the gilt that he hath doon, and na-more to do any thing for which him oughte to 100 pleyne.' / And som doctour seith: 'Penitence is the waymentinge of man, that sorweth for his sinne and pyneth himself for he hath misdoon.' / Penitence, with certeyne circumstancess, is verray repentance of a man that halt him-self

in sorwe and other peyno for his giltes. / And for he shal be verray penitent, he shal first biwailen the sinnes that he hath doon, and stidefasly purposen in his herte to have shrift of mouthe, and to doon satisfaccioun, / and never to doon thing for which him oughte more to biwayle or to compleyne, and to continue in goode werkes: or elles his repentance may nat availle. / For as seith seint Isidre: 'he is a japer and a gabber, and no verray repenant, that eftsoone dooth thing, for which him oughte repente.' / Wepinge, and natfor to stinte to doon sinne, may nat avaylle. / 90 But nathelees, men shal hope that every tyme that man falleth, be it never so ofte, that he may arise thurgh Penitence, if he have grace: but certainyl it is greet doute. / For as seith Seint Gregorie: 'unnethe aryseth he out of sinne, that is charged with the charge of yvel usage.' / And therfore repenant folk, that stinte for to sinne, and forlete sinne er that sinne forlete hem, holy chirche holdeth hem siker of hir savacioun. / And he that sinneth, and verrailly repenteth him in his laste ende, holy chirche yet hopeth his savacioun, by the grete mercy of oure lord Jesu Crist, for his repentaunce; but tak the siker wey. / (20)

§ 3. And now, sith I have declared yow what thing is Penitence, now shul ye understande that ther been three accions of Penitence. / The firste accion 95 of Penitence is, that a man be baptizyd after that he hath sinned. / Seint Augustin seith: 'but he be penitent for his olde sinful lyf, he may nat biginne the newe clene lif.' / For certes, if he be baptizyd withouten penitence of his olde gilt, he receiveth the mark of baptisme, but nat the grace ne the remission of his sinnes, til he have repentance verray. /

Another defaute is this, that men doon
deedly sinne after that they han received
baptisme. / The thridde defaute is, that
men fallen in venial sinnes after hir
baptisme, fro day to day. / Ther-of seith
Seint Augustin, that ‘penitence of goode
and humble folk is the penitence of every
day.’ /

§ 4. The spycs of Penitence been three.
That oon of hem is solempne, another is
commune, and the thridde is privee. /
Thilke penance that is solempne, is in
two maneres; as to be put out of holy
chirche in lente, for slaughtrye of children,
and swich maner thing. / Another is,
whan a man hath sinned openly, of which
sinne the fame is openly spoken in the
contree; and thanne holy chirche by
jugement destreineth him for to do open
(30) penaunce. / Commune penaunce is that
preestes enjoinen men comunly in certeyn
caas; as for to goon, peraventure, naked
105 in pilgrimage, or bare-foot. / Privee
penaunce is thilke that men doon alday
for privee sinnes, of whiche we shryve us
prively and receyve privee penaunce. /

§ 5. Now shalwou understande what is
bihovely and necessarie to verray parfit
Penitence. And this stant on three
thinges; / Contricion of herte, Confessioune
of Mouth, and Satisfaccioun. / For
which seith Seint John Crisostom:
‘Penitence destreyneth a man to accepte
benignely every Payne that him is en-
joyed, with contricion of herte, and
shrift of mouth, with satisfaccion; and
in werkinge of alle maner humilitie.’ / And
this is fruitful Penitence agayn
three things in whiche we wratthe oure
110 lord Jesu Crist: / this is to seyn, by delyt
in thinkinge, by recchelesnesse in spek-
inge, and by wikked sinful werkinge. / And
agayns thise wikkede giltes is Peni-
tence, that may be lykned un-to-a tree. /

§ 6. The rote of this tree is Contricion,
that hydeth him in the herte of him that
is verray repentant, right as the rote
of a tree hydeth him in the erthe. / Of the
rote of Contricion springeth a stalke,
that bereth branches and leves of Con-
(40) fession, and fruit of Satisfaccion. / For

which Crist seith in his gospel: ‘dooth
digne fruit of Penitence’; for by this
fruit may men knowe this tree, and nat
by the rote that is hid in the herte of
man, ne by the braunches ne by the
leves of Confession. / And therefore 115
oure Lord Jesu Crist seith thus: ‘by the
fruit of hem ye shul knownen hem.’ / Of
this rote eek springeth a seed of grace,
the which seed is moder of sikernes, and
this seed is egre and hoot. / The
grace of this seed springeth of god,
thurgh remembrance of the day of dome
and on the peynes of helle. / Of this
matere seith Salomon, that ‘in the drede
of god man forleteth his sinne.’ / The
hete of this seed is the love of god, and
the desiring of the joye perdurable. / 120
This hete draweth the herte of a man to
god, and dooth him haten his sinne. /
For soothly, ther is no-thing that savour-
eth so wel to a child as the milk of his
norice, ne no-thing is to him more abho-
minable than thilke milk whan it is
meddled with other mete. / Right so the
sinful man that loveth his sinne, him
semeth that it is to him most swete of
any-thing; / but fro that tyme that
he loveth sadly our lord Jesu Crist, and
desireth the lif perdurable, ther nis to
him no-thing more abominable. / For (50)
soothly, the lawe of god is the love of
god; for which David the prophete seith:
‘I have loved thy lawe and hated wikked-
nesse and hate’; he that loveth god
kepeth his lawe and his word. / This 125
tree saugh the prophete Daniel in spirit,
up-on the avision of the king Nabugodonosor,
whan he conseiled him to do
penitence. / Penaunce is the tree of lyf
to hem that it receiven, and he that
holdeth him in verray penitence is
blessed; after the sentence of Salomon. /

§ 7. In this Penitence or Contricion
man shal understande four things,
that is to seyn, what is Contricion: and
whiche been the causes that moeven a
man to Contricion: and how he sholdo
be contrit: and what Contricion availleth
to the soule. / Thanne is it thus: that
Contricion is the verray sorwe that a

man receiveth in his herte for his sinnes, with sad purpos to shryve him, and to do penaunce, and nevermore to do sinne./ And this sorwe shal been in this manere, as seith saint Bernard: 'it shal been hevy and grevous, and ful sharpe and pointant in herte.'/ First, for man hath agilt his lord and his creatour; and more sharpe and pointant, for he hath agilt his fader celestial; / and yet more sharpe and pointant, for he hath wrathed and agilt him that boghte him; which with his precious blood hath delivered us fro the bondes of sinne, and fro the cruelleee of the devel and fro the peynes of helle. /

§ 8. The causes that oughte moeve a man to Contricion been six. First, a man shal remembre him of his sinnes; / but loke he that thilke remembrance ne be to him no delyt by no wey, but greet shame and sorwe for his gilt. For Job seith: 'sinful men doon werkes worthy of Confession.'/ And therfore seith Ezechie: 'I wol remembre me alle the yeres of my lyf, in bitternesse of myn herte.'/ And god seith in the Apocalips: 'remembreth yow fro whennes that ye been falle'; for biforn that tyme that ye sinned, ye were the children of god, and limes of the regne of god; / but for your sinne ye been woxen thral and foul, and membres of the feend, hate of aungels, sclaudre of holy chirche, and fode of the false serpent; perpetuel matere of the fyr of helle. / And yet more foul and abhominable, for ye trespassen so ofte tyme, as doth the hound that retourneth to eten his spewynge. / And yet be ye fouler for your longe continuing in sinne and your sinful usage, for which ye be roten in your sinne, as a beest in his dong. / Swiche manere of thoughtes maken a man to have shame of his sinne, and no delyt, as god seith by the prophete Ezechiel: / 'ye shal remembre yow of youre weyes, and they shuln displesce yow.' Sothly, sinnes been the weyes that leden folk to helle. /

§ 9. The seconde cause that oughte make a man to have desdeyn of sinne is this:

that, as seith saint Peter, 'who-so that doth sinne is thrall of sinne'; and sinne put a man in greet thraldom. / And therfore seith the prophete Ezechiel: 'I wente sorweful in desdayn of my-self.' And certes, wel oughte a man have desdayn of sinne, and withdrawe him from that thraldom and vileny. / And lo, what seith Seneca in this matere. He seith thus: 'though I wiste that neither god ne man ne sholde nevere knowe it, yet wolde I have desdayn for to do sinne.' / (70) And the same Seneca also seith: 'I am born to gretter thinges than to be thrall to my body, or than for to maken of my body a thrall.' / Ne a fouler thrall may 145 no man ne womman maken of his body, than for to yeven his body to sinne. / Al were it the foulest cherl, or the foulest womman that liveth and leest of value, yet is he thanne more foule and more in servitude. / Evere fro the hyer degree that man falleth, the more is he thrall, and more to god and to the world vile and abhominable. / O gode god, wel oughte man have desdayn of sinne; sith that, thurgh sinne, ther he was free, now is he maked bonde. / And therfore seyth Seint Augustin: 'if thou hast desdayn of thy servant, if he agilte or sinne, have thou thanne desdayn that thou thyself sholdest do sinne.' / Take reward 150 of thy value, that thou ne be to foul to thyself. / Allas! wel oughten they thanne have desdayn to been servauntz and thralles to sinne, and sore been ashamed of hem-self, / that god of his endeles goodnesse hath set hem in heigh estaat, or yeven hem wit, strengthe of body, hele, beautee, prosperitee, / and boghte hem fro the deeth with his herte blood, that they so unkindely, agayns his gentilesse, quyten him so vilenly, to slaughtre of hir owene soules. / O gode god, ye 155 wommen that been of so greet beautee, remembreth yow of the proverbe of Salomon, that seith: / 'he lyketh a fair womman, that is a fool of hir body, lyk to a ring of gold that were in the groyn of a sowe.' / For right as a sowe wroteth in everich ordure, so wroteth

shadwe hath the lyknesse of the thing
of which it is shadwe, but shadwe is nat
the same thing of which it is shadwe. /
Right so fareth the peyne of helle; it is
lyk deeth for the horrible anguiss, and
why? For it peyneth hem evere, as
though they sholdes dye anon; but certes
they shal nat dye. / For as seith Seint
Gregorie: 'to wrecche caytives shal be
deeth with-oute deeth, and ende with-
outen ende, and defaute with-oute fail-
(140) inge.' / For hir deeth shal alwey liven,
and hir ende shal everemo biginne, and
215 hir defaute shal nat faille.' / And ther-
fore seith Seint John the Evangelist:
'they shullen folwe deeth, and they shul
nat finde him; and they shul desyren
to dye, and deeth shal flee fro hem.' /
And eek Job seith: that 'in helle is
noon ordre of rule.' / And al-be-it so
that god hath creat alle thinges in right
ordre, and no-thing with-outen ordre,
but alle thinges been ordeyned and nom-
bred; yet nathelees they that been
dampned been no-thing in ordre, ne
holden noon ordre. / For the erthe ne
shal bere hem no fruit. / For, as the
prophete David seith: 'god shal destroye
the fruit of the erthe as fro hem'; ne
water ne shal yeve hem no moisture; ne
220 the eyr no refreshing, ne fyr no light. /
For as seith saint Basilie: 'the brenninge
of the fyr of this world shal god yeven in
helle to hem that been dampned'; / but
the light and the cleernesse shal be yeven
in hevene to hisse children'; right as the
gode man yeveth flesh to hisse children,
and bones to his houndes. / And for
they shullen have noon hope to escape,
seith saint Job atte laste: that 'ther
shal horrour and grisly drede dwelle
with-outen ende.' / Horrour is alwey
drede of harm that is to come, and this
drede shal evere dwelle in the hertes of
hem that been dampned. And therefore
han they lorn al hir hope, for sevene
50) causes. / First, for god that is hir juge
shal be with-outen mercy to hem; ne
they may nat plesse him, ne noon of hise
halwes; ne they ne may yeve no-thing
225 for hir raunson; / ne they have no vois

to speke to him; ne they may nat flee
fro peyne; ne they have no goodnesse in
hem, that they mowe shewe to delivere
hem fro peyne. / And therfore seith
Salomon: 'the wikked man dyeth; and
whan he is deed, he shal have noon hope
to escape fro peyne.' / Who-so thanne
wolde wel understande these peynes, and
bithinke him weel that he hath deserved
thilke peynes for his sinnes, certes, he
sholde have more talent to syken and to
wepe than for to singen and to pleye. /
For as that seith Salomon: 'who-so that
hadde the science to knowe the peynes
that been establisshed and ordeyned for
sinne, he wolde make sorwe.' / 'Thilke
science,' as seith saint Augustin, 'maketh
a man to waymenten in his herte.' /
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§ 11. The fourthe point, that oughte
maken a man to have contricion, is the
sorweful remembrance of the good that
he hath left to doon here in erthe; and
eek the good that he hath lorn. / Soothly,
the gode werkes that he hath left, outhir
they been the gode werkes that he
wroghte er he fel in-to deedly sinne, or
elles the gode werkes that he wroghte
while he lay in sinne. / Soothly, the
gode werkes, that he dide biforn that he
fil in sinne, been al mortified and astoned
and dulled by the oite sinnen. / The
otherore gode werkes, that he wroghte
whyl he lay in deedly sinne, they been
outrely dede as to the lyf perdurable in
hevene. / Thanne thilke gode werkes
that been mortified by ofte sinnen,
whiche gode werkes he dide whyl he was
in charitee, ne mowe nevere quiken agayn
with-outen verray penitence. / And ther-
of seith god, by the mouth of Ezechiel:
that, 'if the rightful man returne agayn
from his rightwisnesse and werke wikked-
nesse, shal he live?' / Nay; for alle the
gode werkes that he hath wroght ne shul
nevere been in remembrance; for he shal
dyen in his sinne. / And up-on thilke
chapitre seith saint Gregorie thus: 'that
we shulle understande this principally; /
that whan we doon deedly sinne, it is
for noght thanne to rehercen or drawen
in-to memorie the gode werkes that we
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han wrought biforn.' / For certes, in the werkinge of the deadly sinne, ther is no trust to no good werk that we han doon biforn; that is to seyn, as for to have therby the lyf perdurable in hevene. / But nathelees, the gode werkes quiken agayn, and comen agayn, and helpen, and availlen to have the lyf perdurable in hevene, whan we han contricion. / But soothly, the gode werkes that men doon whyl they been in deadly sinne, for-as-muche as they were doon in deadly sinne, they may nevere quiken agayn. / For certes, thing that nevere hadde lyf may nevere quikene; and nathelees, albe-it that they ne availle nocht to han the lyf perdurable, yet availlen they to abregge of the peyne of helle, or elles to geten temporal richesse, / or elles that god wole the rather enlumine and lightne the herte of the sinful man to have 70) repentance; / and eek they availlen for to usen a man to doon gode werkes, that the feend have the lasso power of his soule. / And thus the curteis lord Jesu Crist wole that no good werk be lost; for in somewhat it shal availle. / But for-as-muche as the gode werkes that men doon whyl they been in good lyf, been al mortified by sinne folwinge; and eek, sith that alle the gode werkes that men doon whyl they been in deadly synne, been outrely dede as for to have the lyf perdurable; / wel may that man, that no good werke ne dooth, singe thilke newe Frenshe song: '*Jay tout perdu mon temps et mon labour.*' / For certes, sinne bireveth a man bothe goodnessse of nature and eek the goodnessse of grace. / For soothly, the grace of the holy goost fareth lyk fyr, that may nat been ydel; for fyr faileth anoon as it forleteth his wirkinge, and right so grace fayleth anoon as it forleteth his werkinge. / Than leseth the sinful man the goodnessse of glorie, that only is bilight to gode men that labouren and werken. / Wel may he be sory thanne, that oweth al his lif to god as longe as he hath lived, and eek as longe as he shal live, that no goodnessse ne hath to paye with his dette

to god, to whom he oweth al his lyf. / For trust wel, 'he shal yeven acoounts,' as seith saint Bernard, 'of alle the godes that han be yeven him in this present lyf, and how he hath hem despended; / in so muche that ther shal nat perisse an heer of his heed, ne a moment of an houre ne shal nat perisse of his tyme, that he ne shal yeve of it a reckening.' / (180)

§ 12. The fiftie thing that oughte moeve a man to contricion, is remembrance of the passion that oure lord Jesu Crist suffred for oure sinnes. / For, as seith 255 saint Bernard: 'whyl that I live, I shal have remembrance of the travailles that oure lord Crist suffred in preaching; / his weriness in travailing, his temptationes whan he fasted, his longe wakinges whan he preyde, his teeres whan that he weep for pitee of good peple; / the wo and the shame and the filthe that men seyden to him; of the soule spitting that men spritte in his face, of the buffettes that men yaven him, of the foule mowes, and of the repreves that men to him seyden; / of the nayles with whiche he was nailed to the croys, and of al the remenant of his passion that he suffred for my sinnes, and no-thing for his gilt.' / And ye shul understande, that in mannes sinne is every manere of ordre or ordinance turned up-so-doun. / 260 For it is sooth, that god, and reson, and sensualitee, and the body of man been so ordeyned, that everich of these fourre thinges sholde have lordshipe over that other; / as thus: god sholde have lordshipe over reson, and reson over sensualitee, and sensualitee over the body of man. / But soothly, whan man sinneth, al this ordre or ordinance is turned up-so-doun. / And therfore thanne, for-as-muche as the reson of man ne wol nat be subget no obeisant to god, that is his lord by right, therfore leseth it the lordshipe that it sholde have over sensualitee, and eek over the body of man. / And (190) why? For sensualitee rebelleth thanne agayns reson; and by that wey leseth reson the lordshipe over sensualitee and over the body. / For right as reson is 265

rebel to god, right so is bothe sensualitee rebel to reson and the body also. / And certes, this disordinance and this rebellion oure lord Jesu Crist aboghte up-on his precious body ful dere, and herkneth in which wyse. / For-as-muche thanne as reson is rebel to god, therfore is man worthy to have sorwe and to be deed. / This suffred oure lord Jesu Crist for man, after that he hadde be bitrayed of his disciple, and distreyned and bounde, 'so that his blood brast out at every nail of hisse handes,' as seith seint Augustin. / And farther-over, for-as-muchel as reson of man ne wol nat daunte sensualitee whan it may, therfore is man worthy to have shame; and this suffred oure lord Jesu Crist for man,

270 whan they spetten in his visage. / And farther-over, for-as-muchel thanne as the caitif body of man is rebel bothe to reson and to sensualitee, therfore is it worthy the deeth. / And this suffred oure lord Jesu Crist for man up-on the croys, where-as ther was no part of his body free, with-outen greet peyne and bitter passion. / And al this suffred Jesu Crist, that nevere forfeited. And therfore resonably may be seyd of Jesu in this manere: 'to muchel am I peyned for the thinges that I nevere deserved, and to mucle defouled for shendshippe that man is worthy to have.' / And therfore may the sinful man wel seye, as seith seint Bernard: 'acursed be the bitternesse of my sinne, for which ther moste be suffred so muchel bitternesse.' / For certes, after the diverse discordances of oure wikkednesses, was the passion of

275 Jesu Crist ordeyned in diverse thinges, / as thus. Certes, sinful mannes soule is bitrayed of the devel by coveitise of temporel prosperitee, and scorned by deceite whan he cheseth fleshly delyces; and yet is it tormented by inpacience of adversitee, and bispet by servage and subjeccion of sinne; and atte laste it is slain fynally. / For this disordinaunce of sinful man was Jesu Crist first bitrayed, and after that was he bounde, that cam for to unbynden us of sinne

and peyne. / Thanne was he bescorne, that only sholde han been honourde in alle thinges and of alle thinges. / Thanne was his visage, that oghte be desired to be seyn of al man-kinde, in which visage aungels desyren to looke, vileylyngly bispet. / Thanne was he scourged that no-thing hadde agilt; and fynally, thanne was he crucified and slayn. / Thanne was acompliced the word of Isaye: 'he was wounded for oure misdedes, and defouled for oure felonies.' / Now sith that Jesu Crist took up-on him-self the peyne of alle oure wikkednesses, muchel oghte sinful man wepen and biwayle, that for hisse sinnes goddes sone of hevene sholde al this peyne endure. /

§ 13. The sixte thing that oghte moeve a man to contricion, is the hope of three thynges; that is to seyn, foryifnesse of sinne, and the yift of grace wel for to do, and the glorie of hevene, with which god shal guerdone a man for hisse gode dedes. / And for-as-muchel as Jesu Crist yeveth us thisse yiftes of his largesse and of his sovereyn bountee, therfore is he cleped *Jesus Nazarenus rex Judeorum*. / Jesus is to seyn 'saveour' or 'salvacion,' on whom men shul hope to have foryifnesse of sinnes, which that is proprely salvacion of sinnes. / And therfore seyde the aungel to Joseph: 'thou shalt clepen his name Jesus, that shal saven his peple of hir sinnes.' / And heer-of seith seint Peter: 'ther is noon other name under hevene that is yeve to any man, by which a man may be saved, but only Jesus.' / *Nazarenus* is as mucle for to seye as 'florishinge,' in which a man shal hope, that he that yeveth him remission of sinnes shal yeve him eek grace wel for to do. For in the flour is hope of fruit in tyme cominge; and in foryifnesse of sinnes hope of grace wel for to do. / 'I was atte dore of thyn herte,' seith Jesus, 'and cleped for to entre: he that openeth to me shal have foryifnesse of sinne. / I wol entre in-to him by my grace, and soupe with him,' by the goode werkes that he shal doon; whiche werkes been the foode of god; 'and he shal

soupe with me,' by the grete joye that
I shal yeven him. / Thus shal man hope,
for his werkes of penaunce, that god
shall yeven him his regno; as he bihoteth
him in the gospel. /

§ 14. Now shal a man understande, in
which manere shal been his contricion.
I seye, that it shal been universal and
total; this is to seyn, a man shal be
verray repentant for alle hise sinnes that
he hath doon in delyt of his thought; for
delyt is ful perilous. / For ther been
two manere of consentinges; that oon of
hem is cleped consentinge of affeccion,
whan a man is mooved to do sinne, and
delyteth him longe for to thinke on that
sinne; / and his reson aperceyveth it
wel, that it is sinne agayns the lawe of
god, and yet his reson refreyneheth nat his
foul delyt or talent, though he see wel
apertly that it is agayns the reverence of
god; al-though his reson ne consente
nocht to doon that sinne in dede, / yet
seyn somme doctours that swich delyt
that dwelleth longe, it is ful perilous,
al be it nevere so lite. / And also a man
sholde sorwe, namely, for al that evere
he hath desired agayn the lawe of god
with perfit consentinge of his reson; for
ther-of is no doute, that it is deadly sinne
in consentinge. / For certes, ther is no
deadly sinne, that it nas first in mannes
thought, and after that in his delyt; and
so forth in-to consentinge and in-to dede./
Wherfore I seye, that many men ne re-
penten hem nevere of swiche thoughtes
and delytes, ne nevere shryven hem of it,
but only of the dede of grete sinnes
outward. / Wherfore I seye, that swiche
wikked delytes and wikked thoughtes been
subtile bigyleres of hem that shullen be
dampned. / More-over, man oughte to
sorwe for hisse wikkede wordes as wel as
for hisse wikkede dedes; for certes, the
repentance of a singuler sinne, and nat
repente of alle hise othere sinnes, or elles
repenten him of alle hise othere sinnes,
and nat of a singuler sinne, may nat
availle. / For certes, god almighty is al
good; and ther-fore he forsyeveth al, or
elles right nocht. / And heer-of seith

saent Augustin: 'I woot certainly / that
god is enemy to everich sinnere'; and
how thanne? He that observeth o sinne,
shal he have foryifnesse of the reme-
naunt of hisse othere sinnes? Nay. /
And further-over, contricion sholde be
wonder sorweful and anguisous, and
therfore yeveth him god pleynly his
mercy; and therfore, whan my soule
was anguisous with-inne me, I hadde
remembrance of god that my preyere
mighete come to him. / Further-over, (230)
contricion moste be continual, and that
man have stedefast purpos to shryven
him, and for to amenden him of his lyf. / 305
For soothly, whyl contricion lasteth, man
may evere have hope of foryifnesse; and
of this comth hate of sinne, that destroy-
eth sinne bothe in himself, and eek in
other folk, at his power. / For which
seith David: 'ye that loven god hateth
wikkednesse.' For trusteth wel, to love
god is for to love that he loveth, and
hate that he hateth. /

§ 15. The laste thing that man shal
understonde in contricion is this; wher-
of avayleth contricion. I seye, that som
tyme contricion delivereth a man fro
sinne; / of which that David seith:
'I seye,' quod David, that is to seyn,
'I purposed fermely to shryve me; and
thow, Lord, relesedest my sinne.' / And
right so as contricion availleth nocht,
with-outen sad purpos of shrifte, if man
have oportunitie, right so litel worth is
shrifte or satisfaccion with-outen con-
tricion. / And more-over, contricion 310
destroyeth the prison of helle, and maketh
wayk and feble alle the strengthes of the
develes, and restoreth the yiftes of the
holie goost and of alle gode vertues;/ and
it clenseth the soule of sinne, and
delivereth the soule fro the peyne of
helle, and fro the compayne of the devel,
and fro the servage of sinne, and restoreth
it to alle godes espirituels, and to the
companye and communion of holie
chirche. / And further-over, it maketh
him that whylom was sone of ire to be
sone of grace; and alle thise things been
preved by holie writ. / And therfore, he

that wolde sette his entente to thise things, he were ful wys; for soothly, he ne sholde nat thanne in al his lyf have eorage to sinne, but yeven his body and al his herte to the service of Jesu Crist, (240) and ther-of doon him hommage. / For soothly, oure swete lord Jesu Crist hath spared us so debonaيرly in our folies, that if he ne hadde pitee of mannes soule, (245) a sory song we mighten alle singe./

Explicit prima pars Penitentie; et sequitur secunda pars eiusdem.

§ 16. The seconde partie of Penitence is Confession, that is signe of contricion. / Now shul ye understande what is Confession, and whether it oghte nedes be doon or noon, and whiche things been covenable to verray Confession. /

§ 17. First shalتوу understande that Confession is verray shewinge of sinnes to the preest; / this is to seyn 'verray,' for he moste confessen him of alle the condicouns that bilongen to his sinne, as ferforth as he can. / Al moot be seyd, and no thing excused ne hid ne forwrapped, and noght avaunte him of his (320) gode werkes. / And farther over, it is necessarie to understande whennes that sinnes springen, and how they encresen, and whiche they been. /

§ 18. Of the springinges of sinnes seith saint Paul in this wise: that 'right as by a man sinne entred first in-to this world, and thurgh that sinne deeth, right so thilke deeth entred in-to alle men that sinned.' / And this man was Adam, by whom sinne entred in-to this world whan he brak the comauendement of god. / And therfore, he that first was so mighty that he sholde not have dyed, bican swich oon that he moste nedes dye, whether he wolde or noon; and all his progenie in this world that in thilke man (325) sinned. / Loke that in th'estaat of innocence, when Adam and Eve naked weren in paradys, and no-thing ne hadde

shame of hir nakednesse, / how that the serpent, that was most wyly of alle othere bestes that god hadde maked, seyde to

the womman: 'why comauended god to yow, ye sholde nat eten of every tree in paradys?' / The womman answerde: 'of the fruit,' quod she, 'of the trees in paradys we feden us; but soothly, of the fruit of the tree that is in the middel of paradys, god forbad us for to ete, ne nat touchen it, lest per-aventure we should dyen.' / The serpent seyde to the womman: 'nay, nay, ye shul nat dyen of deeth; for sothe, god woot, that what day that ye eten ther-of, youre eyen shul opene, and ye shul been as goddes, knowinge good and harm.' / The womman thanne saugh that the tree was good to feding, and fair to the eyen, and delytable to the sightes; sho tok of the fruit of the tree, and eet it, and yaf to hir housbonde, and he eet; and anon the eyen of hem bothe openeden. / And whan that they knewe that they were naked, they sowed of fige-leves a manere of breches to hiden hir membres. / There (330) may ye seen that deedly sinne hath first suggestion of the feend, as sheweth hero by the naddre; and afterward, the delyt of the flesh, as sheweth here by Eve; and after that, the consentinge of resoun, as sheweth here by Adam. / For trust wel, though so were that the feend tempted Eve, that is to seyn the flesh, and the flesh hadde delyt in the beante of the fruit defended, yet certes, til that resoun, that is to seyn, Adam, consented to the etinge of the fruit, yet stood he in th'estaat of innocence. / Of thilke Adam toke we thilke sinne original; for of him fleshly descended be we alle, and engendred of vyle and corrupt matere. / And whan the soule is put in our body, right anon is contract original sinne; and that, that was erst but only peyne of concupiscence, (335) is afterward bothe peyne and sinne. / And therfore be we alle born sones of wratthe and of dampnacion perdurable, if it nere baptesme that we receyven, which binimeth us the culpe; but for sothe, the peyne dwelleth with us, as to temptation, which peyne highte concupiscence. / Whan it is wrongfully disposed or ordyned in man, it maketh him coveite,

by coveitise of flesh, fleschly sinne, by sighte of his eyen as to erthe thinges, and coveitise of hynesse by prude of herte. /

§ 19. Now as for to speken of the firste coveitise, that is, concupiscence after the lawe of oure membres, that weren lawefulliche y-maked and by rightful judgement of god; / I seye, for-as-muche as man is nat obeisant to god, that is his lord, therfore is the flesh to him disobeisant thurgh concupiscence, which yet is cleped norissinge of sinne and occasion of sinne. / Therfore, al the whyle that a man hath in him the peyne of concupiscence, it is impossible but he be tempted somtyme, and mooved in his flesh to sinne. / And this thing may nat faille as longe as he liveth; it may wel wexe feble and faille, by vertu of baptesme and by the grace of god thurgh penitence; / but fully ne shal it nevere quenchie, that he ne shal som tyme be mooved in him-self, but-if he were al refreyded by siknesse, or by malefice of sorcerie or colde drinke. / For lo, what seith saint Paul: 'the flesh coveiteth agayn the spirit, and the spirit agayn the flesh; they been so contrarie and so stryven, that a man may nat alwey doon as he wolde.' / The same saint Paul, after his grete penaunce in water and in lond (in water by night and by day, in greet peril and in greet peyne, in lond, in famine, in thurst, in cold and clothless, and ones stoned almost to the deeth); / yet seyde he: 'allas! I, caytif man, who shal delivere me fro the prisoun of my caytif body? /' And saint Jerome, whan he longe tyme hadde woned in desert, where-as he hadde no companye but of wilde bestes, where-as he ne hadde no mete but herbes and water to his drinke, ne no bed but the naked erthe, for which his flesh was blak as an Ethiopen for hete and ny destroyed for cold; / yet seyde he: that 'the brenninge of lecherie boiled in al his body.' / Wherfore I woot wel sikerly, that they been deceyved that seyn, that they ne be nat tempted in hir body. / Witnesse on

Seint Jame the Apostel, that seith: that 'every wight is tempted in his owen concupiscence'; that is to seyn, that everich of us hath matere and occasion to be tempted of the norissings of sinne that is in his body. / And therfore seith Seint John the Evangelist: 'if that we seyn that we beth with-oute sinne, we deceyve us-selve, and trouthe is nat in us.' /

§ 20. Now shal ye understande in what manere that sinne wexeth or encreseth in man. The firste thing is thilke norissinge of sinne, of which I spak biforn, thilke fleshly concupiscence. / And after 350 that comth the subjeccion of the devel, this is to seyn, the develes bely, with which he bloweth in man the fyr of fleshly concupiscence. / And after that, a man bithinketh him whether he wol doon, or no, thilke thing to which he is tempted. / And thanne, if that a man withstande and weyve the firste entysinge of his flesh and of the feend, thanne is it no sinne; and if it so be that he do nat so, thanne feleth he anon a flambe of delyt. / And thanne is it good to be war, and kepen him wel, or elles he wol faille anon in-to consentinges of sinne; and thanne wol he do it, if he may have tyme and place. / And of this matere 380 seith Moyses by the devel in this manere: 'the feend seith, I wole chace and pursue the man by wikkid suggestion, and I wole hente him by moevynge or stiringe of sinne. I wol departe my pryse or my praye by deliberacion, and my lust shal been accomplice in delyt; I wol drawe my swerd in consentinges:' / for certes, 355 right as a swerd departeth a thing in two peces, right so consentinges departeth god fro man: 'and thanne wol I sleen him with myn hand in dede of sinne'; thus seith the feend. / For certes, thanne is a man al deed in soule. And thus is sinne accomplice by temptacion, by delyt, and by consentinges; and thanne is the sin cleped actuel. /

§ 21. For sothe, sinne is in two maneres; outhir it is venial, or deedly sinne. Soothly, whan man loveth any

creature more than Jesu Crist oure creatour, thanne is it deedly sinne. And venial synne is it, if man love Jesu Crist lasse than him oghte. / For sothe, the dede of this venial sinne is ful perilous; for it amenuseth the love that men sholde han to god more and more. / And therfore, if a man charge him-self with manye swiche venial sinnes, certes, but-if so be that he som tyme descharge him of hem by shrifte, they mowe ful lightly amenuse in him al the love that he hath
 360 to Jesu Crist; / and in this wise skippeth venial in-to deedly sinne. For certes, the more that a man chargeth his soule with venial sinnes, the more is he enclyned to fallen in-to deedly sinne. / And therfore, lat us nat be negligent to deschargen us of venial sinnes. For the proverbe seith: that manye smale maken a greet. / And herkne this ensample. A greet wawe of the see comth som-tyme with so greet a violence that it drencheth the ship. And the same harm doth som-tyme the smale dropes of water, that entren thurgh a litel crevace in-to the thurrok, and in-to the botme of the ship, if men be so negligent that they ne descharge hem nat by tyme. / And therfore, al-thogh ther be a difference bitwixe thise two causes of drenchinge, algates the
 (290) ship is dreynyt. / Right so fareth it som-tyme of deedly sinne, and of anoyouse veniale sinnes, whan they multiplye in a man so greetly, that thilke worldly things that he loveth, thurgh whiche he sinneth venially, is as greet in his herte as the love of god, or more. / And therfore, the love of every thing, that is nat biset in god ne doon principally for goddes sake, al-though that a man love it lasse than god, yet is it venial sinne; / and deedly sinne, whan the love of any thing weyeth in the herte of man as muchel as the love of god, or more. / 'Deedly sinne,' as seith saint Augustin, 'is, whan a man turneth his herte fro god, which that is verray sovereign bountee, that may nat chaunge, and yeveth his herte to thing that may chaunge and flitte'; / and certes, that is

every thing, save god of hevene. For sooth is, that if a man yeve his love, the which that he oweth al to god with al his herte, un-to a creature, certes, as muche of his love as he yeveth to thilke creature, so muche he bireveth fro god; / and therfore doth he sinne. For he, that is dettou to god, ne yeldeth nat to god al his dette, that is to seyn, al the love of his herte. /
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§ 22. Now sith man understandeth generally, which is venial sinne, thanne is it covenable to tellen specially of sinnes whiche that many a man per-adventure ne demeth hem nat sinnes, and ne shryveth him nat of the same thinges; and yet nathelees they been sinnes. / Soothly, as thise clerkes wryten, this is to seyn, that at every tyme that a man eteth or drinketh more than suffyseth to the sustenaunce of his body, in certein he dooth sinne. / And eek whan he speketh more than nedeth, it is sinne. Eke whan he herkneth nat benignely the compleint of the povre. / Eke whan he is in hele of body and wol nat faste, whan othere folk faste, with-outen cause resonable. Eke whan he slepeth more than nedeth, or whan he comth by thilke enchesoun to late to chirche, or to othere werkes of charite. / Eke whan he useth his wyf,
 (300) with-outen sovereyn desyr of engendrure, to the honour of god, or for the entente to yelde to his wyf the dette of his body. / Eke whan he wol nat visite the sike and the prisoner, if he may. Eke if he love wyf or child, or other worldly thing, more than resoun requyreth. Eke if he flatere or blandishe more than him oghte for any necessitee. / Eke if he amenuse or withdrawe the almesse of the povre. Eke if he apparaileth his mete more deliciously than nede is, or ete it to hastily by likeronsnesse. / Eke if he tale vanitees at chirche or at goddes service, or that he be a talker of ydel wordes of folye or of vilenyng; for he shal yelden acountes of it at the day of dome. / Eke whan he biheteth or assurereh to do thinges that he may nat perfourne. Eke whan that he, by lightnesse or folie, misseyeth

or scorneth his neighebore. / Eke whan he hath any wikked suspencion of thing,
ther he ne woot of it no soothfastnesse. / These thinges and mo with-oute nombre
been sinnes, as seith saint Augustin. /

Now shal men understande, that al-be-it so that noon erthely man may eschue alle venial sinnes, yet may he refreyne him by the brenninge love that he hath to oure lord Jesu Crist, and by preyeres and confession and othere gode werkes, so that it shal but litel greve. / For, as seith saint Augustin: ‘if a man love god in swiche manere, that al that evere he doth is in the love of god, and for the love of god verrailly, for he brenneth in the love of god: / loke, how muche that a drope of water that falleth in a fourneys ful of syr anoyeth or greveth, so muche anoyeth a venial sinne un-to a man that is parfit in the love of Jesu Crist.’ / Men may also refreyne venial sinne by recyvinge worthily of the precious body of Jesu Crist; / by receyving eek of holy water; by almesdede; by general confession of *Confiteor* at masse and at complin; and by blessings of bisshopes and of preestes, and by othere gode werkes. /

Explicit secunda pars Penitentie.

Sequitur de Septem Peccatis Mortalibus et eorum dependenciis circumstanciis et speciebus.

§ 23. Now is it bilovely thing to telle whiche been the deadly sinnes, this is to seyn, chieftaines of sinnes; alle they renne in o lees, but in diverse maneres. Now been they cleped chieftaines for-as-muche as they been chief, and +springers of alle othere sinnes. / Of the roote of thise sevene sinnes thanne is Pryde, the general rote of alle harmes; for of this rote springen certein braunches, as Ire, Envye, Accidie or Slewthe, Avarice or Covetise (to commune understandinge), Glotonye, and Lecherye. / And everich of thise chief sinnes hath hisse braunches and hisse twigges, as shal be declared in hir chapitres folwinge. /

De Superbia.

§ 24. And thogh so be that no man can outrely telle the nombre of the twigges and of the harmes that cometh of Pryde, yet wol I shewe a partie of hem, as ye shul understande. / Ther 390 is Inobedience, Avauntinge, Ipocrisie, Despyt, Arrogance, Impudence, Swellinge of herte, Insolence, Elacion, Impacience, Strif, Contumacie, Presumpcion, Irreverence, Pertinacie, Veyne Glorie; and many another twig that I can nat declare. / Inobedient, is he that disobeyeth for despyt to the comandements of god and to hisse sovereyns, and to his goostly fader. / Avauntour, is he that bosteth of the harm or of the bountee that he hath doon. / Ipocrite, is he that hydeth to shewe him swiche as he is, and sheweth him swiche as he nocht is. / 395 Despitous, is he that hath desdeyn of his neighebore, that is to seyn, of his evene-cristene, or hath despyt to doon that him oughte to do. / Arrogant, is he that thinketh that he hath thilke bountees in him that he hath nocht, or weneth that he sholde have hem by hisse deserthes; or elles he demeth that he be that he nis nat. / Impudent, is he that for his pride hath no shame of hisse sinnes. / Swellinge of herte, is whan a man rejoyseth him of harm that he hath doon. / Insolent, is he that despyseth in his judgement alle othere folk as to regard of his value, and of his conning, and of his speking, and of his bering. / Elacion, is whan he ne may neither suffre to have maister ne felawe. / 400 Impacient, is he that wol nat been ytaught ne undername of his vyce, and by stryf werreyeth trouthe witingly, and defendeth his folye. / Contumax, is he that thurgh his indignacion is agayns everich auctoritee or power of hem that been hisse sovereyns. / Presumpcion, is whan a man undertaketh an emprise that him oughte nat do, or elles that he may nat do; and that is called Surquidrie. Irreverence, is whan men do nat honour thereas hem oughte to doon, and waiten to be reverenced. / Pertinacie

is whan man defendeth his folye, and
 (330) trusteth to muchel in his owene wit. /
 Veyne glorie, is for to have pompe and
 delyt in his temporel hynesse, and
 405 glorifie him in this worldly estaat. /
 Janglinge, is whan men speken to muche
 biforn folk, and clappen as a mille, and
 taken no kepe what they seye. /

§ 25. And yet is ther a privee spece of
 Pryde, that waiteth first to be salewed or
 he wole salewe, al be he lasse worth than
 that other is, per-aventure; and eek he
 waiteth or desyreth to sitte, or elles to
 goon above him in the wey, or kisse pax,
 or been encensed, or goon to offring biforn
 his neighebore, / and swiche semblable
 thinges; agayns his duetee, per-aventure,
 but that he hath his herte and his
 entente in swich a proud desyr to be
 magnifyed and honoured biforn the
 peple. /

§ 26. Now been ther two maneres of
 Pryde; that oon of hem is with-inne the
 herte of man, and that other is with-
 oute. / Of whiche soothly thise forseyde
 thinges, and mo than I have seyd, aper-
 tenen to pridy that is in the herte of
 man; and that othere species of pridy
 410 been with-oute. / But natheles that oon
 of thise species of pridy is signe of that
 other, rightas the gaye leefsel atte taverne
 is signe of the wyn that is in the celer. /
 And this is in manye thinges: as in speche
 and contenance, and in outrageous array
 of clothing; / for certes, if then he hadde
 be no sinne in clothing, Crist wolle nat
 have noted and spoken of the clothing of
 thilke riche man in the gospel. / And, as
 seith Seint Gregorie, that precious clothing
 is couplable for the derthe of it, and for
 his softenesse, and for his strangenesse
 and degysinesse, and for the superfluitee,
 (340) or for the inordinat scantnesse of it. /
 Allas! may men nat seen, as in our
 dayes, the sinful costlewe array of cloth-
 415 inge, and namely in to muche superfluitee,
 or elles in to desordinat scantnesse? /

§ 27. As to the firste sinne, that is in
 superfluitee of clothinges, which that
 maketh it so dere, to harm of the peple;/
 nat only the cost of embroudinge, the

degyse endentinge or barringe, oundinge,
 palinge, windinge, or bendinge, and
 semblable wast of clooth in vanitee; /
 but ther is also costlewe furringe in hir
 gounes, so muche pounsoninge of chisels
 to maken holes, so muche dagginge of
 sheres; / forth-with the superfluitee in
 lengthe of the forscide gounes, trailinge
 in the dong and in the myre, on horse
 and eek on fote, as wel of man as of
 womman, that al thilke trailinge is verrailly
 as in effect wasted, consumed, thredbare,
 and roten with donge, rather than it is
 yeven to the povre; to greet damage of
 the forseyde povre folk. / And that in
 sondry wyse: this is to seyn, that the
 more that clooth is wasted, the more it
 costeth to the peple for the scantnesse; /
 and forther-over, if so be that they wolde
 yeven swich pounsoned and dagged cloth-
 ing to the povre folk, it is nat convenient
 to were for hir estaat, ne suffisant to bote
 hir necessitee, to kepe hem fro the dis-
 temperance of the firmament. / Upon
 that other syde, to speken of the horrible
 disordinat scantnesse of clothing, as been
 thise cutted sloppes or hainsclins, that
 thurgh hir shortnesse ne covere nat the
 shameful membrs of man, to wikked
 entente. / Allas! somme of hem shewen
 the boce of hir shap, and the horrible
 swollen membrs, that semeth lyk the
 maladie of hirnia, in the wrappings of hir
 hoses; / and eek the buttokes of hem
 faren as it were the hindre part of a she-
 ape in the fulle of the mone. / And if (350)
 more-over, the wrecched swollen membrs
 that they shewe thurgh the degy-
 singe, in departinge of hir hoses in whyt
 and reed, semeth that half hir shameful
 privee membrs weren flayn. / And if
 so be that they departen hir hoses in
 othere colours, as is whyt and blak, or
 whyt and blew, or blak and reed, and so
 forth; / thanne semeth it, as by variance
 of colour, that half the partie of hir
 privee membrs were corrupt by the fyr
 of seint Antony, or by cancre, or by other
 swich meschaunce. / Of the hindre part
 of hir buttokes, it is ful horrible for to
 see. For certes, in that partie of hir

body ther-as they purgen hir stinkinge ordure, / that foule partie shewe they to the peple proudly in despyt of honestete, the which honestete that Jesu Crist and hisse freendes observede to shewen in hir lyve. / Now as of the outrageous array of wommen, god woot, that though the visages of somme of hem sema ful chaast and debonaire, yet notifie they in hir array of atyr likerousnesse and prude. / I sey nat that honestete in clothinge of man or womman is uncovenable, but certes the superfluite or disordinat scantitee of clothinge is reprevable. / Also the sinne of aornement or of apparaille is in thinges that apertenent to rydinge, as in to manye delicate horses that been holden for delyt, that been so faire, fatte, and costlewe; / and also to many a vicious knave that is sustened by cause of hem; in to curios harneys, as in sadeles, in crouperes, peytrels, and brydles covered with precious clothing and riche, barres and plates of gold and of silver. / For which god seith by Zakarie the prophete, 'I wol confounde the ryderes of swiche horses.' / This folk taken litel reward of the rydinge of goddes sone of hevne, and of his harneys whan he rood up-on the asse, and ne hadde noon other harneys but the povre clothes of hisse disciples; ne we ne rede nat that evere he rood on other beest. / I speke this for the sinne of superfluite, and nat for reasonable honestete, whan reson it requyret. / And farther, certes prude is greetly notified in holdings of greet meinee, whan they be of litel profit or of right no profit. / And namely, whan that meinee is felonous and dangerous to the peple, by hardinesse of heigh lordshipe or by wey of offices. / For certes, swiche lordes sellen thanne hir lordshipe to the devel of helle, whanne they sustenen the wikkednesse of hir meinee. / Or elles whan this folk of lowe degreee, as thilke that holden hostellries, sustenen the thefte of hir hostilers, and that is in many manere of deceites. / Thilke manere of folk been the flyes that folwen the hony, or elles the houndes

that folwen the careyne. Swiche forseyde folk stranglen spiritually hir lordships; / for which thus seith David the prophete, 'wikked deeth mote come up-on thilke lordships, and god yeve that they mcte descenden in-to helle al doun; for in hir houses been iniquites and shrewednesses,' and nat god of hevne. / And certes, but-if they doon amendement, right as god yaf his benison to +Laban by the service of Jacob, and to +Pharaao by the service of Joseph, right so god wole yeve his malison to swiche lordships as sustenen the wikkednesse of hir seruaunts, but-if they come to amendment. / Pryde of the table appereth eek ful ofte; for certes, riche men been cleped to festes, and povre folk been put away and rebuked. / Also in excesse of diverse (370) metes and drinkes; and namely, swiche manere bake metes and dish-metes, brenninge of wilde fyr, and peynted and castelled with papir, and semblable wast; so that it is abusion for to thinke. / And eek in to greet preciousnesse of vessel and curiositee of minstralecie, by whiche a man is stired the more to delyces of luxurie, / if so be that he sette his herte the lasse up-on oure lord Jesu Crist, certein it is a sinne; and certeinly the delyces mighte been so grete in this caus, that man mighte lightly falie by hem in-to deedly sinne. / The especies that sourden of Pryde, soothly whan they sourden of malice ymagine, avysed, and forncast, or elles of usage, been deedly synnes, it is no doute. / And whan they sourden by freletee unavysed sodeinly, and sodeinly withdrawen ayein, al been they grevouse sinnes, I gesse that they ne been nat deedly. / Now mighte men axe wher-of that Pryde sourdeth and springeth, and I seye: somtyme it springeth of the goodes of nature, and som-tyme of the goodes of fortune, and som-tyme of the goodes of grace. / Certes, the goodes of nature stonden outhir in goodes of body or in goodes of soule. / Certes, goodes of body been hele of body, as strengthe, delivernesse, beautee, gentrye, franchise. / Goodes of nature of the soule been good wit, sharp under-

stondyng, subtil engin, vertu naturel,
good memorie. / Goodes of fortune been
richesses, highe degrees of lordships,
(380) preisings of the peple. / Goodes of grace
been science, power to suffre spirituel
travaille, benignitee, vertuous contem-
placion, withstondinges of temptacion,
455 and semblable things. / Of whiche for-
seyde goodes, certes it is a ful greet folye
a man to prydyn him in any of hem
alle. / Now as for to speken of goodes of
nature, god woot that som-tyme we han
hem in nature as muche to oure damage
as to oure profit. / As, for to speken
of hele of body; certes it passeth ful
lightly, and eek it is ful ofte encheson of
the siknesse of oure soule; for god woot,
the flesh is a ful greet enemy to the
soule: and therfore, the more that the
body is hool, the more be we in peril to
fall. / Eke for to prydyn him in his
strengthe of body, it is an heigh folye;
for certes, the flesh coveiteth agayn the
spirit, and ay the more strong that the
flesh is, the sorier may the soule be: /
and, over al this, strengthe of body and
worldly hardinesse causeth ful ofte many

460 a man to peril and meschance. / Eek
for to prydyn him of his gentrye is ful
greet folye; for ofte tyme the gentrye of the
body binimeth the gentrye of the
soule; and eek we ben alle of o fader and
of o moder; and alle we been of o nature
roten and corrupt, both riche and povre. /
For sothe, oo manere gentrye is for to
preise, that appairalleth mannes corage
with vertues and moralitees, and maketh
him Cristes child. / For truste wel, that
over what man sinne hath maistrie, he is
a verray cherl to sinne. /

§ 28. Now been ther generale signes of
gentilesse; as eschewinge of vye and
ribaudye and servage of sinne, in word,
(390) in werk, and contenance; / and usinge
vertu, curteisye, and cleunesse, and to be
liberal, that is to seyn, large by mesure;
for thilke that passeth mesure is folye
465 and sinne. / Another is, to remembre
him of bountee that he of other folk hath
receyved. / Another is, to be benigne to
hise goode subgetis; wherfore, as seith

Senek, 'ther is no-thing more covenable
to a man of heigh estau than debonaireete
and pitee. / And therfore this flyes that
men clepeth bees, whan they maken hir
king, they chesen oon that hath no prikke
wherwith he may stinge.' / Another is,
a man to have a noble herte and a dili-
gent, to attayne to heigh vertuouse
things. / Now certes, a man to pryde
him in the goodes of grace is eek an out-
rageous folye; for thilke yiftes of grace
that sholde have turned him to goodnesse
and to medicine, turneth him to venim
and to confusion, as seith saint Gregorie. /
Certes also, who-so prydeth him in the
goodes of fortune, he is a ful greet fool;
for som-tyme is a man a greet lord by the
morwe, that is a caitif and a wreche er
it be night: / and somtyme the richesse
of a man is cause of his deeth; somtyme
the delyces of a man is cause of the
grevous maladye thurgh which he dyeth.
Certes, the commendacion of the peple is
somtyme ful fals and ful brotel for to
triste; this day they preyse, tomorrow
they blame. / God woot, desyr to have
commendacion of the peple hath caused
deeth to many a bisy man. (43)

Remedium contra peccatum Superbie.

§ 29. Now sith that so is, that ye han
understonde what is pryde, and whiche
been the spes of it, and whennes pride
sourdeth and springeth; / now shul ye 475
understonde which is the remedie agayns
the sinne of pryde, and that is, humilitee
or mekenesse. / That is a vertu, thurgh
which a man hath verray knoweleche of
him-self, and holdeth of him-self no prys-
ne deynfee as in regard of hise desertes,
consideringe evere his freletee. / Now
been ther three maneres of humilitee; as
humilitee in herte, and another humilitee
in his mouth; the thridde in hise werkes.
The humilitee in herte is in fourre maneres:
that oon is, whan a man holdeth him-self
as noght worth biforn god of hevene.
Another is, whan he ne despyseth noon
other man. / The thridde is, whan he
rekketh nat thogh men holde him noght
worth. The ferthe is, whan he nis nat

480 sory of his humiliacion. / Also, the humiliacion of mouth is in foure things: in attemprese speche, and in humblesse of speche, and whan he biknoweth with his owene mouth that he is swich as him thinketh that he is in his herte. Another is, whan he preiseth the bountee of another man, and nothing ther-of amenuseth. / Humilitee eek in werkes is in foure maneres: the firste is, whan he putteth other men biforn him. The seconde is, to chese the loweste place over-al. The thridde is, gladly to assente to good conseil. / The ferthe is, to stonde gladly to the award of hisse sovereyns, or of him that is in hyer degree; certain, this is a greet werk of humiliitee. /

Sequitur de Inuidia.

§ 30. After Pryde wol I spoken of the foule sinne of Envy, which is, as by the word of the philosophire, sorwe of other mannes prosperitee; and after the word of saint Augustin, it is sorwe of other mannes wele, and joye of other mennes harm. / This foule sinne is platly agayns the holy goost. Al-be-it so that every sinne is agayns the holy goost, yet nathelees, for as muche as bountee aperteneth proprely to the holy goost, and Envy comith proprely of malice, therfore it is proprely agayn the bountee of the holy goost. / Now hath malice two species, that is to seyn, hardnesse of herte in wikkednesse, or elles the flesh of man is so blind, that he considereth nat that he is in sinne, or rekkest nat that he is in sinne; which is the hardnesse of the devel. / That other spece of malice is, whan a man werreyeth trouthe, whan he woot that it is trouthe. And eek, whan he werreyeth the grace that god hath yev to his neighebore; and al this is by Envye. / Certes, thanne is Envy theworste sinne that is. For soothly, alle other sinnes been som-tyme only agayns special vertu; / but certes, Envy is agayns alle vertues and agayns alle goodnesses; for it is sory of alle the bountees of his neighebore; and in this manere it is divers from alle other sinnes. / For

wel unnethe is ther any sinne that it ne hath som deltyt in itself, save only Envy, that evere hath in itself anguish and sorwe. / The species of Envy been thise: 490 ther is first, sorwe of other mannes goodnesse and of his prosperitee; and prosperitee is kindly matere of joye; thanne is Envy a sinne agayns kinde. / The seconde spece of Envy is joye of other mannes harm; and that is proprely lyk to the devel, that evere rejoyseth him of mannes harm. / Of thise two species comth bakbyting; and this sinne of bakbyting or detraccion hath certeine speeces, as thus. Som man preiseth his neighebore by a wikked entente; / for he maketh alwey a wikked knotte atte laste ende. Alwey he maketh a 'but' atte laste ende, that is digne of more blame, than worth is al the preisinge. / The seconde spece (420) is, that if a man be good and dooth or seith a thing to good entente, the bakbyter wol turne all thilke goodnesse up-so-doun to his shrewed entente. / The thridde 4,5 is, to amenuse the bountee of his neighebore. / The fourthe spece of bakbyting is this; that if men speke goodnesse of a man, thanne wol the bakbyter seyn, 'parfey, swich a man is yet bet than he'; in dispreisinge of him that men preise. / The fifte spece is this; for to consente gladly and herkne gladly to the harm that men speke of other folk. This sinne is ful greet, and ay encreseth after the wikked entente of the bakbyter. / After bakbyting cometh gruccing or murmuracion; and somtyme it springeth of impacience agayns god, and somtyme agayns man. / Agayns god it is, whan a man grucceth agayn the peynes of helle, or agayns poverté, or los of catel, or agayn reyn or tempest; or elles grucceth that shrewes han prosperitee, or elles for that goode men han adversitee. / 500 And alle thise thinges sholde men suffre paciently, for they comen by the rightful jugement and ordinance of god. / Somtyme comth gruccing of avarice; as Judas grueched agayns the Magdalenye, whan she enoynte the heved of oure lord Jesu Crist with hir precious

eynement. / This maner murmure is swich as whan man gruecheth of goodnesse that him-self dooth, or that other folk doon of hir owene catel. / Somtyme comth murmure of Pryde; as whan Simon the Pharisee grueched agayn the Magdaleyne, whan she approched to Jesu Crist, and weep at his feet for hir sinnes. / And somtyme grueching sourdeth of Envye; whan men discovereth a mannes harm that was privee, or bereth him on 430 hond thing that is fals. / Murmure eek is ofte amonges servaunts, that gruechen whan hir sovereyns bidden hem doon levesful thinges; / and, for-as-muche as they dar nat openly withseye the comandements of hir sovereyns, yet wol they seyn harm, and grueche, and murmur prively for verray despyt; / whiche wordes men clepen the develes *Pater-noster*, though so be that the devel ne hadde nevere *Pater-noster*, but that lewed folk yeven it swich a name. / Somtyme grueching comth of ire or prive hate, that norisseth rancour in herte, as afterward I shal declare. / Thanne cometh eek bitternesse of herte; thurgh which bitternesse every good dede of his neighe- 505 bor semeth to him bitter and unsavory. / Thanne cometh discord, that unbindeth alle manere of frendshipe. Thanne comth scorninge, as whan a man seketh occasioun to anoyen his neighebor, al do he never so weel. / Thanne comth accusinge, as whan man seketh occasion to anoyen his neighebor, which that is lyk to the craft of the devel, that waiteth bothe night and day to accusen us alle. / Thanne comth malignitee, thurgh which a man anoyeth his neighebor prively if he may; / and if he noght may, algate his wikked wil ne shal nat wante, as for to brennen his hous prively, or empoysonne or sleen hiso bestes, and semblable 440 things. /

Remedium contra peccatum Inuidie.

§ 31. Now wol I speke of the remedie agayns this foule sinne of Envye. First, is the love of god principal, and loving of his neighebor as him-self; for soothly,

that oon ne may nat been withoute that other. / And truste wel, that in the 515 name of thy neighebor thou shalt understande the name of thy brother; for certes alle we have o fader fleshly, and o moder, that is to seyn, Adam and Eve; and eek o fader espirituel, and that is god of hevene. / Thy neighebor artow holden for to love, and wilne him alle goodnesse; and therfore seith god, 'love thy neighebor as thyselfe,' that is to seyn, Adam and Eve. / And salvacion bothe of lyf and of soule. / And more-over, thou shalt love him in word, and in benigne amonestinge, and chastysinge; and conforten him in hise anoyes, and preye for him with al thyn herte. / And in dede thou shalt love him in swich wyse, that thou shalt doon to him in charitee as thou woldest that it were doon to thyn owene persone. / And therfore, thou ne shalt doon him no damage in wikked word, ne harm in his body, ne in his catel, ne in his soule, by entysing of wikked ensample. / Thou 520 shalt nat desyren his wyf, ne none of hise thinges. Understand eek, that in the name of neighebor is comprehended his enemy. / Certes man shal loven his enemy by the comandement of god; and soothly thy frend shal lowe in God. / I seye, thyn enemy shal lowe for goddes sake, by his comandement. For if it were reson that a man sholde haten his enemy, for sothe god nolde nat receiven us to his love that been hiso enemys. / Agayns three manere of wronges that his enemy dooth to hym, he shal doon three thinges, as thus. / Agayns hate 450 and rancour of herte, he shal love him in herte. Agayns chyding and wikkede wordes, he shal preye for his enemy. And agayns the wikked dede of his enemy, he shal doon him bountee. / For Crist 525 seith, 'lovethe youre enemys, and preyeth for hem that speke yow harm; and eek for hem that yow chacen and pursewen, and doth bountee to hem that yow haten.' Lo, thus comaundereth us oure lord Jesu Crist, to do to oure enemys. / For soothly, nature dryveth us to loven oure freendes, and parfey, oure enemys han more nede

to love than our freendes; and they that more nede have, certes, to hem shal men doon goodnesse; / and certes, in thilke dede have we remembrance of the love of Jesu Crist, that deyde for hisen enemys. / And in-as-muche as thilke love is the more grevous to perfourne, in-so-muche is the more gretter the merite; and therfore the lovinge of oure enemy hath confounded the venim of the devel. / For right as the devel is disconfited by humilitie, right so is he wounded to the deeth by love of oure enemy. / Certes, thanne is love the medicine that easeth out the venim of Envy fro mannes herte. / The species of this pas shullen be more largely in his chapitres folwinge declared. /

Sequitur de Ira.

§ 32. After Envye wol I discryven the sinne of Ire. For soothly, who-so hath envye upon his neighebor, anon he wole comunly finde him a matere of wratthe, in word or in dede, agayns him to whom he hath envy. / And as wel comth Ire of Pryde, as of Envye; for soothly, he that is proude or envious is lightly wrooth. /

§ 33. This sinne of Ire, after the discryving of saint Augustin, is wikked wil to be avenged by word or by dede. / Ire, after the philosophre, is the fervent blood of man y-quiked in his herte, thurgh which he wole harm to him that he hateth. / For certes the herte of man, by eschaufinge and moevinge of his blood, wexeth so trouble, that he is out of alle jugement of resoun. / But ye shal understande that Ire is in two maneres; that oon of hem is good, and that other is wikked. / The gode Ire is by jalouslye of goodnesse, thurgh which a man is wrooth with wikkednesse and agayns wikkednesse; and therfore seith a wys man, that 'Ire is bet than Pley.' / This Ire is with debonairetee, and it is wrooth withouten bitternes; nat wrooth agayns the man, but wrooth with the misdede of the man; as seith the prophete David, *Irascimini et nolite peccare.* / Now understandeth, that wikked Ire is in two maneres, that is to seyn,

sodeyn Ire or hastif Ire, withouten avisement and consentinge of resoun. / The mening and the sens of this is, that the resoun of man ne consente nat to thilke sodeyn Ire; and thanne it is venial. / Another Ire is ful wikked, that comth of felonye of herte avyzed and cast biforn; with wikked wil to do vengeance, and thereto his resoun consenteth; and soothly this is deadly sinne. / This Ire is so displesant to god, that it troubleth his hous and chaceth the holy goost out of mannes soule, and wasteth and destroyeth the lyknesse of god, that is to seyn, the vertu that is in mannes soule: / and put in (47c) him the lyknesse of the devel, and binimeth the man fro god that is his rightful lord. / This Ire is a ful greet 545 plesaunce to the devel; for it is the develes fourneys, that is eschaufed with the fyr of helle. / For certes, right so as fyr is more mighty to destroyen erthely thinges than any other element, right so Ire is mighty to destroyen alle spirituel thinges. / Loke how that fyr of smale gledes, that been almost dede under asshen, wolen quike agayn whan they been touched with brinstoon; right so Ire wol everemo quiken agayn, whan it is touched by the prude that is covered in mannes herte. / For certes fyr ne may nat comen out of no-thing, but-if it were first in the same thing naturally: as fyr is drawen out of flentes with steel. / And right so as prude is ofte tyme matere of Ire, right so is rancour norice and keper of Ire. / Ther is a maner tree, as seith 550 saint Isidre, that whan men maken fyr of thilke tree, and covere the coles of it with asshen, soothly the fyr of it wol lasten al a yea or more. / And right so fareth it of rancour; whan it is ones coneyved in the hertes of som men, certein, it wol lasten peraventure from oon Estreday unto another Estre-day, and more. / But certes, thilke man is ful fer fro the mercy of god al thilke while. /

§ 34. In this forseyde develes fourneys ther forgen three shrewes: Pryde, that ay bloweth and encreseth the fyr by chydinge and wikked wordes. / Thaune stant (48c)

Envye, and holdeth the hote iren upon
the herte of man with a peire of longe
555 tonges of long rancour. / And thanne
stant the sinne of contumelie or stryf and
cheeste, and batereth and forgeth by
vileyns reprevinges. / Certes, this cursed
sinne anoyeth bothe to the man him-self
and eek to his neighebor. For soothly,
almost al the harm that any man dooth
to his neighebore comth of wratthe. /
For certes, outrageous wratthe doth al
that evere the devel him comaundeth;
for he ne sparcth neither Crist, ne his
swete moorder. / And in his outrageous
anger and Ire, allas! allas! ful many oon
at that tyme feleth in his herte ful wikkedly,
bothe of Crist and of alle hisse
halwes. / Is nat this a cursed vice? Yis,
certes. Allas! it binimeth from man his
560 wit and his resoun, and al his debonaire
lyfespirituel that sholde kepen his soule. /
Certes, it binimeth eek goddes due lordshipe,
and that is mannes soule, and the
love of hisse neighebores. It stryveth eek
alday agayn trouthe. It reveth him the
quiete of his herte, and subverteth his
soule. /

§ 35. Of Ire comen thise stinkinge
engendrures: first hate, that is old
wratthe; discord, thurgh which a man
forsaketh his olde freend that he hath
loved ful longe. / And thanne cometh
werre, and every manere of wrong that
man dooth to his neighebore, in body or
in catel. / Of this cursed sinne of Ire
cometh eek manslaughter. And under-
stonde wel, that homicyde, that is man-
slaughtre, is in dyverse wyse. Som manere
(490) of homicyde is spirituel, and som is bodily. /
Spirituel manslaughter is in six thinges.
First, by hate; as saint John seith, 'he
565 that hateth his brother is homicyde.' /
Homicyde is eek by bakbytinge; of whiche
baklyteres seith Salomon, that 'they han
two swerdes with whiche they sleen hir
neighebores.' For soothly, as wikked
is eek, in yevinge of wikked conseil
by fraude; as for to yeven conseil to
areysen wrongful custumes and taillages.
Qf whiche seith Salomon, 'Leon rorynge

and bere hondry been lyke to the cruel
lordshipes,' in withholdinge or abregginge
of the shewe (or the hyre), or of the wages
of seruaunts, or elles in usure or in with-
drawinge of the almesse of povre folk. /
For which the wyse man seith, 'fedeth
him that almost dyeth for honger'; for
soothly, but-if thou fede him, thou sleest
him; and alle thise been deadly sinnes. /
Bodily manslaughter is, whan thou sleest
him with thy tongue in other manere; as
whan thou comandest to sleen a man, or
elles yevest him conseil to sleen a man. /
570 Manslaughtre in dede is in foure maneres.
That oon is by lawe; right as a justice
dampneth him that is culpable to the
deeth. But lat the justice be warthate
do it rightfully, and that he do it nat for
delyt to spille blood, but for kepinge of
rightwisenesse. / Another homicyde is,
that is doon for necessitee, as whan o man
sleeth another in his defendaunt, and
that he ne may noon otherwise escape
from his owene deeth. / But certainly,
if he may escape withouten manslaughter
of his adversarie, and sleeth him, he doth
sinne, and he shal bere penance as for
deadly sinne. / Eek if a man, by caas or
aventure, shete an arwe or caste a stoon
with which he sleeth a man, he is homicyde. /
Eek if a womman by negligence (500)
overlyeth hir child in hir sleping, it is
homicyde and deadly sinne. / Eek whan
575 man destourbeth concepcion of a child,
and maketh a womman outhere bareyne
by drinkinge venemouse herbes, thurgh
which she may nat conceyve, or sleeth
a child by drinke wilfully, or elles putteth
certeine material things in hir
secree places to seele the child; / or elles
doth unkindly sinne, by which man or
womman shedeth hir nature in manere
or in place ther-as a child may nat be
conceived; or elles, if a womman have
conceyved and hurt hir-self, and sleeth
the child, yet is it homicyde. / What
seye we eek of wommen that mordren hir
children for drede of worldly shame?
Certes, an horrible homicyde. / Homicyde
is eek if a man approcheth to a
womman by desir of lecherye, thurgh

which the child is perissed, or elles smyteth a womman witingly, thurgh which she leseth hir child. Alle thise been homicydes and horrible deedly sinnes. / Yet comen ther of Ire manye mo sinnes, as wel in word as in thought and in dede; as he that arretteth upon god, or blameth god, of thing of which he is him-self guilty; or despyseth god and alle hise halwes, as doon thise cursede hasardours in diverse contrees. / This cursed sinne doon they, whan they felen in hir hertes ful wikkedly of god and of hise halwes. / Also, whan they treten unreverently the sacrament of the auter, thilke sinne is so greet, that unnethe may it been releasd, but that the mercy of god passeth alle hise werkes; it is so greet and he so benigne. / Thanne comth of Ire attri angre; whan a man is sharply amonested in his shrifte to forletyn his sinne, / than wole he be angry and answeren hokerly and angrily, and definden or excusen his sinne by unstedefastnesse of his flesh; or elles he dide it for to holde compayne with hise felawes, or

(510) elles, he seith, the fend entycyd him; / or elles he dide it for his youthe, or elles his complexioun is so corageous, that he may nat forbere; or elles it is his destinee, as he seith, unto a certain age; or elles, he seith, it cometh him of gentillesse of hise auncestres; and semblable thinges. / Alle this manere of folk so wrappen hem in hir sinnes, that they ne wol nat delivere hem-self. For soothly, no wight that excuseth him wilfully of his sinne may nat been delivered of his sinne, til that he mekely biknoweth his sinne. / After this, thanne cometh swering, that is expres agayn the comandement of god; and this bifalleth ofte of anger and of Ire. / God seith: 'thou shalt nat take the name of thy lord god in veyn or in ydel.' Also oure lord Jesu Crist seith by the word of saint Mathew: 'Nolite iurare omnino: / ne wol ye nat swero in alle manere; neither by hevene, for it is goddes trone; ne by erthe, for it is the banch of his feet; ne by Jerusalem, for it is the citee of a greet king; ne by thyn

heed, for thou mayst nat make an heire whyt ne blak. / But seyeth by youre word, "ye, ye," and "nay, nay"; and what that is more, it is of yvel,' seith Crist. / For Cristes sake, ne swereth nat 593 so sinfully, in dismembringe of Crist by soule, herte, bones, and body. For certes, it semeth that ye think that the cursed Jewes ne dismembred nat y-nough the preciouse persone of Crist, but ye dismembre him more. / And if so be that the lawe compelle yow to swere, thanne rule yow after the lawe of god in youre swering, as seith Jeremiye *quarto capitulo*, '*Iurabis in veritate, in iudicio et in iusticia*: thou shalt kepe three condicions; thou shalt swere in trouthe, in doom, and in rightwisnesse.' / This is to seyn, thou shalt swere sooth; for every lesinge is agayns Crist. For Crist is verray trouthe. And think wel this, that every greet swerere, nat compelled lawefullly to swere, the wounde shal nat departe from his hous whyl he useth swich unleueful swering. / Thou shalt sweren eek in doom, whan thou art constreyned by thy domesman to witnessem the trouthe. / (520) Eek thou shalt nat swere for envye ne for favour, ne for mede, but for rightwisnesse; for declaracioun of it to the worship of god and helping of thyne evenecristene. / And therfore, every man that taketh goddes name in ydel, or falsly swereth with his mouth, or elles taketh on him the name of Crist, to be called a Cristene man, and liveth agayns Cristes livinge and his techinge, alle they taken goddes name in ydel. / Loke eek what saint Peter seith, *Actuum quarto capitulo*, '*Non est aliud nomen sub celo*, &c. 'Ther nis noon other name,' seith saint Peter, 'under hevene, even to men, in which they mowe be saved;' that is to sayn, but the name of Jesu Crist. / Take kepe eek how that the precious name of Crist, as seith saint Paul *ad Philipenses secundo*, '*In nomine Jesu*, &c.: that in the name of Jesu every knee of heveny creatures, or erthely, or of helle sholden bowe'; for it is so heigh and so worshipful, that the cursed feend in helle sholde tremulen to

heren it y-nempned. / Thanne semeth it, that men that sweren so horribly by his blessed name, that they despysē him more boldely than dide the cursede Jewes, or elles the devel, that trembleth whan he hereth his name. /

§ 36. Now certes, sith that swering, but if it be lawefullly doon, is so heighly defended, muche worse is forswering falsly, and yet nedeless. /

§ 37. What seye we eek of hem that delyten hem in swering, and holden it a gentrie or a manly dede to swere grete othes? And what of hem that, of verray usage, ne cesse nat to swere grete othes, al be the cause nat worth a straw? Certes, this is horrible sinne. / Sweringe sodeynly with-oute avysement is eek a sinne. / But lat us go now to thilke horrible sweringe of adjuracioun and conjuracioun, as doon thise false enchauntours or nigromanciens in bacins ful of water, or in a bright swerd, in a cercle, or in a fyr, or in a shulder-boon of a sheep. / I can nat seye but that they doon curstely and damnabley, agayns

30) Crist and al the feith of holy chirche. /

§ 38. What seye we of hem that bileven in divynailes, as by flight or by noyse of briddes, or of bestes, or by sort, by geomancie, by dremes, by chirkinge of dores, or crakkinge of houses, by gnawynge of rattes, and swich manere wrecchednesse? / Certes, al this thing is defended by god and by al holy chirche. For which they been acursed, til they come to amendent, that on swich filthe setten hir brieve. / Charmes for woundes or maladye of men, or of bestes, if they taken any effect, it may be peraventure that god suffreth it, for folk sholden yeve the more feith and reverence to his name. /

§ 39. Now wol I speken of lesinges, which generally is fals significacioun of word, in entente to deceyven his evenecristene. / Som lesinge is of which ther comth noon avantage to no wight: and som lesinge turneth to the ese or profit of o man, and to disease and damage of another man. / Another lesinge is for to saven his lyf or his catel. Another

lesinge comth of delyt for to lye, in which delyt they wol forge a long tale, and peynten it with alle circumstaunces, where al the ground of the tale is fals. / 610 Som lesinge comth, for he wole sustene his word; and som lesinge comth of rechelesnesse, with-outen avysement; and semblable thinges. /

§ 40. Lat us now touche the vyce of flateringe, which ne comth nat gladly but for drede or for coveitise. / Flaterye is generally wrongful preisinge. Flatereres been the develes norices, that norissen hise children with milk of losengerie. / For sothe, Salomon seith, that 'flaterie is wors than detraccion.' For som-tyme detraccion maketh an hautein man be the more humble, for he dredeth detraccion; but certes flaterye, that maketh a man to enhauence his herte and his contenaunce. / Flatereres been the de- (540) veles enchauntours; for they make a man to wene of him-self be lyk that he nis nat lyk. / They been lyk to Judas 615 that bitrayed [god; and thise flatereres bitrayers] a man to sellen him to his enemy, that is, to the devel. / Flatereres been the develes chapelleyns, that singen evere *Placebo*. / I rekene flaterye in the vyses of Ire; for ofte tyme, if o man be wrooth with another, thanne wol he flateres som wight to sustene him in his querele. /

§ 41. Speke we now of swich cursinge as comth of irous herte. Malisoun generally may be seyd every maner power of harm. Swich cursinge bireveth man fro the regne of god, as seith saint Paul. / And ofte tyme swich cursinge wrongfully retorneth agayn to him that curseth, as a briid that retorneth agayn to his owene nest. / And over alle thing men oghten 620 eschewe to cursen hir children, and yeven to the devel hir engendrure, as ferforth as in hem is; certes, it is greet peril and greet sinne. /

§ 42. Lat us thanne speken of chydinge and reproche, whiche been ful grete woundes in mannes herte; for they unsowen the semes of frendshipe in mannes herte. / For certes, unnethes may a man

pleynly been accorded with him that hath him openly revyled and repreved in disclaundre. This is a ful grisly sinne, as Crist seith in the gospel. / And tak kepe now, that he that repreveth his neighebor, outher he repreveth him by som harm of peyne that he hath on his body, as 'mesel,' 'croked harlot,' or by som sinne that he dooth. / Now if he repreve him by harm of peyne, thanne turneth the repreve to Jesu Crist; for peyne is sent by the rightwys sonde of god, and by his suffrance, be it meselrie, 625 or maheyym, or maladye. / And if he repreve him uncharitably of sinne, as, 'thou holour,' 'thou dronkelewe harlot,' and so forth; thanne aperteneth that to the rejoysinge of the devel, that evere hath joye that men doon sinne. / And certes, chydinge may nat come but out of a vileyngs herte. For after the habundance of the herte speketh the mouth ful ofte. / And ye shul understande that loke, by any wey, whan any man shal chastysse another, that he be war from chydinge or reprevinge. For trewely, but he be war, he may ful lightly quiken the fyr of angre and of wratthe, which that he sholde quenche, and per-aventure sleeth him which that he myghte chastysse with benignitee. / For as seith Salomon, 'the amiable tongue is the tree of lyf,' that is to seyn, of lyf espirituell: and soothly, a deslavee tongue sleeth the spirites of him that repreveth, and eek of him that is repreved. / Lo, what seith seint Augustin: 'ther is no-thing so lyk the deuel child as he that ofte chydeth.' Seint Paul seith eek: 'I, servant of god, bihove nat to chyde.' / And how that chydinge be a vileyng thing bitwixe alle manere folk, yet it is certes most uncovenable bitwixe a man and his wyf; for there is nevere reste. And therfore seith Salomon, 'an hous that is uncovered and droppinge, and a chydinge wyf, been lyke.' / A man that is in a droppinge hous in many places, though he eschewe the droppinge in o place, it droppeth on him in another place; so fareth it by a chydinge wyf. But she chyde him in o place, she wol

chyde him in another. / And therfore, 'bette is a morsel of breed with joye than an hous ful of delyces, with chydinge,' seith Salomon. / Seint Paul seith: 'O ye wommen, be ye subgetes to youre housbondes as bihoveth in god; and ye men, loveth youre wyves.' *Ad Colossenses, tertio.* /

(560)

§ 43. Afterward speke we of scorninge, which is a wikked sinne; and namely, whan he scorneth a man for his gode werkes. / For certes, swiche scorneres 635 faren lyk the foule tote, that may nat endure to smelle the sote savour of the vyne whanne it florissmeth. / These scorneres been parting felawes with the devel; for they han joye whan the devel winneth, and sorwe whan he leseth. / They been adversaries of Jesu Crist; for they haten that he loveth, that is to seyn, salvacion of soule. /

§ 44. Speke we now of wikked conseil; for he that wikked conseil yeveth is a traytour. For he deceyveth him that trusteth in him, *ut Achitofel ad Absolonenem.* But natheless, yet is his wikked conseil first agayn him-self. / For, as seith the wyse man, every fals livinge hath this propertee in him-self, that he that wole anoye another man, he anoyeth first him-self. / And men shul understande, 640 that man shal nat taken his conseil of fals folk, ne of angry folk, or grevous folk, ne of folk that loven specially to muchel hir owene profit, ne to muche worldly folk, namely, in conseilinge of soules. /

§ 45. Now comth the sinne of hem that sownen and maken discord amonges folk, which is a sinne that Crist hateth outrely; and no wonder is. For he deyde for to make concord. / And more shame do they to Crist, than dide they that him crucifyede; for god loveth bettre, that frenshipe be amonges folk, than he dide his owene body, the which that he yaf for unitee. Therfore been they lykned to the devel, that evere been aboute to maken discord. /

§ 46. Now comth the sinne of double tonge; swiche as speken faire biforn folk,

and wikkedly bilhinde; or elles they maken semblant as though they speke of good entencioune, or elles in game and pley, and yet they speke of wikked entente. /

§ 47. Now comth biwreying of conseil, thurgh which a man is defamed; certes, 645 unnethe may he restore the damage. /

Now comth manace, that is an open folye; for he that ofte manaceth, he threteth more than he may perfourne ful ofte tyme. /

Now cometh ydel wordes, that is withouten profit of him that speketh tho wordes, and eek of him that herkneth tho wordes. Or elles ydel wordes been tho that been nedeles, or with-outen entente of naturel profit. / And al-be-it that ydel wordes been som tyme venial sinne, yet sholde men douten hem; for we shul yeve rekeninge of hem bifore god. /

Now comth janglinge, that may nat been withoute sinne. And, as seith Salomon, 'it is a sinne of apert folye.' / And therfore a philosophre seyde, whan men axed him how that men sholde plesse the peple; and he answerde, 'do many 50 gode werkes, and spek fewe jangles.' /

After this comth the sinne of japeres, that been the develes apes; for they maken folk to laughe at hir japerie, as folk doon at the gaudes of an ape. Swiche japeres deffendeth saint Paul. / Loke how that vertuouse wordes and holy conforten hem that travaillen in the service of Crist; right so conforten the vileyuns wordes and knakkies of japeris hem that travaillen in the service of the devel. / These been the sinnes that comen of the tonge, that comen of Ire and of other sinnes mo. /

Sequitur remedium contra peccatum Ire.

§ 48. The remedye agayns Ire is a vertu that men clepen Mansuetude, that is Debonairetee; and eek another vertu, that men callen Pacience or Suffrance. /

§ 49. Debonairetee withdraweth and refreyneth the stiringes and the moevynge of mannes corage in his herte, in

swich manere that they ne skippe nat out by angre ne by Ire. / Suffrance 655 suffreth swetely alle the anoyaunces and the wronges that men doon to man outward. / Seint Jerome seith thus of debonairetee, that 'it doth noon harm to no wight, ne seith; ne for noon harm that men doon or seyn, he ne eschaufeth nat agayns his resoun.' / This vertu som-tyme comth of nature; for, as seith the philosophre, 'a man is a quilk thing, by nature debonaire and tretable to goodnesse; but whan debonairetee is enformed of grace, thanne is it the more worth.' /

§ 50. Pacience, that is another remedye agayns Ire, is a vertu that suffreth swetely every mannes goodnesse, and is nat wrooth for noon harm that is doon to him. / The philosophre seith, that 'pacience is thilke vertu that suffreth debonaire alle the outrages of adverseeite and every wikked word.' / This 660 vertu maketh a man lyk to god, and maketh him goddes owene dere child, as seith Crist. This vertu disconfitech thy enemy. And therfore seith the wyse man, 'if thou wolt venquisse thy enemy, lerno to suffre.' / And thou shalt understande, that man suffreth fourre manere of grevances in outward thinges, agayns the whiche fourre he moot have fourre manere of paciences. /

§ 51. The firste grevance is of wikkede wordes; thilke suffrede Jesu Crist withouten gruccing, ful paciently, whan the Jewes despysed and repreved him ful ofte. / Suffre thou therfore paciently; for the wyse man seith: 'if thou stryve with a fool, though the fool be wrooth or though he laughe, algate thou shalt have no reste.' / That other grevance outward (590) is to have damage of thy catel. Theragayns suffred Crist ful paciently, whan he was despoyle of al that he hadde in this lyf, and that nas but his clothes. / The thridde grevance is a man to have harm in his body. That suffred Crist ful paciently in al his passioun. / The fourthe grevance is in outrageous labour in werkes. Wherfore I seye, that folk

that maken hir servants to travaillen to grevously, or out of tyme, as on halydayes, soothly they do greet sinne. / Heeragayns suffred Crist ful paciently, and taughte us pacience, whan he bar up-on his blissed shulder the croys, up-on which he sholde suffren despitous deeth. / Heer may men lerne to be pacient; for certes, nocht only Cristen men been pacient for love of Jesu Crist, and for guerdoun of the blisful lyf that is perdurable; but certes, the olde payens, that nevere were Cristene, commendeden and useden the vertu of pacience. /

§ 52. A philosophre up-on a tyme, that wolde have beten his disciple for his grete trespass, for which he was greetly amooved, and broghte a yerde to scourge the child; / and whan this child saugh the yerde, he seyde to his maister, 'what thenke ye to do?' 'I wol bete thee,' quod the maister, 'for thy correcccion.' / 'For sothe,' quod the child, 'ye oughten first correcte youre-self, that han lost al youre pacience for the gilt of a child.' / 'For sothe,' quod the maister al wepinge, 'thou seyst sooth; have thou the yerde, my dere sone, and correcte me for myn impacience.' / Of Pacience comth Obedience, thurgh which a man is obedient to Crist and to alle hem to whiche he oughte to been obedient in Crist. / And understand wel that obedience is perfit, whan that a man doth gladly and hastily, with good herte entierly, al that he sholde do. / Obedience generally, is to perfourne the doctrine of god and of his sovereyns, to whiche him oughte to ben obeisaunt in alle rightwysnesse. /

Sequitur de Accidie.

§ 53. After the sinnes of Envie and of Ire, now wol I speken of the sinne of Accidie. For Envy blindeth the herte of a man, and Ire troubleth a man; and Accidie maketh him hevy, thoughtful, and wrawe. / Envye and Ire maken bitternesse in herte; which bitternesse is moder of Accidie, and binimeth him the love of alle goodnessse. Thanne is Accidie the anguiss of a trouble herte; and saint

Augustin seith: 'it is anoy of goodnessse and joye of harm.' / Certes, this is a dampnable sinne; for it doth wrong to Jesu Crist, in-as-muche as it binimeth the service that men oughte doon to Crist with alle diligence, as seith Salomon. / But Accidie dooth no swich diligence; he dooth alle thing with anoy, and with wraunesse, slaknesse, and exencsacion, and with ydernes and unlust, for which the book seith: 'acursed be he that doth the service of god negligently.' / Thanne 680 is Accidie enemy to everich estaat of man; for certes, the estaat of man is in three maneres. / Outher it is th'estaat of innocence, as was th'estaat of Adam biforn that he fel into sinne; in which estaat he was holden to wirche, as in heryinge and adouringe of god. / Another estaat is the estaat of sinful men, in which estaat men been holden to laboure in preynging to god for amendement of hir sinnes, and that he wole graunte hem to arysen out of hir sinnes. / Another estaat is th'estaat of grace, in which estaat he is holden to werkes of penitence; and certes, to alle thise thinges is Accidie enemy and contrarie. For he loveth no bisinesse at al. / Now certes, this foule 690 sinne Accidie is eek a ful greet enemy to the lyfode of the body; for it ne hath no purvaunce agayn temporel necessitee; for it forslaweth and forsluggeth, and destroyeth alle goodes temporeles by reechelesnesse. /

§ 54. The fourthethinge is, that Accidie is lyk to hem that been in the peyne of helle, by-cause of hir slouth and of hir heviness; for they that been damped been so bounde, that they ne may neither wel do ne wel thinke. / Of Accidie comth first, that a man is annoyed and encombred for to doon any goodnessse, and maketh that god hath abomination of swich Accidie, as seith saint Johan. /

§ 55. Now comith Slouthe, that wol nat suffre noon hardnesse ne no penaunce. For soothly, Slouthe is so tendre, and so delicate, as seith Salomon, that he wol nat suffre noon hardnesse ne penaunce, and therfore he shendeth al that ha

dooth. / Agayns this roten-herted sinne
of Accidie and Slouthe sholde men exer-
cise hem-self to doon gode werkes, and
manly and vertuously cacchen corage wel
to doon; thinkinge that oure lord Jesu
Crist quyteth every good dede, be it never
so lyte. / Usage of labour is a greet
thing; for it maketh, as seith saint Bern-
ard, the laborer to have stronge armes
and harde sinwes; and Slouthe maketh
690 hem feble and tendre. / Thanne comth
drede to biginne to werke any gode
werkes; for certes, he that is enelyned
to sinne, him thinketh it is so greet an
emprysse for to undertake to doon werkes
of goodnessse, / and casteth in his herte
that the circumstaunces of goodnessse
been so grevouse and so chargeaunt for
to suffre, that he dar nat undertake to
do werkes of goodnessse, as seith saint
Gregorie. /

§ 56. Now comth wanhope, that is de-
spair of the mercy of god, that comth
somtyme of to muche outrageous sorwe,
and somtyme of to muche drede: imagin-
inge that he hath doon so muche sinne,
that it wol nat availlen him, though he
wolde repente him and forsake sinne: /
thurgh which despair or drede he abaun-
doneth al his herte to every maner sinne,
(620) as seith saint Augustin. / Which damp-
nable sinne, if that it continue un-to his
ende, it is cleped sinning in the holy gost. /
This horrible sinne is so perilous, that he
that is despaired, ther nis no felonye ne
no sinne that he douteth for to do; as
shewed wel by Judas. / Certes, aboven
alle sinnes thanne is this sinne most
displeasant to Crist, and most adversarie. /
Soothly, he that despeireth him is lyk the
coward champion recreant, that seith
creant withoute nede. Allas! allas!
nedeles is he recreant and nedeles de-
spired. / Certes, the mercy of god is
evere redy to every penitent, and is
aboven alle hise werkes. / Allas! can
nat a man bithinke him on the gospel of
saint Luk, 15, where-as Crist seith that
'as wel shal ther be joye in hevene upon
a sinful man that doth penitence, as
upon nynty and nyne rightful men

that neden no penitence?' / Luke forther, 700
in the same gospel, the joye and the
feste of the gode man that hadde lost his
sone, whan his sone with repentaunce
was retourned to his fader. / Can they
nat remembre hem eek, that, as seith
seint Luk xxiii^o capitulo, how that the
theef that was hanged bisyde Jesu Crist,
seyde: 'Lord, remembre of me, whan
thou comest in-to thy regne?' / 'For
sothe,' seyde Crist, 'I seye to thee, to-day
shaltow been with me in Paradys.' /
Certes, ther is noon so horrible sinne of
man, that it ne may, in his lyf, be de-
stroyed by penitence, thurgh vertu of
the passion and of the deeth of Crist. / (63)
Allas! what nedeth man thanne to been
despaire, sith that his mercy so redy is and
large? Axe and have. / Thanne cometh 705
Sompnolence, that is, sluggy slowbringe,
which maketh a man be hevy and dul, in
body and in soule; and this sinne comth
of Slouthe. / And certes, the tyme that,
by wey of resoun, men sholde nat slepe,
that is by the morwe; but-if ther were
cause resonable. / For soothly, the morwe-
tyde is most covenable, a man to seye his
preyeres, and for to thinken on god, and
for to honoure god, and to yeven almesse
to the povre, that first cometh in the
name of Crist. / Lo! what seith Salomon:
'who-so wold by the morwe awaken and
seke me, he shal finde.' / Thanne cometh
Necligence, or recchelesnesse, that rek-
keth of no-thing. And how that igno-
raunce be moder of alle harm, certes,
Necligence is the norice. / Necligence 710
a ne doth no fors, whan he shal doon a
thing, whether he do it weel or baddely. /

§ 57. Of the remedie of this two sinnes,
as seith the wyse man, that 'he that
dredeth god, he sparcth nat to doon that
him oughte doon.' / And he that loveth
god, he wol doon diligence to plesse god
by his werkes, and abaundone him-self,
with al his might, wel for to doon. /
Thanne comth ydelnesse, that is the yato
of alle harmes. An ydel man is lyk to
a place that hath no walles; the develes
may entre on every syde and sheten at
him at discovert, by temptacion on every

40) syde. / This ydernes is the thurrok of alle wikked and vileyng thoughtes, and of alle jangles, trusles, and of alle ordure. / Certes, the heveno is yeven to hem that wol labouren, and nat to ydel folk. Eek David seith : that 'they ne been nat in the labour of men, ne they shul nat been whipped with men,' that is to seyn, in purgatorie. / Certes, thanne semeth it, they shul be tormented with the devel in helle, but-if they doon penitence. /

715 § 58. Thanne comth the sinne that men clepen *Tarditas*, as whan a man is to latred or taryinge, er he wole turne to god; and certes, that is a greet folye. He is lyk to him that falleth in the ditch, and wol nat aryse. / And this vyce comth of a fals hope, that he thinketh that he shal live longe; but that hope faileth ful ofte. /

720 § 59. Thanne comth Lachesse; that is he, that whan he biginneth any good werk, anon he shal forleten it and stinten; as doon they that han any wight to governe, and ne taken of him na-more kepe, anon as they finden any contrarie or any anoy. / These been the newe shepherdes, that leten hir sheep witingly go renne to the wolf that is in the breres, or do no firs of hir owene governaunce. / Of this comth poverte and destruccioun, bothe of spirituel and temporel thinges. Thanne comth a manere coldnesse, that freseth al the herte of man. / Thanne comth undevocioun, thurgh which a man is so blent, as seith saint Bernard, and hath swiche langour in soule, that he may neither rede ne singe in holi chirche, ne here ne thinke of no devocioun, ne travaille with hisse handes in no good werk, that it nis him unsavory and al apalled. / Thanne wexeth he slow and slombry, and sone wol be wrooth, and sone is enclyned to hate and to envye. / Thanne comth the sinne of worldly sorwe, swich as is cleped *tristitia*, that sleeth man, as saint Paul seith. / For certes, swich sorwe werketh to the deeth of the soule and of the body also; for therof comth, that a man is anoyed of his 725 owene lyf. / Wherfore swich sorwe short-

eth ful ofte the lyf of a man, er that his tyme be come by wey of kinde. /

Remedium contra peccatum Accidie.

§ 60. Agayns this horrible sinne of Accidie, and the branches of the same, ther is a vertu that is called *Fortitudo* or Strengthe; that is, an affeccioun thurgh which a man despyseth anoyous thinges. / This vertu is so mighty and so vigorous, that it dar withstande mightily and wysely kepen him-self fro perils that been wikked, and wrastle agayn the assautes of the devel. / For it enhaunceth and enforceeth the soule, right as Accidie abateth it and maketh it feble. For this *Fortitudo* may endure by long suffraunce the travailles that been covenable. /

730 § 61. This vertu hath manye species; and the firste is cleped *Magnanimitie*, that is to seyn, greet corage. For certes, ther bihoveth greet corage agains Accidie, lest that it ne swolwe the soule by the sinne of sorwe, or destroye it by wan-hope. / This vertu maketh folk to undertake harde thinges and grevous thinges, by hir owene wil, wysely and resonably. / And for as muchel as the devel fighteth agayns a man more by queyntise and by sleighe than by strengthe, therfore men shal withstanden him by wit and by resoun and by discreciooun. / Thanne arn ther the vertues of feith, and hope in god and in hise scientes, to achieve and accomplithe the gode werkes in the whiche he purposeth fermely to continue. / (660) Thanne comth seuretee or sikernesse; and that is, whan a man ne douteth no travaille in tyme cominge of the gode werkes that a man hath bigonne. / 735 Thanne comth Magnificencie, that is to seyn, whan a man dooth and perfourneth grete werkes of goodnessse that he hath bigonne; and that is the ende why that men sholde do gode werkes; for in the accomplissinge of grete goode werkes lyth the grete gnerdoun. / Thanne is ther Constaunce, that is, stableness of corage; and this sholde been in herte by stedefast feith, and in mouth, and in beringe, and

in chere and in dede. / Eke ther been
mo speciale remedies agains Accidie, in
diverse werkes, and in consideracioun of
the peynes of helle, and of the joyes of
hevene, and in trust of the grace of the
holy goost, that wole yeve him might to
perforne his gode entente. /

Sequitur de Auaricia.

§ 62. After Accidie wol I speke of
Avarice and of Coveitise, of which sinne
seith saint Paule, that 'the rote of alle
harmes is Coveitise': *Ad Timotheum, sexto
capitulo.* / For soothly, whan the herte
of a man is confounded in it-self and
troubled, and that the soule hath lost the
confort of g-d, thanne seketh he an ydel
solas of worldly things. /

§ 63. Avarice, after the descripcion of
seint Augustin, is likerousnesse in herte
to have erthely thinges. / Som other
folk seyn, that Avarice is, for to pur-
chacen manye erthely thinges, and no-
thing yeve to hem that han nede. / And
understond, that Avarice ne stant nat
only in lond ne catel, but somtyme in
science and in glorie, and in every manere
of outrageous thing is Avarice and
Coveitise. / And the difference bitwixe
Avarice and Coveitise is this. Coveitise
is for to coveite swiche thinges as thou
hast nat; and Avarice is for to withholdre
and kepe swiche thinges as thou hast,
670) with-oute rightful nede. / Soothly, this
Avarice is a sinne that is ful dampnable;
for al holy writ curseth it, and speketh
agayns that vyce; for it dooth wrong to
745 Jesu Crist. / For it bireveth him the
love that men to him owen, and turneth
it balkward agayns alle resoun; / and
maketh that the avaricious man hath
more hope in his catel than in Jesu Crist,
and dooth more observance in kepinge of
Jesu Crist. / And therfore seith saint
Paul *ad Ephesios, quinto*, that 'an
avaricious man is in the thraldom of
ydolatrie.'

§ 64. What difference is bitwixe an
ydolastre and an avaricious man, but
that an ydolastre, per aventure, ne hath

but o mawmet or two, and the avaricious
man hath manye? For certes, every
florin in his cofre is his mawmet. / And
certes, the sinne of Mawmetrye is the
firste thing that God deffended in the ten
comaundments, as bereth witnesse *Exodi, capitulo xxº*: / 'Thou shalt have no false
goddes bifore me, ne thou shalt make
to thee no grave thing.' Thus is an
avaricious man, that loveth his tresor
biforn god, an ydolastre, / thurgh this
cursed sinne of Avarice. Of Coveitise
comen these harde lordshipes, thurgh
whiche men been distreyned by tailages,
custumes, and carriages, more than hir
duetee or resoun is. And eek they taken
of hir bonde-men amerciments, whiche
mighthen more resonably ben cleped
extorcions than amerciments. / Ofwhiche
amerciments and raunsoninge of bonde-
men, somme lordes stwardes seyn, that
it is rightful; for-as-muche as a cherl
hath no temporel thing that it ne is his
lordes, as they seyn. / But certes, thise
lordshipes doon wrong, that bireven hir
bonde-folk thinges that they nevere yave
hem: *Augustinus de Civitate, libro nono.* /
Sooth is, that the condicoun of thraldom
and the firste cause of thraldom is for
sinne; *Gensis, quinto.* /

§ 65. Thus may ye seen that the gilt
disserveth thraldom, but nat nature. /
Wherfore thise lordes ne sholde nat
muche glorifyen hem in hir lordshipes,
sith that by naturel condicoun they been
nat lordes of thralles; but for that
thraldom comth first by the desert of
sinne. / And forther-over, ther-as the
lawe seith, that temporel godes of bonde-
folk been the godes of hir lordshipes, ye,
that is for to understande, the godes of
the emperor, to deffenden hem in hir
right, but nat for to robbem hem ne reven
hem. / And therfore seith Seneca: 'thy
prudence sholde live benignly with thy
thralles.' / Thilke that thou clepest thy
thralles been goddes peple; for humble
folk been Cristes freendes; they been
contubernial with the lord. /

§ 66. Think eek, that of swich seed as
cherles springeth, of swich seed springen

lordes. As wel may the cherl be saved as the lord. / The same deeth that taketh the cherl, swich deeth taketh the lord. Wherfore I rede, do right so with thy cherl, as thou woldest that thy lord dide with thee, if thou were in his plyt. / Every sinful man is a cherl to sinne. I rede thee, certes, that thou, lord, werke in swiche wyse with thy cherles, that they rather love thee than dred. / I woot wel ther is degree above degree, as reson is; and skile it is, that men do hir devoir ther-as it is due; but certes, extorcions and despit of youre underlings is dampnable. /

590) § 67. And farther-over understand wel, that thise conquerours or tiraunts maken ful ofte thralles of hem, that been born of as royal blood as been they that hem conqueren. / This name of thraldom was nevere erst couth, til that Noe seyde, that his sone Canaan sholde be thral to hise bretheren for his sinne. / What seye we thanne of hem that pilen and doon extorcions to holy chirche? Certes, the swerd, that men yeven first to a knight whan he is newe dubbed, signifieth that he sholde defienden holy chirche, and nat robbien it ne pilen it; and who so dooth, is traitour to Crist. / And, as seith saint Augustin, 'they been the develes wolves, that stranglen the sheep of Jesu Crist'; and doon worse than wolves. / For soothly, whan the wolf hath ful his wombe, he stinteth to strangle sheep. But soothly, the pilours and destroyours of goddes holy chirche ne do nat so; for they ne stinte nevere to pile. / Now, as I have seyd, sith so is that sinne was first cause of thraldom, thanne is it thus; that thilke tyme that al this world was in sinne, thanne was al this world in thraldom and subjecciou. / But certes, sith the tyme of grace cam, god ordeyned that som folk sholde be more heigh in estaat and in degree, and som folk more lowe, and that everich sholde be served in his estaat and in his degree. / And therfore, in somme contrees ther they byen thralles, whan they han turned hem to the feith, they maken

hir thralles free out of thraldom. And therfore, certes, the lord oweth to his man that the man oweth to his lord. / The Pope calleth him-self servant of the seruaunts of god; but for-as-muche as the estaat of holy chirche ne mighte nat han be, ne the commune profit mighte nat han be kept, ne pees and reste in erthe, but-if god hadde ordeyned that som men hadde hyer degree and som men lower: / therfore was sovereyntee ordeyned to kepe and mayntene and defenden hir underlings or hir subgets in reson, as ferforth as it lyth in hir power; and nat to destroyen hem ne confounde. / Wherfore I seye, that thilke (700) lordes that been lyk wolves, that devouren the possessiounes or the catel of povre folk wrongfully, with-outen mercy or mesure, / 775 they shul receyven by the same mesure that they han mesured to povre folk the mercy of Jesu Crist, but-if it be amended. / Now comth deceite bitwixe merchant and merchant. And thow shalt understande, that marchandyse is in two maneres; that oon is bodily, and that other is goostly. That oon is honeste and leveful, and that other is dishoneste and unleveful. / Of thilke bodily marchandyse, that is leveful and honeste, is this; that, there-as god hath ordeyned that a regne or a contree is suffisaunt to him-self, thanne is it honeste and leveful, that of habundance of this contree, that men helpe another contree that is more nedys. / And therfore, ther mote been marchants to bringen fro that o contree to that other hire marchandyses. / That other marchandise, that men haunten with fraude and trecherie and deceite, with lesinges and false othes, is cursed and dampnable. / 780 Espirituel marchandyse is proprely Symonye, that is, ententif desyr to byen thing espirituell, that is, thing that aperteneth to the seintuarie of god and to cure of the soule. / This desyr, if so be that a man do his diligence to parfournen it, al-be-it that his desyr ne take noon effect, yet is it to him a deedly sinne; and if he be ordred, he is irreguier. / Certes, Symonye is cleped of Symon

Magus, that wolde han boght, for temporel catel, the yifte that god hadde yeven, by the holy goost, to saint Peter and to the apostles. / And therfore understand, that bothe he that selleth and he that byeth thinges espirituels, been cleped Symonials; be it by catel, be it by procuringe, or by fleshly preyere of hisc freendes, fleshly freendes, or espirituell freendes. / Fleshly, in two maneres; as by kinrede or otheres freendes. Soothly, if they praye for him that is nat worthy and able, it is Symonye if he take the benefice; and if he be worthy and able, ther nis noon. / That other manere is, whan a man or womman preyen for folk to avauncen hem, only for wikked fleshly affeccioun that they have un-to the persone; and that is foul Symonye. / But certes, in service, for which men yeven thinges espirituels un-to hir servants, it moot been understande that the service moot been honeste, and elles nat; and eek that it be with-outen bargayninge, and that the persone be able. / For, as seith saint Damasie, 'alle the sinnes of the world, at regard of this sinne, arn as thing of noght'; for it is the gretteste sinne that may be, after the sinne of Lucifer and Antecrist. / For, by this sinne, god forleseth the chirche, and the soule that he boghte with his precious blood, by hem that yeven chirches to hem that been nat digne. / For they putten in theves, that stelen the soules of Jesu Christ and destroyen his patrimoine. / By swiche undigne preestes and curates han lewed men the lasse reverence of the sacraments of holy chirche; and swiche yeveres of chirches putten out the children of Crist, and putten in-to the chirche the develes owene sone. / They sellen the soules that lambes sholde kepen to the wolf that strangleth hem. And therfore shul they nevere han part of the pasture of lambes, that is, the blisse of hevene. / Now comth hasardrye with his eapurtenaunces, as tables and rafles; of which comth deceite, false othes, chydinges, and alle ravines, blaspheminge and reneyinge of

god, and hate of hisc neighebores, wast of godes, misspendinge of tyme, and somtyme manslaughtre. / Certes, hasardours ne mowe nat been with-outen greet sinne whyles they haunte that craft. / Of avarice comen eek lesinges, thefte, fals witnessesse, and false othes. And ye shul understande that thise been grete sinnes, and expres agayn the comaundements of god, as I have seyd. / Fals witnessesse is in word and eek in dede. In word, as for to bireve thy neighebores goode name by thy fals witnessing, or bireven him his catel or his heritage by thy fals witnessing; whan thou, for ire or for mede, or for envye, berest fals witnessesse, or accusest him or excusest him by thy fals witnessesse, or elles excusest thy-self falsly. / Ware yow, questemongeres and notaries! Certes, for fals witnessing was Susanna in ful gret sorwe and peyne, and many another mo. / The sinne of thefte is eek expres agayns goddes heste, and that in two maneres, corporel and espirituell. / Corporel, as for to take thy neighebores catel agayn his wil, be it by force or by sleighe, be it by met or by mesure. / By steling eek of false enditementes upon him, and in borwinge of thy neighebores catel, in entente nevere to payen it agayn, and semblable thinges. / Espirituel thefe is Sacrilege, that is to seyn, hurtinge of holy things, or of thinges sacred to Crist, in two maneres; by reson of the holy place, as chirches or chirche-hawes, / for which every vileyng sinne that men doon in swiche places may be cleped sacrilege, or every violence in the semblable places. Also, they that withdrawn falsly the rightes that longen to holy chirche. / And pleynly and generally, sacrilege is to reven holy thing fro holy place, or unholy thing out of holy place, or holy thing out of unholy place. /

Relevacio contra peccatum Avaricie.

§ 68. Now shul ye understande, that the relevinge of Avarice is misericorde, and pitee largely taken. And men mighthen axe, why that misericorde and pitee is relevinge of Avarice? / Certes,

the avaricious man sheweth no pitee ne misericorde to the nedeful man; for he delyteth him in the kepinge of his tresor, and nat in the rescowinge ne relevinge of his evene-cristene. And therfore speke I first of misericorde. / Thanne is misericorde, as seith the philosophre, a vertu, by which the corage of man is stired by the misesse of him that is misesed. / Up-on which misericorde folweth pitee, in parfourninge of charitable werkes of misericorde. / And certes, thise thinges moeven a man to misericorde of Jesu Crist, that he yaf him-self for oure gilt, and suffred deeth for misericorde, and forgaf us oure originale sinnes; / and therby relesseth us fro the peynes of helle, and amenused the peynes of purgatorie by penitence, and yeveth grace wel to do, and atte laste the blisse of hevene. / The species of misericorde been, as for to lene and for to yeve and to foryeven and relesse, and for to han pitee in herte, and compassioun of the meschief of his evene-cristene, and eek to chastysse there as nede is. / Another manere of remedie agayns Avarice is resonable largesse; but soothly, here bihoveth the consideracioun of the grace of Jesu Crist, and of hisse temporel goodes, and eek of the godes perdurables that Crist yaf to us; / and to han remembrance of the deeth that he shal receyve, he noot whanne, where, ne how; and eek that he shal forgon al that he hath, save only that he hath despended in gode werkes. /

§ 69. But for-as-muche as som folk been unmesurable, men oghтен eschue fool-largesse, that men clepen wast. / Certes, he that is fool-large ne yeveth nat his catel, but he leseth his catel. Soothly, what thing that he yeveth for veyne glorie, as to minstrals and to folk, for to beren his renoun in the world, he hath sinne ther-of and noon almesse. / Certes, he leseth fcuile his good, that ne seketh with the yfte of his good no-thing but sinne. / He is lyk to an hors that seketh rather to drinen drovy or trouble water than for to drinen water of the clere welle. / And for-as-muchel as they yeven

ther as they sholde nat yeven, to hem aperteneth thilke malisoun that Crist shal yeven at the day of dome to hem that shullen been dampned. /

Sequitur de Gula.

§ 70. After Avarice comth Glotony, which is expres eek agayn the comandement of god. Glotonye is unmesurable appetyt to ete or to drinke, or elles to doon y-nogh to the unmesurable appetyt and desordenee coveityse to eten or to drinke. / This sinne corrumpeth al this world, as is wel shewed in the sinne of Adam and of Eve. Loke eek, what seith saint Paul of Glotonye. / 'Manye,' seith saint Paul, 'goon, of whiche I have ofte seyd to yow, and now I seye it wepinge, that they been the enemys of the croys of Crist; of whiche the ende is deeth, and of whiche hir wombe is hir god, and hir glorie in confusioun of hem that so saueren erthely thinges.' / He that is 820 usaunt to this sinne of Glotonye, he ne may no sinne withstonde. He moot been in servage of alle vyces, for it is the develes hord ther he hydeth him and resteth. / This sinne hath manye species. The firste is dronkenesse, that is the horrible sepulture of mannes resoun; and therfore, whan a man is dronken, he hath lost his resoun; and this is deadly sinne. / But soothly, whan that a man is nat wont to strong drinke, and peraventure ne knoweth nat the strengthe of the drinke, or hath feblesse in his heed, or hath travailed, thurgh which he drinketh the more, al be he sodeynly caught with drinke, it is no deadly sinne, but venial. / The seconde specie of Glotonye is, that the spirit of a man wexeth al trouble; for dronkenesse bireveth him the discrecion of his wit. / The thridde specie of (750) Glotonye is, whan a man devoureth his mete, and hath no rightful manere of etinge. / The fourthe is whan, thurgh 825 the grete habundaunce of his mete, the humours in his body been destempred. / The fifthe is, foryetelnesse by to muchel drinkinge; for which somtyme a man

foryeteth er the morwe what he dide at even or on the night biforn. /

§ 71. In other manere been distinct the species of Glotonye, after saint Gregorie. The firste is, for to ete biforn tyme to ete. The seconde is, whan a man get him to delicat mete or drinke. / The thridde is, whan men taken to muche over mesure. The fourthe is curiositee, with greet entente to maken and apparaillen his mete. The fifthe is, for to eten to gredily. / This been the fyve fingres of the deyeles hand, by whiche he draweth 830 folk to sinne. /

Remedium contra peccatum Guile.

§ 72. Agayns Glotonye is the remedie Abstinence, as seith Galien; but that holdeth I nat meritorie, if he do it only for the hele of his body. Seint Augustin wole, that Abstinence be doon for vertu and with pacience. / Abstinence, he seith, is litel worth, but-if a man have good wil ther-to, and but it be enforced by pacience and by charitee, and that men doon it for godes sake, and in hope to have the blisse of hevene. /

§ 73. The felawes of Abstinence been Attemperaunce, that holdeth the mene in alle things: eek Shame, that escheweth alle deshonestee: Suffisance, that seketh no riche metes ne drinke, ne dooth no fors of to outrageous appairailing of mete. / Mesure also, that restreyneth by resoun the deslavee appetyt of etinge: Sobrenesse also, that restreyneth the outrage of drinke: / Sparinge also, that restreyneth the delicat ese to sitte longe at his mete and softly; wherfore som folk stonden of hir owene wil, to eten at 760 the lasse leyser. /

Sequitur de Luxuria.

§ 74. After Glotonye, thanne comth Lecherie; for this two sinnes been so ny cosins, that ofte tyme they wol nat departe. / God woot, this sinne is ful displesaunt thing to god; for he seyde himself, 'do no lecherie.' And therfore he putte grete peynes agayns this sinne in the olde lawe. / If womman thral were

taken in this sinne, she sholde be beten with staves to the deeth. And if she were a gentil womman, she sholde be slain with stones. And if she were a bisshoppes doghter, she sholde been brent, by goddes comandement. / Forther over, by the sinne of Lecherie, god dreynte al the world at the diluge. And after that, he brente fyve citees with thonder-leyt, and sank hem in-to helle. /

§ 75. Now lat us speke thanno of thilke stinkinge sinne of Lecherie that men clepe Avoutrie of wedded folk, that is to seyn, if that oon of hem be wedded, or elles bothe. / Seint John seith, that sp avoutiers shullen been in helle in a stank brenninge of fyr and of brimston; in fyr, for the lecherie; in brimston, for the stink of hir ordure. / Certes, the brekinge of this sacrament is an horrible thing; it was maked of god him-self in paradys, and confermed by Jesu Crist, as witnesseth seint Mathew in the gospel: 'A man shal lete fader and moder, and taken him to his wyf, and they shullen be two in o flesh.' / This sacrament bitokneth the knittinge togidre of Crist and of holy chirche. / And nat only that god forbad avoutrie in dede, but eek he comanded that thou sholdest nat coveite thy neighebores wyf. / In this heeste, seith seint Augustin, is forboden alle manere coveitise to doon lecherie. Lo what seith seint Mathew in the gospel: that 'who-so seeth a womman to coveitise of his lust, he hath doon lecherie with hir in his herte.' / Here may ye seen that 835 nat only the dede of this sinne is forboden, but eek the desyr to doon that sinne. / This cursed sinne anoyeth grousliche hem that it haunten. And first, to hir soule; for he oblygeth it to sinne and to peyne of deeth that is perdurable. / Un-to the body anoyeth it grevously also, for it dreyeth him, and wasteth, and shent him, and of his blood he maketh sacrifice to the feend of helle; it wasteth his catel and his substancialle. / And certes, if it be a foul thing, a man to waste his catel on wommen, yet is it a fouler thing whan that, for swich ordure,

wommen dispenden up-on men hir catel
and substaunce. / This sinne, as seith
the prophete, bireveth man and womman
hir gode fame, and al hir honour; and it
is ful pleaseant to the devel; for ther-by
winneth he the moste partie of this
world. / And right as a marchant de-
lyteth him most in chaffare that he hath
most avantage of, right so deleyteth the
feend in this ordure. /

§ 76. This is that other hand of the
devel, with fyve fingres, to cæcche the
peple to his vilenye. / The firste finger
is the fool lookinge of the fool woman
and of the fool man, that sleeth, right as
the basilicok sleeth folk by the venim of
his sighte; for the coveitise of eyen fol-
weth the coveitise of the herte. / The
seconde finger is the vileyng touchinge in
wikkede manere; and ther-fore seith
Salomon, that who-so toucheth and hand-
leth a womman, he fareth lyk him that
handleth the scorpioun that stingeth and
sodeynly sleeth thurgh his enveniminge;
as who-so toucheth warm pich, it shent
his fingres. / The thridde, is foule wordes,
that fareth lyk fyr, that right anon bren-
neth the herte. / The fourthe finger is
the kissinge; and trewely he were a greet
fool that wolde kisse the mouth of a bren-
ninge ovene or of a fourneys. / And
more fooles been they that kissen in
vilenye; for that mouth is the mouth of
helle: and namely, thise olde dotardes
holours, yet wol they kisse, though they
may nat do, and smatre hem. / Certes,
they been lyk to houndes; for an hound,
whan he comth by the roser or by other
busshes, though he may nat pissee, yet
wole he heve up his leg and make a con-
tenaunce to pissee. / And for that many
man weneth that he may nat sinne, for
no likerousnesse that he doth with his wyf;
certes, that opinion is fals. God woot,
a man may sleen him-self with his owene
knyf, and make him-selven dronken of
his owene tonne. / Certes, be it wyf, be
it child, or any worldly thing that he
lovethe biforn god, it is his maumet, and
he is an ydolastre. / Man sholde loven
his wyf by disreciououn, paciently and

atemprely; and thanne is she as though
it were his suster. / The fifthe finger of
the develes hand is the stinkinge dede of
Lecherie. / Certes, the fyve fingres of
Glotonie the feend put in the wombe
of a man, and with his fyve fyngres
of Lecherie he gripeth him by the reynes,
for to thrown him in-to the fourneys of
helle; / ther-as they shul han the fyr
and the wormes that evere shul lasten,
and weeping and wailinge, sharp hunger
and thirst, and grimmesse of develes that
shullen al to-treden hem, with-outen respit
and with-outen ende. / Of Lecherie, as (790)
I seyde, sourden diverse species; as forni-
cacioun, that is bitwixeman and woman
that been nat maried; and this is deadly
sinne and agayns nature. / Al that is 805
enemy and destruccioun to nature is
agayns nature. / Parfay, the resoun of
a man tellet eek him wel that it is
deadly sinne, for-as-muche as god forbad
Lecherie. And saint Paul yeveth hem
the regne, that nis dewe to no wight but
to hem that doon deadly sinne. / Another
sinne of Lecherie is to bireve a mayden of
hir maydenhede; for he that so dooth,
certes, he casteth a mayden out of the
hyeste degree that is in this present lyf;/
and bireveth hir thilke precious fruit
that the book clepeth 'the hundred fruit.'
I ne can seye it noon other weyes in Eng-
lish, but in Latin it highte *Centesimus
fructus*. Certes, he that so dooth is cause
of manye damages and vilenyes, mo than
any man can rekene; right as he som-
tyme is cause of alle damages that bestes
don in the feeld, that breketh the hegge
or the closure; thurgh which he de-
stroyeth that may nat been restored. / 870
For certes, na-more may maydenhede be
restored than an arm that is smiten fro
the body may retourne agayn to wexe. /
She may have mercy, this woot I wel, if
she do penitence; but nevere shal it be
that she nas corrupt. / And al-be-it so
that I have spoken somewhat of Avoutric,
it is good to shewen mo perils that longen
to Avoutrie, for to eschue that foule
sinne. / Avoutric in Latin is for to seyn,
approchinge of other mannes bed, thurgh

which tho that whylom weren o flessh
abaundonehir bodyes to othere persones./
Of this sinne, as seith the wyse man,
folwen manye harmes. First, brekinge
of feith; and certes, in feith is the keye
of Cristendom./ And whan that feith is
broken and lorn, soothly Cristendom stant
veyn and with-outen fruit. / This sinne
is eek a thefte; for thefte generally is for
to reve a wight his thing agayns his
wille. / Certes, this is the foulestethefte
that may be, whan a womman steleth her
body from her housbonde and yeveth it
to hire holour to defoulen her; and steleth
her soule fro Crist, and yeveth it to the
devel. / This is a foulre thefte, than for
to breke a chirche and stele the chalice;
for thise avoutiers breken the temple of
god spiritually, and stolen the vessel of
grace, that is, the body and the soule, for
which Crist shal destroyen hem, as seith
saint Paul. / Soothly of this thefte
douted gretly Joseph, whan that his
lordes wyf preyed him of vileynghe, whan
he seyde, 'lo, my lady, how my lord hath
take to me under my warde al that he
hath in this world; ne no-thing of hisse
things is out of my power, but only ye
that been his wyf. / And how sholde
I thanne do this wikkednesse, and sinne
so horribly agayns god, and agayns my
lord? God it forbede.' Allas! al to litel
is swich trouthe now y-founde! / The
thridde harm is the filthe thurgh which
they breken the comandement of god, and
defoulen the auctour of matrimoine, that
is Crist. / For certes, in-so-muche as the
sacrement of mariage is so noble and so
digne, so muche is it gretter sinne for to
breken it; for god made mariage in
paradyss, in the estaat of innocence, to
multiplye man-kinde to the service of
god. / And therfore is the brekinge
ther-of more grevous. Of which brekinge
comen false heires ofte tyme, that wrong-
fully occupyen folkes heritages. And
therfore wol Crist putte hem out of the
regne of hevene, that is heritage to gode
folk. / Of this brekinge comth eek ofte
tyme, that folk unwar wedden or sinnen
with her owene kinrede; and namely

thilke hariettes that haunten bordels of
thise fool wommen, that mowe be lykned
to a commune gonge, where-as men purgen
hir ordure. / What seye we eek of putours
that liven by the horrible sinne of puterie,
and constreyne wommen to yelden to
hem a certeyn rente of her bodily puterie,
ye, somtyme of his owene wyf or his
child; as doon this baudes? Certes,
thise been cursede sinnes. / Understand
eek, that avoutrie is set gladly in the ten
comandements bitwixe thefte and man-
slaughtre; for it is the gretteste thefte
that may be; for it is thefte of body and
of soule. / And it is lyk to homicyde;
for it kerveth a-two and breketh a-two
hem that first were maked o flesh, and
therfore, by the olde lawe of god, they
sholde be slayn. / But nathelees, by the
lawe of Jesu Crist, that is lawe of pitee,
whan he scyde to the womman that was
founden in avoutrie, and sholde han been
slayn with stones, after the wil of the
Jewes, as was her lawe: 'Go,' quod Jesu
Crist, 'and have na-more wil to sinne';
or, 'wille na-more to do sinne.' / Soothly,
the vengeance of avoutrie is awarded to
the peynes of helle, but-if so be that it be
destourbed by penitence. / Yet been ther
mo species of this cursed sinne; as whan
that oon of hem is religious, or elles
bothe; or of folk that been entred in-to
ordre, as subdekne or dekne, or preest, or
hospitaliers. And evere the lyer that
he is in ordre, the gretter is the sinne./
The thinges that gretly aggreggen her
sinne is the brekinge of her avow of
chastitee, whan they receyved the ordre./
And forther-over, sooth is, that holy
ordre is chief of al the tresorie of god,
and his especial signe and mark of chas-
titee; to shewe that they been joynd to
chastitee, which that is most precious
lyf that is. / And thisis ordred folk been
specially tytled to god, and of the special
meynee of god; for which, whan they
doon deadly sinne, they been the special
traytors of god and of his peple; for they
liven of the peple, to prey for the peple,
and whyle they been suche traitours, her
preyera vailen nat to the peple./ Preestes (S20)
95
90
30
05

been aungles, as by the dignitee of hir misterye; but for sothe, saint Paul seith, that 'Sathanas transformeth him in an aungel of light.' / Soothly, the preest that haunteth deedly sinne, he may be lykned to the aungel of derknesse transformed in the aungel of light; he semeth aungel of light, but for sothe he is aungel of derknesse. / Swiche preestes been the sones of Helie, as sheweth in the book of Kinges, that they weren the sones of Belial, that is, the devel. / Belial is to seyn 'with-outen juge'; and so faren they; hem thinketh they been free, and han no juge, na-more than hath a free bole that taketh which cow that him lyketh in the toun. / So faren they by wommen. For right as a free bole is y-nough for al a toun, right so is a wikked preest corrupeciou y-nough for al a parisshe, or for al a contree. / Thise preestes, as seith the book, ne conne nat the miserie of preesthode to the peple, ne god ne knowe they nat; they ne helde hem nat apayd, as seith the book, of soden flesh that was to hem offred, but they toke by force the flesh that is rawe. / Certes, so thise shrewes ne holden hem nat apayed of rosted flesh and sode flesh, with which the peple fedden hem in greet reverence, but they wole have raw flesh of folkes wyves and hir doghtres. / And certes, thise wommen that consenten to hir harlotrie doon greet wrong to Crist with hir chyrche and alle halwes, and to alle soules; for they bireven alle this him that sholde worshipe Crist and holy chyrche, and preye for Cristene soules. / And therfore han swiche preestes, and hir lemmannes eek that consenten to hir lecherie, the malisoun of al the court Cristen, til they come to amendment. / The thridde spece of avoutrie is som-tyme bitwixe a man and his wyf; and that is whan they take no reward in hir assemblinge, but only to hire fleshly delyt, as seith saint Jerome; / and ne rekken of no-thing but that they been assembled; by-cause that they been maried, al is good y-nough, as thinketh to hem. / But in swich folk hath the devel power,

as seyde the aungel Raphael to Thobie; for in hir assemblinge they putten Jesu Crist out of hir herte, and yeven hem-self to alle ordure. / The fourthe spece is, the assemblie of hem that been of hir kinrede, or of hem that been of oon affinitie, or elles with hem withiche hir fadres or hir kinrede han deled in the sinne of lecherie; this sinne maketh hem lyk to houndes, that taken no kepe to kinrede. / And certes, parentele is in two maneres, outhir goostly or fleshly; goostly, as for to delen with hys god-sibbes. / For right so as he that engendreth a child is his fleshly fader, right so is his godfader his fader espirituell. For which a woman may in no lasse sinne assemblen with hir godsib than with hir owene fleshly brother. / The fifte spece is thilke abhominable sinne, of which that no man unneth the oghte speke ne wryte, nathelees it is openly reherced in holy writ. / This cursednesse doon men and wommen in diverse entente and in diverse manere; but though that holy writ speke of horrible sinne, certes, holy writ may nat been defouled, na-more than the sonne that shyneth on themixen. / Another sinne aperteneth to lecherie, that comth in slepinge; and this sinne cometh ofte to hem that been maydenes, and eek to hem that been corrupt; and this sinne men clepen pollucioun, that comth in foure maneres. / Somtyme, of languissinge of body; for the humours been to ranke and habundaunt in the body of man. Somtyme of infermetee; for the feblesse of the vertu retentif, as phisik maketh menciou. Somtyme, for surfeet of mete and drinke. / And somtyme of vileyng thoughtes, that been enclosed in mannes minde whan he goth to slepe; which may nat been with-oute sinne. For which men moste kepen hem wysely, or elles may men sinnen ful grawously. /

(840)

Remedium contra peccatum Luxurie.

§ 77. Now comth the remedie agayns Lecherie, and that is, generally, Chastitee and Continence, that restreyneth alle the

desordene moevinges that comen of
 915 fleshly talentes. / And evere the gretter
 merite shal he han, that most restreyneth
 the wikkede eschaufinges of the ordure
 of this sinne. And this is in two maneres,
 that is to seyn, chastitee in mariage, and
 chastitee in widwehode. / Now shalton
 understande, that matrimoine is leeful
 assemblinge of man and of womman, that
 receyven by vertu of the sacrament the
 bond, thurgh which they may nat be
 departed in al hir lyf, that is to seyn,
 whyl that they liven bothe. / This, as
 seith the book, is a ful greet sacrament.
 God maked it, as I have seyd, in paradys,
 and wolde him-self be born in mariage. /
 And for to halwen mariage, he was at
 a weddinge, where-as he turned water
 in-to wyn; which was the firste miracle
 that he wroghte in erthe biforn hisse dis-
 ciples. / Trewe effect of mariage clenseth
 fornicacioun and repleniseth holychirche
 of good linage; for that is the ende of
 mariage; and it chaungeth deedly sinne
 in-to venial sinne bitwixe hem that been
 y-wedded, and maketh the hertes al oon
 of hem that been y-wedded, as wel as the
 bodies. / This is verray mariage, that
 was establisshed by god er that sinne bigan,
 whan naturel lawe was in his right point
 in paradys; and it was ordeyned that o
 man sholde have but o womman, and
 o womman but o man, as seith saint
 Augustin, by manye resouns. /

§ 78. First, for mariage is figured bi-
 twixe Crist and holy chirche. And that
 other is, for a man is heved of a womman;
 algate, by ordinaunce it sholde be so. /
 For if a womman had mo men than oon,
 thanne sholde she have mo hevedes than
 oon, and that were an horrible thing
 biforn god; and eek a womman ne mighte
 nat plesen to many folk at ones. And also
 ther ne sholde nevere be pees ne reste
 amonges hem; for everich wolde axen
 his owene thing. / And farther-over, no
 man ne sholde knowe his owene engen-
 drure, ne who sholde have his heritage;
 and the womman sholde been the lasse
 biloved, fro the time that she were con-
 joyned to many men. /

§ 79. Now comth, how that a man
 sholde bere him with his wyf; and
 namely, in two thinges, that is to seyn in
 suffraunce and reverence, as shewed Crist
 whan he made first womman. / For he
 ne made hir nat of the heved of Adam,
 for she sholde nat clayme to greet lord-
 shipe. / For ther-as the womman hath
 the maistrie, she maketh to muche
 desray; ther neden none ensamples of
 this. The experience of day by day oughte
 suffyse. / Also certes, god ne made nat
 womman of the foot of Adam, for she ne
 sholde nat been holden to lowe; for she
 can nat paciently suffre: but god made
 womman of the rib of Adam, for womman
 sholde be felawe un-to man. / Man sholde
 bere him to his wyf in feith, in trouthe,
 and in love, as seith saint Paul: that
 'a man sholde loven his wyf as Crist
 loved holy chirche, that loved it so wel
 that he deyde for it.' So sholde a man
 for his wyf, if it were nede. /

§ 80. Now how that a womman sholde
 be subget to hir housbonde, that telleth
 saint Peter. First, in obedience. / And
 eek, as seith the decree, a womman that
 is a wyf, as longe as she is a wyf, she hath
 noon auctoritee to swere ne bere witnesso
 with-oute leve of hir housbonde, that is
 hir lord; algate, he sholde be so by
 resoun. / She sholde eek serven him in
 alle honestee, and been attempree of hir
 array. I wot wel that they sholde settene
 hir entente to plesen hir housbondes, but
 nat by hir queyntise of array. / Seint
 Jerome seith, that wyves that been ap-
 parailed in silk and in precious purpre
 ne mowe nat clothen hem in Jesu Crist.
 What seith saint John eek in this matere?/
 Seint Gregorie eek seith, that no wight
 seketh precious array but only for veyne
 glorie, to been honourde the more biforn
 the peple. / It is a greet folye, a womman
 to have a fair array outward and in hir-
 self be foul inward. / A wyf sholde eek
 be mesurable in lokinge and in beringe
 and in laughinge, and discreet in alle hir
 wordes and hir dedes. / And aboven alle
 worldly thing she sholde loven hir hous-
 bonde with al hir herte, and to him be

trewe of hir body; / so sholde an housbonde eek be to his wyf. For sith that al the body is the housbondes, so sholde hir herte been, or elles ther is bitwixe hem two, as in that, no parfit mariage. / Thanne shal men understande that for three thinges a man and his wyf fleshly mowen assemble. The firste is in entente of engendrure of children to the service of god, for certes that is the cause fynal of matrimoine. / Another cause is, to yelden everich of hem to other the dette of hir bodies, for neither of hem hath power over his owene body. The thridde is, for to eschewe lecherye and vileinye. The ferthe is for sothe deadly sinne. / As to the firste, it is moritorie; the seconde also; for, as seith the decree, that she hath merite of chastitee that yeldeth to hir housbonde the dette of hir body, ye, though it be agayn hir lykinge and the lust of hir herte. / The thridde manere is venial sinne, and trewely scarsly may ther any of thise be with-oute venial sinne, for the corrupcion and for the delyt. / The fourthe manere is for to understande, if they assemble only for amorous love and for noon of the forseyde causes, but for to accomplice thilke brenninges delyt, they rekke nevere how ofte, soothly it is deadly sinne; and yet, with sorwe, somme folk wol peynen hem more to doon than to hir appetyt suffyseth. /

§ 81. The seconde manere of chastitee is for to been a clene widewe, and eschue the embracinges of man, and desyren the embracinge of Jesu Crist. / This been tho that han been wyves and han forgoon hir housbondes, and eek wommen that han doon lecherie and been releaved by Penitence. / And certes, if that a wyf coude kepen hir al chaast by licence of hir housbonde, so that she yeve nevere noon occasion that he agilte, it were to hire a greet merite. / Thiso manere wommen that obseruen chastitee moste be clene in herte as well as in body and in thought, and mesurable in cloathinge and in contenaunce; and been abstinent in etinge and drinkinge, in spekinge, and

in dede. They been the vessel or the boyste of the blissed Magdalene, that fulfilleth holy chirche of good odour. / The thridde manere of chastitee is virginitee, and it bihoveth that she be holy in herte and clene of body; thanne is she spouse to Jesu Crist, and she is the lys of angeles. / She is the preisinge of this world, and she is as thiso martirs in egalitee; she hath in hir that tonge may nat telle ne herte thinke. Virginitee baar oure lord Jesu Crist, and virgine was him-selve. /

§ 82. Another remedie agayns Lecherie is, specially to withdrawn swiche thinges as yeve occasion to thilke vileinye; as ese, etinge and drinkinge; for certes, whan the pot boyleth strongly, the beste remedie is to withdrawe the fyr. / Slepinge longe in greet quiete is eek a greet norice to Lecherie. /

§ 83. Another remedie agayns Lecherie is, that a man or a womman eschue the compayne of hem by welche he douteth to be tempted; for al-be-it so that the dede is withstanden, yet is ther greet temptacioun. / Soothly a whyt wal, although it ne brenne noght fully by stikinge of a candele, yet is the wal blak of the leyt. / Ful ofte tyme I rede, that (880) no man truste in his owene perfeccioun, but he be stronger than Sampson, and holier than + David, and wyser than Salomon. /

§ 84. Now after that I have declared yow, as I can, the sevene deadly sinnes, and somme of hir braunches and hir remedies, soothly, if I coude, I wolde telle yow the ten comandements. / But so heigh a doctrine I lete to divines. Natheles, I hope to god they been touched in this tretise, everich of hem alle. /

De Confessione.

§ 85. Now for-as-muche as the second partie of Penitence stant in Confessioun of mouth, as I bigan in the firste chapitre, I seye, saint Augustin seith: / sinne is every word and every dede, and al that men coveiten agayn the lawe of Jesu

Crist; and this is for to sinne in herte, in mouth, and in dede, by thy fyve wittes, that been sighte, heringe, smellinge, tastinge or savouringe, and felinge. / Now is it good to understande that that aggreggeth muchel every sinne. / Thou shalt considere what thou art that doost the sinne, whether thou be male or female, yong or old, gentil or thral, free or servant, hool or syk, wedded or sngle, ordred or unordred, wys or fool, clerk or seculer; / if she be of thy kinrede, bodily or goostly, or noon; if any of thy kinrede have sinned with hir or noon, and manye mo thinges. /

§ 86. Another circumstaunce is this; whether it be doon in fornicacioun, or in avoutrie, or noon; incest, or noon; mayden, or noon; in manere of homicyde, or noon; horrible grete sinnes, or smale; and how longe thou hast continued in sinne. / The thridde circumstaunce is the place ther thou hast do sinne; whether in other mennes hous or in thyn owene; in feeld or in chirche, or in chirche-hawe; in chirche dedicat, or noon. / For if the chirche be halwed, and man or womman spille his kinde in-with that place by wey of sinne, or by wikked temptacion, the chirche is entreditid til it be reconciled by the bishop; / and the preest that dide swich a vileyne, to terme of al his lyf, he sholde na-more singe masse; and if he dide, he sholde doon deedly sinne at everytyme that he so songe masse. / The fourthe circumstaunce is, by whiche mediatours or by whiche messagers, as for entycement, or for consentement to bere compayne with felaweshipe; for many a wrecche, for to bere compayne, wil go to the devel of helle. / Wherfore they that eggen or consenten to the sinne been parteners of the sinne, and of the dampnacioun of the sinner. / The fifthe circumstaunce is, how manye tymes that he hath sinned, if it be in his minde, and how ofte that he hath falle. / For he that ofte falleth in sinne, he despiseth the mercy of god, and encresseth his sinne, and is unkinde to Crist; and he waxeth the more feble to withstande

sinne, and sinneth the more lightly, / ⁹⁷⁰ and the latter aryseth, and is the more eschew for to shryven him, namely, to him that is his confessour. / For which that folk, whan they falle agayn in hir olde folies, outher they forleten hir olde confessours al outrely, or elles they departen hir shrift in diverse places; but soothly, swich departed shrift deserueth no mercy of god of hise sinnes. / The sixte circumstaunce is, why that a man sinneth, as by whiche temptacioun; and if him-self procure thilke temptacioun, or by the exeytinge of other folk; or if he sinne with a womman by force, or by hir owene assent; / or if the womman, mangree hir heed, hath been afforced, or noon; this shal she telle; for coveitise, or for poverte, and if it was hir procuringe, or noon; and swiche manere harneys. / ⁹⁸⁰ The seventhe circumstaunce is, in what manere he hath doon his sinne, or how that she hath suffred that folk han doon to hir. / And the same shal the man ⁹⁹⁰ tellie pleynly, with alle circumstaunces; and whether he hath sinned with comune bordel-wommen, or noon; / or doon his sinne in holy tymes, or noon; in fasting-tymes, or noon; or biforn his shrifte, or after his latter shrifte; / and hath, peradventure, broken ther-fore his penance enjoyned; by whos help and whos conseil; by sorcerie or craft; al moste be told. / Alle thise thinges, after that they been grete or smale, engreggen the conscience of man. And eek the preest that is thy juge, may the bettre been avysed of his iugement in yevinge of thy penaunce, and that is after thy contricioun. / For understand wel, that after tyme that a man hath defouled his baptesme by sinne, if he wole come to salvacioun, ther is noon other wey but by penitence and shrifte and satisfaccioun; / and namely ⁹⁹⁰ by the two, if ther be a confessour to which he may shryven him; and the thridde, if he have lyf to parfournen it. /

§ 87. Thanne shal man looke and consider, that if he wole maken a trewe and a profitable confessioun, ther moste be

foure condicouns. / First, it moot been
in sorwful bitternesse of herte, as seyde
the king Ezekias to god : ' I wol remem-
bre me alle the yeres of my lyf in bitt-
ernesse of myn herte.' / This condicoun
of bitternes hath fyve signes. The firste
is, that confessioune mooste be shamefast,
nat for to covere ne hyden his sinne, for
he hath agilt his god and defouled his
10) soule. / And her-of seith saint Augustin :
' the herte travailleth for shame of his
sinne'; and for he hath greet shamefast-
nesse, he is digne to have greet mercy of
985 god. / Swich was the confession of the
publican, that wolde nat heven up hise
eyen to hevene, for he hadde offended god
of hevene; for which shamefastnesse he
hadde anon the mercy of god. / And
ther-of seith saint Augustin, that swich
shamefast folk been next foryevenes and
remissioune. / Another signe is humilitee
in confessioune; of which seith saint Peter,
'Humbleth yow under the might of god.'
The hond of god is mighty in confession,
for ther-by god foryeveth thee thy sinnes;
for he allone hath the power. / And this
humilitee shal been in herte, and in signe
outward; for right as he hath humilitee
to god in his herte, right so shold he
humble his body outward to the preest
that sit in goddes place. / For which in
no manere, sith that Crist is sovereyn
and the preest mene and mediator
bitwixe Crist and the sinnere, and the
990 sinnero is the laste by wey of resoun, /
thanne shold nat the sinnere sitte as
heighe as his confessour, but knele bifore
him or at his feet, but-if maladie destourbe
it. For he shal nat taken kepe who sit
there, but in whos place that he sitteth. /
A man that hath trespassed to a lord, and
comyth for to axe mercy and maken his
accord, and set him doun anon by the
lord, men wolde holden him outrageous,
and nat worthy so sone for to have remis-
sion ne mercy. / The thiridde signe is,
how that thy shrift sholde be ful of teres,
if man may; and if man may nat wepe
with hise bodily eyen, lat him wepe in
herte. / Swich was the confession of
995 saint Peter; for after that he hadde

forsake Jesu Crist, he wente out and
weep ful bitterly. / The fourthe signe is, (920)
that he ne lette nat for shame to shewen
his confessioune. / Swich was the con- 995
fessioune of the Magdelene, that ne spared,
for no shame of hem that weren atte
feste, for to go to oure lord Jesu Crist and
biknowe to him his sinnes. / The fifthe
signe is, that a man or a womman be
obeisant to receyven the penaunce that
him is enjoyned for his sinnes; for certes
Jesu Crist, for the giltes of a man, was
obedient to the deeth. /

§ 88. The seconde condicoun of verray
confession is, that it be hastily doon; for
certes, if a man hadde a deedly wounde,
evere the lenger that he taried to warisse
him-self, the more wolde it corrupte and
haste him to his deeth; and eek the
wounde wolde be the wors for to hele. /
And right so fareth sinne, that longe
tyme is in a man unshewed. / Certes, a
man oghe hastily shewen hise sinnes for
manye causes; as for dredo of deeth, that
cometh ofte sodenly, and is in no certeyn
what tyme it shal be, ne in what place;
and eek the drechinge of synne draweth
in another; / and eek the lenger that he 1000
tarieith, the ferther he is fro Crist. And
if he abyde to his laste day, scarsly may
he shryven him or remembre him of hise
sinnes, or repente him, for the grevous
maladie of his deeth. / And for-as-muche
as he ne hath nat in his lyf herkned Jesu
Crist, whanne he hath spoken, he shal
erye to Jesu Crist at his laste day, and
scarsly wol he herkne him. / And under-
stand that this condicoun mooste han
foure thinges. Thy shrift mooste be pur-
veyed bifore and avysed; for wikked
haste doth no profit; and that a man
conne shryve him of hise sinnes, be it of
pryde, or of envye, and so forth of the
species and circumstances; / and that he
have comprehended in his minde the
nombre and the greetnesse of hise sinnes,
and how longe that he hath leyn in
sinne; / and eek that he be contrit of (930)
hise sinnes, and in stedefast purpos, by
the grace of god, nevere eft to falle in
sinne; and eek that he drede and countrie-

waite him-self, that he flee the occasouns
1005 of sinne to whiche he is enclyned. / Also thou shalt shryve thee of alle thy sinnes to o man, and nat a parcel to o man and a parcel to another; that is to understande, in entente to departe thy confessioune as for shame or drede; for it nis but stranglinge of thy soule. / For certes, Jesu Crist is entierly al good; in him nis noon imperfeccioun; and therfore outhir he foryeveth al parfitly or never a deel. / I seye nat that if thou be assigned to the penitauncer for certain sinne, that thou art bounde to shewen him al the remenaunt of thy sinnes, of whiche thou hast be shriven to thy curat, but-if it lyke to thee of thyn humilitie; this is no departinge of shrifte. / Ne I seye nat, ther-as I speke of divisioun of confessioune, that if thou have lycence for to shryve thee to a discreet and an honeste preest, where thee lyketh, and by lycence of thy curat, that thou ne mayst wel shryve thee to him of alle thy sinnes. / But lat no blotte be bishinde; lat no sinne been untold, as fer as thou hast remembraunce. / And whan thou shalt be shriven to thy curat, telle him eek alle the sinnes that thou hast doon sin thou were last y-shriven; this is no wikked entente of divisioun of shrifte. /

§ 89. Also the verray shrifte axeth certeine condicouns. First, that thou shryve thee by thy free wil, nought constreynd, ne for shame of folk, ne for maladie, ne swiche thinges; for it is resoun that he that trespasseth by his free wil, that by his free wil he confesse his trespass; / and that noon other man telle his sinne but he him-self, ne he shal nat nayte ne denye his sinne, ne wratthe him agayn the preest for his amonestinge to leve sinne. / The seconde condicoun is, that thy shrifte be laweful; that is to seyn, that thou that shryvest thee, and eek the preest that hereth thy confessioune, (940) been verrailly in the feith of holychirche; / and that a man ne be nat despeirde of the mercy of Jesu Crist, as Caym or Judas. / And eek a man moot accusen him-self of his owene trespass, and nat another; but

he shal blame and wyten him-self and his owene malice of his sinne, and noon other; / but nathelees, if that another man be occasioun or entyceur of his sinne, or the estat of a persone be swich thurgh which his sinne is aggregated, or elles that he may nat pleynlly shryven him but he telle the persone with which he hath sinned; thanne may he telle; / so that his entente ne be nat to bakbyte the persone, but only to declaren his confessioune. /

§ 90. Thou ne shalt nat eek make no lesinges in thy confessioune; for humilitie, per-aventure, to seyn that thou hast doon sinnes of whiche that thou were nevero gilty. / For saint Augustin seith: if thou, by cause of thyn humilitie, makest lesinges on thy-self, though thou ne were nat in sinne biforn, yet artow thanne in sinne thurgh thy lesinges. / Thou most eek shewe thy sinne by thyn owene propre mouth, but thou be wexe doumb, and nat by no lettre; for thou that hast doon the sinne, thou shal have the shame therfore. / Thou shalt nat eek peynte thy confessioune by faire subtile wordes, to covere the more thy sinne; for thanno bigylestow thy-self and nat the preest; thou most tellen it pleynlly, be it nevere so foul ne so horrible. / Thou shalt eek shryve thee to a preest that is discreet to conseille thee, and eek thou shalt nat shryve thee for veyne glorie, ne for ypocrisyse, ne for no cause, but only for the doute of Jesu Crist and the hele of thy soule. / Thou shalt nat eek renne to the preest soleynly, to tellen him lightly thy sinne, as who-so telleth a jape or a tale, but avysely and with greet devocioun. / And generally, (950) shryve thee ofte. If thou ofte falle, ofte thou aryse by confessioune. / And though thou shryve thee ofter than ones of sinne, of which thou hast be shriven, it is the more merite. And, as seith saint Augustin, thou shalt have the more lightly relesing and grace of god, bothe of sinne and of peyne. / And certes, ones a yere atte leeste wey it is laweful for to been housled; for certes ones a yere alle thinges renovellen. /

Explicit secunda pars Penitencie; et sequitur tercia pars eiusdem, de Satisfaccione.

§ 91. Now have I told you of verray Confessiou[n], that is the seconde partie of Penitence. /

The thridde partie of Penitence is Satisfaccioun; and that stant most generally in almesse and in bodily peyne. / Now been ther three manere of almesses; contricion of herte, where a man offreth himself to god; another is, to han pitee of defaute of hisse neighebores; and the thridde is, in yevinge of good conseil goostly and bodily, where men han nede, and namely in sustenaunce of mannes fode. / And tak keep, that a man hath need of thise thinges generally; he hath need of fode, he hath nede of clothing, and herberwe, he hath nede of charitable conseil, and visitinge in prisone and in maludic, and sepulture of his dede body. / And if thou mayst nat visite the nefeful with thy persone, visite him by thy message and by thy yiftes. / Thise been generally almesses or werkes of charitee of hem that han temporel richesses or discrecio[n] in conseilinge. Of these werkes shalpow heren at the day of dome. /

§ 92. These almesses shalpow doon of thyne owene propre thinges, and hastily, and prively if thou mayst; / but nathelees, if thou mayst nat doon it privily, thou shalt nat forbere to doon almesse though men seen it; so that it be nat doon for thank of the world, but only for thank of Jesu Crist. / For as witnesseth saint Mathew, *capitulo quinto*, 'A citee may nat been hid that is set on a montayne; ne men lighte nat a lanterne and put it under a busshel; but men sette it on a candle-stikke, to yeve light to the men in the hous. / Right so shal youre light lighten before men, that they may seen youre gode werkes, and glorisfe youre fader that is in hevene.' /

§ 93. Now as to speken of bodily peyne, it stant in preyeres, in wakinges, in fastinges, in vertuous techinges of orisouns. / And ye shul understande, that orisouns or

preyeres is for to seyn a pitous wil of herte, that redresseth it in god and expresseth it by word outward, to remoeven harmes and to han thinges espirituell and durable, and somtyme temporel thinges; of whiche orisouns, certes, in the orisoun of the *Pater-noster*, hath Jesu Crist enclosed most things. / Certes, it is privileged of three thinges in his dignitee, for which it is more digne than any other preyere; for that Jesu Crist him-self maked it; / and it is short, for it sholde be coud the more lightly, and for to withholden it the more esily in herte, and helpen him-self the ofter with the orisoun; / and for a man sholde be the lasse wary to seyen it, and for a man may nat excusen him to lerne it, it is so short and so esy; and for it comprehendeth in it-self alle gode preyeres. / The exposicio[n] of this holy preyere, that is so excellent and digne, I bitake to thise maistres of theologie; save thus muchel wol I seyn: that, whan thou prayest that god sholde foryeve thee thy giltes as thou foryevest hem that agilten to thee, be ful wel war that thou be nat out of charitee. / This holy orisoun amenuseth eek venial sinne; and therfore it aperteneth specially to penitence. /

§ 94. This preyere mooste be trewely seyd and in verray feith, and that men preye to god ordinatly and discreetly and devoutly; and alwey a man shal putten his wil to be subget to the wille of god. / This orisoun mooste eek been seyd with greet humblesse and ful pure; honestly, and nat to the anoyaunce of any man or womman. It mooste eek been continued with the werkes of charitee. / It avayleth eek agayn the vyses of the soule; for, as seith saint Jerome, 'By fastinge been saved the vyses of the flesh, and by preyere the vyses of the soule.' /

§ 95. After this, thou shalt understande, that bodily peyne stant in wakinges; for Jesu Crist seith, 'waketh, and preyeth that ye ne entre in wikked temptacion.' / Ye shul understanden also, that fastinge stant in three thinges; in forberinge of bodily mete and drinke, and in forberinge

of worldly jolitee, and in forberinge of deedly sinne; this is to seyn, that a man shal kepen him fro deedly sinne with al his might. /

§ 96. And thou shalt understanden eek, that god ordeyned fastinge; and to fastinge appertenenten four things. / Largenesse to povre folk, gladnesse of herte espirituell, nat to been angry ne anoyed, ne grucche for he fasteth; and also resonable houre for to ete by mesure; that is for to seyn, a man shal nat ete in untyme, ne sitte the lenger at his table to ete for he fasteth. /

§ 97. Thanne shaltow understande, that bodily peyne stant in discipline or techinge, by word or by wrytinge, or in ensample. Also in weringe of heyres or of stamin, or of haubergeons on hir naked flesh, for Cristes sake, and swiche manere penances. / But war thee wel that swiche manere penances on thy flesh ne make nat thyn herte bitter or angry or anoyed of thy-self; for bettre is to caste away thyn heyre, than for to caste away the sikernessee of Jesu Crist. / And therfore seith saint Paul: 'Clothe yow, as they that been chosen of god, in herte of misericorde, debonairetee, suffraunce, and swich manere of clothinge'; of whiche Jesu Crist is more apayed than of heyres, or haubergeons, or hauberkes. /

§ 98. Thanne is discipline eek in knokkinge of thy brest, in scourginge with yerdes, in knelinges, in tribulacions; / in suffringe paciently wronges that been doon to thee, and eek in pacient suffraunce of maladies, or lesinge of worldly catel, or of wyf, or of child, or othere freendes. /

§ 99. Thanne shaltow understande, whiche thinges destourben penaunce; and this is in four maneres, that is, drede, shame, hope, and wanhope, that is, desperacion. / And for to speke first of drede; for which he weneth that he may suffre no penaunce; / ther-agayns is remedie for to thinke, that bodily penaunce is but short and litel at regard of the peyne of helle, that is so cruel and so long, that it lasteth with-outen ende. /

§ 100. Now again the shame that a man hath to shryven him, and namely, these

ypocrites that wolden been holden ^{so} parfite that they han no nede to shryven hem; / agayns that shame, sholde a man ¹⁰⁶⁰ thinke that, by wey of resoun, that he that hath nat been ashamed to doon foule thinges, certes him oughte nat been ashamed to do faire thinges, and that is confessiouns. / A man sholde eek thinke, that god seith and woot alle his thoughtes and alle his werkes; to him may no thing been hid ne covered. / Men sholden eek remembren hem of the shame that is to come at the day of dome, to hem that been nat penitent and shryven in this present lyf. / For alle the creatures in erthe and in helle shullen seen apertly al that they hyden in this world. /

§ 101. Now for to spoken of the hope of hem that been negligent and slowe to shryven hem, that stant in two maneres. / That oon is, that he hopeth for to live longe and for to purchacen muche richesse for his delyt, and thanne he wol shryven him; and, as he seith, him semeth thanne tymely y-nough to come to shrifte. / Another is, surquidrie that he hath in Cristes mercy. / Agayns the firste vyce, he shal thinke, that oure lyf is in no sikernessee; and eek that alle the richesses in this world ben in aventur, and passen as a shadwe on the wal. / And, as seith saint Gregorie, that it aperteneth to the grete rightwisnesse of god, that nevere shal the peyne stinte of hem that nevere wolden withdrawen hem fro sinne, hir thankes, but ay continue in sinne; for thilke perpetuel wil to do sinne shul they han perpetuel peyne. /

§ 102. Wanhope is in two maneres: the firste wanhope is in the mercy of Crist; that other is that they thinken, that they ne mighte nat longe persevere in goodnessse. / The firste wanhope comth ¹⁰⁷⁰ of that he demeth that he hath sinned so greetly and so ofte, and so longe leyn in sinne, that he shal nat be saved. / Certes, agayns that cursed wanhope sholde he thinke, that the passion of Jesu Crist is more strong for to unbinde than sinne is strong for to binde. / Agayns the seconde wanhope, he shal thinke, that as ofte as

he falleth he may aryse agayn by penitence. And though he never so longe have leyn in sinne, the mercy of Crist is alwey redy to receiven him to mercy. / Agayns the wanhope, that he demeth that he sholde nat longe persevere in goodnesse, he shal thinke, that the feblesse of the devel may no-thing doon ¹⁰⁰ but-if men wol suffren him; / and eek he shal han strengthe of the help of god, and of al holy chirche, and of the ¹⁰⁵ profeccions of aungels, if him list. /

§ 103. Thanne shal men understande what is the fruit of penaunce; and, after the word of Jesu Crist, it is the endeles blisse of hevene, / ther joye hath no contrariouste of wo ne grevaunce, ther alle harmes been passed of this present lyf; ther-as is the sikernes fro the peyne of helle; ther-as is the blisful compayne that rejoysen hem everemo, everich of otheres joye; / ther-as the body of man, that whylom was foul and derk, is more cleer than the sonne; ther-as the body, that whylom was syk, freele, and feble, and mortal, is immortal, and so strong and so hool that ther may no-thing apeyren it; / ther-as ne is neither hunger, thurst, ne cold, but every soule replenished with the sighte of the parfit knowinge of god. / This blisful regne may men purchace by poverte espirituel, and the glorie by lowenesse; the plentee of joye by hunger and thurst, and the reste by travaille; and the lyf by deeth and ¹¹⁰ mortificacion of sinne. /

Here taketh the makere of this book
his leve.

§ 104. Now preye I to hem alle that herkne this litel tretis or rede, that if ther be any thing in it that lyketh hem, that ther-of they thanken oure lord Jesu

Crist, of whom procedeth al wit and al goodnesse. / And if ther be any thing that disples hem, I preye hem also that they arrette it to the defaute of myn unconninge, and nat to my wil, that woldes ful fayn have seyd bettre if I hadde had conninge. / For oure boke seith, 'al that is writyen is writyen for oure doctrine'; and that is myn entente. / Wherfore I biseke yow mekely for the mercy of god, that ye preye for me, that Crist have mercy on me and foryeve me my giltes: / ¹¹⁵ —and namely, of my translacions and endytinges of worldly vanitees, the whiche I revoke in my retracciouns: / as is the ¹²⁰ book of Troilus; The book also of Fame; The book of the nyнете Ladies; The book of the Duchesse; The book of saint Valentynes day of the Parlement of Briddes; The tales of Caunterbury, thilke that sounen in-to sinne; / The book of the Leoun; and many another book, if they were in my remembrance; and many a song and many a lecherous lay; that Crist for his grete mercy foryeve me the sinne. / But of the translacion of Bocce de Consolacione, and othere bokes of Legendes of saintes, and omelies, and moralitee, and devocioun, / that thanke I oure lord Jesu Crist and his blisful meder, and alle the saintes of hevene; / bisekinge hem that they from hennesforth, un-to my lyves ende, sende me grace to biwayle my giltes, and to studie to the salvacioun of my soule:—and graunte me grace of verray penitence, confessioun and satisfaccioun to doon in this present lyf; / thurgh the benigne ¹²⁵ grace of him that is king of kinges and preest over alle preestes, that boghte us with the precious blood of his herte; / so that I may been oon of hem at the day of dome that shulle be saved: *Qui cum patre, &c.*

Here is ended the book of the Tales of Caunterbury, compiled by Geffrey Chaucer,
of whos soule Jesu Crist have mercy. Amen.

APPENDIX.

VARIATIONS AND EMENDATIONS.

THE text of Chaucer is, in some places, corrupt, and in others can be much improved by some emendation, usually of a slight character.

The text of the best authorities, as improved by collation with other good authorities, is here given. Variations from these are denoted by an obelus (†) in the text, which may be considered as marking a reading as to which there is some doubt. These are most numerous in the Romaunt of the Rose, the Book of the Duchesse, and the House of Fame. There are very few doubtful readings in the Canterbury Tales, for which there are better authorities than in other cases. In the following Appendix all the doubtful readings and editorial emendations are accounted for. I do not, however, notice words which are placed between square brackets, such as the word 'a' on p. 1, l. 12. It will be understood, once for all, that all such words are *supplied*, and are *missing* in the originals, though often necessary for the sense or the metre, or for both.

ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.

The authorities are G. (the Glasgow MS.); and Th. (Thynne's edition of 1532). Also, from the nature of the case, F. (the original French text, here quoted from the edition by Méon, Paris, 1813). No other authorities exist. Many lines are wholly missing in G.; and when it is not cited, this must be understood. Thus, it has lost lines 1-44.

Page 1. 3. Th. sweuen; *but the plural is required.* 4. Th. that false ne bene.
25. Th. slepte; (*sleep is more usual.*) 38. Th. hatte; *read hote* (be called).

Page 2. 66. G. Th. had; *read hath.* 102. G. Th. buskes (*not Chaucer's form.*)
110. G. Th. gan I. 138. G. Th. Enclosed was; *see l. 1652;* F. Tant clos. 149. G. Th. mynoresse (?); F. moverresse.

Page 3. 196. G. Th. myscoueiting (?); F. mesconter. 220. G. Th. courtpy (*see Cant. Tales, A 290.*) 248. Both peynted.

Page 4. 255. Both Upon any worthy man falle. 277. Both and so breketh.
324. Both rent.

Page 5. 382. Both may neuer. 442. Both ay (*giving no sense;*) *read shal.*
444. Both grace (?), for face; F. lor vis.

Page 6. 485. G. laddris; Th. ladders; *see l. 523.* 492. G. yeer; Th. yere; *read*

verd; see l. 656. 501. Both wolde 'for nolde; by confusion). 505. Both god kepe it fro care, a false rime; clearly substituted for god it kepe and were. Were is the E. spelling of the verb in the French text, which has *que Dieux garisse*. 520. Both For; read Ful; (wo is here an adjective = sad). 536. G. ony; Th. any; read a.

Page 7. 564. Some lines lost here; 3 lines of F. left untranslated. 586. Both may; read mayden. 602. Both lande of Alexandryne; but Alexandryn is an adjective. 603. G. hidre be; Th. hyther be.

Page 8. 660. Both places. 668. Both That; read These. 720. Th. reuelrye; G. reuerye; F. reverdie.

Page 9. 761. Both made; read make. 791. Both bode (no sense); read Bede; No bede I = I would not offer.

Page 10. 850. G. seye; Th. sey. 860. G. pleye (!); Th. pley (!). 865. Both I wot not what of hir nose I shal descriyve (eleven syllables). 866. Two lines lost here. 879. Both Love and as hym likith it be. 923. Both Turke bowes two ful wel deuyed had he (too long).

Page 11. 959. Both shoten; see l. 989. 984. Both on; read of. 1007. Both And an; read As was an; F. Ainsinc cum. 1017. Both wyntred; but see l. 1020. 1026. Both thought; read thinketh. 1031. Both Sore (!); F. Sade. 1034. Both And hight (!).

Page 12. 1057. Both in werk (!). 1058. Th. prill; G. prile; (error for prikke, written so as to look like prilke). 1080. Th. amyled; G. enameled. 1089. Both durst (!); error for thurste, more commonly thurte. 1117. Both ragounces; F. jagances.

Page 13. 1188. G. sarlynysh; Th. Sarlynysse; F. Sarrazinesche. 1201. Both gousfaucoun (!); F. gonfanon. 1210. Both He caste. 1233. Th. hempe; G. hempe ne (= hempene). 1236. Both a; read oo (one).

Page 14. 1244. Both Bitokeneth. 1282. Both And she (!); read Youthe; F. Jonesce; see l. 1302. 1303. Both that; read thus; see l. 1310. 1313. G. loreyes (error for loreres); Th. Laurelles. 1315. Th. ended; G. eended (= y-ended). 1324. Both durst (as in l. 1089). 1332. Both she (for second he). 1334. Both hadde (for bad); and bent (for bende); both omit it. 1335. Both an (for on).

Page 15. 1341. G. hadde me shette; Th. had me shete (but shete is not a pp.). 1343. Both had me greued. 1348. Both hadde in all the gardyn be. 1366. Both gardin (for yerd). 1369. Both Parys (!); for paradys. 1397-8. Th. knytte, sytte.

Page 16. 1440. Th. dilectable. 1447. Th. garden; read yerde in; cf. 1348, 1366. 1448. Th. efters (!); F. tout l'estre. 1453. Th. shoton; read shete. Th. goodnesse (for good mes); cf. 3462. 1498. G. velaynesly; Th. vilaynously. 1527. Both musede so. Ye (for He). 1608. Both laughyng (!); read loving.

Page 18. 1641. Both sighed. 1644. Both strengthes. 1648. G. bitrissched; Th. ware; G. waxe; both have Rone. 1658. Both hath; omit wel? 1700. Both roses. 1713. Both For; read Ful.

Page 19. 1721. G. botheum; Th. bothum. 1732. Both Sithen. 1758. Both two (!); read felte.

Page 20. 1848. Both mighte it. 1851. Both sene I hadde. 1853-4. Both thore, more; see l. 1857. 1860. G. Castith; Th. Casteth.

Page 21. 1924. Both softyng; see 1925. 1925. Both prikkith. 1965. Both loue; read louers. 2002. Both of; read to,

Page 22. 2038. *Both* queynt. 2044. *Both* taken; *read* tan; cf. 2068. 2046. *Both* disteyned; F. *Deceus*. 2067. *Both* surprised. 2068. *Both* taken; *read* tan; cf. 2044. 2076. G. disese; Th. desese; F. *dessaistir* 2116. *Both* degree.

Page 23. 2154. *Both* bigynneth to amende. 2176. G. say; Th. saye. 2185. *Both* vnto; *for* to. 2195. *Both* in; *read* a.

Page 24. 2264. *Both* on; *read* upon. 2271. Th. aumere; G. awmere; see 2087. 2279. *Both* costneth; F. *coute*. 2285. *Both* Farree. 2294. G. Th. knowith (?); F. rit 2302. *Both* pleyneth; *read* pleysteth. 2327. *Both* menen.

Page 25. 2336. *Both* londes; *read* loues. 2341. *Both* this swifte; *read* swich yift; F. si riche don. 2365. *Both* and; *read* in. 2427. Th. sene; *read* sende; F. *envoyer*. 2432. Th. gone and visyten.

Page 26. 2466. *Better omit* of. 2473. *Both* Thought; *read* That swete? 2499. G. yitt; Th. yet; *read* yif.

Page 27. 2564. Th. forwerede; G. forweriede; see 3251. 2569. *Both* se; *read* seme. 2617. *Both* I wote not; *read* I noot. 2619. *Both* better. 2621. *Both* on hir I caste. 2622. *Both* That. 2628. *Both* liggen; *read* ly.

Page 28. 2650. *Both* whider (?). 2675. Th. whan; G. whanne; *read* wham or whom; F. *De qui tu ne pues avoir aise*. 2676. Corrupt. F. *Au departir la porte basse* (i.e. the lover is to kiss the door). 2709, 2710. *Both* more, fore. 2712. *Both* to gon; *omit* to.

Page 29. 2774. *Both* astirward. 2796. G. Thenkyng; Th. Thynkyng; cf. 2804. 2824. *Both* not ben; F. *tu seroies*. 2833. *Both* me; *read* hem; cf. 2845.

Page 30. 2917. *Both* thou (*for they*). 2935. *Both* declared thee.

Page 31. 2992. *Both* warrants; F. *Ge vous i puis bien garantir*.

Page 32. 3052. *Both* Venus hath flemed. 3115. *Both* arise. 3125. *Both* And late (or lett) it growe (*too long*). 3136. Th. His eyes reed sparelyng as the fyre-glowe (*too long*); sparelyng is a gloss on reed.

Page 33. 3150. G. it; Th. he; *read* I; F. ge. 3207. *Both* For Nature; I omit For. 3209. *Both* but if the.

Page 34. 3264. *Both* seyne; feyne seems better. 3274. *Both* he be a; I omit a. 3301. After gete, Th. inserts the, and G. thee. 3319. *Both* thought; *read* taughte. 3331. *Both* Who that; I omit that. 3337. *Both* cherisance; F. *chevisance*

Page 35. 3399. Th. forbode; G. forbede; *read* forbad. 3433. Th. suche; G. sichen; F. *puis qu'il me siet*.

Page 36. 3447. *Both* where that the; I omit that. 3490. *Both* That he had. 3491. G. Thanne; Th. Than; *read* That; F. *Qu' Amors*. 3522. *Both* ye (*for he*); F. *Que il*. 3525. *Both* it is.

Page 37. 3548. This (=This is); F. *C'est*. 3554. *Both* Vpon (*for On*). 3604. *Read* thar; Th. dare. 3626. Th. eftres. 3643. Th. the god of blesse; F. *Dieux la bencie*.

Page 38. 3660. Th. That so; omit so. 3690. Th. grapes be ripe. 3694. *Both* Thought. 3697. *Both* rennyng (?). 3698. *Both* come (*absurdly*); see l. 2700; *read* to me. 3710. G. herte is; Th. hert is; *read* hertis (=hertes). 3718. *Both* neithir (*for nor*). 3745. *Both* Pleyne or playne. 3751. *Both* ye; *read* to.

Page 39. 3755. Th. with his hete. 3756. *Both* insert me after bad. 3774. G. it wille; Th. at wyl. 3851. *Both* verge; see 3234.

Page 40. 3880. *Both* lye. 3895. *Both* trechours. 3902. *Both* herte I crye. 3907. *Both* lowe; *read* loude. 3928. *Both* must; *read* mot; supply take. 3942. *Both* Do; *read* To. 3943. *Both* Thanne (*or Than*) close; F. *Qui les roses clorra entor*.

Page 41. 3994. Th. vilanously; G. vilaynesly. 4021. G. an high; Th. an hye
4026. Both To make.

Page 42. 4089. Both place it after I.

Page 43. 4181. Both of; read as. 4188. Both Roses; F. rosiers. 4194. Both who
(for whiche).

Page 44. 4272. Both walketh (?). 4285. Both Which (for Ther); giving no sense.
4291. Both except. 4322. Both wente aboute (?); read wende a bought (a = have);
F. Ges cuidois avoir achete (I weened to have bought them). 4339. G. tiliers; Th.
tyllers. 4352. Both wente best abouen to haue.

Page 45. 4363. Both but; read al. Both lust. 4365. Both is; read am. 4366. Both
charge. 4372. G. wole; Th. wol; read wal. 4425. Both good.

Page 46. 4467. Both her (for his). 4476. Both preise. 4550. Both Loue; read
lorde. 4556. Th. moche that it; G. mych that.

Page 47. 4561. Both yene good wille; F. se Dieux plaist. 4587. Both ne failid;
I omit ne. 4617. Both not; read nist; cf. 4626. 4657. Both I; read han.

Page 48. 4705. Both And through the; read A trouthe. 4721. Th. lyke; G. like;
read sike. 4722. G. trust; Th. truste; (thrust = thirst). Both and (for in).
4723. Both And. 4725. Both And. 4731. Both Sen.

Page 49. 4755. Both by (for be). 4764. Both That; read But. 4793. Both euer;
read er (i.e. before). 4796. Both al by partuere. 4799. Both greven. 4807. Both
diffyned here. 4811. G. kned; Th. knedde. 4812. Both With. 4823. Both engendrure;
see 6114. 4837. Both han her lust. 4846. Both what; for who.

Page 50. 4858. Both their. 4892. G. perell; Th. parel; but read tyme (see 4891).
4921. Both But that if. 4933. Both this. 4935. Both youthes chambre (or chambere);
4948. Both him.

Page 51. 4955. Both gan. 4960. Both neither preise. 5004. Th. stondeth;
G. stondith. 5010. Both weped. 5021. Both he (for hir). 5028. Both list to loue.

Page 52. 5050. Both gouen. 5051. Both so; read sho (or she). 5059. Both loned.
5068. Both That; read But; cf. 4764. 5085. Both to; read they. 5107. G. herberest
hem; Th. herborest. 5116. Both the; read thy; F. ton. 5117. Both by thought;
F. ta jonesce. 5144. G. ay; Th. aye; read alway.

Page 53. 5155. Both That; F. Lors. 5162. Perhaps say = assay. 5201 (rubric). Both
Aunsete; error for Amistie. 5229. Both oo state; read oon estate; see 5400.

Page 54. 5278. Both bothe the. 5283. Both this. 5285. Both vnyte (?). 5287. Both
And; read A man. 5292. Th. causes; G. cause; see 5301, 5523. 5335. Both he; cf.
5337, 5341. 5341. Both hir; read the. 5345. Both Thurgh the; I omit the.

Page 55. 5360. Both greueth so groueth. 5379. Both him silf (or selfe).
5389. Both kepen ay his; see 5367. 5393. I omit alle before his. 5401. Both ought to
be. 5404. Both hath. 5408. G. it; read in; Th. omits. 5419, 5420, 5425, 5427, 5436.
Both hym (?); F. les. 5433. Both to (for so).

Page 56. 5452. Th. chere (for there); G. cheer (?). 5463. Both thus. 5478. Both
For to shewe; read She sheweth. 5486. Both affect. 5491. Both For al that yeueth
here out of drede. 5493. G. late; Th. lette. 5544. Both fablyng; F. cheans (i.e.
falling). 5546. Both caste.

Page 57. 5555. Both in (for is). 5556. Both depe (error for doþe = doþ). 5569. Th.
haue you to haue; G. ha yow to ha. 5577. Both perceyueneth. 5590. G. mavis; Th.
mauys; F. muis (bushels). 5598. Both that (for it). 5617. Both berne. 5641. Both take.

Page 58. 5699. Both where ; F. guerre. 5701. Both shal thogh he hath geten (!). 5713. Both Thus is thurst. 5741. G. fy ; Th. fye ; read sy. (From *fy* to *sy* means from the first syllable of *fy-sy-cien* (physician) to the second.)

Page 59. 5755. Both shewing. 5761-2. Supply it in 5761 ; it occurs after Himsilf in 5762. 5781. Both The ; F. Trois. 5788. Both vnto. 5821. Both nyl not.

Page 60. 5855. Both kepte ; F. qui mestrie. 5860. Both that ilke. 5883. Both As my nede is. 5900. Both That such toures ben ; I omit That and ben.

Page 61. 5942. Both folyly. 5959. Both beaute (!). 5960. Both That I ; I omit That. 5976. Both ful dere. 6002. Both grede ; error for gnede. 6006. Both beaute (as in 5959). 6009. Th. wol ; G. wole.

Page 62. 6064. Both hindreth.

Page 63. 6165. Both which ; F. tex (such). 6169. Both lette. 6174. Both nede ; F. besoignes. 6205. I supply this line ; went his wyle = turns aside his craft. 6206. Th. begylen ; G. bygylng. 6237. Th. commen ; G. comyn.

Page 64. 6243. Both ful many ; omit ful. 6256. Both maketh the ; omit the. 6292. Both planten most. 6296. Both feyne ; F. dire. 6314. Both insert shal before never. 6317, 6318. Two half-lines lost ; words supplied by Kaluza.

Page 65. 6341. Both and reyned (!) ; for streyned ; see 7366. 6355. Both Ioly (!) ; read blynde. I supply ther. 6372. A line lost ; supplied as in Morris's edition ; F. Si n'en sui mes si receus. 6378. Both I (for me). 6407. Both not ; read yit.

Page 66. 6460. Both it is ; F. Porquoi. 6466. Both woth (!). 6481. Both seruest ; F. sembles. 6491. Both bettir. 6493. Both of a pore. 6500. Both me a dyne. 6515. Both not. 6522. Both Hath a soule. 6532. G. thrittene ; Th. thirtene (wrongly).

Page 67. 6539. G. beggith ; Th. beggeth. 6542. G. goddis ; Th. goddes. 6565. G. ther ; Th. their. 6569. Both yaf. 6570. G. folkis ; Th. folkes. 6572. Both they ; read leye ; F. gisoient. 6606. Both Ben somtyme in ; see 6610.

Page 68. 6667. Both haue bidde ; I omit haue. 6688. Th. hondis ; G. omits. 6700. Both Yit. 6707. Both mendiciens (-ence).

Page 69. 6810. Both wrine ; both hem ; both at. 6823, 6824. Both robbing, gilyng.

Page 70. 6880. Th. Ne wol ; G. Wol ; read Nil. 6902, 6907. Both burdons. 6911. Both burdons ; but borders are meant. 6925, 6926. Both him.

Page 71. 6974. I omit a after tymes. 7018. G. werrien ; Th. werryen. 7029. Both these (for thefe), and that (for or) ; F. lerrcs ou. 7038. Both them.

Page 72. 7041. G. cheffis ; Th. cheffes ; F. fromages. 7092. Th. We had ben turmented al and some ; (G. different line, in late hand) ; F. Tout eust este tormente. 7109. G. has here 1. 7110, followed by a blank line ; Th. has That they [read he] ne might the booke by, followed by a spurious line. 7110. Th. To the copye, if hem.

Page 73. 7145. Both no. 7159. Both vpon 7173, 7174. I supply these lines by conjecture ; F. Par Pierre voil le Pape entendre. 7180. Both That (read And) ; to (read that). 7221. Both worthy ; see 7104. Both mynystres ; read maistres.

Page 74. 7316. Both slayn ; F. escorchies.

Page 75. 7368. G. graciehe ; Th. gratche. 7389. Th. deuyseid. 7392. Th. salowe ; read falowe. 7394. Th. to ; read tho. 7409. Th. And. 7429. Th. humbly. 7432. Th. remeued,

Page 76. 7473. Th. hath hadde the. 7488. Th. doughty (!) ; F. poudreus. 7533. Th. she nat herselfe (wrongly).

Page 78. 7653. G. wole ; Th. wol. 7662. Both wot ; F. fait. 7663. Th. we (for ye) G. omits.

THE MINOR POEMS.

I. AN A.B.C.

The MSS. used to form this text are: C. = MS. FF. 5. 30 in the Camb. Univ. Library; Jo. = MS. G. 21, in St. John's College, Cambridge; Gl. = Glasgow MS. Q. 2. 25; L. = MS. Laud 740, in the Bodleian Library; Gg. = MS. Gg. 4. 27, in the Camb. Univ. Library; F. = Fairfax 16, in the Bodleian; B. = Bodley 638; Sion = Sion Coll. MS. The text follows closely the first of these; but is corrected by collation with the others.

Page 81. 163. All the MSS. insert suffred after eek; probably caught from the line above. Or perhaps his herte was caught from the line below: in which case, read And suffred eek, that Longius him pighte. And note, that pighte should surely be prighte, i.e. pricked, as in Cant. Tales, F. 418. Pighte properly means pitched. Hence read: And suffred eek, that Longius him prighte.

II. THE COMPLEYNT UNTO PITE.

The MSS. are: Tn. (Tanner 346); F. (Fairfax 16); B. (Bodley 638); Sh. (Shirley's MS., Harl. 78); FF. (Ff. 1. 6, in the Camb. Univ. Library); T., here put for Trin. (Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 19); also Ha. (Harl. 7578). The text follows F. mainly.

Page 82. 21. MSS. was (*for nas*), twice; wrongly. 77. MSS. is (*for nis*).

III. THE BOOK OF THE DUCHESSE.

The authorities are only Th. (Thynne's edition, 1532); and three MSS., viz. F. (Fairfax 16); Tn. (Tanner 346); B. (Bodley 638). I follow F. mainly. B. and F. are much alike.

Page 83. 6. All take no kepe. 14. All sorwful (*badly*); read sory. 23. All this.

Page 84. 76. Not in Tn. B.; Th. F. of Aleynone his wylle. 80. Not in Tn. B.; Th. F. began to yerne; read gan to erme. 82. Not in Tn. B.; Th. F. her thought so (*copied from 81*); read he dwelte so. 86. Not in Tn. B.; Th. F. That she had this; I omit she, and supply alas from 87, where it occurs after him, and makes the line too long. 101. All this lady; for she. 107. All wepte; read weep. 131. All right so (*but right belongs to l. 132*).

Page 85. 149. All speke right so (*but right belongs to l. 150*). 158, 159. All noght (*for nothing*). 175. Tn. slepte; F. slept; see 177. 185. All up and axed. 204. All am. 206. I supply look. 207. All for suche; read at whiche. 212. All alias; read A.

Page 86. 264. All insert quene after goddesse. 294. All And; read I. 296. All repeat of king before Lamedon. 300. All ouer al; I omit ouer. 328. All and of king. 329. All and of (*for and*). 332. (Marked by mistake; so in MSS.) 334. All And; read Of. 342. All insert to before cold.

Page 87. 348. All And I; omit And. 380. All and so at; omit so. 443. All insert right before wonder.

Page 88. 454. All but B. insert right before yong. 473. All insert ful before wel. 479. After this line, Th. inserts And thus in sorowe lefte me alone; it is spurious. [Hence there is no line 480.] 498. All for ther no; and is (*for was*). 517. All had ygret; read grettë; see 503. 548. Insert good; cf. 714, 721.

Page 89. 570. All with his; omit his. 571. All may no; omit no. 583. All so ful;

omit ful. 584. *All That*; *read Thogh.* 586. *For the former hit, all have him; see 585.* 589. F. B. Thesiphus; Tn. Tesiphus; Th. Tesyphus (*miswritten for Cesiphus = Sesiphus*). 599. F. Th. sorowe (!); Tn. sorov (!); *read song.* 630. Th. Tn. floures; F. B. flourys; *read flour is.*

Page 90. 660. *All in the; omit the.* 681. *All she my fers; read my fers she* (Koch). 693. *All For ther; omit For.* 721. *All yis parde; omit yis.* 728. *All also; read als.* 732. *All the quene; omit the.* 740. *All no man; read noon.* 745. F. Th. Loo she that may be; Th. Howe that may be; *here she is an error for sir; and how that may be for how may that be;* *the edition of 1550 has Howe may that be.*

Page 91. 751. *All insert shalt after thou; omit it* (Koch). 771. *All I prayde; omit I.* 779. *All moste able; omit moste.* 785. *All ryght so; omit ryght.* 802. *All That tyme and; omit That tyme.* 805. *All on a day.* 806. *All ther that I; omit that.* 823. *All Than any other planete in heven.* 828. *All and of; omit of.* 829. *All and so; omit and.* 840. *All counseyl* (*a gloss upon reed, the original word.*) 844. *All better.*

Page 92. 895. *All But which; omit But.* 905. *Was white; omit white* (*reserved for 1. 948.*) 924. *All swere wel; omit wel.* 930. *All never yet; omit yet.* 942. *All and pure flat; omit pure.* 943. *All or; read and.*

Page 93. 959. *All nere pure; omit pure.* 971. *All swere wel; read sweren.* 994. *All And therto; omit And.* 997. *All What harme was; but harm is mono-syllabic.* 1020. *wolde not; read nolde.* 1028. *All into; read to.* 1040. *All and my goddesse (!); read and my lispe* (i.e. consolation). 1051. *All loked her; omit her.*

Page 94. 1075. *All nay trewly I; omit trewly.* 1099. *All conde tho; read tho conde.* 1147. *All hit not never; omit not.*

Page 95. 1188. *All am; read nam.* 1189. *All sey right; omit right.* 1234. *All to false; omit to.* 1239. *All ryght as; omit ryght.*

Page 96. 1264. *All thynges; read thing.* 1322. *All ther was; omit ther.*

IV. THE COMPLEYNT OF MARS.

The authorities are: F. (Fairfax 16); Tn. (Tanner 346); Ju. (Julian Notary's edition); Hurl. (Harl. 7333); T. (Trin. Coll. Camb., R. 3. 20); Ar. (Arch. Selden B. 24, in the Bodleian Library); Th. (Thynne's edition, 1532). *I follow F. mainly.*

Page 98. 89. *All nygh dreynt; omit nygh.* 125. *All transpose hir and don.*

Page 99. 141. *All god helpe; read helpe god; and accent sely and Venus on the latter syllable.*

Page 100. 274. *Most MSS. have to so; T. omits to.*

V. THE PARLEMENT OF FOULES.

The authorities are: F. (Fairfax 16); Gg. (Gg. 4. 27, Camb. Univ. Library); Trin. (Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 19); Cx. (Caxton's edition); Harl. (Harleian 7333); O. (St. John's Coll., Oxford); Ff. (Ff. 1. 6, Camb. Univ. Library). *I have also consulted Tn. (Tanner 346); D. (Digby 181); and others. I follow F. mainly; chiefly corrected by Gg.*

Page 101. 39. *All he; read hit; see 36, 43.*

Page 106. 396. *All have formed.*

Page 109. 613. *Gg. reufulles (!); Pepys, rowthfull; rest rewful (!).*

VI. A COMPLEINT TO HIS LADY.

Only two MS. copies: Sh. (Shirley's MS., Harl. 78); Ph. (Phillipps 9053, now Addit. 34360). Also Ed. (edition of 1561). I follow Sh. mainly; but correct many bad spellings; and supply many words, and even lines. Lines 124-133 are in Ph. only.

Page 111. 14. *All* now doth; *I omit* now. 15. *This line is supplied, to rime with 1. 17.* 19. Sh. and yit my; *I put* fro for yit. 24. *This line supplied; to rime with 1. 22;* cf. Compl. of Mars, 189. 25, 26. *Supplied;* cf. Compl. to Pite, 22, 17; Anelida, 307. 33. *I omit* she before sleeth. 56. *A line lost; supplied from Anelida, 181.*

Page 112. 59. *Supplied from Anelida, 182.* 68. Sh. euer do. 78. Sh. youre; *read* yow 79. Sh. wist that were; *I omit* that. Sh. your hyenesse (*repeated from 76*); *read* yow distresse. 82. (*The dagger should precede is*); Sh. thane is; *omit* thane. 102. Sh. beon euer; *read* ever been. 103. *Imperfect; I supply* here. 104. Sh. But the; *omit* But. 114. Sh. nought; *read* nothing. 120. Sh. no trewer so verrayly; Ed. no trewer verely (*false rime*). 127. Ph. For wele; *om. For.* 129. *Not in Sh.; Ph. That yow myght offenden.* 132. *Not in Sh.; Ph. no blisse; omit no.* 133. Ph. dwelle withyn-

VII. ANELIDA AND ARCITE.

Authorities: Harl. (Harl. 7333); F. (Fairfax 16); Tn. (Tanner 346); D. (Digby 181); Cx. (Caxton's edition); B. (Bodley 638); Lt. (Longleat MS.); Th. (Thynne's edition, 1532). I follow F. mainly.

Page 114. 91. Th. Tn. Harl. trusteth; *rest* trusted; *read* trust (=trusteth). 129. *All lenger she; omit she.*

Page 115. 174. *All speketh she.* 191. *All un-to; read to.*

Page 116. 241. *All be founde; but be was copied in from 1. 240.*

VIII. CHAUCERS WORDES UNTO ADAM.

From T. (Trin. Coll. Camb., R. 3. 20). Also in Ed. (edition of 1561).

Page 118. 3. T. thy long lokkes; *omit long.* 4. T. wryte more truwe; *omit more.*

IX. THE FORMER AGE.

Two copies: I. (Li. 3. 21, Camb. Univ. Library); Hh. (Hh. 4. 12, in the same). Chiefly from I.

Page 118. 3. I. paied of the; *omit the.* 11. I. gnodded; Hh. knoddyd; *correctly gniden, pt. pl. of gniden.*

Page 119. 23. Both No batails trompes; *omit batails.* 34. I. No places wildnesse; Hh. No place of wildnesse; *omit places, place of.* 56. *A line lost; I supply it.*

X. FORTUNE.

Authorities: I. (Li. 3. 21, Camb. Univ. Library); A. (Ashmole 59); T. (Trin. Coll. Camb.); F. (Fairfax 16); B. (Bodley 638); H. (Harl. 2251).

XI. MERCILES BEAUTE.

*One copy: P. (Pepys 2006). 36. P. this; *read* ther.*

XII. TO ROSEMOUNDE.

One copy: MS. Rawl. Poet. 163; leaf 114.

Page 121. 11. semy (*sic*); *read* seemly. fynall (*for final, a misreading of smal;*

XIII. TRUTH.

Authorities: At. (Addit. 10340); Gg. (Gg. 4. 27, Camb. Univ. Library); E. (Ellesmere MS.); Ct. (Cotton, Cleop. D. 7); T. (Trin. Coll. R. 3. 20); F. (Fairfax 16); and others. *Chiefly from E. The Envoy is in At. only.*

Page 122. 19. Know thy contree; Harl. F. T. Loke vp on hie. 20. Hold the hye wey; Harl. F. Weyve thy lust.

XIV. GENTILESSE.

Authorities: A. (Ashmole 59); T. (Trin. Coll. R. 3. 20); Harl. (Harl. 7333); Ct. (Cotton, Cleop. D. 7); Ha. (Harl. 7578); Add. (Addit. 22139); Cx. (Caxton's edition). *I follow Cx. mainly.*

Page 123. 20. Cx. makes hem eyres, that can hem queme; A. mathe his heyre him that wol hin qweme; Ct. That maketh his heires hem, &c.

XV. LAK OF STEDFASTNESSE.

Authorities: Harl. (Harl. 7333); T. (Trin. Coll. R. 3. 20); Ct. (Cotton, Cleop. D. 7); F. (Fairfax 16); Add. (Addit. 22139); Bann. (Bannatyne); Th. (Thynne's edition, 1532); and others. *I follow Ct. mainly.*

XVI. LENVOY A SCOGAN.

Authorities: Gg. (Gg. 4. 27, Camb. Univ. Library); F. (Fairfax 16); P. (Pepys 2006); Th. (Thynne's edition, 1532). *I follow F. mainly.*

XVII. LENVOY A BUKTON.

Authorities: F. (Fairfax 16); Th. (Thynne's edition); Ju. (Julian Notary's edition). *I follow F. mainly.*

XVIII. THE COMPLEYNT OF VENUS.

Authorities: T. (Trin. Coll. R. 3. 20); A. (Ashmole 59); Tn. (Tanner 346); F. (Fairfax 16); Ff. (Ff. 1. 6, Camb. Univ. Library); Ar. (Arch. Selden, P. 24); P. (Pepys 2006); Th. (Thynne's edition, 1532). *I follow F. mainly.*

N.B. Another authority is the set of three original French Ballades by Otes de Graunson, which Chaucer here imitates.

Page 125. 31. All Pley or Pleye; read Pleyne, *translation of original French Plaindre.*

XIX. THE COMPLEINT TO HIS PURSE.

Authorities: F. (Fairfax 16); Harl. (Harl. 7333); Ff. (Ff. 1. 6, Camb. Univ. Library); P. (Pepys 2006); Add. (Addit. 22139); Cx. (Caxton's edition); Th. (Thynne's ed. 1532). *I follow F. mainly.*

XX. PROVERBS.

Authorities: F. (Fairfax 16); Ha. (Harl. 7578); Ad. (Addit. 16165). *I follow F. mainly.*

Page 126. 1. All insert thus after these; I omit thus.

XXI. AGAINST WOMEN UNCONSTANT.

Authorities: Ct. (Cotton, Cleop. D. 7); F. (Fairfax 16); Ha. (Harl. 3758); Ed. (Stowe's edition, 1561).

Page 127. 17. All stondeth; read stant.

XXII. COMPLEINT DAMOURS.

Authorities: Harl. (Harl. 7333); F. (Fairfax 16); B. (Bodley 638).
 Page 127. 4. *All* right thus; *omit* right. 9. *All* Ne; *read* For.
 Page 128. 86. *I supply* ther from Parl. Foules, 310.

XXIII. A BALADE OF COMPLEYNT.

Sole copy: MS. Addit. 16165, fol. 256, back.

XXIV. WOMANLY NOBLESSE.

Sole copy: MS. Addit. 34360, fol. 21, back.
 Page 129. 13. *This line is supplied by conjecture.* 18. MS. for to; *I omit* for.
 25. And thynkith be raison (*too long*). 26. for til do the; *I omit* the, and substitute to
 for til.

TRANSLATION OF BOETHIUS.

Authorities: C. (Camb. Univ. Library, II. 3. 21); A. (Addit. 10340); Ed. (Thynne's edition, 1532); Cx. (Caxton's edition); II. (II. 1. 38); &c. *I follow* C. mainly.
 Page 131. PROSE I. 74. Cx. Th. from; MSS. *omit* from.
 Page 133. PR. III. 63. Cx. Th. Soranos (*as in Latin text*); C. A. Sorans. MET. IV.
 12. Cx. Th. leyte; II. leit; C. A. light.
 Page 134. PR. IV. 97. *This Gloss is misplaced in the MSS.; it comes in before Textus in l. 87.*
 Page 144. PR. III. 66. *I omit* and before fulfuldest; *it is worse than needless.*
 Page 153. PR. VIII. 28. C. A. windinge; Cx. wyndy; Lat. uentosam.
 Page 156. PR. II. 125. *I supply* nat, for clearness; *it is implied in the following ne.*
 Page 188. PR. VI. 300. *All* the; *read* that.
 Page 190. MET. VI. 38. *Read* bretheth; II. brethith; A. bredith; C. Ed. bereth;
 Lat. spirat.
 Page 196. PR. III. 192. *All* of the whiche (*no sense*); *read* than whiche.

TROILUS AND CRISEYDE.

Authorities: Cl. (Campsall MS.); Cp. (Corp. Chr. Coll. Cam. 61); H. (Harl. 2280);
 H₂ (Harl. 3943); Cm. (Gg. 4. 27, in Camb. Univ. Library); Ed. (edition by Thynne,
 1532). *I follow* Cl. and Cp. mainly, which are much alike.
 Page 247. 17. *All* hem; *read* him; *see* l. 19.
 Page 249. 144. CL Cp. H. ben ay I-lyke; Ed. to ben aye ylike; H₂. bene ylyke;
 Cm. ay ben I-lik; *read* been y-like ay.
 Page 255. 572. Cm. thourste; Cp. H. thruste; Cl. dorste; H₂. Ed. durst; *read*
 thurste.
 Page 279. 391. H. truste (*rightly*); *rest* trust. *All* to finden (*or finde*); *omit* to.
 Page 314. 1109. *All* the est; *read* th'est.
 Page 321. 1586. *All* That she; *omit* That. 1618. *All* Come or Com.

THE HOUS OF FAME.

Authorities: F. (Fairfax 16); B. (Bodley 638); P. (Pepys 2006); Cx. (Caxton's edition) Th. (Thynne's edition, 1532). *I follow F. mainly.*

Page 326. 8. *All why this; omit why.* 11. *why these; omit why.* 20. *All is more; omit is.* 24. *All needlessly insert the (or her) before brayn.*

Page 327. 88. *All pouerte; read povert; or elide the final e.* 119. *All slept, slepte; read sleep; see 438.*

Page 329. 362. *All But al; omit But.*

Page 330. 366. *All in-to; read in.* 370. MSS. Allas (or alas !); *read Eneas.* (*However Th. has him, alas.*) 399. Cx. Th. Oenone (which read as four syllables, O-e-no-ne as in Troil. i. 654).

Page 331. 513. *All sely; read selly (i.e. strange).*

Page 332. 557. Cx. Th. P. agust so; *read so agast.* 603. *All do; read dona (gerund).* 613. *All herke; read herkne; see 725.* 618. *Deficient; I supply goddesse.* 621. *All lytel (litell); read lyte.*

Page 333. 727. Cx. Th. P. a worthy; F. B. worthe a; *omit a.*

Page 334. 764. *All herke; see 725.* 827. F. And that sum place stide; B. Th. And that som styde; (*not in Cx. P.*); *read And that the mansioun; see 754, 831.* 830. *All That; read Than.*

Page 335. 896. Cx. Th. gan to; *rest to; read gan.* 911. *All token (!); read toun; see 890.*

Page 336. 1007. F. Cx. Th. B. Athalantes; P. athlauntres (cf. Atlante, Ovid, Fasti, v. 83).

Page 337. 1114. F. citee; P. cite (=site); *rest cyte.*

Page 338. 1177. *Supply craft from l. 1178, where it occurs, after cast, in Cx. Th. P.* 1189. B. Rabewynnes; P. Babeweuries; (*all corrupt.*) 1210. F. Saten; B. Sate; Cx. Th. Sat; P. Sett; *read Seten.*

Page 339. 1259. Th. pleyeng; *rest pleyn.* 1271. *All the (put for thee).* 1303. F. hat; B. hate; Cx. Th. haekyng; *read hatte.*

Page 340. 1361. F. B. Sit; Cx. P. Sat; *read Sitte.* 1373. *All wonderly; see 1327.* 1415. *All And thus; omit And.*

Page 341. 1494. F. high the (*for highte*); Cx. Th. heyght; *read highte;* *see 744.* 1527. *All into; read in.*

Page 342. 1570. *All Upon; read Up.*

Page 343. 1666. *All werkes; read werk (and so in 1701, 1720).* 1686. *All of bawme; omit of.* 1725. F. B. Th. Al so; *rest And so; read So.*

Page 344. 1765. F. B. now let se; *omit now.* 1813. *All grete, gret; read gretest.*

Page 345. 1853. F. Th. be noght for; Cx. B. be for; *read be but for.* 1887. *All thinge, thing; read things.* 1897. *All wote; read wiste; see 1901.* 1902. *All dwelled or dwellyth.* 1907. B. Whithen; *rest Why than; read Whiche.* 1940. F. Cx. B. hattes (!); Th. hutches; *read hottes.*

Page 346. 1961, 1962. *All werres, restes; read werre, reste.* 1967. *All and eek of; omit and eek (cf. 1968).* 1975. *All wrongly write misgovernement as one word.* 2009. *All these; read swiche.* 2017. F. frot (*for fruit = fruit*); B. foot; Cx. Th. swote. 2021. *All yaf in; omit in.* 2026. F. B. here anoon (anon); Cx. Th. here; *read anoon heer.*

Page 347. 2049. *All he (!); read the other.* 2053. *All And thus (twice); omit And (twice).* 2051. F. B. forth ryght to; Cx. forth unto; Th. streyght to; *read forth to.* 2076. F. B. Went every mouthe (!); Th. Cx. Wente every tydying; *read Wente every word.* 2083. *All and wente; read hit wente.* 2104. B. haue that oon; F. han on; Th. have one. *All omit of.*

Page 348. 2152. B. nose; F. Th. noyse (!). F. an highen (!); Th. on hyghen (!); B. and yen; *read on hyghe (or on hye).*

THE LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN.

Authorities: for Text A (earlier version) of the Prologue: sole copy C. (Gg. 4. 27, in Camb. Univ. Library). For Text B (later version) of the same, and all the rest: F. (Fairfax 16); Tn. (Tanner 346); T. (Trin. Coll. Cam. R. 3. 19); A. (Arch. Selden. B. 24); B. (Bodley 638); P. (Pepys 2006); Th. (Thynne's edition, 1532); also C. (as above); Add. (Addit. 9832).

Page 353, col. 1. 135. C. *is here corrupt; it has*—The honour and the humble obeysaunce. *I suggest They dide honour and humble obeysances; or read Yelding honour, &c. (as in col. 2).* Col. 1; 137, 138; *imperfect; I fill up the gaps.*

Page 370. 842. *All renten (rente), wrongly; read renden.*

Page 374. 1126. *All honourable; read noble; see 1143, 1210, 1222.*

Page 375. 1217. C. bestys wilde; T. A. P. wild bestys; *rest wilde hertes; read hertes wilde.* 1238. *All and becom (against metre); read to been.*

Page 378. 1463. *All yle of; omit of.*

Page 383. 1879. *All himself or himselfe; read himselfe.*

Page 387. 2138. *All was performed; read performed was.*

Page 388. 2227. *All quyte him; read him quyte.*

Page 393. 2592. Th. And what; C. T. That what; *read What.*

TREATISE ON THE ASTROLABE.

Authorities: A. (Camb. Univ. Library, Dd. 3. 53); B. (Bodley, E. Museo 54); C. (Rawlinson 1370); D. (Ashmole 391); E. (Bodley 619); F. (Corpus 424); G. (Trin. Coll. Cam. R. 15. 18); H. (Sloane 314); I. (Sloane 291); K. (Rawlinson, Misc. 3); L. (Addit. 23002); M. (St. John's Coll. Cam.); N. (Digby 72); O. (Ashmole 360); P. (Camb. Univ. Library, Dd. 12. 51); Q. (Ashmole 393); R. (Egerton 2622); S. (Addit. 29250). I follow A. mainly; collated with B. C. I. M. P. The latter part (after Part II, § 40) from L. M. N. O. P. R. S.

Part 399. § 12. 8, 9. MSS. wrongly transpose *umbra versa*, and *umbra recta* (= *umbra extensa*).

Page 402. § 3. 51, 53. *For 18, some MSS. have 12.*

Page 403. § 3. 62, 63. *Some MSS. 8 and 2; others, 9 and 10.* 64. *Some 23; others 10.* § 4. 12. C. P. for-seide same degree; *omit same.* 25. *All 15; read 25;* Lat. text, *viginti quinque.*

Page 409. § 25. 45. Two sets of readings here; the second set puts the Sun in 10 degrees of Leo, with an altitude of 56, and declination, 18; difference, 38.

Page 410. § 28. 37. *All heed (heued) for ende, absurdly; cf. 27, 31.*

- Page 414. § 40. 8. *Read for sothe; miswritten for sonne in A. B.; others vary.*
 Page 415. § 40. 75. A. omits of and degrees; but retains 3. 93. P. supplies the last five words, which A. B. C. E. omit. § 42. 24, 25. For 2, M. has 6; for 3, M. has 4.
 Page 416. § 44. 20. N. wreten; read wryte. 36. L. N. O. passid; M. omits; read lasse.
 Page 417. § 45. 10. L. I wold wyttyn; N. Iwyton; O. wrytoun.

THE CANTERBURY TALES.

Authorities: E. (Ellesmere MS.); Hn. (Hengwrt MS.); Cm. (Gg. 4. 27, Camb. Univ. Library); Cp. (Corpus Chr. Coll. Oxford); Pt. (Petworth MS.); Ln. (Lansdowne 851); Hl. (Harl. 7334). *Also, occasionally,* Dd. (Dd. 4. 24, Camb. Univ. Library); Reg. (Reg. 17 D. XV.); Add. (Addit. 5140); Li. (Lichfield MS.); Sl. (Sloane, 1685).

- Page 421. 179. Hl. cloysterlees (*see 180*); Cm. rekeles; rest recchelees, recheles.
 Page 422. 252 b, 252 c; *from Hn.; rest omit.*
 Page 435. 1290. All moste, muste, most; *read mot.*
 Page 443. 1979. Hl. swymbul; *rest rumbel.*
 Page 449. 2420. All insert the (or thy) before victorie; it clogs the line.
 Page 458. 3155, 3156. *From E. Cm. Hl.; rest omit.*
 Page 462. 3451, 3457; astromye is intentional.
 Page 465. 3721, 3722. *From E. (also in old editions); rest omit.*
 Page 466. 3818. Nowélis is an intentional error; *see 3834.*
 Page 476. 47. Dd. But; *rest That (wrongly).*
 Page 484. 621. A short line; I insert ful.
 Page 486. 791. Hl. vn-to; Pt. to; *rest til; read un-til.*
 Page 492. 1163-1190. E. Hn. Cm. omit; mainly from Cp. 1189. Most MSS. phislyas; Sloane, phillyas; Ln. fiseleas; *read physices, i.e. physics liber.*
 Page 503. 1995. Supplied from MS. Reg. 17 D. xv; most MSS. omit this line.
 Page 509. 2252, 2253. Not in the MSS., but necessary; supplied from 2274 and 2280, which see.
 Page 519. 2623, 2624. Not in the MSS.; supplied by translating the French text.
 Page 525. 2854. From namore to god is not in the MSS.; but is necessary.
 Page 536. 3564. After this line most MSS. insert the stories from NERO to CRESUS (ll. 3653-3956); incorrectly.
 Page 538. 3657. MSS. North; *read South.*
 Page 541. 3910. Hl. Valirien; *rest Valerius; ed. 1561, Valerie (rightly).*
 Page 546. 4266. All MSS. insert herkneth or herken after But.
 Page 582. 1294. After this line most MSS. insert ll. 1307, 1308; which are out of place here. MS. Hl. is right. 1307, 1308. Nearly all MSS. omit these lines, having inserted them after l. 1294 above. MS. Hl. is right.
 Page 625. 2240. The MSS. omit the word stories, leaving sense and metre incomplete.
 Page 628. 20. Most MSS. have pitous, which will not scan; but Hn. has piëtous, which also occurs in Treilus.
 Page 635. 620. I supply ne.
 Page 653. 277. For 'Valerians,' the MSS. absurdly have 'Cecilies'; but the Latin original has 'Valeriani.'

Page 664. 1171. E. terned; Cm. ternede; *rest* torned, *wrongly*. So also in l. 1274 below.

Page 674. 10. Chaucer has made a mistake; for *the mones* read *Saturnes*. Libra is the exaltation of Saturn, not of the Moon.

Page 687. 387. Hl. springers; Hn. sprynge; E. Pt. Ln. spryngen. Perhaps 'springes' would be better.

Page 689. 443. All MSS. transpose Laban and Pharaoo.

Page 696. 616. Some needful words are here supplied; MSS. omit 'god... bitraysen.'

Page 707. 858. Read busshes; E. Seld. Ln. beautes (?) ; Cm. beauteis (?) ; Hl. beantes (?) ; Pt. bewtees (?).

Page 711. 955. E. Cm. Danyel; *rest* Dauid, as in the French original.

GLOSSARIAL INDEX.



THE references in this Index are given according to the following scheme.

Poems denoted by Arabic numerals are Minor Poems. Thus, under 'Abaved,' the reference '3. 614' means Minor Poem no. 3, line 614, or l. 614 of the Book of the Duchesse. The letter 'R.' refers to the Romaunt of the Rose, Fragment A, in pp. 1-18; the rest of the Poem, not being Chaucer's, is indexed separately. Thus 'R. 163' means l. 163 of the Romaunt.

The five books of Boethius are denoted by B 1, B 2, B 3, B 4, B 5, respectively; and the 'prose' and 'metrical' sections are denoted by 'p' and 'm.' Thus, under 'Abaissen,' the reference 'B 4. p 7. 81' means 'Boethius, bk. iv. prose 7, line 81.' The five books of Troilus are denoted by T. i., T. ii., T. iii., T. iv., and T. v. Thus 'T. iii. 1233' means 'Troilus, bk. iii., line 1233.'

The House of Fame and the Legend of Good Women are denoted by 'HF.' and 'L.' respectively. If, in the latter case, the italic letter 'a' follows the number of the line, the reference is to the earlier (or A-text) of the Prologue to the Legend. Thus 'HF. 865' means 'House of Fame, line 865.' Again, 'L. 2075' means 'Legend of Good Women, line 2075'; and 'L. 200a' means 'Legend, &c., line 200 of the text in the left-hand column.'

The Prologue and the two books of the Treatise on the Astrolabe are denoted, respectively, by 'A. pr.', 'A. i.', and 'A. ii.'. Thus the reference 'A. ii. 10. 8' means 'Astrolabe, bk. ii. § 10, line 8;' and 'A. pr. 10' means 'Astrolabe, prologue, line 10.'

References to the Canterbury Tales are known by the use of the letters A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, and I, which are used to denote the various Groups into which the Tales are divided. In this case, 'A' is never followed by a full stop or by Roman numerals, as when the 'Astrolabe' is referred to; and such a reference as 'B 5,' meaning line 5 of Group B, is quite distinct from 'B 5. p 1. 1,' where 'B 5' means bk. v. of Boethius, and is invariably accompanied by the 'p' or 'm' denoting the 'prose' or 'metre.'

Summary of the Minor Poems. The Minor Poems are all numbered, viz. 1 (ABC.); 2 (Compleynte unto Pite); 3 (Book of the Duchesse); 4 (Mars); 5 (Parlement of Foules); 6 (Complaint to his Lady); 7 (Anelida); 8 (Wordes to Adam); 9 (Former Age); 10 (Fortune); 11 (Merciless Beauty); 12 (To Rosemounde); 13 (Truth); 14 (Gentillesse); 15 (Lak of Stedfastnesse); 16 (Envoy to Seogan); 17 (Envoy to Bukton); 18 (Venus); 19 (To his Purse); 20 (Proverbs); 21 (Against Women Unconstant); 22 (Amorous Complaint); 23 (Balade of Compleynt); 24 (Womanly Noblesse).

Alphabetically, the references are to A (Group A of Cant. Tales); A. (Astrolabe); B (Group B of C. T.); B 1 . . . B 5 (Boethius, books 1 to 5); C, D, E, F, G, H, I (Groups C to I of C. T.); HF. (House of Fame); L. (Legend of Good Women); R. (Romaunt of the Rose); T. i. . . T. v (Troilus, books 1 to 5). The Minor Poems, numbered 1 to 24, are given above.

N.B. Words containing *ay*, *ey*, *oy*, *aw*, *erw*, *ow*, are sometimes entered as if spelt with *ai*, *ei*, *oi*, *au*, *eu*, *ow*, respectively.

Abbreviations. Besides *s.*, *adj.*, and *adv.*, for substantive, adjective, adverb, the following are used in a special sense:—*v.*, a verb in the infinitive mood; *ger.*, gerund; *pr. s.*, present tense, 3rd person singular; *pr. pl.*, present tense, 3rd person plural. Other persons are denoted by the figures 1 or 2.

Fragments B and C of the ‘Romaunt’ are glossed in a separate Index.

A.

- A**, the first letter of the alphabet, T. i. 171; the letter A, A 161.
A, *indef. art.* a, A 24, &c.; *al a*, the whole of a, E 1165; one, D 136; one and the same, 21. 5; about, some, L 2075.
A, *prep.* on, on (the), in, for; A-nighte, by night, B 3758; A-dayes, a-days, E 1164; A-morwe, on the morrow, A 822; A three, in three, A 2934; A goddes half, ‘on God’s side,’ in God’s name, D 50; A goddes name, in God’s name, A 854.
A! *int. ah!* 3. 213.
A! *ha!* *interj.* *aha!* T. i. 868.
Abaissen, *ger.* to be dismayed, B 4. p 7. 81; *pp.* amazed, spell-bound, abashed, cast down, disconcerted, E 317, 1108.
Abak, *adv.* backwards, A 3736; abaek, back, L 864.
Abakward, *adv.* backward, B 3. m 12. 66.
Abandoune, *v.* devote, I 713; *pr. s.* abandons, B 2767.
Abasshen, *v.* fear, be abashed, R. 1552; *pp.* abashed, confused, confounded, disconcerted, 5. 447; R. 805, &c.
Abate, *v.* lower, put down, B 3780; depreciate, R. 286; *2 pr. s. subj.* subtract, A. ii. 10. 8; *pp.* enfeebled, B 3. P 5. 52; put down, I 191.
Abaved, *pp.* confounded, disconcerted, 3. 614.
Abayst; see **Abaissen**.
Abe, alphabet, A. i. 11. 3.
A-bedde, in bed, T. i. 915.
Abegge, *v.* pay for it, A 3938. A Kentish form. See **Abeye**, **Abye**.
A-begged, a-begging, F 1580.
Abet, *s.* abetting, aid, T. ii. 357.
Abeye, *v.* pay for, C 100. See **Abye**.
Abiden, **Abit**; see **Abye**.
Abite, *s.* habit, dress, L. 146 a.
A-blakeberied; see **Blakeberied**.
Able, *adj.* capable, 3. 786; fit, suitable, adapted, A 167; fit, L. 320; fit for, 3. 779; deemed deserving, 1. 184; fitting, R. 986.
Ablinge, *pr. pt.* enabling, lifting, B 3. m 9. 37; fitting, B 1. m 6. 19.
Abodes, *pl. of* **Abood**, s.
Aboghte, **Aboght**; see **Abye**.
Abood, *s.* delay, A 965; tarrying, T. v.

- 1307; abiding, continuance, HF. 1963; *pl.* delays, T. iii. 854.
Abood, *pt. s. of* **Abyde**.
Aboute, *prep.* about, round, throughout, round about, near.
Aboute, *adv.* about, engaged in, T. v. 1645; in due order, in turn, A 890; around, here and there; *been a.*, g^o about, endeavour, A 1142.
Aboven, *prep.* above.
Abregge, *ger.* to abridge, shorten, T. iii. 262; A. with thy peynes, to shorten thy pains with, T. iv. 426.
Abregginge, *s.* abridging, B 5. P 1. 57; diminishing, I 568.
A-breyde, *v.* awake, T. iii. 1113; come to my senses, HF. 559; Abrayd, *pt. s. (strong form)*, woke up, started up, 3. 192; Abreyd, 1 *pt. s.* started from sleep, HF. 110; Abrayde, *pt. s. (weak form)*, started, B 4198; Abreyde, awoke, T. i. 724.
Abroche, *v.* broach, D 177.
Absénte, 2 *pr. pl. subj.* absent yourself, 1. 43.
Abusiou, *s.* abuse, absurdity, T. iv. 990; deceit, B 214; a shameful thing, scandal, T. iv. 1060.
Abyden, *v.* abide, await, 1. 131; wait for, HF. 1086; be still, withdraw, F 1522; *pr. s.* awaits, B 2175; dwells, T. ii. 987; Abit, *pr. s.* waits for, T. i. 1091; abides, G 1175; *imp. s.* stay, wait, A 3129; *imp. pl.* B 1175; *pres. pt.* E 757; Abood, *pt. s.* awaited, T. iv. 156; stopped, HF. 1062; expected, 3. 247; Abiden, *pt. pl. abode*, T. i. 474; Abiden, *pp.* waited, B 3. P 9. 191.
Abydinge, *s.* expectation, B 2. P 3. 66.
Abye, *v.* pay for, A 4393; *pr. pl.* undergo, B 4. P 4. 86; Aboughte, *pt. s.* paid for, T. v. 1756; suffered for, A 2303; Aboght, *pp.* paid for, L. 2483; purchased, 18. 37; bought dearly, L. 1387; atoned for, A 3100. See **Abegge**, **Abeye**.
A-caterwawed, a-caterwauling, D 354.
Accésse, *s.* feverish attack, T. ii. 1315.
Accident, *s.* that which is accidental, T. iv. 1505; incident, T. iii. 918; accidental occurrence, HF. 1076; unusual appearance, E 607; outward appearance (see note), C 539.
Accidie, *s.* sloth, I 388.
Accioun, *s.* action, i. e. accusation, 1. 20.

Accomplice, *v.* accomplish, A 2864.
Accord, *s.* agreement, B 2988; harmony, B 4069; peace, I 992. See **Acord**.
Accordaunce, *s.* concord, harmony, R. 496.
Accordaunt, *adj.* suitable, B 4026.
Accorde, *v.* agree; *pr. s.* beseems, L. 2583. See **Acorde**.
Accuseth, *pr. s.* reveals, R. 1501.
Accusement, *s.* accusation (of her), T. iv. 556.
Accusour, *s.* revealer, T. iii. 1450.
Achát, *s.* buying, purchase, A 571.
Achátours, *pl.* buyers, caterers, A 568.
Ache, *s.* ache, T. iv. 728.
A-chekked, *pp.* checked, hindered, HF. 2093.
Acheve, *v.* achieve, L. 1614.
Achoken, *v.* choke, stifle; *pp.* L. 2008.
Acloyeth, *pr. s.* overburdened, 5. 517.
A-compas, *adv.* in a circle, L. 300.
Acomplissho, *pr. s.* *subj.* fulfil, comprehend, B 3. p 10. 179.
Acord, *s.* agreement, 5. 371; concord, 5. 381, 668; accord, 3. 316; *in a.*, in tune, 5. 197; *al of oon a.*, in tune, 3. 305. See **Accord**.
Acordable, *adj.* harmonious, B 2. m 8. 23.
Accordaunce, *s.* concord, B 2. m 8. 14.
Accordaunt, *adj.* suitable, A 37, 3363; A. to, in harmony with, 5. 203.
Acorde, *v.* accord, grant, allow, agree, concern; *pt. s.* suited, A 244; *pt. pl.* agreed, L. 168; *pres. part.* agreeing, B 1737; *pp.* agreed, A 818.
Accorse, *1 pr. s.* curse, T. iv. 839.
Accounte, *v.* consider, B 3591; *pt. s.* valued, cared, 3. 1237; *2 pt. s.* didst reckon, B 2. p 5. 113.
Accountinge, *s.* reckoning, calculation.
Acoyede, *pt. s.* caressed, B 2. p 3. 73.
Acquittance, *s.* release, A 4411; deed of release, A 3327.
Acquyte, *v.* acquit, D 1599.
Acurse, *v.* curse, T. iii. 1072.
Accused, *pt. s.* blamed, T. ii. 1081.
Acustomaunce, *s.* system of habits, habitual method of life, HF. 28; *had of a.*, was accustomed, B 3701.
Adamant, *s.* adamant, A 1990; loadstone, magnet, R. 1182.
Adawe, *v.* awake, recover, T. iii. 1120.
A-day, *in the day*, T. ii. 60.
Adding, *s.* (the) addition, A. ii. 41. 16.
Adjeccion, *s.* addition, B 5. p 6. 212.
A-doun, *adv.* downwards, down, L. 178; down below, HF. 889; below, H 105; at the bottom, G 779.

Adrad, *pp.* afraid, A 605; Adred, 3. 1190.
Adressinge, *s.* directing, B 4. p 5. 101.
Adversarie, *adj.* hostile, I 697.
Advertence, *s.* attention, heed, T. iv. 698.
Advócacýes, *pl.* pleas, T. ii. 1460.
Advocats, *pl.* advocates (in which the *t* is mute), C 201.
Afer, *adv.* afar, HF. 1215.
A-fére, on fire, T. i. 220.
A-fered, *pp.* afraid, affrighted, T. i. 974; Aferd, A 628.
Affectis, *pl.* desires, T. iii. 1301.
Affermed, *pp.* agreed upon, L. 790; established, A 2340.
Afliance, *s.* trust, B 1330.
Afforced, *pp.* forced, I 974.
Affray, *s.* fray, quarrel, D 2156; terror, B 1137; fright, 4. 214; dread, 7. 334.
Affrayeth, *pr. s.* arouses, excites, R. 91; *pp.* frightened, afraid, B 563; scared, B 4408; roused, 3. 296.
Afysle, *v.* file, i. e. render smooth, A 712.
Afor-yeyn, *prep.* over against, T. ii. 1188.
Afounde, *v.* founder, perish, 12. 21.
Afrayed, *adj.* scared, distracted, R. 154.
Afright, *pp.* affrighted, B 4085.
After, *prep.* according to; in expectation of, for, B 467; to get, A 525; according as, L. 575; after, i. e. to fetch, L. 1130; towards, A 136; in accordance with, 8. 4; by inheritance from, L. 1072; A. as, according as, 5. 216; A. oon, alike, A. 1781; A. me, according to my command, E 327; A. the yeer, according to the season of the year, F 47; A. that, according as, T. ii. 1347.
Afyre, on fire, D 726; 1. 94; A-fére, T. i. 229.
Again, *prep.* when exposed to, L. 2426; Agayn, against, B 580; towards, A 2080; (so as) to meet, R. 785; opposite to, R. 1577; exposed to, H 110; contrary to, F 748; just before, B 4268; near, G 1279; to meet, B 391; in comparison with, L. 189; Ageyn, against, A 66; compared with, R. 1011; turned towards, L. 48.
Agains, *prep.* against, contrary to, in answer to, instead of, before, in presence of, to meet, near to; against, near; against, B 3754.
A-game, *adv.* in play, in jest, in mockery, in sport, 4. 277.
Agaste, *ger.* to terrify, T. ii. 901; *pr. s.* deters, frightens, B 4. p 6. 323; *pt. s.* frightened, L. 1221; *pt. s. refl.* was affrighted, A 2424; *pp.* scared, frightened, terrified, A 2931; aghast, B 4079; afraid, A 4267.

- Agayn-ward**, *adv.* backward, at the point of return, A. i. 17. 14; back again, B 441.
Ages, *pl.* times, periods, B 3177.
Agilten, *v.* do wrong, L. 436; *pt. s.* did offence, D 392; wrongly committed, L. 2385; *i. pt. s.* wronged, HF. 329; offended, T. iii. 840; *pr. s. subj.* (if he) offend, I 150; *pp.* offended, i. 122; sinned, T. v. 1684.
Agon, *v.* to go away; **Ago**, *pp.* gone away, T. v. 1054; gone, F 1204; passed away, A 2802; past, L. 1766; dead, L. 916; *to ben ago*, to be off, 5. 465; **Agon**, *pp.* departed, A 1276; gone away, C 810; past, C 246; *nat longe a. is*, it is not long ago, D 9; passed away, A 1782; dead, E 631; *ago*, B 1841.
Agreeable, *adj.* pleasing, HF. 1097: -es, *pl.* pleasant, B 3. m 2. 31.
Agreeably, *adv.* complacently, B 2. p 4. 140.
Agreeabletee, *s.* equability, B 2. p 4. 127.
A-greef, in dudgeon, lit. 'in grief', T. iii. 862; sadly, T. iv. 613; amiss, 5. 543; in dudgeon, B 4083.
Aggregge, *v.* aggravate; *pr. s.* I 960; *pr. pl.* I 892; *pt. pl.* aggravated, B 2209.
Agreved, *pp.* angry, A 2057; vexed, L. 345; aggrieved, E 500.
Agrief; see **Agreef**.
Agrisen, **Agroos**; see **Agrysen**.
Agroted, *pp.* surfeited, cloyed, L. 2454.
Agrysen, *v.* shudder, tremble, feel terror, B 1. p 3. 22; *v.* feel terror, H. F. 210; *2 pr. s.* dreadest, B 2. p 1. 71; *pr. s.* trembles, shivers, B 1. m 6. 11; **Agrōös**, *pt. s.* shuddered, was terrified, became frightened, T. ii. 930; **A-grisen**, *pp.* filled with dread, B 3. p 1. 18.
Agu, *s.* ague, B 4150.
Aguiler, *s.* needle-case, R. 98.
A-heigh, *adv.* aloft.
Ajudged, *pp.*; *a. biforn*, prejudged, B 1. p 4. 109.
Ake, *v.* ache, T. ii. 549; *pr. pl.* B 2113.
Aketoun, *s.* a short sleeveless tunic, worn under the hauberk, B 2050.
Akinge, *s.* pain, T. i. 1088.
Aknowe, *pp.* conscious; *am aknowe*, I acknowledge, B 1. p 4. 169.
Akornes, *s. pl.* fruits, B 4. m 3. 28.
Al, *adj.* all, A 10; **Alle**, *pl.* all, A 26, 53; *Al*, every, R. 1586; *as s.* everything, T. iii. 1764; *al a.* the whole of a, A 854; *and al.* and all, 3. 116; *at al.* in every

- respect, wholly, C 633; at all, D 1078; *al day*, all the day, 3. 1105:—**Al**, *adv.* quite, entirely, altogether, 5. 540; all over, R. 840; *al on highte*, quite alond, A 1784; *al by oon assent*, quite with one accord, 5. 557:—**Al**, *conj.* although, HF. 1740; whether, G 839; *al be*, although, albeit, 4. 274; *al be that*, although, 5. 8:—**Al** and som, the whole matter (collectively and severally), D 91; **Al** and somine, each and all, all, the whole, 7. 26; **Al** and som, 5. 650; **Alle** and some, one and all, A 3136; **Al** only, *adv.* merely, simply, 2. 62; **Al** so, so, E 1226; **Al** thing, everything, R. 53; **Al** thus, exactly thus, 5. 30. See **Alle**.
Al, *s.* awl, 13. 11. See **Oules**.
Alambyk (älambík), *s.* alembic, T. iv. 520; *pl.* G 794.
Alaunts, *pl.* dogs of a huge size, A 2148.
Alayes, *s. pl.* alloy, E 1167.
Al-be-it, although, L. 1363.
Albificacioun, *s.* albefaction, whitening, G 805.
Alday, **Al-day**, *adv.* continually, A 1168; always, L. 1250; everyday, at any time, 4. 237.
Alder, *gen. pl.* of all; *oure alder*, of us all, 1. 84. See **Aller**.
Alder-best, *adv.* best of all, 3. 87. See **Aller**.
Alderbeste, *adj.* best of all, 3. 246.
Alderfaireste, *adj. fem. def.* fairest of all, 3. 1050.
Alderfirst, *adv.* first of all, B 2393; in the first place, R. 1000; for the first time, B 1. p 3. 25.
Alderfirste, *adj.* first of all, T. iii. 97.
Alderlast, *adv.* lastly, R. 449.
Alder-lest, least of all, T. i. 604.
Alderlevest, dearest of all, T. iii. 230.
Alderman, *s.* the head of a guild, A 372.
Aldermost, *adv.* most of all, T. i. 152.
Alder-next, *adv.* nearest of all, next, 5. 244.
Alderwysest, *adj. pl.* the wisest of all, T. i. 247.
Ale and breed, drink and meat, B 2162.
Alemandres, *pl.* almond-trees, R. 1363.
Alembykes, *pl.* alembics, G 794.
Alestake, *s.* ale-stake, i. e. a horizontal stake or short pole projecting from an ale-house to support a sign or bush, A 667.
Aley, *s.* an alley, B 1758; *pl.* walks, B 2324.

- Aleys**, *s. pl.* service-berries, berries of the service-tree, R. 1377.
- Algatc**, *adv.* always, A. 571; at any rate, 3. 887; nevertheless, L. 238; in any case, T. ii. 964; all the same, D. 588; at all hazards, HF. 943.
- Algates**, *adv.* in every way, 22. 43; by all means, D. 1514; at any rate, in any case, 3. 1171; wholly, F. 246; nevertheless, B. 2222; all the same, B. 520.
- Aliene**, *v.* alienate, B. i. p. 6. 60.
- Al-if**, even if, T. iii. 398.
- Alkamistre**, *s.* alchemist, G. 1204.
- Alle**, *dat. s. and pl. of Al*; *at alle*, in every case, 4. 36; *in alle*, in any case, 3. 141; *Alle*, *pl.* all (of you), T. ii. 402. See *Al*, *Aller*.
- Allegeaunce**, *s.* alleviation, 24. 22.
- Alleged**, *pp.* allayed, B. 4. p. 4. 12.
- Aller**, of all, *gen. pl. of Al*; *our aller*, of us all, A. 823; *hir aller*, of them all, A. 586.
- Alliaunce**, *s.* kindred, 1. 58; espousal, E. 357.
- Allone**, *adj.* alone, 4. 141; *lat me a.*, let me alone, i.e. trust to me, T. iii. 413.
- Allow**, 1. *p. s. pr.* (I) approve, (I) applaud, F. 676.
- Allye**, *s.* relative, B. 3593.
- Allyen**, *ger.* to ally myself, E. 1414; *pp.* allied, 2. 65; provided with friendly aid, B. 3720.
- Almesse**, *s.* alms, B. 168; *pl.* almsdoings, I. 1030.
- Almicanteras**, *s. pl.* small circles of declination (in the celestial sphere), A. i. 18. 2, 8.
- Almury**, *s.* the 'denticle' or tooth-like point or pointer situate on the Rete near the 'head' of Capricorn, A. i. 23. 1.
- Aloes**, *pl.* aloe, *in comp.* ligne-aloes, T. iv. 1137. (*Aloes* is a *pl.*, not a *gen. case*).
- A-lofte**, *adv.* on high, T. v. 259.
- A-londe**, *adv.* on land, ashore, L. 2166; *him were lever a-l.*, he would rather be on land, L. 2413.
- Along on**, along of, owing to, T. iii. 783.
- Al-only**, *adv.* solely, T. v. 1779.
- Aloon**, *adj.* alone; *her aloon*, all by herself, E. 2478.
- Alose**, *v.* commend, T. iv. 1473.
- Al-outerly**, *adv.* entirely, absolutely, 3. 1244; All-outerly, HF. 296.
- Alpes**, *pl.* bull-finches, R. 658.
- Also**, *Al-so*, *adv.* and *conj.* as, R. 212, 1122; *adv.* so, A. 3104; Alsawa, also (Northern), A. 4085; A. many, as many, L. 528; A. muchie as, as much as, D. 2134; Als, also,
- besides, 3. 728; as, B. 2850; frequently used in expressing a wish, 4. 267.
- Altercacioun**, *s.* altercation, dispute, B. 4427.
- Alicher-fairest**, *adj. superl.* fairest of all, R. 625.
- Alicher-fastest**, *adv. sup.* as fast as possible, HF. 2131.
- Alicherfirst**, *adv.* first of all, at first, HF. 1368.
- Alicher-firste**, *adj.* first of all, 3. 1173.
- Altitude**, *s.* the elevation of a celestial object above the horizon, measured along a vertical arc, A. pr. 60.
- Al-utterly**; see *Al-outerly*.
- Alwey**, *adv.* always, ceaselessly, all the while, A. 185.
- Alyne**, *adv.* in an exact line, A. ii. 38. 27.
- Am**, am; *in phr.* it am I; it is I, B. 1109.
- Amadrides**, *s. pl.* hamadryads, A. 2928.
- Amalgaming**, *s.* the formation of an amalgam, G. 771.
- A-mayed**, *pp.* dismayed, T. i. 648.
- Ambages**, *pl.* ambiguous words, T. v. 897.
- Ambel**, *s.* amble; *an a.*, in an amble, at an ambling pace, B. 2075.
- Ambes as**, double aces, B. 124.
- Amblere**, *s.* an ambling nag, A. 469.
- Amoled**, *pp.* enamelled, R. 1080.
- Amenden**, *v.* make amends, A. 3074; to surpass in demeanour, F. 97; *pr. s. subj.* may (He) amend, D. 1810; *pr. s. improved*, R. 1427; did good, 3. 1102; *pp.* improved, B. 4048; remedied, D. 1097; surpassed, B. 3444.
- Amendement**, *s.* amends, A. 4185.
- Amenusse**, *ger.* to lessen, I. 496; *v.* diminish, I. 360; *pr. s.* diminishes, I. 359; becomes less, A. i. 21. 76.
- Amerciments**, *s. pl.* fines, exactions, I. 752.
- Amesureth**, *pr. s.* measures, B. 2. p. 1. 95.
- Ameved**, *pt. s.* moved, changed; *nought a.*, changed not, altered not, E. 498; Amoeved, *pp.* perturbed, I. 670.
- Amiable**, *adj.* kind, B. 2168; courteous, I. 629; kindly, R. 1226.
- A-midde**, *adv.* in the midst, R. 147.
- Amidde**, *prep.* amid, in the midst of, F. 409.
- Amiddes**, *adv.* in the midst, 5. 277.
- A-middes**, *prep.* in the midst of, A. i. 18. 4; in the middle, A. 2009.
- Amis**, *adv.* amiss, 3. 1141; wrong, L. 1291; wrongly, B. 3370; *seyde amis*, gave an unwelcome answer, 5. 446.
- Amoeve**; see *Ameve*.

- Amonesteth**, *pr. s.* admonishes, 1 76; recommends, B 2484.
- Amonestinge**, *s.* admonition, I 518.
- Among**, *adv.* as well, T. iii. 1816; all the while, 3. 298.
- Amonges**, *adv.* sometimes, variously, B 2. p 1. 119.
- Amonges**, *prep.* amongst, A 759.
- Amonicioun**, *s.* pointing out, B 1. p 4. 10.
- Amorettes**, *pl.* love-knots, R. 892.
- Amor vincit omnia*, love conquers all, A 162.
- Amorwe**, **A-morwe**, on the morrow, A 822, 1621; in the morning, 3. 1103.
- Amounteth**, *pr. s.* means, A 2362; amounts to, F 108.
- Amphibologyes**, *pl.* ambiguities, T. iv. 1406.
- Amy**, *s.* friend, C 318.
- An**, *a*, A 575; An eighte busshels, a quantity equal to eight bushels, C 771.
- An**, *prep.* on; An heigh, on high, E 2326.
- Ancille**, *s.* handmaiden, 1. 109.
- Ancre**, *s.* anchor, 10. 38; Anker, L. 2501.
- And**, *conj.* if, 6. 112; L. 217.
- Anes**, *adv.* once (Northern), A 4074.
- Angle**, *s.* angle (a technical term in astrology), B 304; angular distance from the meridian, A. ii. 4. 48.
- Angle-hook**, *s.* fish-hook, 4. 238.
- Angre**, *s.* anguish, R. 320.
- Anguissish**, *s.* anxiety, B 3. p 3. 55.
- Anguissiheth**, *pr. s.* wounds, pains, B 3. m 7. 1.
- Anguissois**, *adj.* distressed, R. 520; sorry, I 304; distressful, T. iii. 816.
- Anhange**, *ger.* to hang, C 259; *pp.* B 3945.
- Anientissed**, *pp.* brought to naught, B 2438.
- A-night**, in the night, A 1042; at night, D 1827.
- A-nightes**, *adv.* by night, R. 18.
- Anlas**, *s.* a short, two-edged knife or dagger, broad at the hilt and tapering to the point, formerly worn at the girdle, A 357.
- Annexed**, *pp.* tied, 2. 72; attached, C 482,
- Anni collecti**, collected years, A. ii. 44. 27. When a table contains quantities denoting the change in a planet's place during round periods of years, such as 20, 40, or 60 years, such a change is entered under the heading *Anni Collecti*.
- Anni expansi**, expanse years, A. ii. 44. 26. When a table contains quantities denoting the change in a planet's place
- during only a few years, viz. from 1 to 19 years, such changes are entered separately under the headings 1, 2, 3, &c., years, which are designated the *expanses* (or separate) years.
- Annis collectis et expansis**, the collected years and expanse years, A. ii. 45. 18. See above.
- Annueleer**, *s.* a priest who received annual payments, a chaplain, G 1012.
- Annunciat**, *pp.* pre-announced, i.e. whose birth was foretold, B 3205.
- Anon**, *adv.* anon, immediately, at once, A 32. 748.
- Anon-right**, *adv.* immediately, L. 115. 1503.
- Anon-rightes**, *adv.* immediately, A 3480.
- Anoy**, *s.* vexation, T. iv. 845; trouble, B 1320; torture, B 3. m 12. 25; sadness, I 678, 680; *pl.* troubles, I 518.
- Anoye**, *v.* annoy, vex, T. iv. 1304; *pr. s.* annoys, vexes, B 2234; gives offence, 5. 518; does harm, F 875; *impers.* it vexes, G 1036; *pr. pl.* harm, B 2187; *imp. pl.* injure ye, B 494; *pp.* displeased, D 1848; wearied, I 720; peevish, I 1051.
- Anoyful**, *adj.* annoying, tiresome, B 2222.
- Anoyous**, *adj.* annoying, tedious, B 2433; disagreeable, B 2235.
- Answeare**, *v.* answer, D 1077; *a. of.* answer for, be responsible for, L. 2212; *b.* suitable for, B 4. p 3. 69.
- Answering**, *s.* answer, E 512.
- Antartik**, *adj.* southern, A. ii. 25. 11.
- Antem**, *s.* anthem, B 1850.
- Antiphoner**, *s.* anthem-book, B 1709.
- Antony**, *fyr of saint*, erysipelas, I 427.
- Anvelt**, *s.* anvil, 3. 1165.
- Any-thing**, at all, in any degree, T. i. 848.
- Aornement**, *s.* adornment, I 432.
- Apaire**; see *Aperein*.
- Apalled**, *pp.* vapid, I 723; weakened, A 3053; pale, F 365; languid, B 1292.
- Aparayles**, *s. pl.* ornaments, B 2. p 4. 69. (Lat. *ornamentis*.)
- Aparaile**, *v.* apparel, D 343; prepare, L. 2473; *Appaillen*, *v.* prepare, B 2532; *pr. s.* endues, I 462; *imp. s.* prepare, B 2534.
- Aparailements**, *s. pl.* ornaments, B 2. p. 5. 181.
- Aparcyeve**; see *Aperceive*.
- Apassed**, *pp.* passed away, B 2. p 5. 35.
- Apaye**, *v.* to satisfy; *pp.* satisfied, T. v. 1249; pleased, T. iii. 421; *yvel a.*, ill pleased, L. 80; E 1052.

- A**payre; see Apairen.
 Apayse; see Apese.
Ape, *s. ape*, HF. 1212; dupe, A. 3389; *pl. dupes*, T. i. 913.
Apeiren, *ger. to injure, impair*, A. 3147; *v. I. 1079; grow worse*, HF. 750; *1 pr. pl. perish*, T. ii. 329; *pp. impaired*, B. 1. p. 5. 67; *injured*, T. i. 38.
Aperceive, *v. perceive*, E 600; Apárceyve, T. iv. 656; *pr. s. discerns*, I. 294.
Aperceyvinges, *pl. perceptions, observations*, F. 286.
Apert, *adj. manifest*, I. 649.
Apert, *adv. openly*, F. 531.
Apertenant, *adj. belonging to, such as belongs to*, 2. 70; *suitable*, E. 1010.
Aperteneth, *pr. s. impers. appertains*, B. 2171; *pr. pl. I. 83; pres. pt. belonging*, G. 785.
Apertly, *adv. openly; clearly*, I. 294.
Apese, *Apeise*, *v. appease, pacify*; E. 433; *imp. pl. mitigate*, 4. 10; *pr. s. refl. is pacified*, B. 3051; *2 pr. pl. T. iii. 22; pt. s. B. 2290; pp. appeased*, T. i. 250.
Apeyre; see Apaire.
Apeyse; see Apese.
Apose; see Appose.
Apotecarie, *s. apothecary*, B. 4138; *pl. preparers of medicines*, A. 425.
Appalled; see Apalle.
Apparaunte, *adj. pl. apparent, manifest*, R. 5.
Apparence, *s. appearance*, F. 218; *seeming*, HF. 265; *apparition*, F. 1602; *false show*, F. 1157; *pl. apparitions*, F. 1140.
Appese; see Apese.
Appetyl, *s. desire*, A. 1680.
Appetyteth, *pr. s. seeks to have, desires*, L. 1582.
Applyen, *v. be attached to*, B. 5. p. 4. 14.
Apposed, *pt. s. questioned*, G. 363; *pp. opposed, alleged*, B. 1. p. 5. 54.
Apprentys, *adj. unskilled, as novices*, R. 687.
Appreveed, *pp. approved*, E. 1349.
Appropred, *pp. appropriated, made the property of*, 14. 18.
Approwours, *pl. approvers, informers*, D. 1343.
Aprochen, *v. approach*, T. v. 1.
Apurtenance, *s. appurtenance*; *pl. I. 793.*
Apyked, *pp. trimmed, adorned*, A. 365.
Aqueynte me, make myself acquainted, 3. 532; *pt. pl. became acquainted*, HF. 250; *pp. acquainted*, B. 1210.
Aquyte. *imp. s. requite*, T. ii. 1200.
- Arace**, *v. eradicate, uproot*, T. v. 954; *tear away*, 6. 20; *pr. s. subj. root out, eradicate*, T. iii. 1015; *pp. torn, borne along; torn away*, B. 3. p. 11. 165.
Araise; see Areise.
Aray, *s. array, dress*, L. 1505; *arrangement*, T. iii. 536; *state, dress*, A. 41. 73; *attire*, I. 932; *array of garments*, L. 2607; *order*, E. 262; *ordinance*, E. 670; *position*, D. 902; *condition*, A. 934.
Arayed, *pp. dressed, ready*, T. iii. 423; *clad*, R. 472; *adorned*, T. ii. 1187; *wel a.*, *well situated*, T. ii. 680; *equipped*, A. 2046; *dressed*, F. 389; *ordered*, B. 252; *appointed*, F. 1187.
Arbitre, *s. will, choice*, B. 5. p. 3. 18.
Arches; see Ark.
Archangel, *s. titmouse*, R. 915.
Archewyves, *s. pl. archwives, ruling wives*, E. 1105.
Ardaunt, *adj. ardent*, B. 3. m. 12. 15; *eager*, B. 4. p. 3. 116.
Arede, *v. explain, disclose*, T. ii. 1505; *counsel*, T. iv. 1112; *interpret*, s. 289; *ger. to divine*, T. ii. 132.
Areise, *v. raise*; Areysen, *ger. to levy*, I. 567; *pp. praised*, L. 1525; *raised*, A. ii. 2. 7.
Arrest, *s. rest (for a spear)*, A. 2602.
Arreste, *s. arrest*, B. 4030; *detention*, A. 1310; *responsibility*, E. 1282; *delay*, L. 806; *hesitation*, L. 1929; *deliberation*, L. 397.
Arreste, *v. stop (a horse)*, A. 827; *Do a., cause to be stopped*, B. 4210.
Aretten, *v. impute*, B. 2. p. 4. 14; *A. upon, pr. s. accuses*, I. 580; *pr. pl. subj. ascribe*, I. 1082; *ye n'arette it nat, ye impute it not, consider it not*, A. 726; *pp. imputed*, A. 2729.
A-rewe, *adv. successively, lit. in a row*, D. 1254.
Areysen; see Areise.
Argoile, *s. crude tartar*, G. 813.
Arguinge, *s. argument*, L. 475.
Argumented, *pt. s. argued*, T. i. 377.
Aright, *adv. rightly, well*, A. 267; *aright*, G. 1418; *properly*, F. 694; *wholly*, A. 189; *exactly*, T. v. 364; *certainly*, B. 3135.
Arisen, *Arist*; see Aryse.
Ariste, *s. arising, rising*, A. ii. 12. 16.
Ark, *s. are, referring to the arc of the horizon extending from sunrise to sunset*, B. 2; *daily course of the sun*, E. 1795; *arc, the apparent angular distance passed over by the sun in a day and a night*, A. ii. 7. 12; *Arches, pl. arcs*, A. ii. 7. 15.

- Armes**, *pl.* arms, weapons, 7. 1; coat-of-arms, A 1012.
- Arm-greet**, *adj.* thick as one's arm, A 2145.
- Arminge**, *s.* putting on of armour, B 2037.
- Armi potente**, *adj.* powerful in arms, A 1982.
- Armoniak**, *adj.* ammoniac; applied to *bole*, G 790, and *sol*, G 798. It is a corruption of Lat. *armeniacum*, i.e. Armenian.
- Armonye**, *s.* harmony. 3. 313.
- Armure**, *s.* defensive armour, 4. 130; B 2009.
- Armurers**, *pl.* armourers, A 2507.
- Arn**, *pr. pl.* are, HF. 1008.
- Aroos**; see *Aryse*.
- A-rounde**, *adv.* at large, in an open space, HF. 540.
- A-rowe**, *adv.* in a row, HF. 1835.
- Arowe**, *s.*; see *Arwe*.
- Arrace**; see *Arzce*.
- Array**, *Arraye*; see *Aray*, *Arayed*.
- Arrerage**, *s.* arrears, A 602.
- Arrette**; see *Aretten*.
- Arrivage**, *s.* coming to shore, HF. 223.
- Arryve**, *v.* arrive, come to land, 10. 38; *pr. s.* (it) arrives, L. 2309; *pt. s.* drove ashore, B 4. m 3. 1; *yvel-a*, ill-fated, R. 1068.
- Ars-metryke**, *s.* arithmetic, D 2222.
- Artelleries**, *s. pl.* engines for shooting, B 2523.
- Arten**, *ger.* to constrain, urge, T. i. 388.
- Artificial**, *adj.* A. ii. 7. *rub.* The *day artificial* is the length of the day, from the moment of sunrise to that of sunset.
- Artik**, northern, A. i. 14. 10.
- Artow**, art thou, A 1141; thou art, L. 986.
- Arwe**, *s.* arrow, T. ii. 641; *Arowe*, 7. 185; *pl.* arrows, A 107.
- Aryse**, *v.* arise, be raised, T. iv. 1480; *pr. s.* rises, I. 971; *Arist*, *pr. s.* (*contr. from ariseth*) arises, B 265; *Arōos*, *pt. s.* arose, 5. 575; stood up, L. 831; *Arisen*, *pt. pl.* arose, T. ii. 1598; *Aryse*, *pr. s. subj.* may arise; Fro the sonne aryse, from the point where the sun rises.
- Arysing**, *s.* rising, rise, A. ii. 12. 1.
- Aryve**, *s.* lit. arrival; landing, disembarkation of troops, A 60.
- Aryve**; see *Arryve*.
- As so** (in asseverations), 3. 838, 1235; an expletive, expressing a wish, commonly used with an imperative, e.g. *as lat*,
- pray let, B 859; *as lene*, pray lend, A 3777; &c.; *As*, like, B 1864; as that, F 1018; *As after*, according to, B 3555; *As ferforth as*, as far as, B 19; *As in*, i.e. for, B 3688; *As now*, at present, at this time, A 2264; on the present occasion, G 944; for the present, G 1019; *As nouthe*, as at this time, at present, A 462; *As of*, with respect to, 5. 26; *As swythe*, as soon as possible, at once, 7. 226; *As that*, as soon as, F 615; as though, 3. 1200; *As ther*, there, 4. 117; *As to*, with reference to, F 107; *As to my wit*, as it seems to me, 5. 547.
- As, s.** an ace, B 3851; *Ambes as*, *pl.* double aces, B 124.
- Assay**; see *Assay*.
- Ascaunce**, as if, perhaps, G 838; in case that, L. 2203; *Ascaunces*, as if, D 1745; as if to say, T. i. 205, 292. Compounded of E. *as*, and O. F. *quances*, as if.
- Ascenioun**, *s.* ascension, ascending degree, B 4045; rising up, G 778.
- Ascende**, *v.* ascend, rise (a term in astrology), I. 11; *pres. part.* ascending, in the ascendant, i.e. near the eastern horizon, F 264.
- Ascendent**, *s.* ascendant, A 417; *pl.* HF. 1268. The 'ascendant' is that degree of the ecliptic which is rising above the horizon at a given moment.
- Asemble**; see *Assemble*.
- Aſſeuraunce**, *s.* assurance, T. v. 1259.
- Aſh**; see *Asshe*.
- Aſhamed**, *pp.* put to shame, A 2667; *for pure a.*, for very shame, T. ii. 656.
- Asketh**, *pr. s.* requires, T. i. 339.
- Asking**, *s.* question, L. 313.
- Aſlake**, *v.* diminish, A 3553; *pp.* assuaged, A 1760.
- Aſonder**, *adv.* asunder, apart, A 491.
- Aſp**, *s.* aspen tree, A 2921; *collectively*, R. 1384. A. S. *aps*.
- Aspect**, *s.* an (astrological) aspect, A 1087. An 'aspect' is the angular distance between two planets. The principal aspects are *five*, viz. conjunction, sextile, quartile, trine, and opposition, corresponding to the angular distances 0° , 60° , 90° , 120° , and 180° , respectively.
- Aſpen-leef**, *s.* leaf of an aspen tree, D 1667.
- Aſpre**, *adj.* sharp, bitter, T. iv. 827; vexations, B 3. p 8. 19; cruel, B 2. p 8. 39; fierce, hardy, 7. 23.
- Aſprenesse**, *s.* asperity, B 4. p 4. 159.
- Aſpye**, *s.* spy, C 755.

- A**spte, *v.* spy, see, A 1420; Aspyen, *v.* behold, T. ii. 649.
Assaut, *s.* assault, A 989.
Assay, *s.* trial, D 290; *doon his a.*, make his attempt, L 1594; A-say, test, L 28 a.
Assaye, *v.* try, make trial of, B 3149; try, 3. 574; endeavour, F 1567; *ger.* to assail, T. i. 928; *pr. s.* experiences, B 3. m 2. 13; *pr. pl.* try, L 487; *imp. pl.* try, E 1740; *pp.* proved, tested, tried, experienced, T. iii. 1220, 1447; A 1811.
Assayle; see Assaile.
Assege, *s.* siege, T. i. 464, ii. 107.
Assege, *v.* besiege; *pt. pl.* T. i. 60; *pp.* A 881.
Assemble, *v.*; come together, I 909; *ger.* to amass, B 3. p 8. 8; *pp.* A 717; united, G 50.
Assemblinge, *s.* union, I 904, 917.
Assendent; see Ascendent.
Asente, *v.* agree to, A 374; assent, A 3092; consent, B 3469; agree, E 11, 88, 129.
Ashe (1), *s.* ash-tree, 5. 176; collectively, ash-trees, R. 1384.
Ashe (2), *s.* ash (of something burnt); Asshen, *pl.* ashes, 7. 173; A 1302.
Assoilene, *ger.* to discharge, pay, B 5. p. 1. 15; *v.* loosen; *pr. s.* absolve, pardon, C 913; *pp.* explained, B 5. p 6. 311.
Assoiling, *s.* absolution, A 661.
Assure, *s.* assurance, protestation, 7. 331.
Assure, *v.* feel secure, trust, T. v. 870; rely, T. v. 1624; declare (to be) sure, 7. 90.
Assyse, *s.* assize, session, A 314; judgement, I. 36; position, R. 900.
Asterete, *v.* escape, L 1802; A 1595; escape from, L 2338; D 968; get away, withdraw, 3. 1154; release, D 1314; *pt. s.* escaped, T. iii. 97; *pp.* escaped, B 437.
Astonie, *v.* astonish; *pr. s.* astonishes, HF. 1174; *pp.* astonished, T. i. 274, iii. 1089.
Astonyinge, *s.* astonishment, B 4. p 5. 33.
Astore, *v.* to store; *pp.* A 609.
Astrolabie, *s.* astrolabe, A. pr. 4.
Astrologien, *s.* astrologer, astronomer, D 324.
Astrologye, *s.* astrology, A 3192, 3514.
Astromye (*for Astronomye*), *an ignorant form*, A 3451, 3457.
Asure, *s.* azure, R. 477.
Aswewe, *v.*; *pp.* dazed, put to sleep, HF. 549.
A-swoyn, *adv.* (*from pp.*) in a swoon, L 2207; Aswowe, 7. 354; hence Aswowne, in a swoon, T. iii. 1092; A 3823.
At, *prep.* at, A 20, &c.; of, R. 378; as to, 6. 114; by, D 2095; in the presence of, T. ii. 984; with, beside, HF. 1593; to, HF. 1603; At me, with respect to me, B 1975; At erste, firste of all, HF. 512; At his large, free, free to speak or be silent, A 2288; At on, at one, agreed, A 4197; At shorte wordes, briefly, s. 481; At regard, with regard, I 180; At y^e, at (your) eye, with your own eyes, visibly, A 3016; have at thee, I attack thee, L 1383.
At-after, *prep.* after, B 1445.
Atake, *v.* overtake, G 556, 585.
Ataste, *2 pr. s. subj.* taste, B 2. p 1. 41.
Ataytay; see Atteine.
Atazir, *s.* evil influence, B 305.
Atempraunce, *s.* temperament, B 4. p 6. 214; adjustment, moderation, temperance, C 46.
Atempre, *adj.* temperate, mild, L 128, 1483; moderate, T. i. 953; mild, 5. 204; R. 131; modest, I 932.
Atempre, *v.*; *pr. s.* attempers, B 1. m 2. 23; *refl.* controls himself, B 2704.
Atemprely, *adv.* temperately, I 861; moderately, B 2728.
Atempringe, *s.* controlling, B 5. p 4. 101.
Ateyne; see Atteine.
Athamaunt, *s.* adamant, A 1305.
Athinken, *v.* displease, T. v. 878; Athinketh, *pr. s. impers.* (it) repents, T. i. 1050.
At-ones, *adv.* at once, at one and the same time, B 670.
Atoon, *adv.* at one, E 437.
Atrede, *v.* surpass in counsel, T. iv. 1456; A 2449.
Atre-renne, *v.* surpass in running, T. iv. 1456; A 2449.
Attamed, *pp.* broached, B 4008.
Attayne; see Atteine.
Atte, *for at the*, D 404; Atte besto, in the best way, A 29, 749; Atte fan, at the fan, H 42; Atte fulle, at the full, completely, A 651; Atte gate, at the gate, B 1563; Atte hasard, at dice, C 608; Atte laste, at the last, B 506; Atte leste, at the least, at least, B 38; Atte Bowe, at Bow, A 125.
Atteine, *v.* attain, R. 1495; succeed in, 4. 161; *pp.* apprehended, B 3. p 3. 25.
Attempre; see Atempre.
Atry, *adj.* venomous, I 583.
A-tweyn, *adv.* in two, 3. 1193.
A-twinne, *adv.* apart, T. iii. 1666.
Atwixe, *prep.* betwixt, R. 854

- A-twixen**, *prep.* between, T. v. 472.
A-two, in twain, 7. 94; L. 758.
A-tyr, *s.* attire, dress, T. i. 181.
Auctor; see *Auctour*.
Auctoritee, *s.* authority, B 2355; recognised text, A 3000; statements of good authors, D 1.
Auctour, *s.* author, HF. 314; originator, H 359; creator, T. iii. 1765.
Audience, *s.* hearing, 5. 308; audience, B 3091; open assembly, D 1032.
Augrim, *s.* algorism, i.e. numeration, A. i. 7. 6; Arabic numerals, A. i. 8. 6.
Augrim-stones, *pl.* counters for calculating, A 3210.
Auncessour, *s.* ancestor; *pl.* R. 391.
Auncestre, *s.* ancestor, 5. 41.
Auncetrye, *s.* ancestry, A 3982.
Aungel, *s.* angel, R. 916.
Aungellyk, *adj.* angelical, T. i. 102.
Aungellyke, *adv.* like an angel, L. 236.
Auntre it, *v.* risk it, A 4209; Autred him, *pt. s.* adventured himself, A 4205.
Auntrous, *adj.* adventurous, B 2099.
Autentyke, *adj.* authentic, 3. 1086.
Auter, *s.* altar, 5. 249.
Avale, *v.* fall down, T. iii. 626; doff, take off, A 3122; Avalen, *pr. pl.* sink down.
Avantage, *s.* advantage, F 772; *to don his a.*, to suit his own interests, B 729; *as adj.* advantageous, B 146.
Avante; see *Avaunte*.
Avaunce, *v.* promote, L. 2022; *ger.* T. i. 518; be profitable, A 246; cause to prosper, HF. 640; help, 10. 31.
Avaunt, *s.* vaunt, boast, A 227, E 1457.
Avaunte (her), *v. refl.* boast (herself), 7. 296; *ger.* to extol, HF. 1788; *v. refl.* boast, vaunt himself, D 1014.
Avaunting, *s.* boasting, A 3884.
Avauntour, *s.* boaster, 5. 430.
Avenaunt, *adj.* graceful, comely, R. 1263.
Aventayle, *s.* ventail, E 1204.
Aventure, *s.* chance, 4. 21; peril, B 1151; misfortune, L. 657; fortune, 18. 22; luck, T. ii. 288, 291; circumstance, L. 1907; *of a.*, by chance, HF. 2090; *on a.*, in case of mishap, T. v. 298; *in a.*, in the hands of fortune, T. i. 784; *per a.*, perchance, A. ii. 12. 6; *in a. and grace*, on luck and favour, 4. 60; *good a.*, good fortune, 5. 131, 7. 324; *pl.* adventures, A 795; accidents, C 934.
Aventurous, *adj.* random, B 1. p 6. 98; adventitious (Lat. *fortuitæ*), B 2. p 4. 17.
Avisee, *adj.* deliberate, L. 1521.
Avisioun, *s.* vision, R. 9; HF. 7.
Avouterye, *s.* adultery, 5. 361.
Avoutier, *s.* adulterer; *pl.* I 841.
Avow, *s.* vow, A 2414, 2237.
Avowe, *v.* avow, own, proclaim, G 642; *pr. s.* vows, 7. 355.
Avoy, *interj.* fie! B 4098.
Avys, *s.* advice, consideration, opinion, A 786, B 2442.
Avyse, *v.* consider, T. i. 364; contemplate, T. v. 1814; *refl.* consider, B 664; *imp. s.* take heed, A 4188; *imp. pl.* consider, deliberate, A 3185; *pp.* clearly seen, R. 475; with mind made up, T. iii. 1186; advised, careful, A 3584; deliberate, I. 448; wary, A 4333; forewarned, B 2538; *well a.*, well advised, B 2514.
Avysely, *adv.* advisedly, B 2488; seriously, I 1024; carefully, A ii. 29. 29.
Avysement, *s.* consideration, B 2041; counsel, T. ii. 343; deliberation, B 86; determination, L. 1417.
Await, *s.* watch, D 1657; surveillance, H 149; waiting, T. iii. 579; watchfulness, T. iii. 457; Have her in awayt, watch her, B 3915; *pl.* plots, B 3. p 8. 11.
Awaite, *v.* await; *pr. s.* waits, i. 111; watches, B 1776.
Awaiting, *s.* attendance, 7. 250.
Awaitour, *s.* lier in wait, B 4. p 3. 122.
Awake, *v.* wake, awake; Awook, *i. pt. s.* aroused, 3. 1324; *pt. s.* awoke, F 367; Awaked, *pt. s.* awoke, A 2523.
Award, *s.* decision, I 483.
Awen, own (Northern), A 4230.
A-wepe, a-weeping, in tears, T. ii. 408.
A-werke, *adv.* at work, D 215.
Aweye, *adv.* out of the way, done with, T. ii. 123; gone, 7. 319; from home, B 593; astray, B 609.
Awayward, *adv.* away, backwards, H 262.
Awhape, *v.* amaze; *pp.* scared, L. 132; stupefied, 7. 215; confounded, T. i. 316.
Awook; see *Awake*.
Awreke, *v.* avenge, 2. 11; *pr. s.* avenges, R. 278; *pp.* H 298; A 3752.
Awry, *adv.* on one side, R. 201.
Axen, *v.* ask, L. 835; Axe at, ask of, T. ii. 804; *pr. s.* requires, T. ii. 227.
Axing, *s.* question, L. 239 a; request, A 1826.
Ay, *adv.* aye, ever, A 63, 233; Ay whyl that, all the while that, 4. 252.
Ay-dwellinge, *adj.* perpetual, ever-abiding, B 5. p 6. 97.
Ayein, *prep.* opposite to, T. ii. 020; against, T. i. 902.
Ayein, *adv.* again, back, 5. 100.

Ayein-ledinge, *adj.* returning, reconducting, B 3, m 9, 42.
 Ayeins, *prep.* against, A 1787; towards, at the approach of, 5, 342.
 Ayeins, *adv.* against, to, A 3155.
 Ayeinward, *adv.* again, on the other hand, B 2, p 4, 126; back again, T. iii. 750, iv. 1581.
 Ayel, *s.* grandfather, A 2477.
 Azimut, *s.* azimuth, A. ii. 31, 22.

B.

Ba, *v.* kiss, D 433; *imp. s.* A 3709.
 Babewinnes, *pl.* (lit. baboons), grotesque figures in architecture, HF. 1189.
 Bachelere, *s.* young knight, R 918, 1469; an aspirant to knighthood, A 80.
 Bachelorye, *s.* bachelor-hood, H 125; company of young men, E 270.
 Bad; see Bidde.
 Badder, *adj. comp.* worse, F 224.
 Bagge, *v.*; *pr. s.* looks askant, 3, 623.
 Baggeypipe, *s.* bagpipe, A 565.
 Baggingly, *adv.* squintingly, R. 292.
 Baite, *v.* bait; feed, B 466; *pp.* baited, tormented, R. 1612.
 Bak, *s.* back, 3, 957; cloth for the back, coarse mantle, rough cloak, G 881.
 Bakbyter, *s.* backbiter, I 495.
 Bake metes, baked meats, meat pies, I 445.
 Bakhalf, the back or flat side of the astrolabe, A. i. 4, 1.
 Bak-side, *s.* the back of the astrolabe, A. i. 15, 3.
 Balaunce, *s.* a balance, G 611; *in balaunce*, in jeopardy, G 611; *in suspense*, 3, 1021.
 Bale, *s.* sorrow, 3, 535; *for bote ne bale*, for good nor for ill, 3, 227.
 Balke, *s.* balk, beam, A 3920; *pl.* transverse beams beneath a roof, A 3626.
 Balled, *adj.* bald, A 198, 2518.
 Bane, *s.* death, L. 2159; destruction, HF. 408; cause of death, A 1097; slayer, T. iv. 333.
 Banes, *pl.* bones (Northern), A 4073.
 Bar, Bare; see Bere, *v.*
 Barbe, *s.* barb (part of a woman's head-dress, still sometimes used by nuns, consisting of a piece of white plaited linen, passed over or under the chin, and reaching midway to the waist), T. ii. 110.
 Barbre, *adj.* barbarian, B 281.
 Bareine, *adj.* barren, B 68, D 372.
 Barel ale, barrel of ale, B 3083.
 Bark, *s.* (of a tree), T. iii. 727.

Barm-clooth, *s.* apron, A 3236.
 Barme, *s.* (*dat.*) bosom, lap, B 3256, 3630.
 Baronage, *s.* assembly of barons, A 3096.
 Barre, *s.* bar, A 1075; Barres, *pl.* stripes across a giraffe, A 320.
 Barred, *pp.* furnished with 'bars,' A 3225.
 Barringe, *s.* adorning with (heraldic) bars, 1 417.
 Basilicok, *s.* basilisk, I 853.
 Baste, *v.* baste; *pres. part.* basting, tacking on, R. 104.
 Bataile, *s.* battle, fight, L. 1647; troop, B 5, m 1, 4.
 Batailen, *v.* fight, B 1, p 4, 251.
 Battailed, *adj.* embattled, i. e. notched with indentations, B 4050.
 Batere, *v.* batter; *pr. s.* strikes, I 556.
 Bathe, both (Northern), A 4087.
 Bathe, *ger.* to bathe, to bask, T. ii. 849; *refl.* to bask, B 4457.
 Bauderye, *s.* bawdry, act of a pandar, T. iii. 397; mirth, A 1026.
 Baudrik, *s.* baldric, belt worn transversely over one shoulder, A 116.
 Baudy, *adj.* dirty, G 635.
 Baume, *s.* balm, HF. 1686.
 Baundon, *s.* power, disposal, R. 1163.
 Bay, *adj.* bay-coloured, A 2157.
 Bayard, a horse's name; a horse, A 4115.
 Be-, *prefix*; see also Bi-.
 Beau, *adj.* fair; *beau sir*, fair sir, HF. 643.
 Be-bled, *pp.* bloodied, covered with blood, B 3, m 2, 14.
 Beblotte, *imp. s.* blot, T. ii. 1027.
 Bechen, *adj.* made of beech, G 1160.
 Become, *v.* go to, L. 2214; *pp.* gone to, 7, 247.
 Bed, *s.* L. 2211; station, B 3862; bed (of herbs), B 4411.
 Beddinge, *s.* couch, A 1616.
 Bede, *v.* offer, proffer, HF. 32; G 1065; *i. pr. s.* proffer, 7, 304; Bedeth, *pr. s.* proffers, E 1784; Bede, *i. pt. pl.* directed, told, I 65; Boden, *pp.* commanded, T. iii. 691; ordered, L. 266.
 Bede, *pt. pl. and pp. of* Bidde.
 Beden, *pt. pl. of* Bidde.
 Bedes, *pl.* beads, A 159.
 Bedote, *v.* befeol, L. 1547.
 Bedrede, *adj.* bedridden, D 1769.
 Beek, *s.* beak, F 418.
 Beem, *s.* balk, B 4362; Bemes, *pl.* beams, R. 1574.
 Been, *pl.* bees, F 204.
 Beer, bare; *pt. s. of* Bere.
 Beest, *s.* beast, F 460; Beest roial = royal beast, i. e. Leo, F 264; brute, G 288; beast, quarry, R. 1452.

- Beet**, *pt. s. and imp. s. of Bete*.
Beeth, *imp. pl. of Ben*, to be.
Beggestere, *s. beggar, properly a female beggar*, A 242.
Behette; see *Bihote*.
Bekke, *1 pr. s. (1) nod*, C 396; *pt. s. nodded to*, T. ii. 1260.
Bel amy, i. e. good friend, fair friend, C 318; **Bele**, *adj. fem. fair, beautiful*, HF. 1796; **Bele chere**, excellent fare, B 1599; **Bele chose**, beautiful part, D 447.
Belle, *s. bell*, T. ii. 1615; *(of a clock)*, 3. 1322; *(sign of an inn)*, A 719; *bere the b.*, be the first, T. iii. 198.
Belweth, *pr. s. roars*, HF. 1803.
Bely, *s. belly*, B 2167.
Bely, *s. a pair of bellows*, I 351.
Bely-naked, *adj. entirely naked*, E 1326.
Beme, *s. trumpet*, HF. 1240; *pl. B 4588*.
Bēn, **Been**, *v. be*, 1. 182; *1 pr. pl. are*, 3. 582; **Ben**, *2 pr. pl. B 122*; *consist*, I 82; **Beth**, *pr. pl. are*, F 648; **Be**, *pr. s. subj. exists*, it should be, 4. 49; **Be**, *1 pr. s. subj. be*, am, D 1245; **Beth**, *imp. pl. be*, C 683; **Been**, *pp. 3. 530*; **A 199**; **Be**, *pp. been*, R. 322; *I had be*, I should have been, 3. 222; **Be as be may**, be it as it may, however it be, L. 1852; **Be what she be**, be she who she may, T. i. 679; **Lat be**, let alone, D 1289.
Bench, *s. bench*, T. ii. 91; *table*, B 1548; *bench (law court)*, 1. 159.
Bend, *s. band*, R. 1079.
Bende, *v. bend*, R. 1334; *turn*, T. ii. 1250; **Bente**, *pt. s. bent*, H 264; **Bent**, *pp. 1. 29*; *arched*, A 3246.
Bendinge, *s. adorning with (heraldic) bends*, I 417. *A bend*, in heraldry, is a broad diagonal band upon a shield.
Bène, *s. bean*, 11. 29.
Benedicte, *bless ye (the Lord)*, A 1785; *(pronounced ben'cītē)*, T. i. 780, &c.
Benisoun, *s. benison, blessing*, B 2288.
Bent, *s. grassy slope*; **Bente**, *dat. A 1981*.
Berafe; see *Bireve*.
Berd, *s. beard*, A 270, 2173; *in the berd*, face to face, T. iv. 41; *make a berd*, deceive, A 4096; *make his berd*, delude him, D 361.
Bère, *s. bear*, L. 1214; *the constellations Ursa Major and Ursa Minor*, HF. 1004.
Bère, *s. bier*, 2. 105; 19. 5.
Bere, *v. bear, carry*, B 3564; *transport*, F 119; *confer on*, L. 2135; **Bere yow**, conduct yourself, D 1108; **Beren on honde**, accuse, D 393; **Beren him on honde**, assure him, D 232 (*cf. 226*); **Bereth him**, conducts himself, behaves, A 796; **Bereth hir**, comports herself, T. ii. 401; **Berth hir on honde**, bears false witness against her, B 620; **Bereth him on honde**, accuses him, I 505; **Sickly berth**, take ill, dislike, E 625; **Bere**, *pr. pl. 3. 894*; **Bere**, *2 pt. s. barest*, T. iv. 763; **Bar**, *pt. s. bare, carried*, A 105; *possessed*, D 997; *pt. s. refl. conducted himself*, T. iii. 499; **Bar on honde**, made him believe, D 575; **Bar her on honde**, brought against her a charge which he feigned to believe, 7. 158; **Baren us**, *1 pt. pl. conducted ourselves*, A 721; **Baren me on honde**, bore false witness against me, B. 1. p 4. 180; *pr. s. subj. may pierce*, A 2256; **Ber**, *imp. s. carry*, D 1139; **Ber ayein**, take back, T. ii. 1141; **Boren**, *pp. born*, D 1153; **Bore**, *pp. born*.
Bere, *s. head-sheet, pillow-case*, 3. 254.
Berie, *s. berry*, A 4368.
Berie, *v. bury*, C 884.
Beringe, *s. behaviour*, B 2022; *carriage*, E 1604.
Berke, *v. bark*; **Borken**, *pp. shrieked (lit. barked)*, B 1. p 5. 1.
Berm, *s. barm*, i. e. yeast, G 813.
Bern, *s. barn*, B 3750.
Beryle, *s. beryl*, HF. 1184.
Besaunt-wight, *s. weight of a besant*, R. 1106. (*Besant*, a gold coin of Byzantium.)
Bespreynt; see *Bisprenge*.
Bestialitee, *s. animal condition*, T. i. 735.
Bet, *adj. comp. better*, 10. 47; HF. 108.
Bet, *adv. better*, A 242; *go bet*, go faster, go as quickly as possible, 3. 135; *the bet*, the better, HF. 559; *bet and bet*, better and better, T. iii. 714.
Bête, *v. remedy, heal*, T. i. 665; *amend, mend, assist*, I 421; *kindle*, A 2253.
Bète, *ger. to beat, flap*, B 4512; *to hammer out*, C 17; **Beet**, *pt. s. adjointed (lit. beat)*, R. 129; **Beten**, *pp. beaten*, B 1732; *as adj. beaten, ornamented with the hammer*, R. 837.
Beth, *pr. pl. are*, B 2350; *imp. pl. be*, 1. 134.
Betraising, *s. betrayal*, L. 2460.
Bettro, *adj. better*, A 256; *b. arm*, right arm, T. ii. 1650.
Bever, *adj. made of beaver*, A 272.
Beye, *ger. to buy*, T. v. 1843; *v. B 1462*. See Bye.
Bibbe, *v. ; pp. imbibed*, A 4162.
Bible, *s. bible*, A 438; *book*, HF. 1334.
Bi-bledde, *pp. pl. covered with blood*, A 2002.

- Bicched bones, *s. pl.* dice, C 656.
 Bi-clappe, *ger.* to catch (as in a trap), G 9.
 Bicome, *ger.* to become, D 1644; Bicomth, *pr. s.* goes, T. ii. 795.
 Bidaffed, *pp.* befooled, E 1191.
 Bidde, *v.* ask (*confused with* Béde, *v.* command, bid); *ger.* to request, L. 838; *1 pr. s.* pray, T. i. 1027; Bit, *pr. s.* bids, A 187; Bad, *pt. s.* prayed, begged, T. iii. 1249; besought, T. i. 112; requested, E 373; *1 pt. s.* bade, F 1212; *pt. s.* bade, commanded, D 108; Beden, *pt. pl.* bade, B 2233; Bidde, *pp.* commanded, B 440 (where *han bidden* = have bidden); Bede, *pp.* bidden (*as if from* Bede), 3. 104; *1 pt. s. subj.* would seek, R. 791; Bid, *imp. s.* pray, T. iii. 342; bid, 3. 144; Bideth, *imp. pl.* pray, T. i. 36.
 Bidding, *s.* request, L. 837.
 Bidelve, *v.*; Bidolven, *pp.* buried, B 5. p. 1. 51.
 Biden, *pp.* of Byde.
 Bifallinge, *s.* coming to pass, T. iv. 1018.
 Biforen, *prep.* before, B 3553; in front of, G 680.
 Biforen, *adv.* in the front part (of his head), A 1376; beforehand, A 1148; in front, A 590; in a good position, A 572; of old time, F 551; first, E 446.
 Biforn, *prep.* before.
 Bigete, *v.* beget; Begat, *pt. s.* L. 1562; Bigeten, *pp.* B 3138.
 Biginne, *v.* begin, A 42; Bigonne, *2 pt. s.* G 442; Begun, *2 pt. s.* (*false form for* Bigonne), L. 2230; Bigan, *pt. s.* A 44; Bigonne, *pt. pl.* F 1015; Bigonne, *pp.* T. ii. 779.
 Bigoon, *pp.* ornamented, R. 943; *wel b.*, well contented, joyous, merry, 5. 171; fortunate, T. ii. 294; *wel bigo*, well content, R. 693; *wo b.*, distressed, L. 1487, 2497; *sorwefully b.*, distressed, T. i. 114; *wers b.*, more wretched, T. v. 1328.
 Bigyleres, *pl.* beguilers, I 299.
 Bihalve, *s. dat.* behalf, T. ii. 1458.
 Bihate, *v.* hate; *pp.* B 3. m 4. 6.
 Biheste, *s.* promise, B 37; command, T. ii. 359; *pl.* promises, i. e. all that they profess to prove, A. pr. 26.
 Bihete, *1 pr. s.* promise, G 707; *2 pr. s.* dost promise, B 4. p 2. 1; *pr. s.* promises, I 379. See Bihote.
 Bihetinge, *s.* promising, B 2. p 8. 16.
 Bihewe, *v.*; Behewe, *pp.* carved, HF. 1306.
 Bihighte, *pt. s.* promised, T. v. 1204; Bihighte, *pt. pl.* T. iii. 319; Bihight, *pp.* T. v. 354. See Bihote.
 Biholde, *v.* behold, A 2293; Behelde, *v.* behold, 7. 80; Behelde, *pt. s. subj.* should see, T. ii. 378; Biholde, *pp.* beheld, G 179.
 Bihote, *1 pr. s.* promise, A 1854; Behette, *pt. s.* 5. 436.
 Bihove, *s. dat.* profit (lit. behoof), R. 1092, Bihove, *v.* suit, 13. 5; *pr. s.* (it) behoves, T. iv. 1004; *pr. pl.* are necessary, I 83.
 Bihowely, *adj.* helpful, T. ii. 261; needful, I 107.
 Bi-jape, *v.*: *pp.* jested at, tricked, T. i. 531.
 Biker, *s.* quarrel, L. 2661.
 Biknowe, *v.* acknowledge, B 886; Biknoweth, *pr. s.* I 481; Beknew, *pt. s.* confessed, L. 1058; I am bi-known = I acknowledge, B 3. p 10. 88.
 Bilde, *ger.* to build, HF. 1133; Bilt, *pr. s.* HF. 1135; Bilt, *pp.* i. 183. See Bulde.
 Bilder, *s. as adj.* builder, used for building, 5. 176.
 Bileve, *s.* faith, L. 2109; creed, A 3456.
 Bileve (1), *v.* believe; *imp. pl.* G 1047.
 Bileve (2), *v.* to remain, stay behind, F 583.
 Bilinne, *v.* cease, T. iii. 1365.
 Bille, *s.* bill, petition, 1. 59, 110; letter, E 1937; writ, D 1586.
 Binde, *v.* bind, enthrall, 4. 249; Bynt (*for* Bint), *pr. s.* binds, 4. 47, 48; Bond, *pt. s.* bound, fastened, R. 241; Bounden, *pp.* bound, B 270; bound up, D 681.
 Binding, *s.* constraint, A 1304.
 Binime, *v.* take away, B 4. p 3. 36; Binemen, *pr. pl.* B 3. p 3. 65; Bi-nomen, *pp.* taken away, B 3. p 3. 69.
 Binne, *s.* bin, chest, A 593.
 Biquethe, *v.* bequeath, D 1121.
 Biraft, -e; see Bireve.
 Bireine, *v.*; Bireynd, *pp.* rained upon, T. iv. 1172.
 Bireve, *v.* bereave, B 3359; restrain, T. i. 685; take away, G 482; *me wo bereve*, rob me of woe, 6. 12; Bireved, *pt. s.* bereft, D 2071; Birafte, *pt. s.* B 83; Biraft, *pp.* bereft, T. iv. 225; A 1361.
 Birthe, *s.* birth, B 192.
 Biscorned, *pp.* scorned, I 278.
 Bisege, *v.* besiege; *pr. s.* L. 1902; Bisegede, *pt. pl.* T. i. 149.
 Biséken, *v.* beseech, pray, B 2306, 2910; By-séko, *v.* beseech, T. iv. 131; Biséken, *1 pr. pl.* implore, A 918; Bisoughtest, *2 pt. s.* didst beseech, T. v. 1734; Bisoghte, *pt. s.* B 2164.

- Bisemare**, *s.* contemptuous conduct, A 3965.
- Bisette**, *v.*; Besette, *v.* employ, L. 1069; bestow, 3. 772; Besette, disposed of, L. 2558; used up, D 1052; bestowed, A 3745; established, A 3012; fixed, I 366; Beset, *pp.* bestowed, T. i. 521.
- Biseye**, *pp.* beseen; *wel b.*, fair to see, good-looking, R. 821; well provided, 3. 829; *goodly b.*, fair to see, good in appearance, T. ii. 1262; *yvel b.*, ill-looking, E 965; *richely b.*, rich-looking, splendid, E 984.
- Bishende**, *v.*; Beshende, *v.* bring to ruin, L. 2696.
- Bishitte**, *v.*; Bishet, *pp.* shut up, T. iii. 602.
- Bishrewe**, *1 pr. s.* beshrew, D 844.
- Bisie**, *v. refl.* take pains, B 3034; Bisie me, employ myself, G 758; *pt. pl.* occupied themselves, 5. 192.
- Bisily**, *adv.* diligently, A. ii. 38. 8; completely, T. iii. 1153; eagerly, F 1051; well, 2. 33.
- Bisinesse**, *s.* business, B 1415; busy endeavour, A 1007, G 24; diligence, 3. 1150; C 56; industry, G 5; labour, 5. 86; work, activity, T. i. 795; trouble, ado, 7. 99; careful attention, B 2979; attentiveness, 7. 250; care, A 520.
- Bi-smokede**, *adj. pl.* dirtied with smoke, B 1. p 1. 31.
- Bismotered**, *pp.* besmotted, marked with spots of rust, &c., A 76.
- Bispet**, *pp.* spit upon, I 276.
- Bisprenge**, *v.*; Bespreynt, *pp.* sprinkled, bedewed, 2. 10.
- Bistad**, *pp.* bestead, in trouble, R. 1227; *hard b.*, greatly imperilled, B 640.
- Bistryden**, *v.*; Bistrood, *pt. s.* bestrode, B 2093.
- Bisy, Besy**, *adj.* busy, industrious, R. 1052; active, L. 103; useful, I 474; attentive, F 509; anxious, 2. 2.
- Bisyde**, *prep.* beside; *ther b.*, beside that place, 3. 1316; *of b.*, from the neighbourhood of, A 445; *b. his leve*, without his leave, HF. 2105.
- Bisydes**, *pr./p.*; *him b.*, near him, A 402.
- Bisydes**, Besydes, *adv.* on one side, G 1416.
- Bit**, *pr. s. of Bidde*.
- Bitake**, *1 pr. s.* commend, I 1043; commit, E 161; resign, A 3750; *1 pr. s.* deliver, entrust, L. 2297; Bitook, *pt. s.* entrusted, G 541; Bitaken, *pp.* B 3. m 2. 47.
- Biteche**, *1 pr. s.* commit (to), consign (to), B 2114.
- Bithinke**, *v.* imagine, think of, T. iii. 1694; Bithinke, *v. 2.* 107; *ger.* to reflect, HF. 1176; Bithoughte, *1 pt. s. refl.* be-thought myself, R. 521; I am bithought, I have thought (of), A 767; Bithought, *pp.* T. ii. 225.
- Bitid, Bitit**; see Bityde.
- Bitook**; see Bitake.
- Bitore**, *s.* bittern, D 972.
- Bitraise**, Bitraisshe, *v.* betray; Bitray-seth, *pr. s.* C 92; *pp.* betrayed, T. iv. 1648; I 260; Bitraissched, R. 1648; Bitrasshed, R. 1520.
- Bitrenden**, *v.*; Bi-trent, *pr. s.* encircles, goes round, T. iv. 870; twines round, T. iii. 1231.
- Bitwixen**, *prep.* between, A 880; Betwixen, 5. 148; Bitwixe, A 277; Bitwix, L. 729.
- Bityde**, Bityden, *v.* happen, T. ii. 623; arrive, B 3730; *pr. s. subj.* E 306; Bitydo what b., happen what may, T. v. 750; Bitit, *pr. s.* betides, happens, T. ii. 48, v. 345; Bitidle, *pt. s.* befell, T. v. 1041; Bitid, *pp.* T. iii. 288; Betid, HF. 384.
- Bitydinge**, *s.* an event, B 5. p 1. 37.
- Bitymes**, *adv.* betimes, soon, G 1008.
- Biware**, *v.*; Biwared, *pp.* spent, expended, laid out (as on wares), T. i. 636.
- Biwepe**, *ger.* to bemoan, T. i. 763; Bi-wopen, *pp.* bathed in tears, T. iv. 916.
- Biwreye**, *v.* make manifest, reveal, T. iii. 377; Biwreyest, *2 pr. s.* reveal, B 773; Biwreyd, *pp.* betrayed (viz. by having your words revealed), H 352.
- Biwreying**, *s.* betraying, B 2330.
- Bi-wryen**, *v.* disclose, reveal, T. ii. 537; Bewrye, betray, 5. 348. (Wrongly used for Biwreye.)
- Blak**, *adj.* black, A 294; Blake, *pl.* A 557; Blakke, *def.* HF. 1801.
- Blak**, *s.* black clothing, 3. 445.
- Blake**, *s.* black writing, ink, T. ii. 1320.
- Blakeberied**, *a.* a-blackberrying, *i. e.* a-wandering at will, astray, C 406.
- Blaked**, *pp.* blackened, rendered black, B 3321.
- Blandishe**, *pr. s. subj.* fawn, I 376.
- Blankmanger**, *s.* a compound of minced capon, with cream, sugar, and flour, A 387. Named from its white colour.
- Blasen**, *ger.* to blow, HF. 1802.
- BlaspHEME**, *s.* blaspheming, 16. 15.
- Blásphémour**, *s.* blasphemer, C 898.
- Blast**, *s.* puff, T. ii. 1387.
- Blaste**, *ger.* to blow a trumpet, HF. 1866.
- Blaunche**, *adj. fem.* white (see Fevere), T. i. 916.
- Blaundisshinge**, *pret. pt. as adj. be-*

- witching, B 3. m 12, 23; Blaudissinge, flattering, B 2. p 1. 51.
 Bleche, *v.*; *pp.* bleached, 9. 45.
 Blede, *v.* bleed, L. 2696; Blede, *pt. s.* bled, T. ii. 950.
 Blemedish, *pp.* injured, B 1. p 4. 312.
 Blende, *v.* blind, T. iv. 648; *ger.* to deceive, T. iii. 207; to blind (*or read to* blende, *v.* blind utterly), T. ii. 1496; Blent, *pr. s.* blinds, 5. 600; Blente, *pt. s.* blinded, T. v. 1194; Blent, *pp.* 15. 18; deceived, E 2113.
 Blere, *v.* blear, bedim; Blere hir yē, dim their eye, cajole them, A 4049; *pp.* deceived, G 730.
 Blering, *s.* dimming; *bl. of an yē*, cajoling, A 3865.
 Blesse, *v.* bless; Blesseth hir, *pr. s.* crosses herself, B 449.
 Bleve, *v.* remain, T. iv. 1484; remain (at home), T. iii. 623; *ger.* to dwell, T. iv. 1357.
 Blew, *pt. s.* of Blowe.
 Blew, *adj.* blue, A 564; 3. 340; *as s.* blue clothing, 21. 7.
 Bleyne, *s.* blain, blemish, R. 553.
 Blynte, *pt. s.* blenched, started back, A 1078; turned aside, T. iii. 1346. *Pt. s. of Blanche, v.*
 Blinde, *v.*; Blynde with, *ger.* to blind (the priest) with, G 1151.
 Blinne, *v.* leave off, cease, G 1171.
 Blisful, *adj.* happy, 9. 1; conferring bliss, 1. 24; blessed, 3. 854; merry, R. 80; sainted, A 17.
 Blisful, *adv.* joyously, 5. 689.
 Blisfully, *adv.* happily, A 1236.
 Blisfulnessse, *s.* happiness, B 2. p 4. 75.
 Blisse, *v.* bless, E 553. Perhaps read *blessē, kesse.* See Blesse.
 Blissed, *pp.* happy, 9. 43.
 Blo, *adj.* blue, smoke-coloured, HF. 1647.
 Bloody, *adj.* causing bloodshed, A 2512.
 Blondren; see Blundre.
 Blood, *s.* lineage, 7. 65; offspring, E 632;kinswoman, T. ii. 594.
 Blosme, *s.* blossom, A 3324.
 Blosme, *v.* blossom; *pr. s.* E 1462; *pp.* covered with blossoms, R. 108.
 Blosity, *adj.* blossoming, T. ii. 821; full of buds, 5. 183.
 Blowe, *v.* blow, A 565; Blew, *pt. s.* 3. 182; (it) blew, T. iii. 678; Blown, *pp.* proclaimed by trumpets, A 2241.
 Blundre, *v.*; *pr. s.* runs heedlessly, G 1414; *1 p. pl. pr.* Blondren, we become mazed, G 670.
 Blythly, *adv.* gladly, 3. 749, 755.
 Blyve, *adv.* quickly, soon, L. 60; *as bl.*, very soon, as soon as possible, T. i. 965; forthwith, R. 706, 902; *also bl.*, as soon as possible, T. iv. 174.
 Bobance, *s.* presumption, boast, D 569.
 Boce, *s.* protuberance (boss), I 423.
 Boch, *s.* botch, pustule, B 3. p 4. 14.
 Bocher, *s.* butcher, A 2025.
 Bocler, *s.* buckler, A 3266.
 Bode(1), *s.* foreboding, omen, 5. 343.
 Bode(2), *s.* abiding, delay, 7. 119.
 Bode, *v.* proclaim; *pr. s.* heralds, B 4. m 6. 17.
 Boden, *pp. of* Bede.
 Body, *s.* person, F 1005; principal subject, E 42; corpse, 3. 142; B 1872; *my b.*, myself, B 1185; *pl.* metallic bodies (metals), answering to celestial bodies (planets), G 820, 825.
 Boef, *s.* beef, E 1420.
 Boës, *pr. s. (it) behoves*, A 4026. (Northern.)
 Boght, Boghite; see Bye.
 Boist, *s.* box, C 307; *pl.* HF. 2120.
 Boistous, *adj.* rude, plain, H 211.
 Boistously, *adv.* loudly, E 791.
 Bokel, *s.* buckle, R. 1086.
 Bokeler, *s.* buckler, A 112. A small round shield usually carried by a handle at the back. See Bocler.
 Bokelinge, *pres. pt.* buckling, A 2503.
 Bokes, *pl.* books, A 294.
 Boket, *s.* bucket, A 1533.
 Bolas, *pl.* bullace-plums, bullaces, R. 1377.
 Bolde, *v.* grow bold, 5. 144.
 Bôle, *s.* bull, T. iii. 723, iv. 239.
 Bôle armoniak, Armenian clay, G 790.
 Bolle, *s.* a bowl, G 1210.
 Bolt, *s.* crossbow-bolt, A 3264.
 Bolt-upright, on (her) back, A 4266, B 1506.
 Bomble, *v.*; *pr. s.* booms (as a bittern), D 972.
 Bon, *adj.* good, HF. 1022.
 Bond, *s.* bond, obligation, A 1604; band-fetter, T. iii. 1766; obligation (compelling the service of spirits), F 131.
 Bonde, *s.* bondman, D 1660, I 149.
 Bonde-folk, *s. pl.* bondmen, I 754.
 Bonde-men, *s. pl.* bondmen, I 752.
 Bône, *s.* petition, boon, prayer, request, 3. 129, 835.
 Bood, *pt. s. of* Byde.
 Bôdn, *s.* bone, R. 1059; ivory, T. ii. 926; Bones, *pl.* bones, A 546.
 Bôðr, *s.* boar, A 2070; Bores, *gen. sing.* boar's, B 2060; Bores, *pl.* A 1658.
 Bôðst, *s.* loud talk, A 4001; boast, L. 207; pride, B 3289; boasting, C 764; swelling, G 441.

- Bóót, *s.* boat, T. i. 416, ii. 3.
 Bóót, *s.* help, remedy, T. iii. 1208.
 Boot, *pt. s.* of Bye.
 Boras, *s.* borax, A 630, G 790.
 Bord, *s.* table, A 52, B 430; plank, 3. 74; board, i. e. meals, G 1017; *to b.*, to board, A 3188, D 5:8; *into shippes bord*, on board the ship, A 3585; *over-bord*, overboard, B 922.
 Bordels, *s. pl.* brothels, I 885.
 Bordel-women, *pl.* women of the brothel, I 976.
 Bordure, *s.* border, raised rim on the front of an astrolabe, A. i. 4. 4.
 Bore, *s.* bore, hole, T. iii. 1453.
 Bore, Boren, *pp. of* Bere.
 Borel, *s.* coarse woollen clothes, D 356; Borel men, laymen, B 3145. See Burel.
 Bores; see Boor.
 Borken, *pp. of* Berke.
 Borne, *v.*; Borneth, *pr. s.* burnishes, smoothes, T. i. 327.
 Borwe, *s.* pledge, A 1622; *to b.*, in pledge, as a pledge, T. v. 1664; *leyd to b.*, laid in pledge, pawned, T. ii. 963; *to b.*, for surety, 4. 205; *Venus here to b.*, Venus being your pledge, T. ii. 1524.
 Borwe, *v.* borrow, B 105.
 Bos, *s.* boss, A 3266. See Boce.
 Bost, *s.*; see Boost.
 Bóste, *v.* boast; *pr. s.* D 1672.
 Bóte, *s.* good, benefit, D 472; remedy, profit, 3. 38; advantage, T. i. 352; healing, T. i. 703; help, T. ii. 345; healer, 22. 45; relief, G 1481; salvation, B 1656; *doth b.*, gives the remedy for, 5. 276; *for b. ne bale*, for good nor for ill, 3. 227.
 Botel, *s.* bottle (of hay), H 14.
 Botelees, *adj.* without remedy, T. i. 782.
 Boteler, *s.* butler, HF. 592.
 Boterflye, *s.* butterfly, B 3980.
 Botes, *pl.* boots, A 203, 273.
 Bothe, both, A 540; *your bothes*, of both of you, 1. 83; *your bother*, of you both, T. iv. 168.
 Botmelees, *adj.* bottomless, unreal, T. v. 1431.
 Bough, *s.* bough, R. 1403; Bowes, *pl.* R. 108.
 Bought, Boughte; see Bye.
 Bouk, *s.* trunk of the body, A 2746.
 Boun, *adj.* prepared, F 1503.
 Bounde, *s.* bound; *pl.* bounds, limits, L. 546, 1673.
 Bountee, *s.* goodness, kindness, 1. 9; good deed, I 393; delightfulness, R. 1444.
- Bountevous, *adj.* bountiful, bounteous, T. i. 883; C 110.
 Bour, *s.* bed-chamber, HF. 1186; B 19:2; lady's chamber, R. 1014; inner room, B 4022.
 Bourde, *s.* jest, H 81; *pl.* D 680.
 Bourde, *1 pr. s.* jest, C 778; *pp.* 5. 589.
 Box (1), *s.* box-tree, A 2022; boxwood, L. 866; money-box, A 4390; box, C 869.
 Box (2), *s.* blow, L. 1388.
 Boydekin, *s.* dagger, A 3960.
 Bracér, *s.* bracer, a guard for the arm in archery, A 111.
 Bragot, *s.* a beverage made of honey and ale, A 3261.
 Braid, *s.* quick movement; *at a b.*, in a moment, R. 1336; Brayd, a start, L. 1166.
 Brak, *pt. s. of* Breke.
 Brasil, *s.* dye made from a certain dye-wood, B 4649.
 Brast, Braste; see Breste.
 Braun, *s.* muscle, A 546; brawn (of the boar), F 1254.
 Braunche, *s.* branch, T. v. 844.
 Brayd, Brayde; see Breyde.
 Brede (1), *s.* breadth, R. 825, 1124; space, T. i. 179; *on brede*, abroad, T. i. 530.
 Brede (2), *s.* roast meat, HF. 1222.
 Brede, *ger.* to breed, T. iii. 1546; grow, T. v. 1027; Breden, *ger.* to breed, arise, L. 1156 (cf. Vergil, En. iv. 2); Bred, *pp.* bred up, F 499.
 Breech, *s.* breeches, B 2049, C 948.
 Breem, *s.* bream, a fish, A 350.
 Breke, *v.* break, A 551, C 936; *br. his day*, fail to pay on the day, G 1040; *ger.* to interrupt, B 2233; Brak, *pt. s.* 3. 71; Breke, *pr. s. subj.* 4. 242; Breke, 2 *pr. pl. subj.* break off, T. v. 1012; Breke, *pt. s. subj.* would break, B 4578; Broke, *pp.* broken, A 3571; Broken, *pp.* shipwrecked, L. 1487.
 Brekke, *s.* break, flaw, defect, 3. 940.
 Bremble-flour, *s.* flower of the bramble, B 1936.
 Breme, *adj.* furious, T. iv. 184.
 Breme, *adv.* furiously, A 1699.
 Bren, & bran, A 4053.
 Brenne, *v.* burn, 17. 18; to be burnt, T. i. 91; Brinne, *ger.* to burn, D 52; Brendest, 2 *pt. s.* didst burn, A 2384; Brende, *pt. s.* 1. 90; was burnt, HF. 163; was set on fire, HF. 537; Brenned, *pt. s.* was inflamed with anger, R. 297; Brende, *pt. pl.* caught fire, HF. 954; Brente, *pt. pl.* L. 731: Brent, *pp.* 7. 1151

- Brend, *pp.* B 4555; *as adj.* bright, R. 1109.
 Brenning, *s.* burning, 4. 133; greed of gold, R. 188.
 Brenningly, *adv.* ardently, T. i. 607; fervently, A 1564.
 Brere, *s.* briar, R. 858; Breres, *pl.* underwood, A 1532.
 Brest, *s.* breast, A 115, 131.
 Brest-boon, *s.* breast-bone, A 2710.
 Breste, *v.* burst, T. v. 1008; afflict, T. iii. 1434; break, D 1103; Brest, *pr. s.* bursts, A 2610; breaks, T. i. 258; Brast, *pt. s.* burst out, T. v. 1078; burst, L. 1033; broke, 3. 1193; Brast, *pt. s.* burst (*or read braste = would burst*), T. v. 180; Braste, *pt. pl.* burst, T. ii. 326; Broste, *pt. pl.* B 671, C 234; Brosten, *pt. pl.* 4. 96; Braste, *pt. s.* *subj.* would burst, T. ii. 1108; Brosten, *pp.* burst, T. ii. 976; broken, L. 1300.
 Brestring, *s.* bursting, F 973.
 Bretful, *adj.* brimful, A 687, 2164.
 Bretherhed, *s.* brotherhood, religious order, A 511.
 Brew, *pt. s.* contrived, B 3575.
 Breyde, *ger.* to start, T. iv. 230, 348; *v.* awake, F 477; Breyde, *1 pr. s.* start, T. v. 1262; Breyde, *1 pt. s.* awoke, D 799; Breyde, *pt. s.* started, T. v. 1243; went (*out of his wits*), B 3728; drew, B 837; Brayde, *pt. s.* took hastily, HF. 1678; Brayd, *pp.* started, gone suddenly, 7. 124.
 Brid, *s.* bird, HF. 1003; young of birds, 5. 192.
 Brige, *s.* contention, B 2873. F. *brigue*.
 Brigge, *s.* bridge, A 3922.
 Bright, *adj.* fair, R. 1009.
 Brighte, *adj.* *as s.* brightness (*after for*), T. ii. 864.
 Brike, *s.* a trap, snare, 'fix,' dilemma, B 3580.
 Bringe, *v.* bring; Bringes, *2 pr. s.* bringest, HF. 1908 (*a Northern form*); Broght-en, *pt. pl.* B 2500; *made broght*, caused to be brought, HF. 155.
 Brinne, *ger.* to burn, D 52. See Brenne.
 Brocage, *s.* mediation, A 3375.
 Broche, *s.* brooch, R. 1193; small ornament, bracelet, 4. 245.
 Brode, *adv.* broadly, plainly, A 739; far and wide, HF. 1683; wide awake, G 1420.
 Brodere, *adj.* larger, A. ii. 38. 1.
 Brok, *i. e.* Badger, a horse's name, D 1543.
 Broken; see Harm. And see Breke.
- Brokkinge, *pres. pt.* using a quavering voice, A 3377.
 Bromes, *pl.* broom (*bushes so called*), HF. 1226.
 Brond, *s.* torch, L. 2252; firebrand, B 3224; Bronde, *dat.* piece of burning wood, B 2095.
 Brood, *adj.* broad, A 155, 471; thick, large, F 82; Brode, *pl.* R. 939; expanded, R. 1681.
 Broste, -en; see Breste.
 Brotel, *adj.* brittle, frail, T. iii. 820; fickle, L. 1885; unsafe, insecure, E 1279; transitory, E 2061; Brutel, B 2. p 5. 6.
 Brotelnesse, *s.* frailty, T. v. 1832; insecurity, E 1279; fickleness, 10. 63.
 Brotherhede, *s.* brotherhood, D 1399.
 Brouded, *pp.* embroidered, A 3238, B 3659.
 Brouke, *v.* enjoy, use, B 4490; keep, E 2308; *1 pr. s.* *subj.* (*optative*), may have the use of, HF. 273; Brouken, *pr. pl. subj.* (*opt.*), may (they) profit by, L. 194.
 Browding, *s.* embroidery, A 2498.
 Broyded, *pp.* braided, A 1049.
 Brutel; see Brotel.
 Brybe, *v.* steal, filch, A 4417; rob, D 178.
 Bryberyes, *pl.* ways of robbing, D 1367.
 Brydale, *s.* wedding, A 4375.
 Brydel, *s.* bridle, 7. 184.
 Brydeleth, *pr. s.* controls, 4. 41.
 Buffet, *s.* blow; Buffettes, *pl.* I 258.
 Bugle-horn, *s.* drinking-horn made from the 'bugle' or ox, F 1253.
 Buk, *s.* buck, 5. 195; Bukke, B 1946; Bukkes, *gen.* buck's, A 3387.
 Bulde, *v.* build; Bulte, *pt. s.* built, A 1548.
 Bulle, *s.* papal bull, C 909.
 Bulte, *pt. s.* *of* Bulde.
 Bulte, *v.* boult, sift, B 4430.
 Burdoun, *s.* burden of a song, bass-accompaniment, A 673.
 Burel, *adj.* rough, unlettered, F 716; lay (people), D 1872, 1874. The idea is that of a man dressed in *burel*, or coarse woollen cloth. See Borel.
 Buriali, *s.* *pl.* burial-places, i. e. the catacombs, G 186.
 Burne, *v.* burnish; *pp.* A 1983; polished, HF. 1387; lustrous, C 38. See Borne.
 Burnett, *adj.* made of coarse brown cloth, R. 226.
 Busk, *s.* bush, R. 54; *pl.* A 1579.
 But, *conj.* except, unless, 2. 82; 3. 117.
 But, *as s.* an exception, a 'but,' I 494.
 But and, but if, L. 1790.

- But-if, conj.** unless, R. 250.
Buxom, adj. yielding, 6. 125; obedient, B 1287.
Buxomly, adv. obediently, E 186.
Buxumnesse, s. submission, 13. 15.
By, prep. by, A 25, &c.; as regards, with respect to, concerning, 6. 126; with reference to, 5. 4; for, on account of, R. 844; *by proces*, in process, B 2665; *by me*, beside me (*with accent on by*), T. ii. 991; *by the morwe*, in the morning, L. 49.
By, adv. beside; faste by, close at hand, R. 1274.
By and by, adv. one after another, in due order, in due place, L. 304, A 1011.
Byde, v. wait, T. i. 1067; A 1576; Bood, pt. s. waited, T. v. 29; Biden, pp. stayed, E 1888.
**Bye, v. buy, pay for (it), D 167; go by, let us go to buy, G 1294; Bye, pr. pl. subj. 18. 26; Boghte, pt. s. bought, A 2088; redeemed, E 1153; b. agayn, redeemed, C 776.
Byheight, pp. promised, T. v. 1104.
Bying, s. buying, A 569.
By-japed, pp. tricked, made a jest of, T. v. 1110.
Bynt him, binds himself, 4. 47; Bynt her, 4. 48.
By-path, s. by-way, T. iii. 1705.
Byrde, s. maiden, lady, R. 1014.
By-seke, v. beseech, T. iv. 131.
**Byte, v. bite, T. iii. 737; cut deeply, F 158; burn, A 631; Bööt, pt. s. bit, B 3791; Biten, pp. bitten, L. 2318.
Bytinge, s. wound, B 3. m 7. 7.
By-word, s. proverb, T. iv. 769.
By-wreye, v. reveal, T. iii. 367.****
- C.
- Caas, s. circumstance, I 105; sette caas = suppose, A. ii. 42. 24; Caas, pl. cases of law, A 323.**
Cacche, v. catch, G 11; lay hold of, 3. 969; come by, HF. 404; Caught, pt. s. took, conceived, E 619; took, A 498; pulled, L. 1854; Caught, pp. obtained, E 1110; taken, F 740.
Caitif, adj. captive, miserable, wretched, A 1552.
Caitif, s. wretch, R. 340; pl. captives, A 924.
Cake, s. a round and rather flat loaf of bread (in the shape of a large bun), A 668, 4094, C 322.
Calcenning, s. calcination, G 771.
- Calcinacioun, s. calcination, G 804.**
Calcule, v. calculate; Calculē, pt. s. F. 1284.
Calculer, s. the calculator or pointer, A i. 23. 2. See Almury.
Calculinge, s. calculation, T. i. 71.
Calendes, pl. kalends, introduction to a new time, T. ii. 7.
Calle, s. caul, a net used to confine women's hair, A. i. 19. 4; headdress, D 1018; to 'make a hood above a caul' = to befool, T. iii. 775.
Camaille, s. a camel, E 1196.
Camuse, adj. low and concave, A 3934. 3974.
Can, i. pr. s. know, L. 1987; know how, am able, E 304, F 4; can, B 42; understand, F 1266; am able to say, 5. 14; pr. s. knows, 3. 673; has, E 2245; knows (of), A 1780; has skill, T. ii. 1197; can on, has knowledge of, F 786; can hir good, knows her own advantage, D 231; can thank, owes (them) thanks, A 1818; 2 pr. pl. know, B 1169.
Canel-boon, s. collar-bone (lit. channel-bone, with reference to the depression in the neck behind the collar-bone), 3. 943.
Canelle, s. cinnamon, R. 1370.
Cankedort, s. state of suspense, critical position, T. ii. 1752.
Canon, s. the 'Canon,' the title of a book by Avicenna, C 890; rule, explanation, A. pr. 105.
Canstow, 2 p. s. pr. knowest thou, A. pr. 20; canst thou, T. iv. 460.
Cantel, s. portion, A 3008.
Cape, ger. gape after, T. v. 1133. See Gape.
Capel, s. horse, nag, H 64; cart-horse, D 2150.
Cappe, s. cap, A 586; set the wrightes cappe, i. e. made a fool of him, A 3143.
Carboucle, s. carbuncle-stone, R. 1120.
Cardiacle, s. pain about the heart, C 313.
Care, s. anxiety, sorrow, grief, trouble, 7. 63; T. i. 505, 587; ill-luck, 5. 303; pl. miseries, T. i. 264.
Care, v. feel anxiety, E 1212; Care thee, imp. s. be anxious, A 3298.
Careful, adj. full of trouble, 6. 44, 133; sorrowful, A 1565.
Careyne, s. corpse, carcase, 5. 177.
Carf, cut; see Kerve.
Cariage, s. a carrying away; upon c., in the way of carrying anything away, i. e. that I can carry away, D 1570;
Cariages, s. pl. tolls due from the tenant

- to his feudal lord imposed by authority, I 752.
 Carl, *s. man*, A 3469; rustic, countryman, A 545.
 Carole, *s. a dance accompanied with singing*, R. 744, 781, 793.
 Carole, *v. dance round singing*, 3. 849; *pp. danced*, R. 810.
 Carpe, *v. talk, discourse*, A 474.
 Carrick, *s. barge*, D 1688.
 Cart, *s. chariot*, HF. 943.
 Cartere, *s. charioteer*, B 5. p 4. 100.
 Cart-hors, *pl. chariot-horses*, HF. 944.
 Cas, *s. accident, chance*, HF. 254, 1052; affair, L. 409; occasion, B 36; adventure, L. 1630; mischance, L. 1056; *in cas that*, in case, A. ii. 3. 2; *upon cas*, by chance, A 3661; *in cas if that*, in case that, T. ii. 758; *in no maner cas*, in no way, D 1831; *set a cas*, suppose that, T. ii. 729; *to deyen in the cas*, though death were the result, E 859.
 Cast, *s. occasion, turn*, B 3477; contrivance, plan, HF. 1178.
 Caste, *v. east (accounts)*, B 1406; Casten, *v. throw*, T. ii. 513; *c. with a spere*, throw with a spear, HF. 1048; fling, A 3330; contrive, HF. 1170; Caste, *i pr. s. conjecture*, A 2172; Casteth, *pr. s. casts about*, I 692; considers, G 1414; applies, B 2781; *refl. devotes himself*, G 738; Cast, *pr. s. casts*, R. 1574; Caste, ¹*pt. s. threw*, 5. 172; Casten, *pp. thrown*, B 1796; Cast, *pp. overthrown*, T. ii. 1389; contrived, B 3891; *c. biforn*, pre-meditated, I 543.
 Castelled, *adj. castellated*, I 445.
 Castel-yate, castle-gate, HF. 1294.
 Catapuce, *s. caper-spurge (*Euphorbia Lathyris*)*, B 4155.
 Catel, *s. property, wealth, possessions, goods*, A 373, 540.
 Cause, *s. cause*, 1. 26; A 419; reason, T. v. 527; plea, 2. 46; Cause causing, first cause, T. iv. 829; *by the c. that*, because, A 2488; *by that c.*, because, T. iv. 99; Cause why, the reason why, T. iii. 795; the reason for it (was), A 4144.
 Causeles, *adv. without cause*, F 825.
 Cave, *s. cave*, HF. 70; used to translate the astrological term 'puteus', 4. 119.
 Cavillacioun, *s. cavilling*, D 2136.
 Celebrable, *adj. celebrated*, B 4. m 7. 30.
 Celerer, *s. keeper of a cellar*, B 3126.
 Celle, *s. cell*, A 172, 1376.
 Centaure, *s. centaur*, *Centaurea nigra*, B 4153.
 Centre, *s. a point on a rete representing a star*, A i. 21. 12.
 Ceptral, *s. sceptre*, B 3334, 3563.
 Cercle, *s. HF. 701*; sphere, 16. 0.
 Cercelen, *ger. to encircle*, T. iii. 1767; *pr. s. R. 1619*.
 Cered, *pp. as adj. waxed*, G 808.
 Cerial, *adj. belonging to a species of oak, the *Quercus cerris**, A 2200.
 Ceriously, *adv. minutely, with full details*, B 185. Ducange has 'Seriose, fuse, minutatim, articulatim.' From Lat. *series*, order.
 Certein, *adj. sure*; Certains, *pl. certain*, B 5. p 5. 115; *c. gold*, a stated sum of money, B 242; *c. tresor*, a quantity of treasure, B 442; *c. yeres*, a certain number of years, B 3367; Certeyn, a certain sum, a fixed quantity, G. 776.
 Certein, *adv. certainly, indeed, assuredly*, A 375.
 Certes, *adv. certainly*, R. 374, 439.
 Ceruce, *s. white lead*, A 630.
 Cese, *v. cause to cease*, T. i. 445; put an end to, 4. 11. See Cesse.
 Cesse, *v. cease*, B 1066; *c. cause*, when the cause ceases, T. ii. 483; *c. wind*, when the wind ceases, T. ii. 1388.
 Cetewale, *s. setwall*, i.e. zedoary, A 3207, B 1951. O. F. *citoal*. A medicinal substance obtained in the East Indies, having a fragrant smell, and a warm, bitter, aromatic taste, used in medicine as a stimulant. (The name *setwall* was also given to valerian.)
 Ceynt, *s. cincture, girdle*, A 3235.
 Chaffare, *s. bargaining*, I 851; traffic, G 1421; trade, A 4389; merchandise, ware, B 1475, D 521; matter, subject, E 2438.
 Chaffaire, *ger. to trade, barter, deal, traffic*, B 139.
 Chaires, *s. pl. thrones*, B 4. m 2. 6.
 Chalângé, *v. pr. s. 1 p. claim*, F 1324; Chalaunged, *pt. s. arrogated*, B 2. p 6. 36.
 Chalanging, *s. false claim, accusation*, C 264.
 Chalaundre, *s. a species of lark (*Alauda calandra*)*, R. 914; *pl. R. 603*.
 Chalice, *s. cup*, I 870.
 Chalk-stoon, *s. a piece of chalk*, G 1207.
 Chalons, *pl. blankets or coverlets for a bed*, A 4140. Cf. E. *shallow*.
 Chamberere, *s. maid-servant, lady's maid*, D 300.
 Chambre-roof, roof of my room, 3. 299.
 Champartye, *s. equality, participation in power*, A 1949. F. *champ parti*.

- Chanon, *s.* canon, G 573.
 Chapeleine, *s.* chaplain, A 164.
 Chapelet, *s.* fillet, circlet for the head, chaplet, R. 563, 845, 908.
 Chapitre, *s.* chapter, D 1945.
 Chapman, *s.* trader, merchant, A 397; Chapman, *pl.* B 135.
 Chapmanhede, *s.* bargaining, B 1428; trade, B 143.
 Char, *s.* chariot, 7. 24, 39, 40.
 Charbocle, *s.* carbuncle (a preciousstone), B 2061.
 Charge, *s.* load, burden, R. 1352; responsibility, 5. 507; consideration, A 1284; importance, 3. 894; care, A 733; particular note, D 321; a heavy thing, HF. 746; weight, L. 620; consequence, L. 2583; *of that no ch.*, for that no matter, it is of no importance, G 749.
 Charge, *v.* load, L. 2151; command, L. 493; *pp.* burdened, I 92; bidden, L. 940.
 Chargeant, *adj.* burdensome, B 2433.
 Char-hors, *pl.* chariot-horses, T. v. 1018.
 Charitable, *adj.* loving, L. 444; kind, A 143.
 Charitee, *s.* charity, love, T. i. 49; for seinte ch., i.e. either (1) for holy charity; or (2) for the sake of St. Charity, A 1721, B 4510, D 2119.
 Charmeresses, *fem. pl.* workers with charms, HF. 1261.
 Chaste, *v.* to chasten; *pp.* taught, F 491. O.F. *chastier*. See Chastyse.
 Chasteyn, *s.* chestnut, A 2922. See Chesteynes.
 Chästisinge, *s.* chastening, 1. 129.
 Chastyse, *v.* to rebuke, restrain, B 3695; chasten, 1. 39. See Chasto.
 Chaunce, *s.* chance, A 1752; incident, 3. 1285; destiny, 3. 1113; luck, G 593; 'chance,' a technical term in the game of hazard, C 653.
 Chaunging, *s.* change, 21. 17.
 Chaunteth, *pr. s.* sings, A 3367, E 1850.
 Chaunte-pleure, title of a song upon grief following joy, 7. 320.
 Chaunterie, *s.* an endowment for the payment of a priest to sing mass, agreeably to the appointment of the founder, A 510.
 Chayer, *s.* chair, B 3803; throne, B 1. m 5. 3.
 Cheef, *adj.* chief, 3. 910, 911.
 Cheef, *s.* chief, head, L. 2109.
 Cheek, *s.* cheek, i.e. cheekbone, B 3228.
 Cheep, *s.* market, price; *to greet cheep*, too cheap, D 523; *as good chep*, as cheaply, T. iii. 641; a time of cheapness HF. 1974.
 Chees; see Chese.
 Cheeste, *s.* wrangling, I 556. A. S. *cēast*.
 Chek, *s.* as int. check (at chess), 3. 659.
 Chekkere, *s.* chess-board, 3. 660.
 Chekmat, checkmate, T. ii. 754.
 Chelaundre, R. 81; see Chalaundre.
 Chep, -e; see Cheep.
 Chepe, *ger.* to bargain (with her), D 268.
 Chere, *s.* face, countenance, T. i. 14; look, mien, R. 1014; entertainment, A 747; favour, 7. 108; appearance, 19. 4; behaviour, A 139; look, glance, sign, T. i. 312; good cheer, mirth, A 4363; kindly greeting, 4. 146; show, B 2377; kindly expression, E 1112; *doth him chere*, makes him good cheer, L. 2452; *be af good ch.*, be of good cheer, T. i. 879; *sory ch.*, mournful look, D 588; Cheres, *pl.* faces, R. 813; looks, T. ii. 1507.
 Cherl, *s.* churl, boor, fellow, 5. 596; L. 136; slave, I 463; man (in the moon), T. i. 1024; *pl.* violent men, fierce men, R. 880.
 Chertee, *s.* affection, B 1526.
 Cherubinnes, *gen.* cherub's, A 624.
 Cheryse, *pl.* cherries, R. 1376.
 Ches, *s.* chess, 3. 619, 652, 664.
 Chése, *v.* choose, 5. 390, 400; Cheest, *pr.* s. chooseth, 5. 623; Chees, 1. *pt. s.* chose, 3. 791; Chees, *pt. s.* chose, B 3706; Chees, *imp. s.* choose, L. 1449; Cheseth, *imp. pl.* D 1232; Chose, *pp.* chosen, 3. 1004.
 Chesinge, *s.* choosing, choice, B 2305, E 162.
 Cheste, *s.* chest, casket, T. v. 1368; box, trunk, L. 510; coffin, D 502.
 Chesteynes, *pl.* chestnuts, R. 1375.
 Chevauchee; see Chivachee.
 Cheve, *v.*; *in phr.* yvel mote he cheve = ill may he end, or ill may he thrive, G 1225.
 Chevesaile, *s.* (ornamented) collar or neckband of a gown, R. 1082.
 Chevisaunce, *s.* borrowing, L. 2434; agreement to borrow, B 1519; dealing for profit, A 282.
 Chevise, *v. refl.* accomplish (her) desire, 4. 289. O.F. *chevir*.
 Chideresse, *s.* a scold, R. 150.
 Chieftayn, *s.* captain, A 2555.
 Chiertee, *s.* fondness, D 396; love, F 881.
 Chike, *s.* chicken, R. 541.
 Chiknes, *pl.* chickens, A 380.
 Child, *s.* young man, A 3325; Childe

- pley, child's play, E 1530; Childe, with, with child, L. 1323.
 Childhede, *s.* childhood, R. 399.
 Childly, *adj.* childlike, 3. 1095.
 Chilindre, *s.* cylinder, portable sun-dial, B 1396.
 Chimbe, *s.* rim of the barrel, A 3895.
 Chimbe, *v.* chime (as a bell), A 3896.
 Chimenee, *s.* fireplace, A 3776.
 Chinche, *s.* niggard, miser, B 2793, 2800.
 Chincherye, *s.* niggardliness, miserliness, B 2790.
 Chirche, *s.* church, A 708, 2760.
 Chirche-hawe, *s.* churchyard, I 964; *pl.* I 801.
 Chirche-rovers, *pl.* church-officers, churchwardens, D 1306.
 Chirketh, *pr. s.* chirps, D 1804; *pres. pt.* rustling, B 1. m 6. 10.
 Chirking, *s.* creaking, grating noises, A 2004, I 605; Chirkinges, *pl.* shriekings, cries, HF. 1943.
 Chisels, *s.* scissors, I 418.
 Chit, chides; *pr. s. of* Chyde.
 Chiteren, *v.* chatter, prattle, G 1397.
 Chiteringe, *s.* chattering, chirping, T. ii. 68.
 Chiváchee, *s.* feat of horsemanship, H 50; Chevauchee, swift course (lit. ride), 4. 144. O.F. chevauchee, an expedition on horseback.
 Chívachýe, *s.* a military expedition, A 85.
 Chivalrye, *s.* knighthood, the accomplishments of a knight, A 45; knightly conduct, valour, R. 1207; L. 608; troops of horse, cavalry, company of knights, A 878.
 Chogh, *s.* chough, 5. 345.
 Choppen, *v.* strike downwards, knock, HF. 1824.
 Chose, *pp. of* Chese.
 Chuk, *s.* cluck, 'chucking' noise, B 4364.
 Chukketh, *pr. s.* clucks, B 4372.
 Chyde, *v.* chide, T. iii. 1433; complain, F 650; reproach, T. v. 1093; Chit, *pr. s.* chides, scolds, G 921; Chidde, *1. pt. s.* chid, D 223.
 Chydester, *s.* (female) scold, E 1535.
 Chydinges, *pl.* scoldings, HF. 1028.
 Chyning, *adj.* gaping, yawning, B 1. p 6. 41. A.S. *cinan*, to gape open.
 Ciclatoun, *s.* a costly kind of thin cloth, B 1924.
 Cinamome, *s.* cinnamon, as a term of endearment, sweet one, A 3699.
 Cink, *num. cinque*, five, C 653.
 Cipres, *s.* cypress, 5. 179; (*collectively*), cypresses, R. 1381.
 Circumscryve, *v.* enclose, comprehend, T. v. 1865.
 Citole, *s.* kind of harp, a stringed instrument, A 1959.
 Citrinacioun, *s.* citronising, the turning to the colour of citron, a process in alchemy, G 816.
 Citryn, *adj.* citron-coloured, A 2167.
 Clamb, *pt. s. of* Climben.
 Clamour, *s.* A 995; outcry, D 880.
 Claperes, *pl.* burrows (for rabbits), R. 1405.
 Clappe, *s.* thunderclap, HF. 1040.
 Clappe, *s.* prating, foolish talk, A 3144.
 Clappe, *v.* clap; *hence*, chatter, prattle, G 965; *pr. s.* knocks, D 1581, 1584; *pr. pl.* talk unceasingly, I 406; Clappeth, *imp. pl.* E 1200; Clapte, *pt. s.* shut quickly, A 3740.
 Clapping, *s.* chatter, idle talk, E 999.
 Clarioning, *s.* the music of the clarion, HF. 1242.
 Clarion, *s.* clarion, trumpet, HF. 1240, 1573, 1579.
 Clarree, *s.* clarified wine, wine mixed with honey and spices, and afterwards strained till clear, A 1471, E 1807.
 Clasped, *pp. fastened*, A 273.
 Clatereth, *pr. s.* says noisily, B 2259; *pt. pl.* rattled, A 2423.
 Clateringe, *s.* clanking, A 2492; clashing, D 1865.
 Clause, *s.* sentence; also, agreement, stipulation, T. ii. 728; *in a clause*, in a short sentence, briefly, 22. 38.
 Clawe, *v.* rub, D 940; *ger.* to scratch, T. iv. 728; *pt. s.* stroked, A 4326; Clew, *1. pt. s.* rubbed, HF. 1702.
 Cleerly, *adv.* entirely, B 1566.
 Cleernesse, *s.* glory, G 403.
 Clefete, *pt. s. of* Cleve (1).
 Cléne, *adj.* clean, A 504; unmixed, B 1183.
 Clène, *adv.* clean, entirely, wholly, R. 1380.
 Clemenesse, *s.* purity, A 506.
 Clense, *v.* cleanse, A 631.
 Clepen, *v. call, name*, A 643, 2730; call out, A 3577; *pr. s.* D 102; F 382; men cl., people call, E 115; Clepe . . . ayein (or again), *v.* recall, T. ii. 521; *pt. s.* called, F 374; Clepte, *pt. s.* called, R. 1331; summoned, B 2432; Clept, *pp. named*, G 863.
 Clere, *adj.* clear, R. 681; bright, 3. 345; well-sounding, 3. 347; noble, pure, HF. 1575.

- Cleere, *adv.* clearly, A 170; L. 130.
 Cleere, *v.* grow clear, T. ii. 2, 806; *ger.* to grow bright, T. v. 519; to shine clearly, L. 773.
 Clerer, *adj. comp.* brighter, 3. 822.
 Clergeon, *s.* a chorister-boy, B 1693.
 Clergial, *adj.* clerical, learned, G 752.
 Clergye, *s.* learning, D 1277.
 Clerk, *s.* clerk, scholar, student, A 285; writer, D 689.
 Clernesse, *s.* brightness, L. 84.
 Cleve (1), *v.* cleave, cut, split, R. 850; L. 758; Clefte, *pt. s.* split, 3. 72; Cloven, *pp.* A 2934; Clove, *pp.* cleft, dimpled, R. 550.
 Cleve (2), *v.* adhere; *pr. pl.* B 3. p 11. 112.
 Clew, *s.* clew, L 2140.
 Clew, *pt. s.* of Clawe.
 Cley, *s.* clay, G 807.
 Clifte, *s.* cleft, L. 740; chink, B 4. p 4. 296.
 Cliked, *s.* latch-key, E 2046, 2117, 2121, 2123.
 Climben, *v.* climb, F 106; Clamb, *pt. s.* B 1987; Clomb, 1 *pt. s.* climbed, HF. 1118; Clomben, *pt. pl.* climbed, A 3636; Clamben, *pt. pl.* climbed, HF. 2151; Cloumben, B 2590; Clomben, *pp.* T. i. 215; ascended, B 4388; Clombe, *pp.* risen, B 12; were clombe, hadst climbed, B 3592.
 Clinking, *s.* tinkling, B 3984.
 Clippe (1), 1 *pr. s.* embrace, T. iii. 1344.
 Clippe (2), *v.* cut hair, A 3326.
 Clipping, *s.* embracing, R. 342.
 Clobbed, *adj.* clubbed, B 3088.
 Cloisterer, *s.* resident in a cloister, A 259, 3661.
 Cloisterlees, *adj.* outside of a cloister, A 179.
 Cloke, *s.* cloak, T. iii. 738.
 Cloke, *s.* clock, B 4044; *of the cl.*, by the clock, B 14.
 Clom, *interj.* be silent, mum! A 3638.
 Clombe, -n; see Climben.
 Clôôs, *adj.* close, secret, T. ii. 1534; closed, B 4322; Clos, closed, R. 1675.
 Clôôth, *s.* piece of clothing, D 1633; infants' clothing, T. iii. 733.
 Clos, *s.* enclosure, B 4550.
 Closet, *s.* small room, T. ii. 599, 1215.
 Closing, *s.* enclosure, boundary, R. 527.
 Closure, *s.* enclosure, I 870.
 Clote-leef, *s.* a leaf of the burdock or clote-bur, G 577. A. S. *clôte*, a burdock.
 Clôth, *s.* cloth, garment, D 238; clothes, D 1881.
- Clothen, *v.* clothe, T. v. 1418; Cladde, *pt. s.* clad, T. iv. 1690; *refl.* clothed himself, 7. 145; Cledde, *pt. s.* T. iii. 1521; Clad, *pp.* R. 409; covered, A 294; furnished, 3. 352.
 Clothered, *pp.* clotted, congealed, A 3745. (Other MSS. *clotered*, *clored*.)
 Clothlees, *adj.* naked, I 343.
 Cloud, *s.* sky, T. iii. 433.
 Cloumben; see Climben.
 Clout, *s.* bit of cloth, C 736; patch, R. 458; *pl.* fragments, E 1053; rags, C 348.
 Clouted, *pp.* patched up, R. 223.
 Cloven, *pp.* of Cleve (1).
 Clowes, *pl.* claws, HF. 1785.
 Clow-gelofre, *pp.* clove, the spice so called, R. 1368; Clowe-gilofre, B 1952. Fr. *clou de girafe*.
 Clustred, *pp.* covered with clouds, B 1. m 3. 6. (Lat. *glomerantur*.)
 Clymat, *s.* a belt or zone of the earth included between two given lines of latitude, A. ii. 30. 28; *pl.* zones of latitude, A. i. 3. 4; Clymatus, sets of almanacs calculated for various terrestrial latitudes, A. i. 14. 4.
 Clyven, *pr. pl.* cleave, keep, B 3. p 11. 115.
 Clyves, *pl.* cliffs, L. 1470.
 Coagulat, *pp.* clotted, G 811.
 Cod, *s.* bag; used of the receptacle of the stomach, C 534.
 Coempcioun, *s.* an imposition so called, lit. joint purchase, the buying up of the whole of any commodity in the market, B 1. p 4. 90.
 Cofre, *s.* coifer, chest, L. 380; money-box, F 1571; coffin, 5. 177.
 Cogge, *s.* cock-boat, L. 1481.
 Coghe, *ger.* to cough, T. ii. 254.
 Coillons, *pl.* testicles, C 952.
 Cok, *s.* cock, 5. 350; *thridre c.*, third cock, A 4233.
 Cok! cok! the noise made by a cock, B 4467.
 Cokenay, *s.* cockney, effeminate creature, A 4208.
 Cokewold, *s.* cuckold, A 3152.
 Cokkel, *s.* cockle, i.e. the corn-cockle, *Agrostemma githago*, B 1183.
 Cokkes, *corruption of* Goddess, H 9, I 29.
 Cokkow, *s.* cuckoo, HF. 243.
 Còl, *s.* coal, T. ii. 1332; Cole, A 2692.
 Col-blak, *adj.* coal-black, A 2142.
 Cold, *adj.* cold, A 420; chilling (often in phr. *cares colde*), T. iii. 1260; disastrous, B 4446.
 Colde, *v.* grow cold, B 879, F 1023.
 Coler, *s.* collar, T. v. 811; Colers, *pl.*

- collars, A 2152 (or read *colerd*, provided with collars).
Colera (Lat.), choler, B 4118.
Colere, s. choler, B 4136.
Colerik, adj. choleric, A 587, B 4145.
Col-fox, s. coal-fox, fox with black marks, B 4405.
Collacioun, s. conference, E 325.
Collateral, adj. adventitious, subordinate, T. i. 262.
Collect, pp. collected in groups, F 1275.
Colour, s. colour, 7. 173; complexion, hue, R. 213; outward appearance, 2. 66; pretence, 10. 21; excuse, D 309; *pl.* fine phrases, HF. 859; hues, pretences (a pun), F 511.
Colpons, pl. shreds, bundles, A 679; billets, A 2867.
Coltish, adj. like a colt, E 1847.
Columbyn, adj. dove-like, E 2141.
Colver, s. dove, L. 2319. A. S. *culfre*.
Combred, pp. encumbered, B 3. m 10. 9.
Combre-world, s. one who encumbers the world, who lives too long, T. iv. 279.
Combust, pp. burnt, G 811; quenched (as being too near the sun), T. iii. 717.
Come, v. come; *come thereby*, come by it, acquire it, G 1395; *Come, ger.* to come, future, 3. 708; *Comestow*, comest thou, L. 1887; *Cometh*, pr. s. as fut. shall come, 4. 11; *Comth*, pr. s. comes, B 407; *Cam*, pt. s. came, F 81; *Cōm*, pt. s. 3. 134; *Cōmen*, pt. pl. L. 1241; *Cōmen*, pp. come, 4. 81; *ben comen*, are come, B 1130; *Com of*, i. e. seize the opportunity, be quick, T. ii. 1738; D 1602; *Cometh*, imp. pl. A 839.
Cōme, s. coming, G 343. A. S. *cyme*.
Comédie, s. comedy, pleasant tale, one that ends happily, T. v. 1788.
Comeveden, 2 pr. pl. as 2 pr. s., didst instigate, T. iii. 17. See *Commeveth*.
Comilily, adv. in a comely way, 3. 848.
Commeveth, pr. s. moves, induces, T. v. 1783; *Commeve*, pr. s. subj. move, T. v. 1386. See *Commoeve*, *Comeveden*.
Commoeve, ger. to move, influence, B 4. p 4. 275.
Commoevinge, s. moving, disturbing, B 1. m 4. 6.
Commune, adj. general, common, B 155; in c., commonly, A 1261.
Commune, s. the commons, E 70; *pl.* commoners, A 2509.
Compaingnable, adj. companionable, B 1194.
Companye, s. company, A 24; companionship, 4. 210.
- Comparisoned*, pp. compared, B 2. p 7. 118.
Compas, s. circuit, 4. 137; circlet, wreath, R. 900; circle, A 1889; a very large circle, HF. 798; circumference, 20. 5; enclosure, orb, world, as in *tryne compas*, the threefold world (earth, sea, and heaven), G 45; pair of compasses, A. ii. 40. 13; craft, contriving, HF. 462; *pl.* circles (or, perhaps, pairs of compasses), HF. 1302.
Compasment, s. plotting, contrivance, L. 1416.
Compasse, v. contrive, R. 194; planned, L. 1414; *Compassed*, pp. drawn with compasses, fashioned circularly, A. i. 18. 1; planned, L. 1543.
Compassing, s. dimension, R. 1350; contrivance, A 1906.
Compeer, s. gossip, close friend, A 670; comrade, A 4419.
Compilatour, s. compiler, A. pr. 70.
Cōpleynt, s. a 'complaint' or ballad, 2. 43; 3. 464.
Complexioun, s. complexion, A 333; temperament, I 585; the (four) temperaments, HF. 21.
Compline, s. evening service, A 4171.
Complisshen, v. accomplish, B 4. p 4. 24.
Comporte, v. bear, endure, T. v. 1307.
Composicioun, s. agreement, A 848, 2651.
Competent, adj. all-powerful, B 5. p 6. 53.
Compounded, pp. composed, HF. 1029; tempered, L. 2585; mingled, HF. 2108; constructed, drawn, A. pr. 11.
Comprehende, v. take (it) in, T. iv. 891; take in (in the mind), F 223; pr. s. comprises, I 1043.
Comprende, v. comprehend, contain, T. iii. 1687.
Comunalitee, s. empire, B 4. p 6. 402.
Comune, adj. general, common to all, T. iii. 1415; accustomed to, 3. 812; *Comun profit*, the good of the country, 5. 47, 75.
Comune, s. a common share in a thing, E 1313.
Comyn, s. cummin, B 2045. 'A dwarf umbelliferous plant, somewhat resembling fennel, cultivated for its seeds.'—Webster.
Con, imp. s. grant; *Con me thank*, grant me thanks, thank me, A. pr. 62.
Conceite, s. conception, thought, L. 1764; idea, G 1214; notion, T. i. 996.
Conclude, v. draw a conclusion, B 14; include, put together, G 429; attain to

- success, G 773; *ger.* to summarize, A 1358; Concluded, *pp.* come to a conclusion, E 1607.
- Conclusioun**, *s.* decision, judgement, A 1845; result, successful end of an experiment, G 672; purpose, D 115; moral, L 2723; reason, F 492; performance, F 1263; result, summary, A 1743; end (of life), HF 103; fate, 22. 23; *as in c.*, after all, 4. 257; 15. 4; **Conclusouns**, *pl.* mathematical propositions, theorems, A 3193.
- Condys**, *pl.* conduits, R. 1414.
- Confedred**, *pp.* rendered confederates, conjoined, 2. 42, 52.
- Conferme**, *v.* confirm, T. ii. 1526.
- Confirme**, *ger.* B 4. p 7. 90 (but an error for *conforme*; Lat. 'conformandae').
- Confiteor**, 'I confess,' I 386.
- Confiture**, *s.* composition, C 862. Fr. *confiture*, a mixture, preserve.
- Conforten**, *v.* comfort, E 1918; *pr. s.* encourages, A 2716; *pr. pl.* strengthen, I 652.
- Confounde**, *v.* destroy, 1. 40; 12. 10; *pp.* put to confusion, 1. 5; overwhelmed, B 100; destroyed in soul, G 137.
- Cónfus**, *pp. as adj.* confused, T. iv. 356; convicted of folly, G 463; confounded, A 2230.
- Congeyen**, *v.* give us our congée, tell us to depart, T. v. 479.
- Conjectest**, *2 pr. s.* supposest, T. iv. 1026.
- Conjectinges**, *pl.* conjectures, B 2598.
- Conjoininge**, *s.* conjunction, G 95.
- Conjuracioun**, *s.* conjuring, I 605.
- Conne**, *v.* be able, L 2044; know, T. iii. 83; have experience, T. i. 647; know how, T. iii. 377; con, learn, B 1730; **Conne**, *1 pr. s.* can, T. ii. 49; *2 pr. s. subj.* canst, knowest how, T. ii. 1497; *pr. s. subj.* may, A 4396; *1 pr. pl.* can, are able, B 483; know, HF 335; **Conne**, *2 pr. pl.* can, A 4123; can (do), T. i. 776; owe (me thanks), T. ii. 1466; **Connen**, *pr. pl.* know how to, E 2438; *al connē he*, whether he may know, G 846.
- Conning**, *s.* skill, knowledge, L 68, 412; T. i. 83; experience, B 1671; learning, B 2929.
- Conning**, *adj.* skilful, B 3690.
- Conningest**, most skilful, T. i. 331.
- Cunningly**, *adv.* skilfully, E 1017.
- Consecrat**, consecrated, B 3207.
- Conseil**, *s.* council, B 204; counsel, B 425; secret counsel, A 1141; secret, A 3504; advice, B 2211; counsellor, A 1147.
- Conseile**, *v.* counsel; *pt. pl.* B 2554.
- Consentant**, *adj.* consentient, consenting (to), C 276.
- Consentrik**, *adj.* having the same centre, A. i. 17. 5; tending to the same centre, A. i. 16. 9; at the same altitude, A. ii. 3 56.
- Consequent**, *s.* sequel, result, B 2577.
- Conservatif**, *adj.* preserving; *c. the sound*, preserving the sound, HF 847.
- Conserve**, *v.* keep, preserve, T. iv. 1664.
- Consistórie**, *s.* council, T. iv. 65; court of justice, C 162.
- Conspiracye**, *s.* plot, B 3889, C 149.
- Constable**, *s.* governor, B 512.
- Constablesse**, *s.* constable's wife, B 539.
- Constaunce**, *s.* constancy, I 737.
- Constellacioun**, *s.* influence of the stars, F 781.
- Constreyneth**, *pr. s.* constrains, E 800; *pt. s. L.* 105; *pt. s. refl.* contracted herself, B 1. p 1. 15; *pp.* constrained, compelled, E 527, F 764, 769.
- Constreynte**, *s.* distress, T. iv. 741.
- Construe**, *v.* divine, make out, T. iii. 33; *ger.* to translate, B 1718; *imp. pl.* interpret, L 152.
- Consumlers**, *s. pl.* consuls, B 2. p 6. 13.
- Consumpte**, *pp. pl.* consumed, B 2. m 7. 27.
- Contagious**, *adj.* contiguous, B 3. p 12. 5.
- Contek**, *s.* strife, contest, T. v. 1479; 2033.
- Contemplaunce**, *s.* contemplation, D 1893.
- Contentance**, *s.* appearance, F 1485; show, B 2378; gesture, B 2227; demeanour, E 924; self-possession, E 1110; pretence, I 858; *fond his c.*, i. e. disposed himself, T. iii. 979; *pl.* modes of behaviour, R. 1001.
- Contene**, *v.* contain, T. iii. 502; *pt. s.* held together, B 3. p 12. 40.
- Continued**, *pp.* accompanied, eked out, I 1046.
- Contract**, *pp.* contracted, incurred, I 334.
- Contraire**, *adj.* contrary, R. 348; T. i. 212.
- Contraire**, *s.* the contrary, HF. 1540; adversary, 2. 64.
- Contrarie**, *adj.* contrary, B 3964; *in c.* in contradiction, G 1477.
- Contrarie**, *s.* contrary, A 3057; contrary thing, HF. 808; opponent, A 1859; opposition, T. i. 418.
- Contrárien**, *v.* oppose, F 705; *pt. s.* gainsaid, D 1044.
- Contrarious**, *adj.* contrary, adverse, B 2249; *pl.* B 2311.

- Contraricouste, *s.* contrary state, I 1077.
 Contree, country, R. 768; fatherland, home, B 2. p 4. 120.
 Contree-folk, people of his country, L. 2161.
 Contree-houses, *pl.* houses of his country, homes, 7. 25. Lat. *domos patrias*.
 Contree-ward, to his, towards his country, L. 2176.
 Contubernal, *adj.* familiar, at home with (lit. sharing the same tent with), I 760.
 Contumax, *adj.* contumacious, I 402.
 Convenient, *adj.* fitting, suitable, I 421; *pl.* suitable, F 1278.
 Convers; *in convers*, on the reverse side, T. v. 1810.
 Conversacioun, *s.* conversation, i.e. manner of life, B 2501.
 Converte, *v.* change, T. i. 308; swerve, C 212; *ger.* to change his ways, T. iv. 1412; to change her mind, T. ii. 903.
 Convertible, *adj.* equivalent, A 4395.
 Conveyen, *v.* introduce, E 55; *pr. s.* accompanies, L. 2305; *pt. pl.* conducted on their way, A 2737.
 Convict, *pp.* overcome, i. 86.
 Cony, *s.* rabbit; Conies, *pl.* R. 1404; Conyes, *pl.* 5. 193.
 Cook, *s.* cook, A 351; Cokes, *pl.* C 538.
 Coomen, *pt. pl.* came, B 1805.
 Cop, *s.* top, A 554; summit, B 2. m 4. 6; hill-top, HF. 1166.
 Cope, *s.* cope, A 260; cape, R. 408; cloak, T. iii. 724; vault, L. 1527.
 Coper, *s.* copper, HF. 1487.
 Copie, *s.* copy, T. ii. 1697.
 Coppe, *s.* cup, A 134, F 942.
 Corage, Córage, *s.* heart, spirit, mind, disposition, mood, inclination, R. 257. 423, 849, 1302, 1614; A 22; courage, B 1970; will, desire, B 2713; impetuosity, I 655; attention, H 164; spite, R. 151; encouragement, R. 22; *of his c.*, in his disposition, F 22; Corages, *pl.* dispositions, natures, A 11.
 Corbets, *pl.* corbels, HF. 1304.
 Cordeth, *pr. s.* agrees, T. ii. 1043.
 Cordewane, *s.* Cordovan leather, B 1922.
 Corfew-tyme, *s.* curfew-time, about 8 p.m., A 3645.
 Corige, *v.* correct; *pr. s.* B 4. p 7. 39.
 Cormeraunt, *s.* cormorant, 5. 362.
Cor meum eructavit, D 1934. See Ps. xlvi. 1.
 Corn, *s.* grain, A 562; chief portion, B 3144; Cornes, *pl.* crops of corn, B 3225; grains of corn, HF. 698.
 Cornemuse, *s.* bagpipe, HF. 1218. Fr. *cornemuse*.
 Corniculere, *s.* registrar, secretary, G 369. Lat. *cornicularius*, a registrar, clerk to a magistrate.
 Corny, *adj.* applied to ale, strong of the corn or malt, C 315, 456.
 Corone, *s.* crown, garland, E 381; Coroune, crown, garland, 2. 58; Córoun, crown, L. 216; the constellation called 'the Northern Crown,' L. 2224.
 Corosif, *adj.* corrosive, G 853.
 Coroumpinge, *s.* corruption, B 3. p 12. 82.
 Coróuned, *pp.* crowned, B 3555.
 Corpus, *s.* body, A 3743; *Corpus*, the body (e.g. of Christ), B 3096; *Corpus Domini*, false Latin for *corpus Domini*, the body of the Lord, B 1625; *Corpus Madrian*, the body of St. Mathurin, B 3082; *Corpus bones*, an intentionally nonsensical oath, composed of 'corpus domini,' the Lord's body, and 'bones,' C 314.
 Correccioun, *s.* fine, D 1617.
 Corrumpable, *adj.* corruptible, A 3010.
 Corrumpeth, *pr. s.* becomes corrupt, L. 2237; *pt. s.* corrupted, I 810.
 Corrupcioun, *s.* destroyer, 5. 614.
 Cors, *s.* body, L. 676, 876; corpse, T. v. 742.
 Corse, *pr. s. subj.* curse, E 1308.
 Cersednesse, *s.* abomination, T. iv. 904.
 Corseynt, *s.* a saint (lit. holy body); esp. a shrine, HF. 117. O.F. *corsaint*.
 Corumpe, *v.* become corrupt, B 3. p 11. 58. See Corrumpe.
 Corve, -n; see Kerve.
 Cosin, *s.* cousin, A 1131; *as adj.* akin, suitable to, A 742, H 210; Cosins germanys, cousins-german, first cousins, B 2558.
 Cosinage, *s.* kinship, B 1226, 1329.
 Cost (1), *s.* expense, A 102, 213.
 Cost (2), *s.* choice, condition: Nedes cost, of necessity (lit. by condition of necessity), L. 2697. Icel. *kostr*, choice, condition, state.
 Costage, *s.* cost, expense, B 1235, 1562.
 Coste, *s.* coast, B 1626; region, D 922; Costes, *pl.* parts of the sky, A. i. 19. 10.
 Costeyng, *pres. part.* coasting, R. 134.
 Costlewe, *adj.* costly, I 415. Cf. Icel. *kostligr*.
 Costrel, *s.* flask, kind of bottle, L. 2666.
 Cote, *s.* cot, E 398; dungeon, A 2457.
 Cote, *s.* coat, jacket (for a man), A 103, 328; skirt, petticoat, or gown (for

- a woman), R. 226; *pl.* coats, surcoats, or coats-of-arms (see below), HF. 1332.
- Cote-armure**, coat-armour, coat shewing the arms, coat-of-arms, T. v. 1651.
- Couche**, *v.* lay down, place; cower, E 1206; *pt. s.* laid in order, placed, 5. 216; G 1157; *pp.* set, placed, laid, A 2933, 3211; beset, begemm'd, A 2161.
- Couching**, *s.* laying down, letting the astrolabe lie flat on the ground, A. ii. 29, 29.
- Coude**, *i pt. s.* could, was able, L. 116; knew how, 3. 517; *pt. s.* knew, 3. 667, 1012; understood, R. 179; *as aux.* could, R. 175; Coude her good, knew what was for Dido's advantage, L. 1182; Coude no good, knew no good, was untrained, 3. 390; Coud, *pp.* known, 3. 787; learnt, I 1041. See *Can*, *Conne*.
- Counseil**, *s.* advice, A 784; secrets, A 665: Counseyl, secret, 5. 348.
- Counte**, *i pr. s.* account, 11. 29; *pt. s.* 3. 718.
- Countenaunce**, *s.* appearance, show, A 1926; looks, appearance, G 1264; shewing favour, 3. 1022; demeanour, R. 814; pretext, A 4421; *pl.* looks, R. 1309.
- Counting-bord**, *s.* counting-house table, B 1273.
- Countour** (1), *s.* arithmetician, 3. 435; auditor, A 359.
- Countour** (2), *s.* abacus, counting-board, 3. 436; counting-house, B 1403.
- Countour-hous**, *s.* counting-house, B 1267.
- Countrepeise**, *v.* render equivalent, HF. 1750; countervail, T. iii. 1407.
- Countrepleted**, *pp.* made the subject of pleadings and counter-pleadings, argued against, L. 476.
- Countretaille**, *s.* lit. countertally, i.e. correspondence (of sound); *at the c.*, in reply, E 1190.
- Countrewaite**, *pr. s. subj.* keep watch over, I 1005; watch against, B 2509.
- Couppable**, *adj.* culpable, blameworthy, B 2731, I 414.
- Coupe**, *s.* cup, L. 1122.
- Coured**, *pt. s.* cowered, R. 465.
- Cours**, *s.* course, T. ii. 970; life on earth, G 387; orbit, A 2454.
- Courser**, *s.* horse, T. ii. 1011; *pl.* steeds, A 2501.
- Court**, *s.* court, A 140; manor-house, D 2162.
- Courtesy**, an upper short coat of a coarse material, R. 220; A 290, D 1382.
- Court-man**, *s.* courtier, E 1492.
- Couthe**, *i pt. s.* could, R. 513; knew, 3. 800; knew how, A 300; Couth, *pp.* known, T. iv. 61; Couthe, *pp. pl.* well-known, A 14.
- Couthe**, *adv.* in a known way, manifestly, HF. 757.
- Coveityse**, *s.* covetousness, A 3884, C 424; bodily craving, I 819; lust, I 336.
- Covenable**, *adj.* fit, proper, fitting, suitable, 18. 25; agreeable, B 4. p 6. 224; congruous, B 3. p 12. 179.
- Covenably**, *adv.* suitably, fitly, B 2423.
- Covent**, *s.* convent, conventional body, B 1827, D 1863.
- Coverchief**, *s.* kerchief worn on the head, D 590; *pl.* A 453.
- Covercle**, *s.* pot-lid, HF. 792.
- Covered**, *pp.* covered, A 354; recovered from, healed of, L. 762.
- Covertly**, *adv.* secretly, R. 19.
- Coverture**, *s.* disguise, R. 1588; Covertures, *pl.* coverings, I 198.
- Covetour**, *s.* one who covets, 4. 262.
- Covyne**, *s.* deceitfulness, A 604. 'Covine, a deceitful agreement between two or more to the prejudice of another'; Cowel, Law Dictionary.
- Cow**, *s.* chough, D 232. See Chogh.
- Coward**, *adj.* cowardly, 5. 349.
- Cowardye**, *s.* cowardice, A 2730.
- Cowardyse**, *s.* cowardice, T. iv. 602, v. 412.
- Coy**, *adj.* quiet, A 119; shy, L. 1548.
- Coye**, *v.* quiet, calm, cajole, T. ii. 801.
- Coynes**, *pl.* quinces, R. 1374. O. F. *coin*, quince.
- Crabbed**, *adj.* shrewish, cross, bitter, E 1203.
- Cracching**, *s.* scratching, A 2834.
- Craft**, *s.* cunning, C 84; skill, T. i. 665; art, R. 687; trade, occupation, 3. 791; A 692; secret, mystery, R. 1634; might, B 3258; contrivance, F 249.
- Craftily**, *adv.* artfully, in a studied manner, T. ii. 1026; skilfully, B 48.
- Crafty**, *adj.* skilful, clever, A 1897; sensible, 3. 439.
- Craketh**, *pr. s.* utters boldly, A 4001; sings in a grating tone (like a corn-crake), E 1850.
- Crampissheth**, *pr. s.* draws convulsively together, contracts, 7. 171. Cf. 'Deth crampishing into their hert gan crepe'; Lydgate, Falls of Princes, bk. i. c. 9. Cf. O.F. *crampir*, 'être tordu'; Godefroy.
- Crased**, *pp.* cracked, G 934.
- Creant**, *adj.*; *seith creant*, acknowledges himself beaten, I 698. Probably short for *recreat*.

- Creat, *pp.* created, 16. 2; B 2293.
 Creaunce, *s.* credence, belief, creed, B 915; object of faith, B 340.
 Creaunce, *v.* borrow on credit, B 1479; *pr. s.* borrows, B 1493; *pp.* B 1556.
 Creep, *pt. s. of* Crepe.
 Crekes, *pl.* crooked devices, wiles, A 4051. See Creek, *s. (t)*, § 7, in the New E. Dict.
 Crepe, *v.* creep, 3. 144; Creep, *pt. s.* crept, A 4226; Crepten, *pt. pl.* D 1098; Cropen, *pp.* crept, T. iii. 1011.
 Crepul, *s.* cripple, T. iv. 1459.
 Crepusculis, *s. pl.* twilights, durations of twilight, A. ii. 6. rubric.
 Crevace, *s.* crevice, crack, HF. 2086.
 Crinkled, *pp.* full of turns or cranks, L. 2012.
 Crips, *adj.* crisp, curly, HF. 1386; Crisp, R. 824.
 Cristen, *adj.* Christian, B 222, 1679.
 Cristendom, *s.* the Christian religion, B 351; Christianity, G 447.
 Cristenly, *adv.* in a Christian manner, B 1122.
 Cristianitee, *s.* company of Christians, B 544.
 Croce, *s.* staff, stick, D 484. See Crose, § 2, in the New E. Dict.
 Crois, *s.* cross, 1. 60.
 Croked, *adj.* crooked, R. 926; crooked (things), 13. 8; 'tortuous,' A. ii. 28. 32.
 Crokes, *pl.* crooks, hooks, L. 640.
 Crokke, *s.* earthenware pot, 13. 12.
 Crommes, *s. pl.* crumbs, G 60.
 Crone, *s.* crone, hag, B 432.
 Cronique, *s.* chronicle, B 4398.
 Croos-lyne, *s.* cross-line, the line from right to left through the centre, A. i. 12. 7.
 Crop, *s.* top, sprout, new twig, T. ii. 348; *crop and rote*, top and root, everything, T. v. 1245; Croppes, *pl.* tree-tops, ends of branches, R. 1396; new shoots, A 7.
 Cropen, *pp. of* Crepe.
 Croper, *s.* crupper, G 566.
 Cros, *s.* cross, 1. 82; Crois, 1. 60.
 Croslet, *s.* crucible, G 1147.
 Crouche, *1 pr. s.* mark with the cross (to defend from elves), A 3479; E 1707.
 Croude, *v.* push, HF. 2095; *pr. s. 2 p.* dost press, dost push, B 296.
 Crouke, *s.* pitcher, jug, A 4158.
 Croun, *s.* crown (of the head), A 4041; (referring to the tonsure), B 1499.
 Crouned, *pp.* crowned, R. 1266; supreme, F 526.
 Croupe, *s.* crupper, D 1559.
 Crouperes, *pl.* cruppers, I 433.
 Crowding, *s.* pressure, motive power, B 299.
 Croys, *s.* cross, A 699, 4286.
 Crul, *adj.* curly, A 3314; *pl. A 81.* Friesic krul, curly.
 Crydestow, didst thou cry out, A 1083; *pp.* proclaimed, HF. 2107.
 Cryinge, *s.* outcry, A 906.
 Cryke, *s.* creek, A 409.
 Cucúrbitès, *s. pl.* cucurbites, G 794. 'Cucurbita, a chemical vessel, originally made in the shape of a gourd, but sometimes shallow, with a wide mouth, and used in distillation,' Webster.
 Culpa, mea, i. e. I acknowledge my fault, T. ii. 525.
 Culpe, *s.* guilt, blame, I 335.
 Culter, *s.* coulter (of a plough), A 3763.
 Cunning, *adj.* skilful, 2. 97.
 Cunning, *s.* skill, 5. 107, 487.
 Cuppe, *s.* a cup, F 616.
 Curacioun, *s.* cure, healing, B 2463; mode of cure, T. i. 791.
 Curat, *s.* parish-priest, vicar, A 219 (the words *vicar* and *curate* have now, practically, changed places).
 Cure, *s.* cure, remedy, T. i. 469; charge, B 2. p. 3. 32; diligence, A 1007; attention, A 303; heed, care, 2. 82; endeavour, B 188; careful purpose, HF. 1298; supervision, D 1333; *I do no cure*, I care not, L. 152; *lyth in his cure*, depends on his care for me, L. 1176; *did his besy cure*, was busily employed, 5. 369; *his lyves cure*, the object of his thoughts always, 4. 131; *honest cure*, care for honourable things, C 557; *in cure*, in her power, B 230.
 Curiositee, *s.* curious workmanship, HF. 1178; intricacy, 18. 81.
 Curious, *adj.* careful, attentive, B 1433; eager, R. 1052; skilful, A 577; delicately made, A 106; magical, F 1120.
 Curroours, *s. pl.* runners, couriers, HF. 2128.
 Cursednesse, *s.* abominable sin, wickedness, C 276, 400; shrewishness, E 1230; malice, B 1821.
 Curteis, *adj.* courteous, hence, compassionate, I 246; courteous, R. 538.
 Curteisye, *s.* courtesy, A 46, 132.
 Custume, *s.* custom, D 682; *pl.* payments, I 752; imports, I 567.
 Cut, *s.* lot, A 835, 845, 854.
 Cutte, *v.* cut, C 954; Cutted, *pp.* cut short, L. 973.

D.

- Daf, *s.* foolish person, A 4203.
 Dagged, *adj.* tagged, cut into hanging peaks at the lower edge, I 421.
 Dagginge, *s.* a cutting into tags, I 418.
 Dagon, *s.* small piece, D 1751.
 Dalf, *pt. s. of* Delve.
 Daliaunce, *s.* gossip, A 211; playful demeanour, favour, 12. 8; *pl.* dalliance, toying, C 66.
 Damageous, *adj.* injurious, I 438.
 Dame, *s.* mother, C 684; dam, A 3260; madam, A 3956; goodwife, D 1797.
 Damiselle, *s.* damsels, R. 1210; *pl.* R. 1622.
 Dampnacioun, *s.* condemnation, C 500; curse, D 1067.
 Dampne, *ger.* to condemn, L. 401; *pp.* A 1175, 1342; damned, I 191.
 Dan, *s. (for Dominus)*, lord, sir, a title of respect, HF. 161; B 3982; Daun, HF. 137.
 Dappel-gray, *adj.* dapple-gray, B 2074.
 Dar, 1 *pr. s.* dare, A 1151; Darst, 2 *pr. s.* darest, T. i. 768; B 860; Darstow, darest thou, L. 1450; Dorste, 1 *pt. s.* durst, might venture (to), L. 2054; *pt. s.* A 227; Dorstestow, wouldst thou dare, T. i. 767; 1 *pt. s. subj.* might dare, 2. 60. See Durre.
 Dare, *pr. pl.* doze, B 1293.
 Darketh, *pr. s.* lies hid, L. 816.
 Darreyne, *ger.* to decide one's right to, A 1853; to decide, A 1631; to decide your claims (to), A 1609. O.F. *deraisnier*.
 Dart, *s.* dart, 6. 40; (given as a prize in an athletic contest), D 75.
 Daswen, *pt. pl.* dase, are dazzled, H 31; *pp.* confused, HF. 658. O.F. *daser* (*Godefroy*).
 Date-tree, *s.* date-tree, R. 1364.
 Daun; see Dan.
 Daunce, *s.* dance, R. 808; play, T. iv. 1431; set, company, HF. 639; *the newe d.*, the new dance, T. ii. 553; *the olde d.*, the old game, the old way of love, A 476, C 79.
 Dauncen, *v.* dancee, A 2202.
 Daunger, *s.* disdain, R. 1524; imperiousness, 7. 186; liability, A 1849; sparing, stint, R. 1147; power, control, R. 1470; Power to harm (personified), L. 160; *in d.*, within his jurisdiction, under his control, A 663; *in hird.*, at her disposal, R. 1049; *with d.*, sparingly, charily, D 521.
 Daungorous, *adj.* forbidding, sparing, A 517; niggardly, D 1427; grudging, hard to please, R. 1482, 1492; reluctant, D 514; inhospitable, R. 490.
 Daunten, *v.* tame, subdue, R. 880; *pr. s.* T. ii. 399, iv. 1589; *pp.* frightened, D 463.
 Dawe, *v.* dawn, B 3872, E 1832.
 Daweninge, *s.* dawn, A 4234, B 4072.
 Dawes, *s. pl.* days, F 1180.
 Dawing, *s.* the Dawn (Aurora), T. iii. 1466.
 Dawning, *s.* dawn, 3. 292.
 Day, *s.* day, A 19; time, B 3374; appointed time for repaying money, G 1040; *on a day*, one day, some day, R. 1493; Dayes, *pl.* appointed days for payment, F 1568, 1575; lifetime, B 118; *now a dayes*, at this time, E 1164.
 Dayerye, *s.* dairy, A 597; *pl.* D 871.
 Dayesye, *s.* daisy, L. 182, 184, 218.
 Debaat, *s.* strife, A 3230, B 2867; war, B 130; mental conflict, 3. 1192; quarrelling T. ii. 753.
 Debate, *v.* fight, war, B 2058; quarrel, C 412.
 Debonair, *adj.* calm, benign, gentle, I 1658; Debonaire, *fem.* well-mannered, B 4061; gracious, courteous, R. 797; *as s. kind person*, 3. 624.
 Debonairely, *adv.* meekly, I 660; graciously, 3. 851, 1284; with a good grace, HF. 2013; courteously, 3. 518; T. ii. 1259.
 Debonairetee, *s.* gentleness, I 467; graciousness, 6. 108.
 Deceivable, *adj.* deceitful, 15. 3; E 2058.
 Declamed, *pt. pl.* discussed, T. ii. 1247.
 Declinacioun, *s.* declination, angular distance N. or S. of the equator, E 2223; F 1033.
 Declyneth, *pr. s.* turns aside, B 4. p 6. 195; *pr. s.* possesses declination, A ii. 19. 12.
 Declyninge, *adj.* sloping, B 5. m 1. 19.
 Decoped, *pp.* lit. 'cut down'; hence, pierced, cut in openwork patterns, R. 843.
 Dede, dead; see Dèèd.
 Dèèd, *ger.* to grow dead, become stupefied, HF. 552.
 Deden, *pt. pl.* did, T. i. 82. See Doon.
 Dedicat, *pp.* dedicated, I 964.
 Deduyt, *s.* pleasure, A 2177.
 Deed, *s.* deed, act; Dede, *dat.* 1. 45; B 1999; *in dede*, indeed, A 659, B 3511; *with the dede*, with the act thereof, D 70; Dede, *pl.* (A.S. *dæda*), 5. 82.
 Dèèd, *adj.* dead, R. 215; dead, livid (of hue), R. 441; *for d.*, as dead, T. iv. 733;

- Dede, *def.* L. 876; *d. sleep*, heavy sleep, 3. 127; Dede, *pl.* sluggish, 5. 187; *woundes dede*, deadly wounds, 3. 1211.
- Dèedly, *adj.* mortal, I 99; dying, L. 885; deathlike, 3. 162.
- Dèedly, *adv.* mortally, G 476.
- Dèef, *adj.* deaf, T. i. 753; Deve, *pl.* G 286.
- Deel, *s. part.* R. 1074; *never a deel*, not at all, I 1007; not a bit, HF. 331; *every deel*, every whit, wholly, T. ii. 500; Decl, *pl.* times, 6. 35; Del, *part.* R. 28; share, 3. 1001; *every d.*, every whit, A 1825; *eche a d.*, every whit, T. iii. 694; *a greet del*, to a large extent, A 415; very often, 3. 1159; *no del*, no whit, T. i. 1089; *never a d.*, not a whit, 3. 543.
- Deer, *s. pl.* animals, B 1926.
- Dees, *pl.* dice, T. ii. 1347, iv. 1098.
- Dees, *s. dais*, HF. 1360, 1658.
- Deeth, *s.* death, B 3567; pestilence, plague, T. i. 483; *the deeth*, the pestilence (with special references to the pestilences of 1349, 1361, and 1369), A 605.
- Defame, *s.* dishonour, B 3788, C 612.
- Defaute, *s.* fault, 22. 56; fault (as a hunting term), 3. 384 (*were on a defaute y-falle*, had a check); lack, defect, want, 3. 5. 25, 223; sin, B 3718, C 370.
- Defence, *s.* resistance, L. 1931; hindrance, R. 1142; covering, 5. 273; prohibition, T. iii. 138; denial, D 467.
- Defendaunt, *s.*; *in his d.*, in defending himself, in self-defence, I 572.
- Defende, *ger.* to defend, B. 2631; to forbid, G 1470.
- Defet, *pp.* exhausted, (lit. defeated), T. v. 618; cast down, T. v. 1219.
- Defendeth, *pr. s.* forbids, I 651; *pp.* I 600.
- Defoulen, *v.* trample down, *hence*, defile, F 1418; *pp.* trampled down, I 191; defiled, T. v. 1339; disgraced, B 4. m 7. 47 (Lat. *turpatus*).
- Defyne, *i pr. s.* pronounce, declare, T. iv. 390.
- Degree, *s. rank*, 5. 453; condition, position, A 1841; step, R. 485; footstep, B 4. m 1. 42; horizontal stripes, B 1. p 1. 38; of the zodiac, F 380; *at love degree*, R. 883; *at alle degrees*, in every way, A 3724.
- Degysè, *adj.* elaborate, I 417.
- Degysinesse, *s.* elaborate style, I 414.
- Degysinge, *s.* elaborate ornamentation, I 425.
- Dekne, *s.* deacon, I 891.
- Del; see Deel.
- Delen, *ger.* to have dealing with, A 247;
- Dele, *ger.* to have dealings, T. iii. 322; to deal, L. 1158; *v.* argue, T. ii. 1749;
- Deled, *pt. pl.* had intercourse, L. 1517;
- Deled, *pp.* apportioned, D 2249.
- Deliberen, *v.* deliberate, consider, T. iv. 169; *pt. s.* deliberated, B 2916.
- Delicacye, *s.* amusement, B 3669; wantonness, 9. 58.
- Delicat, *adj.* delicious, E 1646; delicate, E 682; dainty, I 432.
- Delices, *s. pl.* delights, B 2602; tender feelings, B 2. p 4. 78; sinful pleasures, B 3. p 7. 1.
- Delicious, *adj.* giving delight, T. v. 443.
- Deliciously, *adv.* luxuriously, E 2025.
- Delitable, *adj.* delightful, R. 1440; de-
licious, R. 1371; *pl.* delightful, F 899.
- Delitably, *adv.* pleasingly, B 4. p 1. 2.
- Delitous, *adj.* delicious, R. 489.
- Deliver, *adj.* quick, active, A 84.
- Delivere, *v.* set free, 13. 7; do away with, T. iii. 1012; *ger.* to set free (after a legal decision), 5. 508.
- Deliverly, *adv.* nimbly, B 4606; quickly, T. ii. 1088.
- Delivernesse, *s.* activity, B 2355.
- Delphyn, *s.* the constellation Dolphin, HF. 1006.
- Delte, *pt. s. of Delen.*
- Delve, *v.* dig, A 536; Dalf, *i pt. s.* dug, B 5. p 1. 99; Dolve, *pt. s. subj.* had digged, B 5. p 1. 87; Dolven, *pp.* buried, 3. 222. A. S. *delfan*.
- Delyces, *s. pl.* delights, pleasures, C 547; G 3: favourites (Lat. *delicias*), B 2. p 3. 74.
- Delyè, *adj.* delicate, fine, B 1. p 1. 23. O. F. *delié*.
- Delyt, *s.* delight, joy, 3. 606; pleasing ornamentation, L. 1199.
- Delytable, *adj.* delightful, L. 321.
- Delyte, *v.* delight, please, 5. 27; *refl.* take pleasure, 5. 66; Delyte me, *i pr. s.* delight, L. 30.
- Delytous, *adj.* delicious, R. 90.
- Demaunde, *s.* question, T. iv. 1694, v. 859.
- Deme, *v.* judge, 14. 6; decide, conclude, T. ii. 371; suppose, 4. 158; give a verdict, G 595; Demen, *v.* deem, judge, A 3161; decide, B 3045; *i pr. s.* condemn, D 2024; decree, C 199; suppose, E 753; Demeth, *imp. pl.* judge, decide, L. 453; suppose, A 3172.
- Demeine, *v.* manage, HF. 959.
- Demeyne, *s.* dominion, B 3855.
- Demoniak, *s.* madman, D 2240.
- Demonstracioun, *s.* proof, HF. 727.

- Demonstratif, *adj.* demonstrable, D 2272.
- Denticle, *s.* pointer, A. i. 23. 1. See Almury.
- Denye, *v.* refuse, T. ii. 1489; Deneyed, *pp.* denied, B 3. p 10. 16.
- Depardieux, *interj.* on the part of God, by God's help, T. ii. 1058, 1212.
- Departe, *v.* separate, part, 7. 285; sever, T. ii. 531; divide, I 1006; *imp. s.* distinguish, T. iii. 404.
- Departinge, *s.* dividing, I 425, 1008; departure, 5. 675; separation, 4. 25.
- Depe, *adv.* deeply, 3. 165; 7. 8.
- Depeynted, *pp.* depicted, L. 1025; painted, R. 478; stained, T. v. 1599.
- Depper, *adv. comp.* deeper, T. ii. 485; B 630.
- Depraven, *pr. pl.* calumniate, 4. 207.
- Depressioun, *s.* the angular distance of the southern pole from the horizon, A. ii. 25. 10.
- Dere, *adj.* dear, 1. 99; 4. 147.
- Dere, *adv.* dearly, 1. 86; 18. 26.
- Dere, *s. dat.* deer, R. 1453.
- Dere, *v.* injure, harm, T. i. 651. A. S. derian.
- Dereling, *s.* darling, A 3793.
- Derk, *adj.* dark, R. 1009; inauspicious, 4. 120; *as s.* inauspicious position, 4. 122.
- Derke, *s.* darkness, gloom, 3. 609.
- Derkest, *adj. superl.* darkest, B 304.
- Derkly, *adv.* darkly, HF. 51.
- Derknesse, *s.* darkness, B 1451.
- Derne, *adj.* secret, A 3200, 3278.
- Derre, *adv. comp.* more dearly, T. i. 136, 174; A 1448.
- Derth, *s.* dearth, HF. 1974.
- Deryveth, *pr. s.* is derived, A 3006.
- Desceivaunce, *s.* deception, B 3. p 8. 53.
- Descencioun, *s.* descension, A. ii. 4. 55. The technical signification seems to be —the 'house' or portion of the sky just above the western horizon, so that a planet in his descension is about to set.
- Descensorsies, *s. pl.* G 792. 'Descensorsies, vessels used in chemistry for extracting oils *per descensum*;' Tyrwhitt.
- Descerne, *v.* discern, T. iv. 200.
- Descharge, *pr. s. subj.* disburden, I 360.
- Desclaundred, *pp.* slandered, B 674.
- Descryve, *v.* describe, R. 705; HF. 1105.
- Desdeyn, *s.* disdain, contempt, A 789.
- Desert, *s.* merit, 4. 31; *pl.* merits, T. iii. 1267.
- Deserte, *adj.* lonely, HF. 417.
- Deservedest, *2 pt. s.* didst deserve, C 216.
- Desespaire, *pp.* in despair, 6. 7.
- Desespeir, *s.* despair, T. i. 605, ii. 6.
- Desesperaunce, *s.* hopelessness, T. ii. 530, 1307.
- Desherite, *ger.* to disinherit, B 3025.
- Deshonestee, *s.* unseemliness, I 833.
- Désirous, *adj.* ambitious, 9. 59; ardent, F 23.
- Deslavee, *adj.* foul, I 629; inordinate, unrestrained, I 834. 'Deslavé, pp. non lavé, crasseux, sale;' Godefroy.
- Desordeyne, *adj.* unregulated, inordinate, I 818, 915.
- Desordinat, *adj.* inordinate, I 415.
- Despeired, *pp.* sunk in despair, 2. 91; T. v. 713.
- Despence, *s.* expense, D 1874; expenditure, money for expenses, B 105.
- Despende, *v.* spend, T. iv. 921; *2 pr. s.* wastest, B 2121; *pp.* spent, A 3083.
- Despendours, *pl.* spenders, B 2843.
- Despenses, *pl.* expenditure, B 2842.
- Desperacion, *s.* despair, 1. 21.
- Déspitous, *adj.* spiteful, R. 173; angry, jealous, D 761; merciless, A 516; scornful, A 1777, I 395.
- Despitously, *adv.* scornfully, B 3785; angrily, A 4274; maliciously, B 6051; cruelly, E 535.
- Desplayeth, *pr. s.* spreads open, A 966.
- Desponeth, *pr. s.* disposes, T. iv. 964.
- Desport, *s.* diversion, merriment, amusement, T. i. 592; B 2158.
- Desporte, *v.* rejoice, T. v. 1398.
- Despoyle, *pp.* robbed, I 665.
- Despyt, *s.* malice, spite, T. i. 207; contempt, disdain, D 1876; scorn, L. 372; malice, L. 1771; ill-humour, I 507; *in deed expressing contempt*, B 3738: *in d. of*, in contempt of, 5. 281; *in your d.*, in contempt of you, B 1753; *in his d.*, in scorn of him, L. 134.
- Desray, *s.* confusion, I 927.
- Desseveraunce, *s.* separation, T. iii. 1424.
- Destemperaunce, *s.* inclemency, B 3 p 11. 130.
- Destempred, *pp.* distempered, I 826.
- Destinal, *adj.* fatal, B 4. p 6. 172; predestined, B 4. p 6. 110.
- Destourbe, *ger.* to disturb; *d. of*, to disturb in, C 340; *pr. s.* hinders, I 576; interrupts, B 2167.
- Destourbing, *s.* trouble, 18. 44.
- Destrat, *pp.* distracted, B 3. p 8. 19.
- Destreyne, *v.* distress, T. iii. 1528; *ger.* constrain, force, H 161.
- Destroubled, *pp.* disturbed, 3. 524.
- Desyringe, *adj.* desirous, B 2767.

Determinat, *adj.* determinate, exact, fixed, D 1459; properly placed (on the astrolabe), A. ii. 18 (rubric).

Détermýne, *v.* come to an end, T. iii. 379; Determined, *pp.* settled, B 5. p 4. 9.

Dette, *s.* debt, L. 541; A 280.

Dettelees, *adj.* free from debt, A 582.

Dettour, *s.* debtor, B 1587, D 155.

Deus hic, God (be) here, D 1770.

Deve, *pl.* of Deef, deaf.

Devil, *s.* L. 2493; what *a.*, what the devil, L. 2694; how *d.*, how the devil, T. i. 623; a *d. meye*, in the way to the devil, in the devil's name, A 3134; a twenty devil way, in the way of twenty devils, i. e. to utter destruction, L. 2177; an exclamation of petulance, A 3713, 4257.

Devoir, *s.* duty, T. iii. 1045; A 2598.

Devyn, *s.* astrologer, T. i. 66.

Devyne, *v.* guess, T. v. 288; ger. T. iii. 765; to prophesy (by), 5. 182; Devyne, *pr. pl.* suspect, T. ii. 1745; Devyne, *pr. s. subj.* let (him) guess, HF. 14.

Devyneresse, *s.* female diviner, T. v. 1522.

Devys, *s.* contrivance, R. 1413; supposition, R. 651; direction, A 816; at his *d.*, according to his own wish, R. 1326; at point *d.*, with great exactness or exactitude, R. 830; Devyses, *pl.* heraldic devices, badges, L. 1272.

Devysse, *v.* to relate, tell, describe, T. iii. 41; A 34; recommend, T. ii. 388; devise, suggest, ordain, L. 437; plan, L. 1453; ger. to tell, describe, 5. 398; to relate, A 994; to frame, E 739; to tell of, T. i. 277; *pr. s.* narrates, describes, 5. 317; *pr. pl.* imagine, discourse, F 261; *pp.* described to, told, R. 476.

Devysing, *s.* arrangement, A 2496.

Dewe, *adj.* due, I 867.

Dextrer, *s.* a courser, war-horse, B 2103. Fr. destrier, a war-horse, Low Lat. *dextrarius*. The squire rode his own horse, and led his master's horse beside him, on his right hand.

Deye, *s.* dairywoman, B 4036. Icel. *deigja*.

Deye, *v.* die, 5. 469, 651; Deyde, *pt. s.* A 2846; Deyed, *pp.* R. 456; Deyde, *pt. s. subj.* should die, A 3427.

Deyen, *ger.* to dye, to dip, B 4. m 6. 14.

Deyinge, *s.* death, B 1850; lay on dying, lay a-dying, B 3906.

Deyne, *v.* deign, 7. 231; Deyneth him, *pr. s.* he deigns, 7. 181; L. 395; him deyned, he deigned, B 3324, 4371; hir deyned, she deigned, 4. 39.

Deynous, *adj.* scornful, A 3941.

Deyntee, *s.* worth, value, D 208; took lesse *d. for*, set less value on, 7. 143; a peculiar pleasure, B 130; pleasure, F 681, 1003; Deyntees, *pl.* dainties, A 346. Deyntee, *s. as adj.* dainty, pleasant, rare, T. v. 438; good, A 168.

Deyntevous, *adj.* dainty, E 265.

Deys, *s.* daïs, platform, the high table in a dining-hall, A 370, 2200.

Diademe, *s.* diadem, crown of an emperor, 14. 7.

Diapred, *pp. as adj.* variegated, diversified with figures, A 2158.

Dich, *s.* ditch, A 3964.

Dichen, *v.* make a dyke round, L. 708; *pp.* provided with a moat, A 1888.

Dide, Dides; see Doon.

Diete, *s.* diet, daily food, A 435.

Diffamacioun, *s.* defamation, D 1304.

Diffame, *s.* ill report, E 540, 730.

Diffame, *ger.* to dishonour, HF. 1581; *v.* cry down, D 2212.

Diffinicioun, *s.* clear exposition, D 25.

Diffinisshe, *pr. s. subj.* define, B 5. p 1. 36.

Diffinitif, *adj.* definite, final, C 172.

Diffusioun, *s.* prolixity, T. iii. 296.

Diffye, *1 pr. s.* defy, spurn, D 1928.

Diffyne, *ger.* define, state clearly, 5. 529; *2 pr. pl.* conclude, HF. 344.

Digestible, *adj.* easy to be digested, A 437.

Digithe, *v.* prepare, L. 1288; prepare (himself), L. 1000; Digithe me, prepare myself to go, B 3104; ordain, place, T. iv. 1188; lie with, D 767; *pt. s. refl.* hastened, betook himself, T. ii. 948; lay with, D 398; Digithe, *pp.* arrayed, equipped, T. iii. 1773; served, H 312; prepared, R. 941; prepared him to go, B 319; Digithe, *pp. pl.* prepared, L. 2611. A. S. *dihstan*; from Lat. *dictare*.

Digne, *adj.* worthy, T. i. 429; honourable, noble, B 1175, C 695; suitable, B 778; proud, disdainful, A 517; scornful, repellent, A 3964.

Dignely, *adv.* scornfully, T. ii. 1024.

Dignitee, *s.* worth, dignity, C 701, 782; rank, E 470. Dignity, in astrology, signifies the advantages which a planet has when in a particular position in the zodiac, or in a particular position with regard to other planets (Bailey).

Dilatacioun, *s.* diffuseness, B 232.

Diluge, *s.* deluge, I 839.

Dint, *s.* stroke, HF. 534.

Direct, *adj.* directed, addressed, 18. 75:

- in directe*, in a line with, A. ii. 44. 26.
 A planet's motion is direct when it moves in the same direction as the sun in the zodiac.
- Directe*, *1 pr. s.* address, T. v. 1856.
- Disavaunce*, *v.* defeat, T. ii. 511.
- Disaventure*, *s.* misfortune, T. ii. 415.
- Disblameth*, *imp. pl.* free (me) from blame, T. ii. 17.
- Disceyving*, *s.* deception, R. 1590.
- Dischevele*, *adj.* with (his) hair hanging loosely down, A 683; with hair in disorder, L. 1315.
- Disciplyne*, *s.* bodily mortification, I 1052.
- Disclaundre*, *s.* reproach, T. iv. 564; slander, I 623.
- Disconfiture*, *s.* defeat, A 1008; grief, 7. 326.
- Discomfort*, *s.* discouragement, discom-fort, A 1010; grief, woe, T. iv. 311.
- Disconforde*, *v.* discourage, A 2704.
- Discordable*, discordant, T. iii. 1753.
- Discordances*, *s. pl.* discords, I 275.
- Discorden*, *pr. pl.* disagree, B 4. p 6. 208.
- Discordinge*, *adj.* different, B 3. p 2. 140. (Lat. *dissidentes*.)
- Discovered*, *pp.* revealed, G 1468.
- Discovert*, *pp.* uncovered; *at d.*, when unprotected, I 714.
- Discryve*, *v.* describe, T. v. 267; *Discreven*, *v.* T. iv. 802.
- Discure*, *v.* reveal, discover, 3. 549.
- Discussed*, *pp.* discussed, 5. 624; driven away, B 1. m 3. 1.
- Disdeyn*, *s.* disdain, R. 296.
- Disencreseth*, *pr. s.* decreases, B 5. p 6. 85.
- Disease*, *s.* discomfort, grief, misery, 4. 216, 277; T. ii. 987; sorrow, 7. 226; displeasure, T. ii. 147; disease, ill, HF. 80; inconvenience, I 609; distress, B 616; unrest, F 1314.
- Disesen*, *ger.* to trouble, T. iii. 1468; *v.* vex, T. iv. 1304; distress, T. i. 573.
- Desesperat*, *adj.* without hope, HF. 2015.
- Disfigurat*, *adj.* disguised, 5. 222.
- Disfigüre*, *s.* disfigurement, D 960.
- Disfigüre*, *v.* disguise, L. 2046; *pp.* changed, A 1403.
- Disgressioun*, digression, T. i. 143.
- Disgyse*, *ger.* to disguise, T. v. 1577.
- Disherited*, *pp.* disinherited, deprived, L. 1065.
- Dish-metes*, *pl.* spoon-meat, broth, I 455.
- Dishonest*, *adj.* unfaithful, H 214; dishoneste, shameful, E 876.
- Disjoynt*, *s.* failure, A 2962; difficult position, B 1601; *dat.* peril, T. iii. 496, v. 1618.
- Dismal*, *s.* unlucky day, 3. 1206.
- Dismembred*, *pt. pl.* dismembered, I 501.
- Dismembringe*, *s.* dismembering, I 501.
- Disobeysant*, *adj.* disobedient, 5. 429.
- Disordenaunce*, *s.* violation of rules, HF. 27.
- Disparage*, *s.* disgrace, E 908.
- Disparäge*, *v.* dishonour, A 4271; *pp.* misallied, D 1069.
- Dispeire yow*, *imp. pl.* despair, E 1669.
- Dispence*, *s.* expenditure, expense, A 441; what I spend, D 1432; cost, B 1195; lavish help, HF. 260; *Dispenses*, *pl.* expenses, R. 1144.
- Dispende*, *v.* spend, B 3500; *pp.* spent, shared, B 2560.
- Dispeyred*, *adj.* despairing, F 1084.
- Dispitous*, *adj.* spiteful, R. 156; T. iii. 1458; grievous, sad, T. v. 199; *Dispitous*, *voc.* pitiless, T. ii. 435; *def. fem.* cruel, 3. 624.
- Dispitously*, *adv.* angrily, A 1124; spitefully, T. v. 1806; cruelly, HF. 161.
- Displesant*, *adj.* displeasing, I 544, 697.
- Displesance*, *s.* displeasure, T. iii. 480; offence, C 74; *Displesances*, *pl.* annoyances, C 420.
- Dispone*, *imp. s.* dispose, T. v. 300; *pr. s.* disposes, orders, regulates, B 4. p 6. 60.
- Disport*, *s.* sport, pleasantry, A 137, 775; amusement, diversioun, D 839; pleasure, B 143; sport, 4. 177.
- Disports*, *ger.* to amuse, HF. 571; *to exhilarate*, T. ii. 1673; *v.* cheer, T. iii. 1133; *pr. pl.* sport, play, E 2040.
- Disposed*, *pt. s.* purposed, E 244; *pp.* disposed, T. ii. 682; ready, T. iv. 230; *wel d.*, in good health (the reverse of indisposed), H 33.
- Disposition*, *s.* disposal, T. ii. 526, v. 2; position, A 1087; frame of mind, B 2326.
- Dispoylinge*, *s.* spoil, B 4. m 7. 32.
- Dispreisen*, *ger.* to disparage, R. 1053; *v.* blame, B 2261; *pres. pt.* depreciating, B 2741.
- Dispreisinge*, *s.* blame, I 497; contempt, B 2876.
- Disputisoun*, *s.* argument, E 1474; dispute, B 4428, F 890.
- Dispyt*, *s.* despite, scorn, L. 1822; disdain, HF. 1716; vexation, R. 1487; *in d. of*, in spite of, HF. 1668.
- Disserveth*, *pr. s.* deserves, I 756.
- Dissever*, *v.* part, 2. 115; 17. 15; *ger.* to

- part, G 875; *pp.* separated, B 4. p 3.
19.
- Disseveraunce, *s.* severing, B 3. p 11. 64.
- Disshevele, *adj.* with hair flowing down,
5. 235. See Dischevele.
- Dissimulen, *v.* dissimulate, T. i. 322, iii.
434.
- Dissimulinge, *s.* dissimulation, dis-
sembling, T. v. 1613, G 1073.
- Dissimulcur, *s.* dissembler, B 4418.
- Disslaundred, *pp.* defamed, L 1031.
- Dissolveth, *pr. s.* puts an end to, B 2.
p 3. 92.
- Distantz, *adj. pl.* distant; *evene distantz*,
equidistant, A. i. 17. 52.
- Distemperaunce, *s.* inclemency, I 421.
- Distempre, *adj.* distempered, furious, B
4. p 3. 125.
- Distempre, *v.* vex, B 2426; *imp. s.* be
out of temper, D 2195.
- Disteyne, *v.* stain, bedim, dull, L 255.
- Distingwed, *pp.* distinguished, B 2. p 5. 75.
- Distourbe, *v.* disturb, T. iv. 563; (to)
interfere with, T. iv. 934; prevent, T.
iv. 1103. See Destourbe.
- Distreyne, *v.* constrain, A 1816; get
into his grasp, clutch, 20. 8; *imp. s.*
constrain, T. v. 596; Distreyneth, *pr. s.*
secures, clutches, grasps, 5. 337; afflicts,
F 820; *pp.* misled, T. ii. 840; assessed,
taxed, I 752.
- Disturbed, *pp.* altered, T. ii. 622.
- Disturne, *v.* turn aside, T. iii. 718.
- Ditee, *s.* ditty, song, B 3. p 1. 2; *pl.* HF.
622. See Dyte.
- Diurne, *adj.* diurnal, E 1795.
- Divers, *adj.* diverse, various, 3. 653; *dat.*
different, 2. 17.
- Diversely, *adv.* in different ways, R.
1629.
- Diversitee, *s.* variety, T. v. 1793.
- Divinistre, *s.* theologian, A 2811.
- Divisioun, *s.* distinction, A 1781; dif-
ference, 10. 33; *of my d.*, under my
influence, 4. 273.
- Divynailes, *pl.* divinations, I 605.
- Divynen, *v.* guess, T. iii. 458; *1 pr. s.*
declare, 12. 19; *pres. pt.* guessing, A 2515.
- Divyninge, *s.* opinion, A 2521.
- Divynour, *pl.* theologians, A 1323.
- Divynour, *s.* seer, soothsayer, B 5. p
3. 149.
- Do; see Doon.
- Doctour, *s.* doctor, A 411; (i.e. St. Au-
gustine), C 117; theologian, I 85; *pl.*
teachers, D 1648.
- Dogerel, *adj.* doggrel, B 2115.
- Dogge, *s.* dog, D 1369, E 2014.
- Doghter, *s.* daughter, L 114; B 151;
Doughtren, *pl.* L 1963; Doughtren, *pl.*
T. iv. 22.
- Doinges, *pl.* deeds, L 1681.
- Doke, *s.* duck, 5. 498, 589; A 3576.
- Dokke, *s.* dock (plant), T. iv. 461.
- Dokked, *pp.* cut short, A 590.
- Dolve, Dolven; see Delve.
- Domb, *adj.* dumb, HF. 656.
- Domesday, *s.* doom's day, HF. 1284.
- Domesman, *s.* judge, B 3680, I 594.
- Dominacioun, *s.* power, A 2758; do-
minion, C 560; chief influence, F 352;
supremacy, H 181.
- Dominus; see Corpus.
- Domus Dedali, the labyrinth of Daedalus,
HF. 1920.
- Don, *imp. s.* don, put on, T. ii. 954.
- Don, Done; see Doon.
- Dong-carte, *s.* dung-cart, B 4226.
- Dongeoun, *s.* keep-tower, A 1057.
- Donne, *adj. pl.* dun, dusky, T. ii. 908;
dun-coloured, 5. 334.
- Doom, *s.* judgement, F 928; opinion, F
3127; sentence, decision: *hir d.*, the
decision passed on them, 5. 308; Dome,
dat. opinion, T. i. 100; judgement, HF.
1905; C 637; *to my d.*, in my opinion, R.
901; *stonde to the d.*, abide by the de-
cision, 5. 546; Domes, *pl.* judgements,
A 323.
- Doon, *v.* do, execute, A 960; do, 3. 194;
act, B 90; cause, B 3618; *doon us honge*,
cause us to be hung, C 790; *don her
companye*, accompany her, 4. 125; *leet
don cryen*, caused to be cried, F 46; Do,
v. cause, T. iv. 1683; use, B 2204; fulfil,
B 1653; make, 3. 145; *do werche*, cause
to be built, G 545; Done, *ger.* to do, T.
i. 1026; *what to done*, what is to be done,
3. 689; *for to done*, a fit thing to do, I 62;
to be done, L 1597; Doon, *ger.* to do, A
78, 768; to commit, I 90; to cause, R.
1178; to force, 5. 221; *to don*, from doing,
B 4. p 6. 323; Do, *ger.* to make, 3. 1260;
to cause, T. ii. 1022; to commit, I 129;
Doost, 2 *pr. s.* makest, C 312; Dostow,
doest thou, L 315; Dooth, *pr. s.* causes,
A 2396; Doth, *pr. s.* makes, 2. 7; causes,
6. 21; Doth forth, continues, E 1015;
Doon, *pr. pl.* do, A 268; Do, *imp. s.* make,
H 12; bring (it) about, A 2405; cause, G
32; *do hange*, cause me to be hung, G 1029;
do feecche, cause to be fetched, B 662; *do
wey*, put away, lay aside, G 487; take
away, A 3287; *do stryken hir out*, cause
her to be struck out, D 1364; *do come*,
cause to come, B 2035; Dooth, *imp. pl.* do

ye, C 745, I 105; *as dooth*, pray do, F 458; Didest, 2 *pt. s.* didst, T. iii. 363; Dide, *pt. s.* did, 3. 373; caused, R. 607; put on, B 2047; *dide hem drawe*, caused to be drawn, B 1823; *dide don sleep*, caused to be slain, caused (men) to have them slain (*sleep*, like *don*, is in the insin. mood), D 2042; *dide of*, took off, 3. 516; Dide, *pt. s. subj.* should do, F 1404; Diden, *pt. pl.* made, 22. 28; *pt. pl. subj.* should do, L. 723; Doon, *pp.* done, L. 54; past, ended, 3. 40; *doon to dethe*, done to death, L. 889; *doon make*, caused to be made, E 253; *hath doon you kept*, has caused you to be preserved, E 1098; *doon ther write*, caused to be written (or described there), R. 413; *don to dyng*, done to death, murdered, R. 1063; Do, *pp.* done, L. 957; ended, E 2440.

Dore, *s.* door, R. 57. A 550; *out at d.*, out of doors, D 1757, H 306.

Dormant; *table dormant*, a permanent side-table, A 353.

Dorre, Dorrung; see Durre, Durring.

Dorste; see Dar.

Dortour, *s.* dormitory, D 1855.

Doseyn, *s.* a dozen, A 578.

Dossers, *pl.* baskets to carry on the back, HF. 1940.

Dostow, doest thou, D 239.

Dotard, *adj.* foolish, D 291.

Dotz, *v.* dote, grow foolish, L. 261 *a*; Doten, act foolishly, G 983.

Doth, *pr. s.* causes, R. 389; Doth... carie, causes to be carried, A 3410; makes, F 1257; *imp. pl.* do ye, B 2785. See Doon.

Double, *adj.* twofold, 4. 109; deceitful, HF. 285.

Doublenesse, *s.* duplicity, 7. 159; 9. 63.

Doucet, *adj.* dulcet, i.e. dulcet (pipe), sweet-sounding (pipe), HF. 1221.

Doughter, *s.* daughter, T. iii. 3; Dough-tren, *pl.* T. iv. 22.

Doumb, *adj.* dumb, A 774.

Doun, *s.* down, soft feathers, 9. 45.

Doun, *adv.* down, F 223; *up and down*, in all directions, in all ways, B 53.

Doune, *dat.* down, hill, B 1986.

Dounere, *adv.* more downward, A. ii. 12. 22.

Doun-right, *adv.* at once, H 228.

Dounward, *adv.* outward, southward, A. ii. 40. 63.

Doutance, *s.* doubt, T. iv. 963; *pl.* perplexities, T. i. 220.

Doute, *s.* doubt, 1. 25; fear, F 1096, I 91; peril, L. 1613; suspense, E 1721; lack,

L. ii. 366; *out of doute*, doubtless, A 487; *sans d.*, without doubt, D 1838; *withouten d.*, certainly, L. 383.

Doutelees, *adv.* without doubt, certainly, T. ii. 494; A 1831.

Douten, *v.* fear, I 648; *pr. s.* fears, I 953; Douteth, *imp. pl.* fear, T. i. 683.

Doutous, *adj.* doubtful, T. iv. 992.

D'outremere, *adj.* from beyond the seas, foreign, imported, 3. 253.

Douve, *s.* dove, 5. 341; pigeon, C 397.

Dowaire, *s.* dower, E 848.

Dowe, 1 *pr. s.* grant, give, T. v. 230.

Dowve; see Douve.

Dradde; see Drede.

Draf, *s.* draft, refuse (of corn), chaff, I 35; L. 312 *a*.

Draf-sek, *s.* sack full of 'draff,' A 4206.

Dragges, *pl.* digestive sweetsmeats, A 426 (in MS. Harl. only; other MSS. have drogges).

Dragoun, *s.* dragon, L. 1430, 1581; *tail of the dr.*, the Dragon's tail, A. ii. 4. 36; the point where a planet (esp. the moon) passed from the northern to the southern side of the ecliptic. (The opposite node was called the Dragon's Head.)

Drasty, *adj.* filthy, worthless, B 2113, 2120. Cf. A. S. *dresten*, *dærstan*, dregs.

Drat, *pr. s.* of Drede.

Draught (of drink), L. 2667; move at chess, 3. 682.

Drawe, *v.* draw, incline, E 314; *dr. him*, withdraw himself, F 355; bring forward, R. 6; *v.* attract, R. 1183; recall, A 2074; *ger.* to draw, to carry, A 1416; to bring back, I. 239; Draweth along, *pr. s.* prolongs, B 1. m 1. 32 (Lat. *protract*); *pr. pl. refl.* withdraw themselves, F 252; Drough, *pt. s.* drew, A 4304; drew along, T. v. 1558; *refl.* drew himself, approached, B 1710; Drow, *pt. s.* drew, B 3292; drew near, D 993; moved (as the sun), 5. 490; hoisted, L. 1563; Drew, *pt. s.* attracted, 3. 864; *drew to record*, didst bring to witness, 16. 22; Drowe, *pt. pl.* drew, R. 1678; Drawe, *pp.* drawn, T. iii. 674; *pres. part.* resorting, B 1217.

Drecche, *v.* be tedious, T. ii. 1264; *ger.* to vex, T. ii. 1471; 2 *pr. pl.* tarry, T. iv. 1446; *pp.* vexed, troubled, B 4077.

Drecchinge, *s.* prolonging, I. 1000; Drecching, delay, T. iii. 853.

Drede, *s.* dread, fear, A 1098; uncertainty, 17. 28; doubt, 5. 52; *it is no drede*, without doubt, B 869, E 1155; *out of drede*, without doubt, E 634; *pl.* fears, T. i. 463.

Drede, *v.* dread, fear, *i.* 76; *refl.* dread, A 660; *ger.* to be dreaded, to be feared, B 4253; Drat, *pr. s.* dreadeth, dreads, T. iii. 328; Dredde, *1 pt. s.* was afraid, T. ii. 482; Dradde, *pt. s.* feared, B 3402; Dradde him, was afraid, B 3918; Dradden, *pt. pl.* G 15; Drad, *pp.* E 69. Drededes, *adj.* fearless, B 3. m 12. 11. Dredeles, *adv.* without doubt, certainly, 3. 764. Dredful, *adj.* terrible, B 3558; fearful, timid, L. 109; cautious, A 1479. Dredfully, *adv.* timidly, T. ii. 1128. Dreint, -e; see Drenchen. Dremed me, *pt. s.* I dreamt, R. 51. Dreminges, *pl.* dreams, B 4280. Drenchen, (1) *ger.* to drown, A 3617; Drenche, *v.* drown, HF. 205; *do me drenche*, make (men) drown me, cause me to be drowned, E 2201; Drenchen (2) *v.* be drowned, A 3521; be overwhelmed, L. 2919; *pr. s.* swamps, I 363; Dreinte, *pt. s.* (1) drowned, 3. 72; Dreynte, *pt. s.* drowned, I 839; Dreynte, *pt. s.* (2) was drowned, B 923; Dreynte, *2 pt. pl.* were drowned, T. iv. 930; *pt. pl.* drowned, F 1378; Drenched, *pp.* drowned, L. 2178; Dreynt, *pp.* 3. 148; Dreynte, *pp.* as def. *adj.* drowned, B 69; *pp. pl.* HF. 233. Drenching, *s.* drowning, A 2456, B 485. Drerinesse, *s.* sadness, T. i. 701. Drery, *adj.* sad, E 514; terrified, L. 810. Dresse, *v.* direct, 14. 3; dispose, get ready, T. ii. 71; prepare, E 1049; set in order, A 106; *v. refl.* address oneself, E 1007; direct himself, go, A 3468; direct myself, R. 110; address himself, direct himself (*or perhaps*, mount), T. v. 37; Dresse her, settle herself, L. 804; Dresse, *ger.* to direct, B 2308; *ger. refl.* prepare himself, T. v. 279; prepare, 5. 88; *pt. s. refl.* raised himself, T. iii. 71; took up his station, A 3358; *pp.* arrayed, E 2361; prepared, 5. 665. Dreye, *adj.* dry, A 3024; *as s.*, 5. 380. Dreyeth, *pr. s.* dries up, drains, I 848. Dreynt, -e; see Drenche. Droggess, *pl.* drugs, A 426. Drogh; see Drawe. Droghe, *s.* drought, A 2, 595. Dronkelewe, *adj.* addicted to drink, B 2383, C 495, D 2043. Drough, *pt. s.* of Drawe. Droughte, *s.* thirst (*siti*), B 2, p. 7. 44. Drouped, *pt. s.* were draggled, A 107. Drovye, *adj.* dirty, muddy, I 816. Drow, -e; see Drawe. Druerye, *s.* affection, R. 844.

Drugge, *ger.* to drudge, A 1416. Drunken, *adj.* causing drunkenness, 5. 181. Drye, *ger.* to endure, T. v. 42; *v.* suffer, endure, 4. 251. Dryve, *v.* drive, F 183; hasten, D 1694; whirl round, 10. 46; pass away, T. v. 394; *dryve away*, pass away, C 628; Dryveth forth, *pr. s.* continues, goes on with, T. i. 1092; Dryfih, *pr. s.* impels, T. v. 1332; Dryven (the day), *pr. pl.* pass (the day), L. 2620; Dröf, *pt. s.* drove, brought, T. v. 475; incited, T. iii. 994; Drive, *pp.* driven, passed away, T. v. 389; completed, F 1230. Dueete, *s.* duty, A 3060; debt, D 1391; sum due, D 1352. Dulcarnon, *s.* an inexplicable dilemma, one's wit's end, T. iii. 931. Dulle, *ger.* to feel dull, T. ii. 1035; makes dull, stupefies, G 1073, 1172; Dulled, *pp.* made of none effect, I 233. Dun, *adj.* swarthy, R. 1213; Donne, *pl.* dusky, T. ii. 908; dun-coloured, 5. 334. Dun, *s.* the dun horse, H. 5. 'Dun is in the mire' is the name of an old rustic game. Dungeoun, *s.* keep-tower, chief castle, L. 937. Dure, *v.* last, endure, A 2770; remain, A 1236; live, T. iv. 765; continue, F 836. Duresse, *s.* hardship, T. v. 309. Durre, *ger.* to dare (to do), T. v. 840. See Durren in Stratmann; and see Dar. Durring, *s.* daring, bravery; *d. don*, daring to do, courage to execute, T. v. 837. Durste; see Dar. Dusked, *pt. pl.* grew dim, A 2806. Dwale, *s.* soporific drink, A 4161. Dwelle, *v.* remain, A 1661; tarry, stay, 3. 712; *ger.* to delay, HF. 252; Dwelled, *pp.* dwelt, A 1228; *imp. s.* remain, T. iv. 1449. Dwellinges, *s. pl.* delays, B 1. m 1. 33 (Lat. *moras*). Dwyned, *pp. as adj.* dwindled, R. 360. Dy, say; *Je vous dy*, I tell you, D 1832, 1838. Dye, *v. die*, 2. 7; *ger.* to die, B 114; Dyde, *pt. s.* died, HF. 106, 380; *pt. s. subj.* would die, D 965. See Deye. Dyen, *ger.* to dye, B 4648. Dyere, *s.* dyer, A 362. Dyinge, *s.* death, B 3073. Dyke, *v.* to make dikes or ditches, A 536. Dys, *pl.* dice, A 1238. See Dees. Dyte, *s.* ditty, 23. 16. See Ditee. Dyverseth, *pr. s.* varies, T. iii. 1752.

E.

- Ebbe, *s.* low water, F 259.
 Ebbēn, *v.* ebb, T. iv. 1145.
 Ecclesiaste, *s.* minister, A 708.
 Ech, *adj.* each, A 39, 369.
 Eche, *v.* increase, augment, T. i. 887, iii. 1569; *ger.* enlarge, add to, HF. 2065.
 Echines, *s. pl.* sea-urchins, B 3. m 8. 20 (Lat. *echinus*).
 Echoon, each one, L. 290; A 2655; Echone, *pl. (?)*, all, every one, C 113.
 Edified, *pp.* built up, B 4. p 6. 284.
 Eek, *adv.* also, eke, moreover, A 5, 41.
 Eem, *s.* uncle, T. i. 1022. A. S. *ētm*.
 Eest, *adv.* eastward, 3. 88.
 Eet, -e; see Ete.
 Effect, *s.* deed, reality, T. i. 748; result, HF. 5; Theffect (*for the effect*), the sequel, L. 622; *in effect*, in fact, in reality, in practice, A 319.
 Eft, *adv.* again, A 1669; another time, 3. 41.
 Eft-sone, *adv.* soon after, G 1288; immediately afterwards, I 89; soon after this, H 65; hereafter, G 933; again, B 909; Eftsons, *adv.* very soon, L. 2322.
 Egal, *adj.* equal, T. iii. 137.
 Egal, *adv.* equally, T. iv. 660.
 Egalitee, *s.* equality, I 949.
 Egaly, *adv.* equally, B 2. p 4. 141; im-partially, B 5. p 3. 142.
 Egge, *s.* edge, sharp side, T. iv. 927; sword, 9. 19.
 Eggeth, *pr. s.* incites, R. 182.
 Eggement, *s.* instigation, incitement, B 842.
 Egging, *s.* instigation, E 2115.
 Egle, *s.* eagle, HF. 499.
 Egre, *adj.* sharp, sour, R. 217; bitter, B 2367; keen, I 117.
 Egremoine, *s.* agrimony, G 800.
 Egren, *v.* incite (lit. make eager), B 4. p 6. 335.
 Eighte, eighth, F 1280.
 Eighteteue, eighteen, A 3223.
 Eightetethe, *ord. adj.* eighteenth, B 5.
 Eir, *s.* air, A 1246, 3473.
 Eisel, *s.* vinegar, R. 217.
 Ekko, *s.* echo, E 1189.
 Elde, *s.* old age, age, T. ii. 393, 399; long lapse of time, 7. 12.
 Elde, *v.* grow old, R. 396; *pr. s.* ages, makes old, R. 391.
 Elder, *adj.* older, B 1720, 3450.
 Elder-fader, *s.* grandfather, B 2. p 4. 50.
 Eldres, *pl.* ancestors, B 3388.

- Eleccioun, *s.* choice, 5. 409, 621; election (in astrology), B 312.
 Elenge, *adj.* miserable, B 1412, D 1199.
 Elevat, *pp.* elevated, A. ii. 23. 29.
 Elf-queen, *s.* fairy-queen, B 1978, D 860.
 Ellebor, *s.* hellebore, *Helleborus niger*, B 4154.
 Elles, *adv.* else, otherwise, 3. 997; *elles god forbode*, God forbid it should be otherwise, G 1046.
 Elongacioun, *s.* angular distance, A. ii. 25. 66.
 Elvish, *adj.* elvish, i. e. absent in deme-nour, B 1893; foolish, G 751, 842.
 Embassadrye, *s.* embassy, negociation, B 233.
 Embaume, *v.* embalm, L. 676; *pp.* covered with balm, R. 1663.
 Embelif, *adj.* oblique, A. i. 20. 3; (as applied to angles) acute, A. ii. 26. 39. See the New E. Dict.
 Embelised, *pp.* beautified, B 2. p 5. 75.
 Embosed, *pp.* plunged deeply into the thicket, quite hidden, 3. 353.
 Embracinge, *s.* embrace, I 944.
 Embrouded, *pp.* embroidered, adorned, A 89.
 Embroidinge, *s.* embroidery, I 417.
 Embusshements, *pl.* ambuscades, B 2509.
 Emeraude, *s.* emerald, B 1799.
 Emes, *gen.* uncle's, T. ii. 466. See Eem.
 Emforth, *prep.* as far as extends, to the extent of, A 2235. Em- is from A. S. *enn*, for *efen*, even.
 Emisperies, *s. pl.* hemispheres, A. i. 18. 9.
 Empeireden, *pt. pl.* made worse, B 2209.
 Emplastre, 2 *pr. pl.* plaster over, bedaub, E 2207.
 Empoisoned, *pp.* poisoned, B 2519, 3850.
 Empoisoning, *s.* poisoning, C 891.
 Empoysoner, *s.* poisoner, C 894.
 Emprenting, *s.* impression, F 834.
 Emprinteth, *imp. pl.* impress, E 1193; Imprinted, *pp.* imprinted, F 831; taken an impression of, E 2117.
 Emprise, *s.* enterprise, undertaking, L. 617, 1452.
 Empte, *v.* empty, make empty, G 741; *pp.* as *adj.* exhausted, B 1. p 1. 10; worn out, shrunken (Lat. *effeto*), B 1. m 1. 20.
 Enbasshinge, *s.* bewilderment, amazement, B 4. p 1. 43.
 Enbatailled, *adj.* embattled, R. 139.
 Enbibing, *s.* absorption, G 814.
 Enbrace, *v.* embrace, hold firmly, 21. 11.
 Enbraced, *pp.* surrounded, T. v. 1816.
 Enbrouden, *v.* embroider, L. 2351; *pp.* L. 119, 227.

- Encens, *s.* incense, A 2429.
 Encense, *v.* to offer incense, G 395, 413.
 Enchantours, *pl.* wizards, I 603.
 Enchaufetours, *pr. s.* burns, B 5, m 3, 19.
 Enchaunten, *v.* enchant, T. iv. 1395.
 Enchesoun, *s.* occasion, reason, B 2783; cause, T. i. 681.
 Enclos, *pp.* enclosed, R. 138, 1652.
 Enclyning, *s.* inclination, HF. 734.
 Encomberous, *adj.* cumbersome, oppressive, burdensome, 18. 42; HF. 862.
 Encombraunce, *s.* encumbrance, E 1960.
 Encombe, *v.* encumber, L. 2006; *pp.* endangered, stuck fast, A 508; hampered, R. 889; hindered, I 687; embarrassed, weary, A 718.
 Encorporing, *s.* incorporation, G 815.
 Encrees, *s.* increase, A 2184.
 Encresce, *v.* increase, 2. 103; Encressed, *pp.* E 408; enriched, B 1271.
 Endamagen, *v.* harm, B 1. p 4. 91; *pp.* compromised, B 1. p 1. 73.
 Ende, *s.* end, A 15; purpose, B 481; point, R. 973.
 Ended, *pp.* finite, B 2. p 7. 113.
 Endeles, *adj.* infinite, H 322.
 Endelong, *adv.* all along, A 2678; lengthways, A 1991.
 Endelong, *prep.* all along, F 992; along, L. 1498; down along, F 416.
 Endenting, *s.* indentation, I 417. *Indented or Indented* is an heraldic term, signifying notched with regular and equal indentations.
 Endere, *s.* cause of the end, A 2776; i. e. who dost end, C 218.
 Endettet, *pp.* indebted, G 734.
 Ending-day, *s.* death-day, 18. 55.
 Enditements, *s. pl.* indictments, I 800.
 Endlang, *adv.* along, lengthways. See Endelong.
 Endouted, *pp.* feared (with me), R. 1664.
 Endyte, *v.* write, dictate, A 95, 325; en-dite, compose, write, L. 414, 2356; relate, G 80; tell, L. 1678; indict, B 3858; *pp.* related, B 3170.
 Endyting, *s.* composing, 18. 77; *pl.* compositions, I 1085.
 Enfamyned, *pp.* starved, L. 2429.
 Enfecteth, *pr. s.* infects, L. 2242.
 Enforcon, *ger.* to enforce, B 2233; strengthen (your position), D 340; *1 pr. s. refl.* insist, T. iv. 1016; Enforcen, *pr. pl.* gain strength, B 2355; *imp. s.* endeavour, B 2237.
 Enformed, *pp.* informed, E 738, F 335; instructed, I 658.
- Enfortuned, *pt. s.* endowed with powers, 4. 259.
 Engendre, *v.* procreate, B 3148; produce, B 2582; *v.* beget, E 1272; *pr. pl.* are produced, B 4113.
 Engendringe, *s.* product, B 2580.
 Engendrure, *s.* procreation, B 3137; begetting, 5. 306; generation, D 128, 134; progeny, offspring, I 621; fraternity, I 375.
 English, *s.* power of expression in English, L. 66.
 Engreggen, *pr. pl.* burden, I 979.
 Engyn, *s.* contrivance, T. iii. 274; device, R. 511; machine, F 184; skill, HF. 528.
 Engyned, *pp.* tortured, racked, B 4250.
 Enhabit, *pp.* devoted, T. iv. 443.
 Enhauncen, *v.* raise, A 1434; *ger.* to exalt, I 614: Enhaunce, *pr. s.* elevates, I 730; *pt. s.* raised, B 2291; *pp.* promoted, L. 1411.
 Enhaused, *pp.* elevated, lifted above (the horizon), A. ii. 26. 37.
 Enhausing, *s.* elevation, A. ii. 39. 26.
 Enhorte, *ger.* to exhort, A 2851.
 Enlacet, *pr. s.* entangles, B 1. m 4. 23; *pp.* involved, made intricate, B 3. p 8. 6.
 Enlumine, *v.* illumine, I 244; *pt. s.* E 33.
 Enluting, *s.* securing with 'lute,' daubing with clay, &c., to exclude air, G 766.
 Enoynt, *pp.* anointed, A 2961.
 Enpeiren, *v.* injure, B 4. p 3. 56.
 Enpoysoneinge, *s.* poisoning, B 1. p 3. 59.
 Enprented, *pp.* imprinted, E 2178.
 Enpresse, *v.* make an impression on, 21. 8.
 Enquere, *v.* enquire, A 3166; search into, B 629.
 Enqueringe, *s.* inquiry, B 888.
 Ensample, *s.* example, A 496, 505; pattern, 3. 911; warning, R. 1530; instance, R. 1584; *in e.*, to signify, A. i. 21. 41; *pl.* examples, F 1419; cases, A 2842.
 Ensaumper, *s.* prototype, B 3. m 9. 17.
 Enseigne, *s.* ensign, standard, R. 1200.
 Enseled, *pp.* sealed up, T. v. 151; fully granted, T. iv. 559.
 Entaile, *s.* cutting, intaglio-work, R. 1081; Entayle, shape, description, R. 162.
 Entaile, *v.* carve, R. 609; *pp.* R. 140.
 Entalenten, *pr. pl.* stimulate, B 5. p 5. 6.
 Entame, *v.* re-open (lit. cut into), 1. 79. O.F. entamer.
 Enteccheth, *pr. s.* infects, B 4. p 3. 83; *pp.* endowed with (good) qualities, T. v 832. O.F. entechier, entachier.

- Entencioun**, *s.* intent, C 408; attention, T. i. 52; design, T. i. 211.
- Entende**, *v.* attend, T. iii. 414; give attention to, D 1478; dispose oneself, F 689; *ger.* to apply oneself, B 3498; to aim (after), incline (to), T. ii. 853; **Entende**, *i pr. s.* perceive, T. iv. 1649; attend, R. 597; *pres. part.* looking intently, B 1. p 2. 3.
- Entendement**, *s.* perception, HF. 983.
- Entente**, *s.* intention, intent, A 958, 1000; design, B 3835; wish, 18. 68; meaning, F 400, 959; attention, D 1374; endeavour, G 6; feeling, 5. 532, 580; mind, B 1740; plan, B 147, 206; *do thyn e.*, give heed, 3. 752; *as to comun e.*, in plain language, F 107.
- Entendeden**, *pl. pt.* gave their attention, L. 1155.
- Ententient**, *Ententyf*, *adj.* attentive, HF. 1120; B 2205; eager, R. 685; diligent, R. 436; devoted, R. 339; careful, E 1288.
- Ententify**, *adv.* attentively, HF. 616.
- Entermedled**, *pp.* intermixed, R. 906.
- Entraille**, *s.* entrails, B 1763; inside, E 1188.
- Entre**, *ger.* to enter, 5. 147, 153. In A. ii. 44. 4, *entere hit* = set down in writing.
- Entrechaungeden**, *pt. pl.* interchanged, exchanged, T. iii. 1369; *pp.* interchanged, T. iv. 1043.
- Entrechaunginges**, *s. pl.* mutations, B 1. m 5. 38; vicissitudes (Lat. *uices*), B 2. m 3. 20.
- Entrecomunen**, *v.* intercommunicate, T. iv. 1354.
- Entrecomuniuge**, *s.* interchange, B 2. p 7. 63.
- Entredited**, *pp.* interdicted, I 965.
- Entree**, entry, entrance, R. 517, 530, 538; *pl.* entrances, HF. 1945.
- Entrelaced**, *pp.* intricate, B. 3. p 12. 166.
- Entremedled**, *pp.* intermingled, HF. 2124.
- Extremes**, *s.* intervening course, 5. 665. ‘*Entremets*, certaine choice dishes served in between the courses of a feast;’ Cotgrave.
- Entremette**, *v. refl.* interfere, D 834; *Entremeten* (him), meddle with, 5. 515; *imp. s.* take part (in), meddle (with), T. i. 1026.
- Entreparten**, *ger.* to share, T. i. 592.
- Entretzden**, *pt. pl.* treated of, discussed, B 2466.
- Entryketh**, *pr. s.* holds fast in its subtle grasp, ensnares, 5. 403; *Entryked*, *pp.* entrapped, R. 1642; ‘*Intriquer*, to intricate, involve;’ Cotgrave.
- Entune**, *v.* intone, tune, T. iv. 4.
- Entunes**, *s. pl.* tunes, 3. 309.
- Entysinge**, *s.* allurement, I 353.
- Enveniminge**, *s.* poisonous effect, E 2060; poison, I 854.
- Envenyme**, *v.* infect, D 474; *pp.* B 3314.
- Envirouinge**, *s.* surface, B 5. m 4. 172; circumference, B 4. p 6. 85.
- Enviroun**, *adv.* roundabout, L. 300.
- Enviroune**, *v.* encompass, B 3. m 9. 45; *pres. part.* skirting, going round, R. 526.
- Envoluped**, *pp.* enveloped, involved, C 942.
- Envye**, *s.* envy, B 3584; longing, R. 1653; *to e.*, in rivalry, 3. 173.
- Envye**, *v.* strive, 3. 406; vie (with), HF. 1231.
- Envyned**, *pp.* stored with wine, A 342.
- Episicle**, *s.* epicycle, A. ii. 35. 29. A small circle, the centre of which moves along the circumference of a larger one.
- Equacion**, *s.* equal partition, A. ii. 37. 24; *Equacions*, *pl.* equations, F 1279; *Equaciouns*, A. ii. 36 (rubric); calculations, A. i. 23. 5. By ‘equations of houses’ is meant the division of the sphere into twelve equal portions (or ‘houses’), for astrological purposes.
- Equales**, *adj. pl.* of equal length; *houres equales*, hours each containing sixty minutes, A. ii. 8. 3.
- Equinoxial**, *s.* equinoctial circle, B 4046.
- Er**, *adv.* before, formerly, A 3789.
- Er**, *conj.* before, A 1040, 1155; *er that*, before, A 36.
- Er**, *prep.* before, C 892; *er tho*, before then, L. 1062; *er now*, ere now, F 460.
- Erbe**, *s.* herb, L. 109 a.
- Erbe yve**, *s.* herb ivy, ground ivy, *Ajuga Chamaepitys*, B 4156.
- Erber**, *s.* arbour, L. 97 a. See *Herber*.
- Erchedeken**, *s.* archdeacon, D 1300.
- Ere (ééra)**, *s.* ear, D 636; *at ere*, in (her) ear, T. i. 106.
- Ere**, *s.* ear (of corn), L. 76.
- Ere (ééra)**, *ger.* to plough, A 886; *pp.* HF. 485. A. S. *erian*.
- Erl**, *s.* earl, B 3597, 3646.
- Erme**, *v.* feel sad, grieve, 3. 80; C 312. A. S. *earmian*, *yrman*.
- Ernestful**, *adj.* serious, T. ii. 1727; E 1175.
- Erratik**, *adj.* wandering, T. v. 1812.
- Erraunt**, *adj.* arrant, H 224; errant, stray (because near the middle of the chess-board), 3. 661.

- Errest**, *2 pr. s.* wanderest, T. iv. 302.
Ers, *s.* buttocks, A 3734. A.S. *ears*.
Erst, *adv.* first, at first, HF. 2075; A 776; before, 16. 21; aforetime, R. 692; *at e.*, first, for the first time, B 1884, G 151; at last, T. i. 842; *e. than*, before, A 1566; *long e. er*, long first before, C 662.
Erthes, *s.* *pl.* lands, countries, B 1. m. 5. 61.
Eschaufen, *ger.* to burn; *pr. s.* chafes, I 657; *pp.* heated, I 546.
Eschaufinge, *s.* heating, I 537; *pl.* en-kindlings, I 916.
Eschaunge, *s.* exchange, A 278; *pl.* interchangings, HF. 697.
Eschew, *adj.* averse, I 971; *Eschu*, E 1812.
Eschewe, *v.* escape; *Eschue*, *v.* avoid, T. ii. 666; A 3043; shun, G 4; *2 pr. pl.* eschew, avoid, T. i. 344; *Eschewed*, *pp.* B 4528; *imp. s. t. ii.* 1018.
Ese, *s.* ease, E 217, 434; amusement, delight, A 768, G 746; *do yow e.*, give you pleasure, 6. 78; *wel at e.*, fully at ease, T. ii. 750.
Ese, *v.* ease, 3. 556; relieve, L 1704; give ease (*te*), R. 316; *Esen*, *ger.* to entertain, A 2194; *pp.* entertained, A 29.
Esement, *s.* benefit, A 4170, 4186.
Espace, *s.* space of time, B 2210.
Especies, *s.* *pl.* kinds, varieties (of sin), I 448.
Espialle, *s.* sets of spies, B 2509, D 1323.
Espyne, *s.* spy, T. ii. 1112.
Espye, *ger.* to observe, R. 795; *v.* perceive, HF. 706; enquire about, B 180; look about, L 858.
Essoyne, *s.* excuse, I 164. Mod. E. *essoin*.
Est, *s.* east, B 297, 493, 3657.
Establisheth, *pr. s.* settles, causes, B 4. p. 4. 51.
Estat, *s.* state, condition, L 125; rank, T. v. 1025; position, E 1969; *Estatut*, state, condition, rank, B 973, 3592, 3647; way, E 610; term of office, D 2018.
Estatlich, *adj.* stately, dignified, A 140; suitable to one's estate, B 3902.
Estatuts, *s.* ordinances, B 2. p. 1. 48.
Estraunge, *adj.* strange, T. i. 1084.
Estres, *pl.* inward parts, recesses (of a building), L 1715; A 1971; recesses, R. 1448; interior, A 4295.
Esy, *adj.* easy, A 223; moderate, A 441; gentle, 5. 382.
Ete, *v.* eat, A 947; *Et*, *pr. s.* eats, L 1389; *Eet*, *pt. s.* ate, T. v. 1439; A 2048, 3421; *Eete*, *pt. pl.* ate, 9. 11; *Ete*, *pt. pl.* 3. 432; *Eten*, *pp.* eaten, A 4351.
Eterne, *adj.* eternal, A 1109, 1990; *s.* eternity, T. iv. 978.
Ethe, *adj.* easy, T. v. 850.
Etik, the Ethics of Aristotle, L 166.
Evangyle, *s.* gospel, R. 445; *pl.* B 666.
Even, *adj.* even, equal, same, HF. 10; exact, R. 1350.
Even, *adv.* exactly, 3. 441; evenly, D 2249; regularly, R. 526; *Evene joynant*, closely adjoining, A 1060; *ful even*, actually, 3. 1329.
Evene-cristene, *s.* fellow-Christian, I 395, 805.
Even-lyk, *adj.* similar, B 5. p 2. 25.
Ever, *adv.* ever, always, A 50, &c.; Ever in oon, always alike, continually, T. v. 451; incessantly, A 1771.
Everich, each, A 1186; every, A 241; each one, A 371; every one, E 1017; *e. of hem*, either of the two, B 1004; *Everich other*, each other, 7. 53.
Everichoone, every one, A 31, 747; each one, L 2567; *Everichone*, *pl.* each one (of us), HF. 337; each of them all, all of them, T. iii. 412.
Ever-mo, *adv.* for ever, always, continually, L 1239, 2035, 2634.
Everydeel, *adv.* every whit, A 368, D 162; altogether, A 3303.
Evidently, *adv.* by observation, A. ii. 23 *rubric*.
Ew, *s.* yew-tree, A 2923; (*collectively*) yew-trees, R. 1385.
Exaltacioun, *s.* (astrological) exaltation, D 702, E 2224.
Exaltat, *as pp.* exalted, D 704.
Exametron, *s.* a hexameter, B 3169.
Excusacioun, *s.* false excuse, I 680; plea, I 164.
Excuse, *s.*; *for myn e.*, in my excuse, 7. 305.
Executeth, *pr. s.* performs, A 1664; *Execute*, *pp.* executed, T. iii. 622.
Executive, *s.* executant, D 2010.
Executive, *s.* causer, T. iii. 617.
Exercitacioun, *s.* exercise, B 4. p. 6. 298.
Existence, *s.* reality, HF. 266.
Exorsisaciouns, *pl.* exorcisms, spells to raise spirits, HF. 1263.
Expans, *adj.* (calculated) separately, F 1275. See *Anni expansi*.
Expoune, *v.* explain, B 3398, G 86; Expounded, *pt. s.* B 3346, 3399.
Express, *adj.* expressed, made clear, D 1169.
Express, *adv.* expressly, C 182, D 719.
Expressse, *ger.* to declare, 17. 5; *v.* relate, C 105.

Expulsif, adj. expellent, A 2749.
Extenden, pr. pl. are extended, B 461.
Extree, s. axle-tree, A. i. 14. 2.
Ey, s. egg, B 4035, G 806.
Ey, interj. ch! T. ii. 128; alas! T. iv. 1087; what! C 782.
Eye, s. eye; at eye, evidently, L. 100; **Eyen**, pl. eyes, 1. 105; Eyen sight, eyesight, D 2060. See **Yē**.
Eyed, adj. endowed with eyes, T. iv. 1459.
Eyle, v. ail, A 3424.
Eyr, s. air, HF. 954; L. 1482; Eir, A 1246, 3473; Eyre, dat. air, gas, G 767.
Eyr, s. heir, L. 1598, 1819.
Eyrish, adj. of the air, aerial, HF. 932, 965.
Eyse, s. ease, D 2101. See **Ese**.

F.

Face, s. face, A 109, 458; a technical term in astrology, signifying the third part of a sign (of the zodiac), ten degrees in extent, F 50, 1288.

Facound, adj. eloquent, 5. 521.

Facounde, s. eloquence, fluency, 3. 926; C 50.

Facultee, s. capacity, authority, or disposition, A 244; branch of study, HF. 248.

Fade, adj. faded, R. 311.

Fader, s. father, A 100; **Fader**, gen. A 781; **fader day**, father's time, B 3374; **fader kin**, father's race, ancestry, G 829; pl. ancestors, E 61; originators, B 129.

Fadme, pl. fathoms, A 2016.

Fadres-in-lawe, pl. parents-in-law. B 2. p 3. 42.

Faile, s. failure; withouten f., without fail, 2. 48; sans faille, B 501.

Failen, v. fail, grow dim, 5. 85; pres. part. failing, remote, A. ii. 4. 30.

Fair, adj. fine, D 2253; good, excellent, A 154; a fair, a good one, A 165; as s., a fair thing, excellent thing (sarcastically), T. iii. 850; voc. O fair one! HF. 518; pl. A 234; clean, R. 571; specious, R. 437.

Faire, adv. fairly, R. 774, 798; honestly, A 539; courteously, R. 592; clearly, D 1142; prosperously, L. 186, 277.

Faire Rewthelees, Fair Unpitying One, *La Belle Dame sans Merci*, 6. 31.

Fairnesse, s. beauty, A 1098; honesty of life, A 519.

Fair-Semblaunt, Fair-show, R. 963.

Falding, s. a sort of coarse cloth, A 391, 3212.

Fallen, v. happen, T. iv. 976; light, E 126; suit, E 259; prosper, L. 186; pr. s. subj. may befall, R. 798; impers. may it befall, L. 277; pr. s. comes as by accident, 6. 4; comes, 3. 706; suffers depression (an astrological term), D 702, 705; Falles, pr. s. (Northern form), falls, A 4042; belongs, 3. 257; Fallen, pr. pl. happen, come to pass, R. 20; Fel, 1 pt. s. fell, 2. 15; Fil, pt. s. fell, A 845; happened, L. 589, 1162; was fitting, L. 2474; fil on slepe, fell asleep, HF. 114; fil of his accord, agreed with him, F 741; as far as reson fil, as far as reason extended, F 570; Fille, 1 pt. pl. fell, became, D 812; Fillen, pt. pl. fell, B 3183, 3620; Fille, pt. pl. HF. 1659; fille in speche = fell to talking, F 964; Falle, pp. fallen, L. 1726, 1826; happened, A 324; accidentally placed, F 684; Falling, pres. pt. felling, causing to fall, T. ii. 1382.

Fals, adj. false, 3. 618; false get, cheating contrivance, G 1277; voc. B 4416.

Falsen, v. falsify, A 3175; deceive, L 1640; betray, T. v. 1845; False, v. be untrue to, 3. 1234; pp. falsified, broken (faith), F 627.

Falwe, adj. fallow, yellowish, HF. 1936; A 1364.

Falwes, pl. fallow-ground, D 656.

Fame, s. notoriety, A 3148; rumour, L 1242; good report, E 418; Fames, pl. rumours, HF. 1292.

Familer, s. familiar friend, B 4 p. 6. 255.

Famulier, adj. familiar, at home, A 2151; B 1221; of one's own household, E 1784; Famulere, affable, L. 1606.

Fan, s. vane, quintain, H 42.

Fanne, s. fan, A 3315.

Fantastyk, adj. belonging to the fancy, A 1376. Used with reference to the portion of the brain in the front of the head.

Fantasye, s. fancy, HF. 593; delight, A 3191; imagining, HF. 992; fancy, pleasure, D 190; imagination, A 3835, 3840; imaginary object, 9. 51; desire, will, B 3475; **Fantasyes**, pl. fancies, F 205; wishes, B 3465.

Fantome, s. phantasm, delusion, B 1037.

Farced, pp. stuffed, L. 1373.

Farce, s. behaviour, conduct, A 1809, B 1453; condition, 2. 62; good speed, HF. 682; business, goings-on, T. iii. 1106; bustle, ado, HF. 1065; company, T. iii. 605; evel fare, ill hap, 2. 62.

Faren, v. behave, T. iv. 1087; doth fare, causes to behave or feel, T. i. 626; Fare,

- ger. to go, travel, T. v. 21, 279; to proceed, A 2435; Fare, *i pr. s.* go, G 733; it is with me (thus), 7. 320; am, B 1676; Farest, *2 pr. s.* actest, 5. 599; art, HF. 887; Fareth, *pr. s.* acts, D 1088; is, 3. 113; happens, HF. 271; *i pr. pl.* live, G 662; *2pr. pl.* behave, D 852; *pr. pl.* seem, I 441; Fare, *pr. s. subj.* may fare, F 1579; Ferde, *i pt. s.* fared, T. ii. 1006; felt, 3. 99, 785; was placed, 5. 152; *pt. s.* behaved, A 1372; happened, T. i. 225; was, R. 876; seemed, R. 249; went on, HF. 1522; Ferden, *pt. pl.* behaved, A 1647; Ferde, *pt. s. subj.* should fare, R. 271; Faren, *pp.* fared, T. v. 466; D 1773; gone, B 4069; Fare, *pp.* fared, D 1782; gone, A 2436; walked, L. 2209; Ferd, *pp.* fared, T. iv. 1094; Faringe, *pres. pt. as adj.*; *best f.*, best looking, fairest of behaviour, F 932; *f. aright*, prosper, T. i. 878; *far wel*, farewell, B 116; Fareth, *imp. pl.* fare, E 1688; *f. wel*, farewell, T. v. 1412.
- Fare-cart, *s.* travelling cart, T. v. 1162.
- Fare-wel, *interj.* it is all over! F 1204, G 907; *go farewell*, be lost sight of, A. ii. 23. 12.
- Farsed, *pp.* stuffed, A 233.
- Fasoun, *s.* fashion, appearance, R. 708; shape, R. 551.
- Fast, *s.* fasting, T. v. 370.
- Fast, *adj.* firm, 7. 313.
- Faste, *adv.* closely, R. 1346; close, near, A 1478; tight, R. 431; fast, quickly, T. i. 748; *as f.*, very quickly, G 1235; hard, soundly, 5. 94; intently, eagerly, R. 793; *faste by*, near to, A 1476; *faste by*, close at hand, 3. 369.
- Faster, *adv.* closer, B 3722.
- Fatte, *v.* fatten, D 1880.
- Faucon, *s.* falcon, F 411, 424.
- Fauconers, *s. pl.* falconers, F 1196.
- Fauned, *pt. s.* fawned on, 3. 389.
- Faunes, *pl.* Fauns, A 2928.
- Fawe, *adj.* fain, glad, D 220.
- Fawe, *adv.* fain, anxiously, T. iv. 887.
- Fay, *s.*; see Fey.
- Fayerye, *s.* troop of fairies, E 2039; troops of fairies, D 859; enchantment, E 1743; Fairye, fairy-land, F 96; enchantment, F 201; *pl.* fairies, D 872.
- Fayn, *adj.* glad, L. 130, 1137; fond, R. 1376.
- Fayn, *adv.* gladly, A 766; *wolde f.*, would be glad to, E 696.
- Feblesse, *s.* weakness, T. ii. 863; I 1074.
- Fecches, *pl.* vetches, T. iii. 936.
- Fecchen, *ger.* to fetch, T. v. 485; *ger. to fetch*, to be brought (i.e. absent), T. iii. 609; Fette, *2 pt. s.* didst fetch, T. iii. 723; *pt. s.* fetched, L. 676; brought, T. v. 852; *pt. pl.* B 2041; Fet, *pp.* fetched, A 2527; brought, A 819; brought home, D 217.
- Feeching, *s.* fetching, rape, T. v. 890.
- Fedde, *pt. s.* fed, A 146.
- Fee, *s.* reward, pay, 7. 193; Fee simple, an absolute fee or fief, not clogged with conditions, A 310.
- Feeeld, *s.* field, A 886, 3032; (in an heraldic sense), B 3573.
- Feendly, *adj.* fiendlike, devilish, B 751, 783.
- Feet, *s.* performance, E 429. E. *feat*.
- Feffe, *v.* enfeoff, endow, present, T. iii. 901; *ger. to present*, T. v. 1689; *pp.* enfeoffed, put in possession, endowed, E 1698.
- Fel, *s.* skin, T. i. 91.
- Fel, *adj.* dreadful, T. v. 50; cruel, A 2630; deadly, D 2002; terrible, B 2019; Felle, *voc. cruel*, A 1559; destructive, T. iv. 44.
- Felawee, *s.* companion, comrade, A 395, 648.
- Felaweshipe, *s.* partnership, A 1626; companionship, B 2749; company, A 26.
- Felationship, *pr. s.* accompanies, B 4. m 1. 12.
- Feld, *pp. of Felle*.
- Feldefare, *s.* field-fare, 5. 364; T. iii. 861; *farewel f.*, i.e. farewell, and a good rideance; because fieldfares depart when the warm weather comes.
- Felden, *pt. pl. of Felle*.
- Fele, *adj.* many, R. 180; E 917.
- Fele-folde, *adj.* manifold, B 2. p 1. 16.
- Felen, *v.* feel, experience, L. 692; Fele, understand by experiment, HF. 826; try to find out, T. ii. 387; Felte, *i pt. s.* 4. 217; Felede, *pt. s.* G 521; Feled, *pp.* perceived, T. iv. 984.
- Feling, *s.* affection, 3. 1172.
- Felle, *pl. and voc. s. of Fel, adj.*
- Felle, *v.* fell, A 1702; Felden, *pt. pl.* caused to fall, R. 911; Feld, *pp.* cut down, A 2924.
- Fellen, *pt. pl.* happened, T. i. 134. See Fallen.
- Felliche, *adj.* bitingly, severely, B 2. m 3. 13.
- Felnesse, *s.* fierceness, B 1. m 6. 11.
- Felon, *adj.* angry, T. v. 199.
- Felonous, *adj.* fierce, wicked, B 1. m 4. 15; mischievous, I 438.
- Felonye, *s.* injustice, B 4. p 6. 278; crime, A 1996; treachery, R. 165, 978; *pl.* ini-
quities, I 281.

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- Femele, *adj.* female, D 122, I 961.
 Femininete, *s.* feminine form, B 360.
 Fen, *s.* chapter or subdivision of Avicenna's book called the Canon, C 890.
 Fenel, *s.* fennel, R. 731.
 Fenix, *s.* phoenix, 3. 982.
 Fer, *adj.* far, A 388, 491; Ferre, *def.* A 3393.
 Fer, *adv.* far, B 1781; Fer ne ner, neither later nor sooner, A 1850; how f. so, however far, 5. 440.
 Ferd, *s. dat.* fear, T. iv. 607. (Always in phr. *for ferd*, or *for ferde*.)
 Ferd, *pp. of* Fere, *v.*
 Ferd, -e; see Faren, *v.*
 Fere, *s. dat.* fear, B 3369; panic, HF. 174.
 Fere, *s.* companion, L. 969; mate, 5. 410, 416; wife, T. iv. 791; pl. companions, T. i. 224.
 Fere, *s. dat.* fire, T. iii. 978.
 Fere, *v.* frighten, T. iv. 1483; Fered, *pp.* afraid, G 924; Ferd, *pp.* afraid, T. ii. 124.
 Ferforth, *adv.* far; as f. as, as far as, T. iv. 891; as long as, T. i. 121; so f., to such a degree, i. 170; thus f., thus far, T. ii. 960.
 Ferforthly, *adv.* thoroughly; so f., to such an extent, A 960; so far, L. 682; as f., as completely, D 1545.
 Ferfullest, most timid, T. ii. 450.
 Ferly, *adj.* strange, A 4173.
 Fermacies, *pl.* remedies, A 2713.
 Ferme, *adj.* firm, E 663.
 Ferme, *imp. s.* make firm, B 1. m 5. 61 (Lat. *firma*).
 Ferme, *s.* rent, A 252 b.
 Fermely, *adv.* firmly, T. iii. 1488.
 Fermerere, *s.* friar in charge of an infirmary, D 1859.
 Fermour, *s.* farmer of taxes, L. 378.
 Fern, *adv.* long ago; so fern = so long ago, F 256.
 Fern-asshen, *s. pl.* ashes produced by burning ferns, F 254.
 Ferne, *pl. of* Ferren, distant, remote, A 14.
 Ferne; f. yere, last year, T. v. 1176.
 Ferre, *adj. def.* distant, A 3393.
 Ferre, *comp. adv.* farther, HF. 600; Ferrer, A 835.
 Ferreste, *superl. pl.* farthest, A 494.
 Fers, *s.* queen (at chess), 3. 654, 655; Ferses, *pl.* the pieces at chess, 3. 723.
 Fers, *adj.* fierce, T. i. 225; voc. 7. 1.
 Fersly, *adv.* fiercely, T. iii. 1760.
 Ferthe, fourth, T. iv. 26, v. 476.
 Ferther, *adj.* farther, B 1686, E. 2226.
 Ferther, *adv.* further, i. 148, 3. 1254.
- Ferther-over, *conj.* moreover, A. ii. 26. 13.
 Ferthing, *s.* farthing, D 1967; a very small portion, A 134.
 Fery, *adj.* fiery, T. iii. 1600.
 Fest, *s.* fist, A 4275, C 802.
 Feste, *s.* feast, festival, A 883, B 418; to f., to the feast, B 380; encouragement, T. ii. 361; merriment, T. ii. 421; Maketh feste, flatters, 3. 638; pl. tokens of pleasure, T. v. 1429.
 Festeth, *pr. s.* feasts, A 2193.
 Festeyinge, *pres. part.* feasting, entertaining, F 345.
 Festeyinge, *s.* festivity, T. v. 455.
 Festlich, *adj.* fond of feasts, F 281.
 Festne, *ger.* to fasten, A 195.
 Fet; see Fecchen.
 Fete, *dat. pl.* feet, 3. 199, 400, 502.
 Fether, *s.* wing, A 2144.
 Fetic, *adj.* neat, well-made, handsome, A 157; R. 776; splendid, R. 1133; graceful, C 478.
 Fetisly, *adv.* elegantly, A 124, 273; neatly, trimly, A 3205, 3319; exquisitely, R. 337.
 Fette; see Fecchen.
 Fetys, *adj.* well-made, R. 532; handsome, R. 821; splendid, R. 1133; graceful, C 478.
 Fetysly, *adv.* exquisitely, neatly, R. 1235.
 Fey, *s.* faith, A 1126, 3284; fidelity, L. 778.
 Feyn, *adj.* glad, 7. 315.
 Feyne, *v.* feign, pretend, A 736; speak falsely, 2. 4; *feyne us*, feign, pretend, B 351; Feigne, who-so f. may, let him, who can, pretend, B 3. p 10. 93.
 Feynest, *adv.* most gladly, 5. 480.
 Feyning, *s.* pretending, cajolery, F 556; pretence, feigning, L. 1556.
 Feynt, *adj.* feigned, R. 433.
 Feyntest, *2 pr. s.* enfeeblest, B 926.
 Ficchen, *ger.* to fix, B 5. m 4. 18.
 Fiers, *adj.* fierce, A 1598; proud, R. 1482.
 Fifte, fifth, R. 962, 982; 16. 9.
 Figes, *pl.* fig-trees, R. 1364.
 Fighten, *v.* fight, L. 1996; Fight, *pr. s.* fought, fights, 5. 103; Faught, *pt. s.* fought, A 399; Foughten, *pp.* A 62.
 Figure, *s. shape*, 16. 27; form (as a man), B 3412; figure, 1. 94; figure (of speech), A 499; Figure, type, 1. 160; pl. figures (of speech), E 16; markings, A. pr. 75.
 Figuringe, *s. form*, L. 298; figure, G 96.
 Fil, *pt. s. of* Fallen.
 Fild, *pp.* filled, 5. 610.
 Finch, *s.* finch (bird), R. 915; pulle α finch, pluck a dupe, A 652.

Finde, v. find, 1. 72; A 648; invent, A 736; ger. to provide for, C 537; Fint, pr. s. finds, G 218; Fynt, pr. s. L. 1499; Fond, pt. s. discovered, A 2445; found out, T. i. 659; provided for, B 4019; Fondé, pt. s. subj. could find, 5. 374; pp. found, E 146; Founden, pp. found, B 612; provided, B 243.

Finding, s. provision, A 3220.

Fint, pr. s. finds, G 218.

Firre, s. fir-tree, A 2921.

Firste, adj. def. first, 3. 1166; my firste, my first narration, F 75; with the firste, very soon, T. iv. 63.

Fish, s. the sign Pisces, F 273.

Fit, s. a 'fyt' or 'passus,' a portion of a song, B 2078; bout, turn, A 4184.

Fithele, s. fiddle, A 296.

Fixe, pp. as adj. fixed, T. i. 298; solidified, G 779.

Flambe, s. flame, I 352.

Flatour, s. flatterer, B 4515.

Flaumbe, s. flame, HF. 709.

Flayn, pp. slayed, I 425.

Fledde, pt. s. fled, avoided, B 3445, 3874; Fledde herself, took refuge, L. 1225.

Flee (1), v. fly, F 503; *leet flee*, let fly, A 3806; Fleigh, pt. s. flew, HF. 921, 2087; Fley, pt. s. B 4362; Flown, pt. pl. flew, B 4581; pp. flown, HF. 905.

Fleen (2), v. escape, A 1170; flee, L. 1307, 2020; Fleeth, imp. pl. 4. 6; Fleigh, pt. s. fled, B 3879.

Fleen, s. pl. fleas, H 17.

Flees, s. fleece, L. 1428, 1647.

Fleet, pr. s. floats, B 463.

Flekked, pp. spotted, E 1848, G 565.

Flemen, ger. to banish, T. ii. 852; pr. s. H 182; pp. banished, G 58.

Flemere, s. banisher, driver away, B 460.

Fleminge, s. banishment, flight, T. iii. 933.

Flen, pr. pl. fly, T. iv. 1356.

Fleshly, adv. carnally, B 1775.

Flete, v. float, bathe, T. iii. 1971; 1 pr. s. subj. may float, A 2397; Fleteth, pr. s. floats, B 901; flows, abounds (Lat. *influat*), B 1. m 2. 28; Fleet, pr. s. floats, B 463; pres. pt. floating, A 1956; Fletinge, pres. pt. flowing, B 1. p. 3. 78 (Lat. *limphante*).

Flex, s. flax, A 676.

Fley, pt. s. flew, B 4362.

Flikered, pt. s. fluttered, T. iv. 1221; pres. pt. pl. fluttering, A 1962.

Flitte, v. pass away, I 368; pp. removed, T. v. 1544; pres. pt. unimportant, 3. 801.

Flo, s. arrow, H 264.

Flokmele, adr. in a flock, in a great number, E 86.

Flood, s. flood-tide, F 259; on a fl., in a state of flood, T. iii. 640.

Florisshinges, pl. florid ornaments, HF. 1301.

Florouns, s. pl. florets, L. 217, 220.

Floteren, pr. pl. fluctuate, waver, B 3. p 11. 227.

Flotery, adj. fluttering, wavy, A 2883.

Flough, 2 pt. s. didst fly, B 4421.

Flour, s. (1) flower, L. 48; of alle floures flower, flower of all flowers, 1. 4; flower, i.e. chrice, A 4174; choice part, A 982; time or flourishing, A 3048: (2) flour, R. 356.

Flour-de-lys, s. fleur-de-lis, lily, A 238.

Floureth, pr. s. flourishes, T. iv. 1577; blooms, 7. 306.

Flourettes, s. pl. flowerets, buds, R. 891.

Floury, adj. flowery, 3. 398.

Floute, s. flute, HF. 1223.

Floutours, pl. flute-players, R. 763.

Flowen, pt. pl. and pp. of Flee (1).

Floytinge, pres. pt. playing on the flute, A 91.

Fneseth, pr. s. breathes heavily, puffs, snorts, H 62.

Fo, s. foe, enemy, B 1748; Foo, A 63; Foon, pl. B 3896; Foos, pl. B 2160.

Fode, s. food, D 1881, I 137.

Foisoun, s. plenty, abundance, R. 1359.

Folde, s. fold, sheepfold, A 512.

Folden, pp. folded, T. iv. 359, 1247.

Foled, pp. foaled, born, D 1545.

Folily, adv. foolishly, B 2639.

Folk, s. folk, people, A 12, 25; sort, company, 5. 524; pl. companies, 5. 278.

Folowed wel, followed as a matter of course, 3. 1012; Folweth, imp. pl. imitate, E 1189.

Foly, adv. foolishly, 3. 874.

Folye, s. folly, foolishness, A 3045.

Folyen, pr. pl. act foolishly, B 3. p 2. 100.

Fomen, pl. foe-men, T. iv. 42.

Fomy, adj. foaming, covered with foam, A 2506.

Fond; pt. s. of Finde.

Fonde, v. endeavour, R. 1584; v. attempt, try, E 283; try to persuade, B 347.

Fonde, pt. s. subj. could find, 5. 374.

Fonge, v. receive, B 377.

Fonne, s. foel (Northern), A 4089.

Fontful water, fontful of water, B 357.

Fontstoon, s. font, B 723.

Foo; see Fo.

Foo, s. foo', for foot, A 3781.

- Fool, *adj.* foolish, silly, R. 1253.
 Fool, *s.* fool, A 3005; jester, B 3271; *pl.* wicked persons, E 2278.
 Fool-large, *adj.* foolishly liberal, B 2789, 2810.
 Fool-largesse, *s.* foolish liberality, I 813.
 Foom, *s.* foam, A 1659, G 564.
 Foo-men, *s. pl.* foes, B 3255, 3507.
 Foon, Foos; see Fo.
 Foot, *as pl.* feet, A 4124.
 Foot-brede, *s.* foot-breadth, HF. 2042.
 Foot-hot, *adv.* instantly, on the spot, B 438.
 Foot-mantel, *s.* foot-cloth, 'safeguard' to cover the skirt, A 472.
 For, *prep.* for, A 486, &c.; in respect of, 5. 336; by reason of, R. 1564; for the sake of, B 4. p 6. 190; for me, by my means, T. ii. 134; for which, wherefore, F 1525; against, to prevent, in order to avoid, L. 231; for fayling, to prevent failure, T. i. 928; in spite of, C 129; for al, notwithstanding, A 2020; for my dethe, were I to die for it, 4. 186; to have for excused, to excuse, A. pr. 31.
 For, *conj.* for, A 126, &c.; because, 3. 735, 789; in order that, B 478, F 102.
 For to, with *infin.* in order to, to, A 13, 78, &c.
 Forage, *s.* provision of fodder, E 1422; food, B 1973; winter-food, as hay, &c., A 3868.
 For-bede, *v.* forbid, T. iii. 467; Forbedeth, *pr. s.* B 2774; Forbet, *for* Forbedeth, *pr. s.* forbids, T. ii. 717; *in phr.* god f., or Crist f. = God forbid, Christ forbid, T. ii. 113, 716; Forbad, *pt. s.* E 570; Forbode, *pp.* forbidden, E 2206.
 Forbere, *v.* forbear (to mention), A 885; leave (him) alone, D 665; spare, A 3168; little consider, T. ii. 1660; Forbar, *pt. s.* forbare, T. i. 437; *imp. pl.* forgive, L. 80.
 For-blak, *adj.* extremely black, A 2144.
 Forbode, *s.* prohibition; *goddes forbode*, it is God's prohibition (i.e. God forbid), L. 10 a.
 Forbrak, *i pt. s.* broke off, interrupted, B 4. p 1. 7.
 For-brusèd, *pp.* badly bruised, B 3804.
 Forby, *adv.* by, past, L. 2539.
 Forbyse, *ger.* to instruct by examples, T. ii. 1390. (A false form; for *forbise(n)*, the former *n* being dropped by confusion with that in the suffix.)
 Force; see Fors.
 Foreracchen, *ger.* to scratch excessively, R. 323.
- Forcutteth, *pr. s.* cuts to pieces, H 340.
 For-do, *v.* destroy, 'do for,' T. i. 238, iv. 1681; For-dide, *pt. s.* slew, L. 2557; Fordoon, *pp.* overcome, vanquished, T. i. 525; ruined, T. v. 1687; destroyed, H 290; slain, L. 930.
 Fordiven, *pp.* driven about, B 1. p 3. 71.
 For-dronken, *pp.* extremely drunk, A 3120, 4150.
 Fordrye, *adj.* very dry, withered up, F 409.
 Fordwyned, *adj.* shrunken, R. 366.
 Fore, *s.* path, trace of steps, D 110; course, track, D 1935. A. S. *för*.
 Foreyne, *adj.* extraneous, B 3. p 3. 73.
 Foreyne, *s.* outer chamber (*or* court-yard?), L. 1962.
 Forfered, *pp.* exceedingly afraid; *forfered of* = very afraid for, F 527.
 Forfeted, *pt. s.* did wrong, I 273.
 Forgaf, *pt. s. of* Foryete.
 Forgat, *pt. s. of* Foryete.
 Forgift, *s.* forgiveness, L. 1853.
 For-go, *pp.* overwalked, exhausted with walking, HF. 115.
 Forgon, *ger.* to give up, forego, (*better* forgo), T. iv. 195; lose, R. 1473; Forgoon, *pp.* lost, B 2183.
 Forheed, *s.* forehead, R. 860; Forhevéd, B 1. p 4. 139.
 For-hoor, *adj.* very hoary, R. 356.
 Forkerveth, *pr. s.* hews in pieces, H 340.
 Forlaft, *pp.* abandoned, C 83.
 Forleseth, *pr. s.* loses, I 789. See Forlorn.
 For-leten, *v.* abandon, give up, C 864; yield up, B 1848; Forlete, *pr. pl.* forsake, I 93; Forleten, *pp.* abandoned, given up, HF. 694.
 Forliven, *v.* degenerate, B 3. p 6. 56; Forlived, *pp. as adj.* degenerate, ignoble, B 3. m 6. 13.
 Forlorn, *pp.* utterly lost, L. 2663. See Forlese.
 Forlost, *pp.* utterly lost, T. iii. 280.
 Forloyn, *s.* note on a horn for recall, 3. 386.
 Forme, *s. form*, A 305; form, lair (*of a hare*), B 1294.
 Forme-fader, *s.* fore-father, first father, B 2293.
 Formel, *s.* companion (said of birds), 5. 371, 373.
 Formely, *adv.* formally, T. iv. 497.
 Former, *s.* Creator, C 19.
 Former age, the Golden Age of old, 9. 2.
 Formest, *adj. sup.* foremost, 3. 890.
 Forn-cast, *pp.* premeditated, B 4407.

- Forneyes, *s.* furnace, A 202, 559.
 For-old, *adj.* extremely old, A 2124.
 Forpampred, *pp.* exceedingly pampered, spoilt by pampering, 9. 5.
 For-pyned, *pp.* wasted away (by torment or pine), A 205.
 Fors, *s.* force, A 2723; *no. fors*, no matter, no consequence, A 2723, B 285; *no. force*, no matter, 18. 53; *no. fors is*, it is no matter, T. iv. 322; *no. force of*, no matter for, 10. 13; *no. fors of me*, no matter about me, 4. 197; *thereof no. fors*, never mind that, 3. 1170; *make no. fors*, pay no heed, H 68; *I do no. fors*, I care not, D 1254; *I do no. fors thereof*, it is nothing to me, 3. 542; *doth no. fors*, takes no account, I 711; *what. fors*, what matter, T. ii. 378.
 Forsake, *v.* deny, B 1. p 4. 164; leave, B 343; Forsook, *pt. s.* forsook, R. 1538; Forsaken, *pp.* R. 1498; *imp. pl.* give up, C 286.
 Forseid, *pp. as adj.* aforesaid, 5. 120.
 Forseinge, *s.* prevision, T. iv. 980.
 Forshapen, *pp.* metamorphosed, T. ii. 66.
 For-shright, *pp.* exhausted with shrieking, T. iv. 1147.
 For-sight, *s.* foresight, T. iv. 961.
 For-sleuthen, *v.* waste in sloth, B 4286.
 Forsleweth, *pr. s.* wastes idly, I 685.
 Forsluggeth, *pr. s.* spoils, allows (goods) to spoil, I 685.
 Forsongen, *pp.* tired out with singing, R. 604.
 Forster, *s.* forester, A 117.
 Forstraught, *pp.* distracted, B 1295.
 Forswor him, *pt. s.* was forsworn, HF. 389; Forswore, *pp.* falsely sworn by, L. 2522; Forsworn, forsworn, L. 927.
 Forth, *adv.* forth, on, further, onward, 5. 27; D 1569, F 604, 605, 904; forward, HF. 2061; out, 5. 352; continually, F 1081; away, T. i. 118; still, 4. 148; *tho. f.*, thenceforth, T. i. 1076; *forth to love*, i.e. they proceed to love, T. ii. 788.
 Forther, *adv.* more forward, A 4222;
 Further, (go) further, A 4117.
 Fortheren, *ger.* to further, T. v. 1707.
 Forthering, *s.* furtherance, aid, L. 69 a.
 Forther-moor, *adv.* further on, A 2069;
 Furthermore, moreover, C 357.
 Forther-over, *adv.* moreover, C 648.
 Forhest, *adj. and adv.* furthest, B 4. p 6. 136.
 For-thinke, *v.* seem amiss, (*or here*) seem serious, T. ii. 1414; *pr. s. impers.* seems a pity (to me), E 1906; Forthoughte, *pt. s. subj.* should displease, R. 1671.
 Forthren, *ger.* to further, help, assist, L. 71, 472, 1618; *ger.* to further, T. v. 1707.
 Forth-right, *adv.* straightforwardly, straightforward, R. 295; F 1503.
 Forthward, *adv.* forwards, B 263, F 1169.
 For-thy, *adv.* therefore, on that account, A 1841, 4031.
 Fortroden, *pp.* trodden under foot, I 190.
 Fortuit, *adj.* fortuitous, B 5. p 1. 91.
 Fortuna maior, a name for the auspicious planet Jupiter, T. iii. 1420. (Or else, a cluster of stars near the beginning of Pisces; cf. Dante, *Purg.* xix. 4).
 Fortunel, *adj.* accidental, B 5. m 1. 16.
 Fortunet, *v.* to give (good or bad) fortune to, A 417; Fortunest, *z pr. s.* renderest lucky or unlucky, A 2377; *pt. pl.* happened, chanced, 3. 288; *pp.* endowed by fortune, 4. 180.
 Fortounous, *adj.* fortuitous, accidental, B 1. p 6. 9.
 For-waked, *pp.* tired out with watching, 3. 126; B 596.
 Forward, *adv.* foremost; *first and f.*, first of all, B 2431.
 Forward, *s.* agreement, covenant, A 33, 829.
 Forwelked, *adj.* withered, wrinkled, deeply lined, R. 361.
 Forweped, *pp.* weary, exhausted through weeping, 3. 126.
 Forwered, *pp.* worn out, R. 235.
 For-wery, *adj.* very tired, 5. 93.
 Forwes, *pl.* furrows, 9. 12.
 For-why, *conj.* for what reason, T. iii. 1009; wherefore, why, HF. 20; because, 3. 461, 793.
 For-witer, *s.* foreknower, B 5. p 6. 329.
 Forwiting, *s.* foreknowledge, B 4433.
 For-wot, *pr. s.* foreknows, foresees, HF. 45.
 Forwrapped, *pp.* wrapped up, C 718; concealed, I 320.
 For-yede, *pt. s.* gave up, T. ii. 1330.
 Foryeldie, *v.* yield in return, requite, E 831.
 Foryetelnesse, *s.* forgetfulness, I 827.
 Foryeten, *v.* forgot, T. iii. 55; *pr. s.* forgets, T. ii. 375; Forget, *for* Forgeteth, *pr. s.* forgets, R. 61; Forgat, *i pt. s.* forgot, C 919; For-yat, *pt. s.* T. v. 1535; For-yeten, *pp.* forgotten, A 2021; Forgeten, *pp.* B 2602.
 Foryetful, *adj.* forgetful, E 472.
 Foryetinge, *s.* forgetfulness, B 2. p 7. 98.
 Foryeve, *v.* forgive, B 994; Foryaf, *pt. &*

- forgave, T. iii. 1129, 1577; *Forgaf*, *pt. s.* L. 162; *Foryeve*, *pt. pl.* L. 1848; *For-yeven*, *pp.* forgiven, T. ii. 595.
- Foryifnesse**, *s.* forgiveness, B 2963.
- Fostreth**, *pr. s.* cherishes, E 1387; *Fostred*, *pt. s.* nourished, fed, kept, E 222, H 131; *pp.* nurtured, nourished, C 219.
- Fostring**, *s.* nourishment, D 1845.
- Fote**, *s.* foot, short distance, F 1177; *dat.* L. 2711; *him to f.*, at his foot, L. 1314; *on f.*, on foot, F 390.
- Fother**, *s.* load, properly a cart-load, A 530; great quantity, A 1908.
- Fot-hoot**, *adv.* hastily, immediately, 3. 375.
- Foudre**, *s.* thunderbolt, HF. 535.
- Foughten**, *pp.* fought, A 62.
- Foul**, *s.* bird, F 149; *pl.* birds, L. 37, 130.
- Foule**, *adv.* vilely, D 1069; foully, 3. 623; 5. 517; evilly, A 4220; shamefully, L. 1307; hideously, D 1082; meanly, R. 1061.
- Fowler**, *adj. comp.* uglier, D 999.
- Fowler**, *s.* fowler, L. 132.
- Founde** (1), *ger.* to found, T. i. 1065.
- Founde** (2), *v.* seek after, 7. 241; 1 *pr. s.* try, endeavour, 7. 47.
- Foundement**, *s.* foundation, HF. 1132.
- Foundred**, *pt. s.* foundered, stumbled, A 2687.
- Founes**, *s.* *pl.* fawns, 3. 429; *Fownes* (*metaphorically*), young desires, T. i. 465.
- Fourneys**, *s.* furnace, B 3353.
- Fourtenight**, fourteen nights, a fortnight, T. iv. 1327.
- Fowel**, *s.* bird, A 190, 2437.
- Foyne**, *pr. s.* *imp.* let him thrust, A 2550; *pr. s.* A 2615; *pr. pl.* A 1654.
- Foyson**, *s.* abundance, plenty, A 3165.
- Fraknes**, *pl.* freckles, A 2169.
- Frame**, *ger.* to put together, build, T. iii. 530.
- Franchyse**, *s.* liberality, E 1987; nobleness, F 1524; privilege, I 452.
- Frankeleyn**, *s.* franklin, freeholder, A 331.
- Frankes**, *pl.* franks, B 1371, 1377.
- Frape**, *s.* company, pack, T. iii. 410. O.F. *frape*, troop.
- Fraught**, *pp.* freighted, B 171; *han doon fr.*, have caused to be freighted.
- Frayneth**, *pr. s.* prays, beseeches, B 1790.
- Free**, *adj.* liberal, generous, B 1366, 1854; bounteous, liberal, 3. 484; noble, beautiful, C 35; profuse, lavish, A 4387; *as s.* noble one, 6. 104.
- Freedom**, *s.* liberality, L. 1127.
- Freele**, *adj.* frail, fragile, I 1078.
- Freend**, *s.* friend, A 670.
- Freendlich**, *adj.* friendly, A 2680.
- Freleete**, *s.* frailty, C 78, D 92.
- Fremede**, *adj.* foreign; *Fremed* (*before a vowel*), strange, wild; *fremed and tame*, wild and tame, every one, T. iii. 529;
- Fremde**, foreign, F 429. A.S. *fremede*.
- Frenesye**, *s.* madness, D 2209.
- Frenetyk**, *adj.* frantic, T. v. 206.
- Frenges**, *pl.* fringes, D 1383; borderings, HF. 1318.
- Frere**, *s.* friar, A 268, D 829.
- Fresshe**, *adv.* newly, L. 204.
- Fresshe**, *v.* refresh, R. 1513.
- Fret**, *s.* ornament, L. 215, 225, 228.
- Freten**, *v.* eat (governed by *saugh*), A 2019; *pr. s.* devours, R. 387; *pt. pl.* consumed, D 561; *Freten*, *pp.* eaten, devoured, A 2068; *Frete*, *pp.* B 475.
- Fretted**, *pp.* adorned, set, L. 1117.
- Freyne**, *v.* ask, question, T. v. 1227; *pt. s.* B 3022; *pp.* G 433.
- Fro**, *prep.* from, A 44; out of, 4. 254; *to and fro*, L. 2358, 2471.
- Frogges**, *pl.* frogs, R. 1410.
- From**, *prep.* from, A 128; apart from, T. iv. 766; from the time that, R. 850.
- Frosty**, *adj.* frosty, cold, A 268; which comes in the winter, 5. 364.
- Frote**, *ger.* to rub, T. iii. 1115; *pr. s.* A 3747.
- Frothen**, *pr. pl.* become covered with foam, A 1659.
- Fro-this-forth**, henceforward, T. iv. 314.
- Frounced**, *adj.* wrinkled, R. 365.
- Frounceles**, *adj.* unwrinkled, R. 860.
- Frount**, *s.* true countenance, B 2. p. 8. 7.
- Fruituous**, *adj.* fruitful, I 73.
- Fruit**, *s.* fruit, 1. 38; result, F 74.
- Fruytesteress**, *s.* *pl.* *fem.* fruit-sellers, C 478.
- Frye**, *v.* fry, A 383, D 487.
- Fugitif**, *adj.* fleeing from (Lat. *profugus*), HF. 146.
- Ful**, *adj.* satiated, T. iii. 1661; *atte fulle* at the full, completely, A 651.
- Ful**, *adv.* fully, F 1230; very, quite, B 3506, F 52; *f. many*, very many, F 128.
- Fulfille**, *v.* fulfil, 6. 17; *Fulfelle* (Kentish form), *ger.* T. iii. 510; *Fulfeldest*, 2 *pt. s.* didst satisfy, B 2. p. 3. 66; *Fulfilled*, *pp.* quite full, L. 54.
- Fulsomnesse**, *s.* copiousness, excess, F 405.
- Fume**, *s.* vapour, B 4114.
- Fumetere**, *s.* fumitory, *Fumaria officinalis*, B 4153.

- Fumositee, *s.* fumes arising from drunkenness, C 567, F 358.
 Fundement (1), *s.* foundation, D 2103; (2) fundament, C 950.
 Funeral, *adj.* T. v. 302; funereal, A 2864, 2912.
 Furial, *adj.* tormenting, furious, F 448.
 Furie, *s.* monster, A 2684; rage, T. v. 212.
 Furlongs, *pl.* furlongs, A 4166; Furlong-way, a short distance, B 557; Forlong-way, a brief time (lit. time of walking a furlong, 2½ minutes), T. iv. 1237.
 Furre, *s.* fur, R. 228.
 Furred, *pp.* furred, trimmed with fur, R. 227, 408.
 Furringe, *s.* fur-trimming, I 418.
 Further-over, moreover, 2. 85.
 Furthre, *ger.* to help, HF. 2023; *pp.* advanced, 7. 273.
 Fusible, *adj.* capable of being fused, G 856.
 Fustian, *s.* fustian, A 75.
 Futur, *adj.* future, T. v. 748.
 Fyle, *v.* file, smoothe by filing, 5. 212; Fyled, *pp.* A 2152.
 Fyn, *s.* end, R. 1558; death, T. ii. 527; result, B 3348, 3884; aim, E 2106; object, T. ii. 425, iii. 553; *for fyn*, finally, T. iv. 477.
 Fyn, *adj.* fine, strong, A 1472; *of fyne force*, of very need, T. v. 421.
 Fyne, *v.* finish, T. iv. 26; cease, end, T. ii. 1460.
 Fynt, *pr. s.* finds, A 4071; Fint, G 218.
 Fyr, *s.* fire, B 3734; Fyr of Seint Antony, erysipelas, I 427.
 Fyr-makinge, *s.* making of the fire, A 2914.
 Fysicien, *s.* physician, B 1. p 3. 4.
- G.
- Gabbe, *ger.* to boast, prate, A 3510; *1 pr. s.* lie, speak idly, 3. 1075; Gabbestow, liest thou, T. iv. 481.
 Gabber, *s.* liar, idle talker, I 89.
 Gable, *s.* gable-end, A 3571.
 Gadeling, *s.* idle vagabond, gad-about, R. 938.
 Gadereth, *pr. s.* gathers, A 1053.
 Gaderinge, *s.* gathering, B 2765.
 Gaillard, *adj.* joyous, merry, lively, A 4367.
 Galantyne, *s.* a kind of sauce, galantine, 9. 16; 12. 17.
 Galaxye, *s.* the Galaxy, Milky Way, 5. 56; HF. 936.
- Gale, *v. sing.* cry out, D 852; *pr. s. subj.* exclaim, D 1336.
 Galianes, *s. pl.* medicines, C 306. So named after Galen.
 Galingale, *s.* sweet cyperus, A 381. (A spice was prepared from the root of the plant.)
 Galle, *s.* sore place, D 940.
 Galles, *pl.* feelings of envy, 9. 47.
 Galoche, *s.* a shoe, F 555.
 Galoun, *s.* gallon, H 24.
 Galping, *pres. pl.* gaping, F 350.
 Galwes, *s. pl.* gallows, B 3924.
 Gamed, *pt. s. impers.* it pleased, A 534.
 Gamen, *s.* game, sport, T. ii. 38, iii. 250; joke, jest, E 733; amusement, fun, merriment, A 2286, 4354.
 Gan, *pt. s. of Ginne.*
 Ganeth, *pr. s.* yawneth, H 35.
 Gape, *v. gape*, gasp, B 3924; Gapeth, *pr. s.* opens his mouth, L. 2004; Gape (*also Cape*), *pr. pl.* gape, stare, A 3841.
 Gapinges, *s. pl.* greedy wishes, B 2. m 2. 17 (*Lat. hiatus*).
 Gappe, *s.* gap, A 1639, 1645.
 Gardin-wal, *s.* garden-wall, A 1060.
 Gardinward, *adv.* gardenward; *to the g.*, towards the garden, F 1505.
 Gargat, *s.* throat, B 4524.
 Garleek, *s.* garlick, A 634.
 Garnement, *s.* garment, R. 896.
 Garnere, *s.* garner, granary, R. 1148.
 Garnisoun, *s.* garrison, B 2217.
 Gas, *pr. s.* goes (*Northern*), A 4037.
 Gastly, *adv.* terrible, A 1984.
 Gastnesse, *s.* terror, B 3. p 5. 29.
 Gat, *pt. s. of Geten.*
 Gat-tothed, *adj.* having the teeth far apart, A 468, D 603.
 Gaude, *s.* gaud, toy, pretence, T. ii. 351; trick, C 389; *pl.* pranks, I 651.
 Gaudè, *adj.* dyed with weld, A 2079. Fr. *gauder*, to dye with weld.
 Gauded, *pp.* furnished with beads called *gauds*, A 159. (The bead or *gaud* was formerly called *gaudee*, from Lat. *imp. pl. gaudente*.)
 Gauvre, *v.* stare, T. ii. 1157; *ger.* to stare, gaze, A 3827.
 Gay, *adj.* finely dressed, A 74, 111; joyous, R. 435; wanton, A 3709.
 Gaylard, *adj.* lively, A 3336.
 Gayler, *s.* gaoler, A 1064.
 Gayneth, *pr. s. avails*, A 1176; *pt. s. profited*, T. i. 352.
 Gaytres berries, berries of the gay-tree or gait-tree (goat-tree), berries of the *Rhamnus catharticus*, or buckthorn, B

4155. Called *getbärs-trä*, goat-berry-tree.
in Swedish dialects (Rietz).
- Geaunt, *s.* giant, B 1997, 3208.
- Gebet, *s.* gibbet, gallows, HF. 106.
- Geen, *pp.* gone (Northern), A 4078.
- Geeth, *pr. s.* goes, L. 2145.
- Generally, *adv.* everywhere, T. i. 86.
- Gent, *adj.* refined, exquisite, noble, B 1995; slim, A 3254; *fem.* graceful, R. 1032.
- Genterye, *s.* nobility, magnanimity, L. 394; gentility, D 1146; gentle birth, I 452; rank, I 461; sign of good birth, I 601.
- Gentil, *adj.* gentle, refined, A 72; gentle, worthy, B 1627; excellent, A 718; mild in manner, compassionate, A 647; well-bred, D 111; beautiful, R. 1081; charming, R. 1016.
- Gentillesse, *s.* gentleness, noble kindness, courtesy, good breeding, L. 610, 1010, 1080; A 920; nobility, B 3854; gentility, D 1109; worth, E 96; kindness, G 1054; condescension, B 853; high birth, I 585; slenderness, symmetry, F 426; delicate nurture, E 593.
- Gentilleste, *adj. sup.* noblest, E 72, 131.
- Gentilly, *adv.* gently, honourably, A 3104; courteously, B 1093; frankly, F 674.
- Gentils, *s. pl.* gentlefolk, A 3113.
- Geomancie, *s.* divination by figures made on the earth, I 605.
- Geometriens, *s. pl.* geometers, B 3, p 10. 143.
- Gere, *s.* gear, armour, A 2180; equipment, A 4016; property, B 800; utensils, A 352; apparel, A 365; *pl.* contrivances, F 1276.
- Gere, *s.* changeful manner, A 1372; *pl.* changeful ways, A 1531.
- Gerful, *adj.* changeable, T. iv. 286; A 1538. Cf. Gery.
- Gerland, *s.* garland, R. 566.
- Gerner, *s.* garner, A 593.
- Gery, *adj.* changeable, A 1536.
- Gesse, *v.* suppose, imagine, R. 1115; *1 pr.* *s.* suppose, A 82, 117, B 3435, 3960.
- Gessinge, *s.* opinion, B 1. P 4. 315.
- Gest, *s.* guest, HF. 288.
- Geste, *s.* romance, tale, story, T. ii. 83, iii. 450; *in geste*, in romance-form, like the common stock-stories, B 2123; *pl.* stories, D 642; occurrences, T. i. 145; exploits, affairs, T. ii. 1349; histories, history, B 1126; deeds, HF. 1434.
- Gestours, *s. pl.* story-tellers, B 2036; Gestions, HF. 1198.
- Get (jet), *s.* contrivance, G 1277.
- Geten, *v.* obtain, get, L. 2370; beget, E 1437; Get, *pr. s.* procures, I 828; Gete, *2 pr. pl.* as fut. (ye) will get, s. 651; Gat, *pt. s.* begat, B 715; got, 7. 206; procured for, A 703; Geten, *pp.* gotten, obtained, A 291; won, L. 1753; begotten, L. 1402; *han geten hem*, to have acquired for themselves, F 56.
- Gif, *conj. if* (Northern), A 4181, 4190.
- Gigges, *pl.* rapid movements, HF. 1942.
- Gigginge, *pres. pt. pl.* fitting with straps, A 2504. From O.F. *guigue*, a handle of a shield.
- Gilden, *adj.* golden, 3. 338.
- Gilt, *s.* guilt, offence, F 757, 1039; *pl.* sins, B 3015.
- Giltleees, *adj.* guiltless, innocent, A 1312.
- Giltif, *adj.* guilty, T. iii. 1010.
- Gin, *s.* contrivance, snare, G 1165; *pl.* traps, snares, R. 1620.
- Gingebreed, *s.* gingerbread, B 2044.
- Gingere, *s.* ginger, R. 1369.
- Ginglen, *v.* jingle, A 170.
- Ginne, *v.* begin, attempt, HF. 2004; Gan, *1 pt. s.* began, T. i. 266; (*as auxiliary verb*), did, R. 734, 1129; Gonne, *pl.* did, E 1103; HF. 944, 1002; began, C 323; Gonnen, *pt. pl.* began, s. 531; Gunne, *pt. pl.* began, HF. 1658; did, HF. 1384; Gunnene, *pt. pl.* did, T. ii. 150.
- Ginninge, *s.* beginning, T. i. 377.
- Gipoun, *s.* a short cassock or doublet, A 75, 2120.
- Gipser, *s.* pouch, purse, A 357.
- Girdel, *s.* girdle, A 358, 3250; central line, or great circle, A. i. 17. 49.
- Girden, *ger.* to strike, B 3736. Properly to switch.
- Girdilstede, *s.* waist, R. 826.
- Girles, *pl.* young people, whether male or female, A 664.
- Girt, *pr. s.* girds, L. 1775; *pp.* girded, A 329.
- Giser, *s.* gizzard, liver, B 3. m 12. 47.
- Giterne, *s.* kind of guitar, cittern, A 3333.
- Giterninge, *s.* playing on the gittern, or cittern, A 3303.
- Glade, *ger.* to gladden, cheer, E 1174; *ger.* to console, A 2837; to rejoice, s. 687; Gladed, *pt. s.* cheered, T. i. 116; *imp. s.* 3 p. may he comfort, E 822; Gladeth, *imp. pl.* rejoice, 4. 1.
- Glader, *s.* one that cheers, A 2223.
- Gladly, *adv.* fitly, 887; willingly, F 224; by preference, L. 770; *that been gl. wyse*; that would be thought wise, F 372.
- Gladsom, *adj.* pleasant, B 3968.
- Glareth, *pr. s.* glistens, shines, HF. 272.

Glase, ger. to glaze, furnish with glass, T. v. 469. *To glaze one's hood* = to provide with a useless defence.

Glasing, s. glass-work, 3. 327.

Glede, s. burning coal, glowing coal or ashes, B 111; *coloured as the glede*, of a bright red, gules, B 3574; pl. glowing coals, L. 235. See Gleed.

Gledy, adj. glowing (as a coal), burning, L. 105.

Glee, s. music, T. ii. 1036; entertainment, B 2030; pl. musical instruments, HF. 1209.

Gleed, s. glowing coal, L. 735.

Glento, pt. pl. glanced, T. iv. 1223.

Glewe, v. fasten, glue, HF. 1761.

Gleyre, s. white (of an egg), G 806.

Gliden, pp. of Glyde.

Glimsing, s. imperfect sight, E 2383.

Gliteren, pr. pl. glitter, A 977.

Glood, pt. s. of Glyde.

Glose, s. glosing, comment, L. 328; F 166; explanation, D 1792; commentary, hence margin, 3. 333.

Glose, ger. to interpret, explain, T. iv. 1410; to flatter, B 3330; speak with circumlocution, E 2351; persuade cunningly, T. iv. 1471; cajole, D 509; comment on, B 1180.

Glosinge, s. explaining, D 1793.

Glyde, v. glide, A 1575; ascend, G 402; slip, T. iv. 1215; *up gl.*, rise up gradually, F 373; *Glööd*, pt. s. went quickly, B 2094; Gliden, pp. glided, passed, E 1887.

Gnidan, pt. pl. rubbed, 9. 11. From A.S. *gnidan*.

Gnof, s. churl (lit. thief), A 3188. Mod. E. *gnoph*.

Gnow, pt. s. gnawed, B 3638.

Gobet, s. piece, morsel, fragment, A 696.

God, s. A 769; God be with you, farewell, C 748; Goddess, God's, Christ's, B 1166; (*pronounced god's*), D 1096; Goddess, pl. gods, false gods, 3. 1328.

Godhede, s. divinity, A 2381.

Godlihede, s. beauty, T. iii. 1730.

Godsib, s. sponsor, I 909.

Gold, s. made of gold, R. 1193.

Gold-bete, adorned with beaten gold, gilt, 7. 24. Cf. Y-bete.

Goldes, pl. marigolds, A 1929.

Gold-hewen, pp. hewn of gold, cut out of or made of gold, A 2500.

Goldlees, adj. moneyless, B 1480.

Goldsmithrie, s. goldsmiths' work, A 2498.

Golee, s. gabble (lit. mouthful), 5. 566. O.F. *golee*.

Golet, s. throat, gullet, C 543.

Goliardeys, s. buffoon, scurrilous talker, A 560.

Gomme, s. gum, L. 121.

Gon, v. go, proceed, F 200; walk, L. 1399; move, A 2510; *lete it goon*, let it go, G 1475; to walk, I 105; move, F 921; roam, L. 2066; Goost, 2 pr. s. goest, G 50; Goth, pr. s. goes, 1. 68; Gooth about, seeks for, T. i. 1001; Gooth, goes, B 385; Geeth, L. 2145; Gas(Northern), A 4037; Goon, pr. pl. proceed, go along, E 898; Goor, pp. gone, L. 792; B 17; Go, pp. gone, G 907; Geen (Northern), A 4078; Go, pr. s. subj. may walk, L. 2069; Go we, let us go, T. ii. 615; Goth, imp. pl. go, B 3384.

Gonfanoun, s. gonfanon, gonfalon, a sacred banner, R. 1201.

Gonge, s. privy, I 885.

Gonne, s. missile, L. 637; gun, cannon, HF. 1643.

Gonne, -n; see Ginne, v.

Good, s. property, goods, 5. 462; Gode, dat. benefit, HF. 1. 58; property, wealth, L. 2638; Godes, pl. goods, B 2605.

Goodlich, adj. kind, bountiful, G 1053.

Goodlihood, s. seemliness, T. ii. 842; goodly seeming, HF. 330; a goodly outside, HF. 274.

Goodly, adj. kindly, B 2021; excellent, L. 77; pleasing, right, B 3969; portly, B 4010.

Goodly, adr. patiently, T. iii. 1035; well, B 2420; kindly, HF. 565; reasonably, T. iii. 990; favourably, T. iii. 654; rightly, B 2860.

Good-man, s. master of the house, C 361; householder, L. 1301.

Goos, s. goose, 5. 358; Gees, pl. E 2275.

Goosish, adj. goose-like, foolish, T. iii. 584.

Goost, 2 pr. s. goest, B 2501.

Goot, s. goat, A 688, G 886.

Gore, s. 'gore' or gusset of a garment, B 1979; a triangular piece cut out, A 3237.

Goshauk, s. goshawk, B 1928.

Gossib, s. female companion, D 529; male (spiritual) relation, D 243; Godsib, sponsor, I 909.

Gossomer, s. gossamer, F 259.

Gōst, s. spirit, ghost, HF. 185; soul, 1. 56; mind, L. 103; ghost (ironically), H 55; the Holy Spirit, 1. 93; G 328; *yeldeth up the gōst*, gives up the ghost, L. 886.

Gostly, Goostly, adj. spiritual, I 392.

Gostly, adv. spiritually, mystically, G 109; devoutly, truly, T. v. 1030.

- Goter, *s.* gutter, channel for water, L. 2705.
 Goune-clooth, *s.* cloth to make a gown, D 2247, 2252.
 Governaille, *s.* mastery, E 1192; *pl.* rules, B 1. p 6. 32.
 Governaunce, *s.* management, control, rule, HF. 945, 958; providence, T. ii. 467; dominion, B 3541; manner of action, F 311; self-control, T. ii. 1020; charge, care, C 73; demeanour, T. ii. 219.
 Governe, *v.* control, T. iii. 475; *imp. pl.* arrange, regulate, B 1451, E 322.
 Govérneresse, *s. fém.* governor, ruler, mistress, 1. 141; 2. 80.
 Gouvernour, *s.* ruler, umpire, A 813; leader, L. 1060.
 Grace, *s.* favour, 1. 46; mercy, F 999; pardon, B 647; good opinion, R. 1169; virtue, R. 1099; *hir grace*, her favour (i.e. that of the Virgin), B 980; *of grace*, out of favour, in kindness, F 161; *sory grace*, an ill favour, HF. 1700; disfavour, D 746; *harde grace*, displeasure, 5. 65; displeasure, disgust, D 2228; severity, HF. 1586; disfavour, misfortune, T. i. 713; ill luck (i.e. a curse upon him), G 665; Graces, *pl.* thanks, B 2994.
 Gracelees, *adj.* unfavoured by God, G 1078; out of favour, T. i. 781.
 Grame, *s.* anger, grief, harm, 7. 276.
 Grange, *s.* barn, granary, A 3668.
 Grant mercy, best thanks, G 1380.
 Grapnel, *s.* grapnel, L. 640.
 Gras (1), *s.* grass, R. 1419.
 Gras (2), *s.* grace, B 2021.
 Graspe, *v.* grope, T. v. 223.
 Gras-tyme, *s.* time of eating grass, time of youth, A 3868.
 Graunges, *pl.* granges, barns, granaries, HF. 698.
 Graunt, *s.* grant, R. 851.
 Graunt mercy, best thanks, G 1156.
 Graunten, *v.* grant, R. 1483; fix, name, E 170; *pt. s.* assented to, L. 2665; *pt. pl.* consented to, A 786.
 Grave, *s.* A 2778; pit, L. 680.
 Graven, *v.* engrave, F 830; Grave, *v.* dig; doth she gr., she causes to be dug, L. 678; bury, E 681; to engrave, C 17; Graven, *pp.* engraved, graven, HF. 103; buried, L. 785; Grave, *pp.* graven, HF. 157.
 Grayn, *s.* dye; *in grayn*, in dye, i.e. dyed of a fast colour, B 1917.
 Graythe, *ger.* to clothe, dress, R. 584.
 Grece, *s.* grease, A 135.
 Gredy, *adj.* greedy, ready, T. iii. 1758.
 Gree (1), *s.* favour, good part, R. 42; good will, 18. 73; *in gree*, favourably, T. ii. 529.
 Gree (2), *s.* degree, rank, L. 1313; superiority, A 2733.
 Greef, *s.* grievance, D 2174.
 Greet, *adj.* great, 3. 954; principal, B 1181; *voc.* B 1797; *pl.* L. 929; luxuriant, C 37; *a greet*, a great one, A 339; Grete, *def. adj. as s.*, the chief part, L. 574.
 Grehoundes, *s. pl.* greyhounds, A 190.
 Greithe, *v.* prepare, B 3784.
 Gréne, *adj. as s.*, green colour, R. 573; A 103; green clothing (the colour of inconstancy), 21. 7; green place, green space, F 862.
 Grenehede, *v.* greenness, wantonness, B 163.
 Grenning, *pres. part.* grinning, R. 156.
 Gres, *s.* grass, T. ii. 515; *pl.* grasses, HF. 1353.
 Grete, *v.* greet; *imp. s.* L. 2299; Grette, *1 pt. s.* L. 116.
 Greter, *adj. comp.* greater, A 197.
 Grevaunce, *s.* grievance, trouble, hardship, B 2676; complaint (against us), 1. 63; discomfort, 5. 205; affliction, 10. 47; *pl.* distresses, T. i. 647.
 Greve, *s.* grove, T. v. 1144; *pl.* A 1495; boughs, sprays, L. 227.
 Greve, *ger.* to harm, R. 1042; feel vexed, grumble, T. i. 343; *pr. s.* grieves, harms, A 917; *impers.* it vexes, E 647.
 Grevous, *adj.* grievous, painful, T. v. 1604.
 Greyn, *s.* grain, corn, A 596; grain (dye), B 4649; *in greyn*, of a fast colour, F 511; Greyn de Paradys, grains of paradise, R. 1369; Greyn, grain (of paradise), cardamom, A 3690.
 Greythen, *pr. pl.* prepare (themselves), get ready, A 4309; *ger.* to adorn, clothe, dress, R. 584. Icel. *greida*.
 Griffon, *s.* griffin, A 2133.
 Grille, *adj. pl.* horrible, R. 73.
 Grim, *adj.* angry, A 2042; fierce, A 2519.
 Grimnesse, *s.* horror, I 864.
 Grinte, *pt. s.* grinned, D 2161.
 Grintinge, *s.* gnashing (of teeth), I 208.
 Grisel, *s.* name given to an old man, whose hair is gray (lit. old horse), 16. 35.
 Grisly, *adj.* horrible, terrible, awful, A 1363, 1971; very serious, T. ii. 1700.
 Grobbe, *v.* dig, grub (up), 9. 29.
 Grome, *s.* man; *gr. and wenche*, man and woman, HF. 206; *pl.* men, R. 200.
 Gronte, *pt. s.* groaned, B 3899.
 Gropre, *v.* try, test, examine, A 644; *ger.* to search out, D 1817.

Gröt, *s.* particle, atom, D 1292.
 Gröte, *s.* groat, (Dutch) coin, C 945.
 Grounded, *pp.* well instructed, A 414; founded, T. iv. 1672.
 Groyn (1), *s.* (a swine's) snout, I 156.
 Groyn (2), *s.* murmur, T. i. 349.
 Groyning, *s.* murmuring, A 2460.
 Grucche, *v.* murmur, T. iii. 043; *ger.* to grumble, D 443.
 Grucchung, *s.* grumbling, complaining, murmuring, D 406, I 499.
 Gruf, *adv.* on their faces, grovellingly, in a grovelling posture, A 949, B 1865. Cf. Icel. *ā grūfu*, face downwards.
 Grypen, *ger.* to grasp, R. 204.
 Grys, *adj.* gray, G 559; *pomely grys*, i.e. dapple-gray.
 Grys, *s.* a gray fur, A 194. The fur of the gray squirrel.
 Guerdon, *s.* recompense, meed, reward, R. 1526; *him to g.*, as a reward for him, L. 2052.
 Guerdone, *v.* reward, I 283; *pp.* B 2462.
 Guerdoning, *s.* reward, 5. 455.
 Gyde, *s.* guide, A 804; ruler, G 45; guide, wielder, 5. 136.
 Gyde, *ger.* to direct, lead, T. i. 183; to guide, T. iii. 1811; *pr. pl.* conduct, T. ii. 1104.
 Gyderesse, *s.* conductress, B 4, p 1. 9.
 Gyding, *s.* guidance, T. v. 643.
 Gye, *v.* guide, A 1050, E 1429; conduct (myself), L. 2045; govern, A 3046; rule, B 3587; instruct, control, B 1286; *ger.* to guide, T. v. 546; to regulate, I 13; *as wisely he gye*, so verily may he guide, 25. 8.
 Gyle, *s.* deceit, A 2596; trick, T. iii. 777.
 Gylour, *s.* beguiler, trickster, A 4321.
 Gyse, *s.* guise, way, A 663; manner, R. 789, A 1208, 1789; custom, A 993; way, plan, T. iv. 1370.
 Gyte, *s.* dress, *perhaps* skirt or mantle, A 3954; *pl.* D 550. Cf. *gyde* in Jamieson's Dict., where the sense is dress, skirt, or mantle. Gascoigne uses *gite* in the sense of dress in his *Philomena*, l. 117: 'A stately Nymph, a dame of heavenly kinde, Whose glittering gite so glimsed in mine eyes.'

H.

Ha! ha! *interj.* B 4571.
 Haberdassher, *s.* seller of hats, A 361.
 Habergeoun, *s.* a hauberk or coat of mail, A 76, 2119.
 Habitacle, *s.* habitable space, B 2, p 7. 59; Habitacles, *pl.* niches, HF. 1194.

Haboundaunt, *pres. pt.* abounding, B 3, p 2. 32.
 Habounde, *v.* abound, B 3938. E 1286.
 Habundant, *adj.* abundant, E 59.
 Habundaunce, *s.* plenty, B 2322.
 Habýten, *pr. pl.* inhabit, R. 660.
 Hacches, *pl.* hatchets, L. 648.
 Hailes, *pl.* hail-storms, HF. 967.
 Hainselins, *s. pl.* short jackets, I 422. O.F. *hainselin*, *hamcellin*, a sort of robe; cf. G. *Hemd*, shirt.
 Haire, *s.* hair-shirt, R. 438.
 Hakeney, *s.* old horse, R. 1137; G 559.
 Halde, *pp.* held, esteemed (Northern), A 4208.
 Hale, *v.* draw, attract, 5. 151; *pr. s.* draws back, 1. 68.
 Half, *s.* side, HF. 1136; behalf, T. ii. 1734; Halfe, *dat.* 5. 125; *on my halfe*, from me, 3. 139; *a goddes halfe*, on God's side, in God's name, D 50; Halve, *dat.* side, part, T. iv. 945; *pl.* sides, A 3481.
 Half-goddes, *pl.* demi-gods, L. 387.
 Half-year age, of the age of half a year, A 3971.
 Haliday, *s.* holiday, A 3309, 3340.
 Halke, *s.* corner, R. 464; hiding-place, L. 1780; nook, F 1121; *pl.* G 311.
 Halle, *s.* hall, A 353; dining-room, T. ii. 1170; parlour, B 4022.
 Halp, *pt. s. of Helpe.*
 Hals, *s.* neck, HF. 394; B 73; *cut the hals*, cut in the throat, L. 292 a.
 Halse, *1 pr. s.* I conjure, B 1835. The proper meaning of A.S. *healsian* is to clasp round the neck (A.S. *heals*), and thence to beseech, supplicate.
 Halt, *pr. s. of Holde and Halten.*
 Halten, *ger.* to limp, T. iv. 1457; Halt, *pr. s.* goes lame, 3. 622.
 Halve goddes, *pl.* demigods, T. iv. 1545.
 Halvendel, *s.* the half part (of), T. v. 335.
 Halwen, *ger.* to hallow, I 919.
 Halwes, *pl.* saints, B 1000; apostles, 3. 831; shrines of saints, A 14.
 Haly-dayes, *pl.* holy-days, festivals, A 3952, I 667.
 Ham, *s.* home (Northern), A 4032.
 Hameled, *pp.* cut off, T. ii. 964. (It refers to the mutilation of dogs that were found to be pursuing game secretly. They were mutilated by cutting off a foot.) A.S. *hamelian*, to mutilate.
 Hamer, *s.* hammer, A 2508.

- Hampred, *pp.* hampered, burdened, R. 1493.
- Hand, *s.* hand, A 108; *in his hande*, leading by his hand, L. 213.
- Handebrede, *s.* hand's breadth, A 3811.
- Handwerk, *s.* creatures, things created, D 1562.
- Hangeth, *pr. s. as fut.* will hang, R. 193; Heeng, *pt. s.* hung, A 3250; Heng, *pt. s.* hung, R. 224, 240; (which) hung, E 1883; hung down, T. ii. 689; Hanged, *pp.* hung round, A 2568; hung, T. ii. 353.
- Hap, *s.* chance, E 2057; luck, success, B 3928, G 1209; good fortune, 3. 1039; *h. other grace*, a mere chance or a special favour, 3. 810; *pl.* occurrences, 3. 1279.
- Happe, *v.* happen, befall, A 585; *h. how h. may*, happen what may, T. v. 796.
- Happen, *pr. s. subj.* (it) may happen, L. 78.
- Happy, *adj.* lucky, T. ii. 621.
- Hard, *adj.* hard, A 229; *of hard*, with difficulty, T. ii. 1236; *def.* cruel, 6. 106; F 499; with *h. grace*, with displeasure, severity (see Grace).
- Harde, *adv.* tightly, A 3279.
- Hardely, *adv.* boldly, R. 270; unhesitatingly, 6. 118; scarcely, R. 4; certainly, HF. 359.
- Hardiment, *s.* boldness, T. iv. 533.
- Hardinesse, *s.* boldness, A 1948, B 3210; fool-hardiness, B 2508; insolence, I 438.
- Harding, *s.* hardening, tempering, F 243.
- Hardnésse, *s.* cruelty, 4. 232; hardship, I 688.
- Hardy, *adj.* bold, A 405; sturdy, F 19; rash, R. 1038.
- Harie, *ger.* to drag, I 171; Haried, *pp.* pulled forcibly, A 2726.
- Harlot, *s.* a person of low birth, servant-lad, D 1754; ribald, A 647; rogue, rascal, A 4268; Harlates, *pl.* thieves, pick-pockets, R. 191. (Used of both sexes.)
- Harlotrye, *s.* ribaldry, A 3145; wickedness, D 1328; evil conduct, E 2262; *pl.* ribald jests, A 561.
- Harm, *s. harm*, 3. 492; A 385; *broken harm*, occasional injury, petty annoyance, E 1425.
- Harneised, *pp.* equipped (lit. harnessed), A 114.
- Harneys, *s.* armour, A 1006; gear, arrangement, I 974; fittings, A 2896; harness, I 433; provision, D 136.
- Harpe-stringes, *pl.* harp-strings, HF. 777.
- Harping, *s.* playing on the harp, A 266.
- Harpour, *s.* harper, T. ii. 1030.
- Harre, *s.* hinge, A 550. A.S. heorra.
- Harrow! *interj.* help! A 3286. O.F. haro.
- Harwed, *pt. s.* harried, despoiled, A 3512, D 2107. (Alluding to the harrying or harrowing of hell by Christ.) A.S. hergian.
- Hasard, *s.* dice-play, C 465, 591.
- Hasardour, *s.* gamester, C 596.
- Hasardrye, *s.* gaming, playing at hazard, C 500.
- Hasel-wode, *s.* hazel-wood, i.e. no news (see below), T. v. 505, 1174; *pl.* hazel-bushes, T. iii. 890. (Hazel-woods shake, i.e. that is no news, it is of no use to tell me that.)
- Haspe, *s.* hasp, A 3470.
- Hast, hast thou (so)? A 4268.
- Hast, *s.* haste, T. iii. 1438.
- Hasteth, *imp. pl.* make haste, I 72.
- Hastif, *adj.* hasty, A 3545.
- Hastifesse, *s.* hastiness, B 2312.
- Hastow, *2 pr. s.* hast thou, A 3533.
- Hateful, *adj.* hateful, D 366; odious (Lat. odibile), D 1195.
- Hateredes, *s. pl.* hatreds, B 4. m 4. 2.
- Haubergeons, *s. pl.* haubergeons, I 1052, 1054.
- Hauberk, *s.* coat of mail, A 2431, B 2053.
- Haunche-bon, *s.* thigh-bone, A 3803; *pl.* haunch-bones, A 3279.
- Haunt, *s.* abode, B 2001; 'limit,' usual resort, A 252 c; use, practice, skill, 447.
- Haunteth, *pr. s.* habitually uses, T. v. 1556; is used to, A 4392; practises, C 547; *pr. pl.* resort to, I 885; practise, I 780, 847.
- Hauteyn, *adj.* proud, stately, 5. 262; loud, C 330; Hautein, haughty, I 614.
- Haven, *v. have*, T. iii. 1463; Han, *v. F. 56*; keep, retain, C 725; take away, C 727; obtain, G 234; possess (cf. 'to have and to hold'), B 208; Hast, *2 pr. s.* hast thou so? A 4268; Hath, *pr. s.* has, L. 2700; Han, *1 pr. pl.* have, L. 28; *2 pr. pl.* A 849; Han, *pr. pl.* E 188, 381; possess, A. pr. 24; Hadde, *1 pt. s.* possessed, 2. 34; Hadde, *pt. s.* had, L. 1859; had, possessed, E 438; took, E 303; Hade (used for the rime), *pt. s.* A 554, 617; Hadden, *pt. pl.* had, kept, E 201; Hadde, *pt. pl.* L. 1841; *I hadde lever*, I would rather, B 3083; Have, *imp. s.* take, F 759; Have doon, make an end, 5. 492.
- Havinge, *s.* possession (*habendi*), B 2, m 5. 33.

- Hawe, (1), *s.* haw, yard, enclosure, C 855.
 Hawe, (2), *s.* haw (fruit of dog-rose), D 659; *with haue bake*, with baked haws, i.e. with coarse fare, B 95.
 Hay, *s.* hedge, R. 54.
 Hayl, *interj.* hail! A 3579.
 Hayt, *interj.* come up! D 1543.
 He, pron. he, A 44, &c.; used for it, G 867, 868; *that he*, that man, HF 2069; *He... he*, this one... that one, 5. 166; *He and he*, one man and another, T. ii. 1748; *Him, dat. and acc. himself*, A 87; *Him or here, him or her*, HF 1003; *him seemed*, it seemed to him, he appeared, B 3361; *Hem, pl. dat. and acc. them*, A 11; *hem seemed*, it seemed to them, they supposed, F 56.
 Hed, *pp.* hidden, L 208.
 Hede, *s.* heed, A 303; *tak h.*, take care, 1. 47.
 Hede, *v.* provide with a head, T. ii. 1042.
 Hèd, *s.* head, A 198, 293, 455; source, 16. 43; beginning, F 1282; *on his h.*, at the risk of his head, A 1725; *malgre hir hede*, in spite of all they can do, 4. 220; *maugree hir heed*, in spite of all she could do, D 887; *maugre thyn heed*, in spite of all thou canst do, B 104; *Hedes, pl. heads*, or first points of signs, A. i. 17. 20; *Hevedes, heads*, B 2032.
 Heef, *pt. s.* of Heve.
 Heeld, *pt. s.* of Holde.
 Heelp, *pt. s.* of Helpe.
 Heeng, *pt. s.* of Hange
 Hèp, *s.* heap, i.e. crowd, host, A 575; great number, crowd, T. iv. 1281.
 Hèr, *s.* hair, R. 549; *Hères, pl.* HF. 1390.
 Héér, *adv.* here, B 1177; *Heer and ther*, never long in one place, G 1174; *her and ther*, hither and thither, B 5. p. 5. 33.
Heer-agayns, *prep.* against this, I 668.
Heer-biforn, *adv.* here-before, before this, F 1535.
Heer-forth, *adv.* in this direction, D 1001.
Heer-mele, *s.* the thickness of a hair, a hair's breadth, A ii. 38. 17.
Heeste, *s.* commandment, I 845.
Heet, *pt. s.* of Hote.
Hegge, *s.* hedge, T. v. 1144; *pl.* B 4408.
Heigh, *adj.* high, A 316, 522; great, A 1798; lofty, B 3192; learned, E 18; severe, B 795; *Heighe, def.* C 633; *in h. and lowe*, in both high and low things, i.e. wholly, A 817; B 993.
Heighe, *adv.* high up, T. iv. 996; high, B 4607; *an heigh*, on high, F 849.
Heighly, *adv.* strongly, T. ii. 1733.
Helde, *v.* hold, retain, D 272. See Holde (the usual form).
Helde, *pt. pl.* poured out, HF. 1686 (Better than 'held.') See Hielde.
Hele, *s.* health, L 1159; recovery, well-being, 1. 80; prosperity, L 296. A. S. hælu.
Héle, *dat.* heel, T. iv. 728.
Hele, *v.* conceal, B 2279; *pp.* hidden, B 4245. A. S. helan.
Helslees, *adj.* out of health, T. v. 1593.
Helen, *v.* heal, 11. 4; *pp.* A 2706.
Helle, *s.* hell, 4. 120; L 2, 6.
Helpe, *s.* helper, assistant, L 1616.
Helpe, *v.* help, A 258; *H. of*, cure of, A 632; *Heelp*, 1 *pt. s.* helped, A 4246; *Heelp*, *pt. s.* B 920; *Halp*, *pt. s.* A 1651; *Helpeth*, *imp. pl.* L 68; *Holpe*, *pt. s. subj.* helped, R. 1230; *Holpen*, *pp.* helped, aided, F 666; healed, A 18.
Helply, *adj.* helpful, T. v. 128.
Hem, them; see He.
Hemi-spere, hemisphere, T. iii. 1439.
Hem-self, *pron. pl.* themselves, B 145; Hem-selven, F 1420.
Hen, *s.* hen, A 177; (as a thing of small value), D 1112.
Hende, *adj.* courteous, polite, gentle, A 3199, 3272, 3462.
Henne, *adv.* hence, T. i. 572.
Hennes, *adv.* hence, T. v. 402; now, HF. 1284.
Hennes-forth, *adv.* henceforth, R. 701.
Hente, *v.* catch, I 355; seize, A 3347; acquire, get, A 299; circumvent, T. iv. 1371; *dide her for to hente*, caused her to be seized, L 2715; *Hent*, *pr. s.* seizes, catches, T. iv. 5; *Hente*, *pr. s.* subj. may seize, G 7; *Hente*, *pt. s.* caught, took, A 957; caught away, B 1144; seized, caught hold of, T. ii. 924; grasped, C 255; took forcibly, E 534; took in hunting, B 3449; lifted, G 205; *pt. pl.* seized, A 904; caught, R. 773; *pp.* caught, A 1581.
Henteres, *s. pl.* filchers, B 1. p 3. 89.
Hépe, *s.* hip, the fruit of the dog-rose, B 1937.
Hepen, *pr. pl.* augment, B 5. p 2. 46; *pp.* accumulated, T. iv. 236.
Her, *Hir*, *pron. poss.* their, B 136. A. S. heora, hira, of them; gen. pl. of hē, he.
Heraud, *s.* herald, A 2533.
Heraude, *ger.* to proclaim as a herald does, HF. 1576.
Herber, *s.* garden, T. ii. 1705; arbour, 1. 203.

- Herbergage, *s.* a lodging, abode, A 4329; B 4179.
- Herbergeours, *s. pl.* harbingers, providers of lodgings, B 997.
- Herberwe, or Herberw, *s.* harbour, A 403; inn, A 765; lodging, shelter, A 4119; dwelling, position, F 1035.
- Herberwe, *ger.* to shelter, R. 491; Herberweden, *pt. pl.* lodged, B 2, p 6. 75.
- Herberwing, *s.* lodging, sheltering, A 4332.
- Her-biforn, *adj.* before this time, L. 73; a while ago, 3. 1136.
- Her-by, *adv.* with respect to this matter, D 2204; hence, HF. 263.
- Herde, *s.* shepherd, G 192; keeper of cattle, A 603.
- Herde-gromes, *pl.* herdsmen, HF. 1225.
- Herdes, *pl.* coarse flax, 'hards,' R. 1233.
- Herdesse, *s.* shepherdess, T. i. 653.
- Here, *pron. her.* R. 1260; &c.
- Here, *poss. pron. her.* T. i. 285; &c.
- Here, *adv.* here, in this place, on this spot, T. v. 478. (Dissyllabic.) See Heer.
- Here, *v. hear.* A 169; Heren, *v.* HF. 879; Herestow, *2 pr. s.* hearest thou, A 3366; Herth, *pr. s.* hears, L. 327 a; Herde, *pt. s.* heard, A 221; Herdestow, heardest thou, A 4170; Herd, *pp. heard,* 3. 129.
- Here-agayns, against this, A 3039; Here-ayeins, in reply to that, T. ii. 1380.
- Here and howne, T. iv. 210; perhaps gentle and savage, i.e. one and all (doubtful). Cf. here, gentle, in Stratmann; and A.S. *Hūna*, a Hun.
- Herie, *v. praise.* T. iii. 1672; Heriest, *2 pr. s.* worshippeth, B 3419; *pr. s.* B 1155; *pt. pl.* worshipped, L. 786; *pp. B* 872. A.S. *herian*.
- Herke, *imp. s.* hearken, E 1323; Herketh, *imp. pl.* D 1656.
- Herknen, *v.* hearken, listen, I 81; *ger.* to listen to, 3. 752; Herkne, *v.* G 1006; *ger.* B 3159; *pt. s.* listened to, A 4173; Herkned, *pp.* listened, R. 630; *h. after,* expected, F 403.
- Herne, *s.* corner, F 1121; *pl.* G 658.
- Herneys, *s.* armour, A 2496; *pl.* sets of armour, A 1630.
- Heroner, *s.* falcon for herons, T. iv. 413.
- Heronere, *adj.* used for flying at herons, L. 1120. Said of a falcon.
- Heronewes, *s. pl.* hernshaws, young herons, F 68. Heronew is derived, regularly, from A.F. *herouncel*, later *herounceau*; a diminutive from *heroun*, like *lioncel* from *lion*.
- Herse, *s. hearse,* 2. 15, 36.
- Hert, *s. hart,* 3. 351; 5. 195.
- Herte, *s. heart,* A 150, 229; dear one, T. ii. 1096; courage, 3. 1222; Hertes, *gen.* heart's, 1. 164; Herte, *gen.* T. ii. 445; Herte rote, root (bottom) of the heart, R. 1026; *myr hertes,* of my heart, 4. 57. Herte, *pt. s.* hurt, 3. 883.
- Herte-blood, heart's blood, A 2006, C 902.
- Hertelees, *adj.* heartless, without heart, T. v. 1594; deficient in courage, B 4008.
- Hertely, *adv.* heartily, A 762; thoroughly, L. 33; earnestly, 3. 1226; truly, 3. 85.
- Herte-rote, *s.* root of the heart, depth of the heart, L. 1903.
- Herte-spoon, *s.* 'the concave part of the breast, where the ribs unite to form the *cartilago ensiformis*' (Tyrwhitt), A 2606.
- Hert-hunting, *s.* hunting of the hart, 3. 1313.
- Hirth, *pr. s.* heareth, L. 327 a.
- Hertly, *adj.* heartfelt, honest, L. 2124; hearty, E 176, 502, F 5.
- Heryinge, *s.* praising, I 682; praise, B 1649; glory, T. iii. 48.
- Heste, *s.* command, commandment, bhest, B 382; promise, F 1064; Heeste, commandment, I 845.
- Hète, *s.* heat, R. 1508; passion, 4. 127; heat, but put for surge, B 1. m 7. 4.
- Hete, *v.* promise, vow, 6. 77; *pr. s.* subj. promise, A 2308; *1 pr. s.* B 334; Hette, *pt. s.* 4. 185. See Hote.
- Heterly, *adv.* fiercely, L. 638.
- Héthen, *adv.* hence (Northern), A 4033.
- Hethenesse, *s.* heathen lands, A 49, B 1112.
- Héthing, *s.* contempt, A 4110. Jeel. *hadding*.
- Hette, *pt. s.* heated, inflamed, 5. 145.
- Hette, *pt. s.* promised, 4. 185. See Hote.
- Heve, *v.* heave, lift, A 550; *ger.* to use exertion, labour, T. ii. 1289; *pr. s.* lifts up, B 5. m 5. 18; Haf, *pt. s.* heaved, A 3470; Heef, *pt. s.* lifted, B 1. p 1. 19.
- Heved, *s.* head, HF. 550; beginning, A. ii. 16. 3; Hevedes, *pl.* B 2032.
- Heven, *s.* heaven, A 519; the celestial sphere, B 3300; supreme delight, F 558; beautiful sight, T. ii. 637; Hevene, *gen.* heaven's, D 1181, G 542.
- Hevenish, *adj.* heavenly, HF. 1395; of the spheres, 4. 30.
- Hevieth, *pr. pl.* weigh down, B 5. m 5. 16.
- Heavy, *adj.* heavy, R. 229; sad, 4. 12.
- Hewe, (1) *s.* hue, colour, complexion, A 394, 1364; outward appearance, mien, D 1622; pretence, C 421.

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- Hewe**, (2), *s.* (household)-servant, domestic, E 1785. A.S. *hwīwa*.
Hewed, *adj.* coloured, R. 213.
Hey, *s.* hay, A 3262; grass, B 3407.
Hey! *interj.* hey! L. 1213.
Heye, *adj. def.* high, A. i. 16. 11.
Heyghte, *s.* height, A. ii. 22. 8.
Heyne, *s.* wretch, G 1319.
Heynous, *adj.* heinous, odious, T. ii. 1617.
Heyre, *adj.* hair, made of hair, C 736.
Heyre, *s.* hair-shirt, G 133.
Heysugge, *s.* hedge-sparrow, 5. 612.
Heyt, *interj.* come up, D 1501.
Hider, *adv.* hither, 4. 165.
Hidous, *adj.* hideous, A 3520; terrible, horrible, dreadful, A 1978, B 4583; ugly, R. 158.
Hidously, *adv.* terribly, A 1701.
Hielde, *pr. s. subj.* pour out, shed, B 2. m 2. 2 (Lat. *fundat*).
Hierdes, female guardian, protectress, T. iii. 619. See *Herdesse*.
Hight, *Highte*; see *Hote*.
Highteth, *pr. s.* adorns, gladdens, B 1. m 2. 25.
Hild, *pt. s.* bent, inclined, 3. 393.
Hinde, *s.* hind, 3. 427.
Hindre, *v.* hinder, R. 1039.
Hindreste, *superl.* hindmost, A 622.
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Hir, (1), *pers. pron. dat. and acc.*, to her, her, A 126, B 162, &c.
Hir, (2), *poss. pron. her*, A 120, B 164, &c.
Hir, (3), *gen. pl.* of them; Hir aller, of them all, A 586; Hir bothe, of both of them, B 221.
Hir, (4), *poss. pron. their*, A 11, B 140, &c.; Her, B 3536, &c.
Hir thankes, with their good will, willingly, A 2114.
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Histhankees, with his good will, willingly, A 2107.
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Hit, *pr. s.* hides, F 512. *Hit* is a contracted form, equivalent to *hideth*.
Ho, *interj.* hold! stop! B 3957.
Ho, *s.* exclamation commanding silence, A 2533; stop, cessation, T. ii. 1083.
Hochepot, *s.* hotch-potch, mixture, B 2447.
Hoke, *dat. of Hook*.

- Hoker**, *s.* scorn, frowardness, A 3965. A.S. *hōcor*.
Hokerly, *adv.* scornfully, I 584.
Hold, *s.* possession, B 4064; grasp, F 167; keeping, D 599; fort, castle, B 507.
Holde, *v.* keep, preserve, D 1144; hold, keep, B 41; continue, go on with, T. ii. 965; restrain, 7. 309, 310; keep to (see *Proces*), F 658; Holden, *v.* hold, keep, F 763; keep, F 1163; think, consider, L. 857; *do than holde herto*, keep to it then, 3. 754; Holde up, hold up, 2. 24; Holde his pees, hold his peace, B 4625; Holde, 1 *pr. s.* consider, deem, G 739; Holdest, 2 *pr. s.* accountest, L. 326; Halt, *pr. s.* holds, 11. 16; T. v. 348; keeps, T. ii. 37; holds fast, T. iii. 1036; considers, G 921; esteems, D 1185; performs, 3. 621; remains firm, 10. 38; Holt, *pr. s.* holds, T. iii. 1374; Holden, 2 *pr. pl.* keep, L. 2500; Holde, 2 *pr. pl.* esteem, deem, T. v. 1339; Heeld, 1 *pt. s.* considered, E 818; Heeld, *pt. s.* held, A 175; took part, A 3847; esteemed, C 625; ruled, B 3518; Holden, *pp.* esteemed, held, A 141; considered, E 205; observed, F 1587; esteemed, L. 1709; bound, T. ii. 241; made to be, C 958; Holde, *pp.* esteemed, A 1307; *bet for thee have holde*, better for thee to have held, 5. 572; Hold up, *imp. pl.* hold up, A 783; Holdeth, *imp. pl.* keep, B 37; consider, A 1868.
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Holly, *adv.* wholly, T. iii. 145.
Holm, *s.* evergreen oak, A 2921.
Holour, *s.* lecher, adulterer, D 254.
Holpe, -n; see *Help*.
Holsom, *adj.* wholesome, T. i. 947; healing, 5. 206.
Holt, *s.* plantation, A 6.
Holt, *pr. s.* holds, T. iii. 1374.
Holwe, *adj.* hollow, G 1265.
Holwe, *adv.* hollow, A 289.
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Homicide (1), *s.* man-slayer, E 1994.
Homicide (2), manslaughter, murder, C 644.
Hond, *s.* hand, A 193, 399; Beren him on h., make him believe, T. iv. 1404; Bere on h., accuse (of), D 226; Bar on h., made (them) believe, D 380; Bar him on h., assured him, T. iii. 1154; Holden in h., retain, cajole, T. ii. 477; Holde in h., T. iii. 773; delude with false hopes, 3. 1019.
Honest, *adj.* creditable, A 246; honour-

- able, worthy, B 1751; seemly, decent, C 328; luxurious, E 2028.
- Honestee**, s. honour, L 1673; goodness, B 3157; honourableness, 2. 40; womanly virtue, C 77.
- Honestete**, s. honour, E 422; modesty, I 429; neatness, I 431.
- Honestly**, adv. honourably, B 1434; richly, E 2026.
- Honge**, v. hang, A 2410; be hung, C 799; do me h., cause me to be hanged, T. i. 833; 2 pr. pl. subj. hesitate, T. ii. 1242.
- Hony**, s. honey, A 2908; beloved one, A 3617.
- Hony-comb**, a term of endearment, sweet one, A 3698.
- Hony-swete**, sweet as honey, E 1396.
- Hoodless**, adj. without a hood, 3. 1028.
- Hook**, s. hook, T. v. 777; sickle, B 3. m 1. 3; crozier, D 1317.
- Hööl**, adj. whole, T. i. 961; sound, D 1370; unwounded, F 1111; perfect, G 111, 117; restored to health, L 2468; entire, 3. 554.
- Höööl**, adj. as adv. wholly, T. i. 1053; al hool, entirely, T. iii. 1013.
- Hoolly**, adv. wholly, R. 1163.
- Hoolnesse**, s. integrity, B 4. p 6. 202.
- Hoolsome**, adj. wholesome, B 2285.
- Hoolsomnesse**, s. health, B 2303.
- Höödm**, s. as adv. home, homewards, L 1619.
- Hoomlinesse**, s. domesticity, E 429; familiarity, B 2876.
- Hoomly**, adj. belonging to one's household, E 1785.
- Hoomward**, adv. homeward, T. iii. 621; Homward, A 2956.
- Höödr**, adj. hoary, white-haired, grey-headed, A 3878.
- Hoors**, adj.; see Hors.
- Hoost**, s. army, A 874.
- Hööt**, adj. hot, L 914; fervent, I 117; as s. 5. 380; Hote, def. hot, 5. 266; voracious, 5. 362; (as epithet of Aries, which induced heat of blood), F 51.
- Hope**, s. expectation, G 870.
- Hope**, 1 pr. s. fear, A 4029.
- Hoper**, s. hopper, A 4036, 4039.
- Hoppe**, v. dance, A 4375.
- Hoppesteres**, pl. dancers; used as adj., dancing, A 2017.
- Hord**, s. hoard, treasure, C 775; store (of apples), A 3262; treasure-house, I 821; avarice, 13. 3.
- Hore**, pl. of Hoor, adj.
- Horn**, s. horn, T. ii. 642; (musical instrument, used metaphorically), H 90; pl. drinking-horns, A 2279; horns (of the moon), T. v. 652.
- Horoscopo**; in *horoscopo*, within that part of the sky considered as the ascendent, A. ii. 4. 14.
- Horowe**, adj. pl. foul, scandalous, 4. 206. Cf. A. S. *horig*, filthy.
- Hors**, s. hors, A 168; the 'horse,' a name for the little wedge that passes through a hole in the end of the 'pyn,' A. i. 14. 7 (Arabic *alpheraz*, the horse); Hors, pl. A 74, 598.
- Hors**, adj. hoarse, 3. 347; Hoors, T. iv. 1147. A. S. *häs*.
- Horsly**, adj. like all that a horse should be, F 194.
- Hose**, s. hose, covering for the feet and legs, A 3933, G 726; Hosen, pl. A 456; Hoses, pl. A 3319.
- Hospitaliers**, s. pl. knights hospitallers, I 891.
- Hoste**, s. host (of an inn), keeper of a lodging, A 747. Often spelt *oste*.
- Hostel**, s. hostelry, HF. 1022.
- Hostelrye**, s. hostel, inn, A 23.
- Hostiler**, s. innkeeper, A 241; pl. servants at an inn, I 440.
- Hote**, adj.; see Hoot.
- Hote**, adv. hotly, A 97, 1737.
- Hote**, v. command, promise; also, be called, R. 38; Hoten, v. be called, D 144; Hote, 1 pr. s. command, HF. 1719; Hight, pt. s. as pr. s. is called, L. 417; Highten, pt. pl. as pr. pl. are called, L. 423; Hight, pt. s. was named, L. 725; Highte, pt. s. was called, was named, R. 588, 745; 1 pt. s. was called, A 4336; 1 pt. s. promised, 17. 5; Highte, pt. s. promised, T. v. 1636; 2 pt. pl. promised, E 496; Hatte, pt. s. as pr. s. is called, is named, T. iii. 797; Hatte, pt. pl. were called, were named, HF. 1303; Hette, 1 pt. s. promised, 4. 185; Heet, pt. s. was named, HF. 1604; (who) was called, F 1388; Hetë (for Heet), 3. 200; Hoten, pp. called, A 3941; Hight, pp. promised, T. ii. 492; named, HF. 226. A. S. *hätan*. The parts of the verb show great con' fusion.
- Hottes**, pl. baskets carried on the back, HF. 1940. O.F. *hotte*.
- Hound**, s. dog, T. iii. 764.
- Houndfish**, s. dogfish, E 1825.
- Houped**, pt. pl. whooped, B 4590.
- Hous**, s. house, A 252, 343; to hous, to a reception by, L. 1546; Hous and hoom, house and home, H 229; Hous by hous, to each house in order, D 1765; a house-

hold, F 24; a 'mansion' of a planet (in astrology), F 672; a 'house' or portion of the sky (in astrology), B 304. The whole celestial sphere was divided into twelve equal portions, called *houses*, by six great circles passing through the north and south points of the horizon; two of these circles being the meridian and the horizon. A *house*, when used for a 'mansion,' is a sign of the zodiac; thus Aries was the mansion of Mars.

Housbonde, *s.* husband, B 2241.

Housbondrye, *s.* economy, A 4077; household goods, D 288.

Housled, *pp.* made a recipient of holy communion, I 1027.

Hove, *v.* hover, dwell, T. iii. 1427; *pr. pl.* wait in readiness, hover, L. 1196; *pt. s.* waited about, T. v. 33.

How, *interj.* ho! A 3437, 3577.

Howne, savage (?), T. iv. 210. See *Here*.

Howve, *s.* hood, T. iii. 775; Sette his howve, set (awry) his hood, make game of him, A 3911.

Humanitee, *s.* kindness, E 92.

Humbely, *adv.* humbly, T. v. 1354.

Humblely, *adv.* humbly, T. ii. 1719; L. 156.

Humblesse, *s.* meekness, A 1781, B 165.

Humbling, *s.* low growl (lit. humming), HF. 1039.

Humme, *ger.* to hum, T. ii. 1190.

Hunte, *s.* huntsman, A 2018, 2628.

Hunter, *s.* huntsman, A 1638.

Hunteresse, *s. fem.* female hunter, A 2347.

Hurlest, *z pr. s.* dost hurl, dost whirl round, B 297.

Hurt, *pr. s.* hurteth, hurts, T. v. 350.

Hurtleth, *pr. s.* pushes, A 2616; *pr. pl.* dash together, L. 638.

Husht, *pp.* hushed, silent, L. 2682; Hust, *as imp. s.* be silent, A 3722.

Hy, *adj.* high, A 306; Hye, *dat.* HF. 1133; great, E 135; Hye weye, *dat.* (the) high way, main road, A 897.

Hyde, *v.* hide, A 1477, 1481; lie concealed, F 141; Hydestown, hidest thou, D 308; Hit, *pr. s.* hides, F 512; Hidde, *i. pt. s.* hid, F 595; Hed, *pp.* hidden, L. 208; Hid, *pp.* hidden, R. 1598.

Hyde, *adv.* high, aloft, HF. 905; L. 1200; loudly, 3. 305; proudly, T. ii. 401.

Hye, *v.* hasten, hie, A 2274, G 1151; h. me, make haste, G 1084; *ger.* to bring hastily, F 291; to hasten, HF. 1658; Hy thee, *imp. s. refl.* G 1295.

Hye, *s.* haste; only in phr. *in hye*, in haste, T. ii. 88, 1712.

Hyene, *s.* hyena, 10. 35.

Hyér, *adj.* higher, upper, HF. 1117.

Hyne, *s.* hind, servant, peasant, A 603, C 688. A.S. *hīna*.

Hyre, *s.* hire, A 507; reward, 1. 103; payment, D 1008; ransom, T. iv. 506.

I.

I-, common prefix of past participles; see Y-.

Iched, *pp.* itched, A 3682.

Ich, *pron.* I, T. i. 678, iii. 1818.

I-comen, *pp.* come, T. iii. 1608.

Idus, *s. pl.* ides, F 47.

Ignotum, *s.* an unknown thing, G 1457.

Lat. *ignotum*, an unknown thing; comp. *ignotius*, a less known thing.

I-graunted, *pp.* granted, T. iv. 665.

I-halowed, *pp.* view-halloed (of the hart), 3. 379.

Ik, I, A 3867, 3888.

Il, *adj.* evil, A 4174. (A Northern word.)

Il-hayl, bad luck (to you), A 4089. (A Northern form.)

Ilke, *adj.* same, very, A 64, 175; *that ilke*, that same, B 3663; *ilke same*, very same, L. 779.

Imaginatyf, *adj.*; No-thing list him to been imaginatyf = it did not at all please him to imagine, he did not care to think, F 1094.

Imagining, *s.* plotting, A 1995; fancy, 18. 36.

Imperie, *s.* government, rank, B 2. p 6. 13.

Impertinent, *adj.* irrelevant, E 54.

Impes, *pl.* grafts, scions, B 3146. A.S. *imp.*

Impetren, *pr. pl.* impetrare, ask for, B 5. p 3. 225.

Importable, *adj.* insufferable, B 3792, E 1144.

Impossible, *adj.* impossible, T. i. 783; as *s.*, thing impossible, D 688.

Impresken, *v.* imprint, T. iii. 1543; imprint (themselves), find an impression, E 1578; *pr. pl.* make an impression (upon), G 1071.

Impressiou, *s.* remembrance, F 371; *pl.* notions, HF. 39.

In, *s.* dwelling, house, A 3547, 3622; inn, B 4216; lodging, B 1097.

In, *prep.* in, A 3, &c.; into, B 119; = come within, 20. 6; on, I 105; against, I 605.

In manus tuas, into Thy hands (I commend my spirit), A 4287.

In principio, in the beginning, A 254, B 4353. Part of St. John, i. 1.

- Inde, *adj.* indigo, dark blue, R. 67.
 Indeterminat, *adj.* not marked upon the Astrolabe, A ii. 17. *rubric*.
 Indifferently, *adv.* impartially, B 5. p 3. 142.
 Induracioun, *s.* hardening, G 855.
 Inequal, *adj.* unequal, A 2271; Inequales, *pl.* of varying length; *houres ineqales*, hours formed by dividing the duration of daylight by twelve, A. ii. 8. 1.
 Infect, *adj.* of no effect, A 320; dimmed, B 4. m 5. 12.
 In-fere, *adv.* together, B 328, D 924. Orig. in *fère*, in company.
 Infortunat, *adj.* unfortunate, unlucky, inauspicious, B 302.
 Infortune, *s.* misfortune, ill fortune, T. iii. 1626, iv. 185.
 Infortuned, *pp.* ill-starred, T. iv. 744.
 Infortuning, *s.* unlucky condition, A. ii. 4. 43.
 Ingot, *s.* a mould for pouring metal into, G 1206, 1209.
 Inhelde, *imp. s.* pour in, infuse, T. iii. 44.
 Injure, *s.* injury, T. iii. 1018.
 In-knette, *pt. s.* knit up, drew in, T. iii. 1088.
 Inly, *adv.* inwardly, intimately, extremely, greatly, T. i. 140; exquisitely, 3. 276.
 In-mid, *prep.* amid, HF. 923.
 Immortal, *adj.* immortal, T. i. 103.
 Inne, *dat. of In*, *s.*
 Inne, *adv.* in, within, T. i. 387, 821.
 Inned, *pp.* housed, lodged, A 2192.
 Inobedience, *s.* disobedience, I 391.
 Inobedient, *adj.* disobedient, I 392.
 Inordinate, *adj.* unusual, I 414.
 Impacience, *s.* impatience, B 2734.
 Impatient, *adj.* impatient, B 2730.
 Inparfit, *adj.* imperfect, B 3. p. 10. 18.
 Inplitable, *adj.* intricate, impracticable, B 1. p 4. 90.
 Impossible, *s.* impossible thing, F 1009.
 Inset, *pp.* implanted, B 2. p 3. 19.
 Inspired, *pp.* quickened, A 6.
 Instable, *adj.* unstable, E 2057.
 Instance, *s.* suggestion, T. ii. 1441; urgent request, E 1611.
 Intendestow, dost thou intend, T. v. 478.
 Intervalle, *s.* interval, B 2724.
 In-til, *prep.* unto, as far as, R. 624.
 Into, *prep.* unto, B 2423.
 Intresse, *s.* interest, 10. 71.
 In-with, *prep.* within, in, B 1794, 2159, E 870, 1394, 1586, 1944.
 Ipocras, a kind of cordial drink, E 1807. Named after Hippocrates.
- Ipcrite, *s.* hypocrite, R. 414.
 Ire, *s.* irritability, R. 314; quickness of temper, I 665; anger, A 1997.
 Irous, *adj.* angry, B 2315, D 2014.
 Irregular, *adj.* a sinner against his orders, I 782.
 Is, 1 *pr. s.* am (Northern), A 4031, 4045, 4202; 2 *pr. s.* art (Northern), A 4089.
 Issest, 2 *pr. s.* issuest, B 3. p 12. 168.
 Issue, *s.* outlet, vent, T. v. 205.
 It am I, it is I, A 1736.
 I-wis, *adv.* certainly, truly, verily, 6. 48.
- J.
- Jade, *s.* a jade, i. e. miserable hack, B 4002.
 Jagounces, *pl.* garnets (or rubies), R. 1117.
 Jalous, *adj.* jealous, A 1320.
 Jalouslye, *s.* jealousy, A 3294.
 Jambeux, *s. pl.* leggings, leg-armour, B 2065. From F. *jambe*, the leg.
 Jane, *s.* a small coin of Genoa, B 1925, E 999.
 Jangle, *v.* chitter, prate, T. ii. 666.
 Janglerie, *s.* story-teller, jester, babbler, A 560; talkative person, H 343.
 Jangleresse, *s.* (female) chatterbox, prattler, D 638.
 Janglerye, *s.* gossip, T. v. 755; talkativeness, B 2252.
 Jangles, *s. pl.* idle pratings, HF. 1960; disputes, arguments, D 1407.
 Janglinge, *s.* chattering, idle talking, I 649.
 Jape, *s. jest, trick*, A 3390, 3799, 4201; jest, foolish conduct, D 1961; laughing-stock, HF. 414.
 Jape, *v. jest*, T. i. 929; *ger. to jest*, L. 1699; H 4; Japedest, 2 *pt. s.* didst jest, T. i. 508, 924; *pp.* tricked, A 1729.
 Japere, *s.* jester, T. ii. 340; mocker, I 89.
 Japerie, *s.* buffoonery, I 651; jesting mood, E 1656.
 Jape-worthy, *adj.* ridiculous, B 5. p 3. 148.
 Jargon, *s.* talk, E 1848.
 Jargoning, *s.* jargoning, chattering, R. 716.
 Jaunyce, *s.* jaundice, R. 305.
 Jeet, *s.* jet, B 4051.
 Jelous, *adj.* jealous, suspicious, 4. 140.
 Jet, *s.* fashion, mode, A 682.
 Jeopardyes, *s. pl.* problems (at chess), 3. 666.
 Jewerye, *s.* Jewry, Jews' quarter, B 1679.
 Jo, *v.* take effect, come about, T. iii. 33. O.F. *joer* (F. *jouer*).

Jogelour, *s.* juggler, D 1467; *pl.* R. 764.
 Jogelrye, *s.* jugglery, F 1265.
 Jolif, *adj.* joyful, merry, R. 109, A 3355; in good spirits, B 4264; jovial, R. 435; frisky, A 4154; pretty, R. 610.
 Jolily, *adv.* merrily, A 4370.
 Jolitee, *s.* sport, amusement, merriment, A 1807; joviality, jollity, mirth, R. 616; enjoyment, F 344; comfort, A 680; excellence, H 197; happiness, HF. 682.
 Joly, *adj.* full of merriment, D 456; jolly, joyous, R. 620; delightful, L 176; festive, B 1185. See Jolif.
 Jolyer, *adj. comp.* handsomer, F 927.
 Jolyf; see Jolif.
 Jolynesse, *s.* festivity, F 289; amusement, D 926.
 Jolytee; see Jolitee.
 Jompire, *imp. s.* jumble, T. ii. 1037.
 Jordanes, *pl.* chamberpots, C 305.
 Jossa, down here, A 4101. O.F. *jos*, down; *ça*, here.
 Jouker, *v.* slumber, T. v. 409. O.F. *jouquier, jouquier*, être en repos, jucher.
 Journee, *s.* day's work, R. 579; day's march, A 2738; journey, E 783.
 Jowes, *s. pl.* jaws, B 1. p 4. 107 (where the Latin text has *faucibus*); jaws, jowls, HF. 1786 (riming with *cloves*, claws).
 Joynture, *s.* union, B 2. p 5. 51.
 Jubbe, *s.* vessel for holding ale or wine, A 3628, B 1260. (It held 4 gallons.)
 Judicial, *adj.* judicial, A. ii. 4. 59. *Judicial astrology* pretended to forecast the destinies of men and nations; *natural astrology* foretold natural events, such as the weather and seasons.
 Juge, *s.* judge, A 814; umpire, A 1712, 1864.
 Juge, *s.* judge; but an error for *jug*, a yoke, I 898. *Belial* is explained to mean 'absque iugo,' in the Vulgate.
 Juge, 1 *pr. s.* judge, decide, 5. 629; *pp.* HF. 357.
 Jugement, *s.* judgement, decision, A 778; opinion, B 1038; sentence, 5. 431.
 Juggen, *v.* judge, T. ii. 21; deem, T. v. 1203; *imp. pl.* judge ye, T. iii. 1312.
 Juparte, 2 *pr. pl.* jeopardy, imperil, endanger, T. iv. 1566.
 Jupartye, *s.* jeopardy, peril, hasard, T. ii. 465, 772. O.F. *jeu parti* (Lat. *iocus partitus*), a divided game.
 Just, *adj.* just, exact, correct, D 2090.
 Juste, *v.* joust, tourney, tilt, A 96, 2604.
 Justes, *s. pl. as sing.* a jousting-match, A 2720.

Justing, *s.* jousting, L. 1115.
 Justyse, *s.* judge, B 665, C 289.
 Justyse, *s.* judgement, condemnation, 1. 142; administration of justice, C 587.
 Juyse, *s.* justice, judgement, B 795; sentence, A 1739. O.F. *juise*.

K.

Kalender, *s.* calendar, almanack, A. i. 11. 1; hence, a complete record of examples, L. 542; *pl.* 1. 73.
 Kalendes, i.e. beginning, introduction, T. v. 1634. (Because the Kalends fall on the first of the month.)
 Karf, *pt. s. of Kerve.*
 Kaynard, *s.* dotard, D 235. O.F. *caignard, cagnard*, sluggard.
 Kecche, *v.* catch, clutch, T. iii. 1375.
 Kéchil, *s.* small cake, D 1747. O.E. *coecil*, small cake.
 Keep, *s.* care, heed, notice (only in the phrase *take keep*); *tak keep*, take notice, D 431.
 Keep, *imp. s.* take care! mind! A 4101.
 Kek! *interj.* (represents the cackle of a goose), 5. 499.
 Kembe, *ger.* to comb, R. 599; *pr. s.* E 2011; Kembde, *pt. s.* F 560; Kempte, *pt. s.* A 3374; Kembd, *pp.* combed, trimmed, A 2143.
 Kempe, *adj. pl.* shaggy, rough, A 2134. Cf. Icel. *kanpr*, beard, moustaches, whiskers of a cat; and see Camp, *s. (4)* in the New E. Dict.
 Ken, *s.* kin, kindred, men, 3. 438. (A Kentish form.)
 Kene, *adj.* keen, eager, 21. 6; cruel, 10. 27; bold, B 3439; sharp, A 2876.
 Kene, *adv.* keenly, 6. 63; 11. 3.
 Kenne, *v.* discern, HF. 498.
 Kepe, *v.* take care (of), A 130; keep, preserve, L. 384; 1 *pr. s.* care, L. 1032; intend, T. i. 676; regard, reck, A 2238; *I kepe han*, I care to have, G 1368; *pr. s. subj.* may (He) keep, F 889; *pt. s.* E 223; retained, A 442; took care of, A 415, 512, B 269; *imp. s.* take care! A 4101; *imp. pl.* keep ye, B 764.
 Kepe, *s.* heed (only in the phrase *take kepe* or *take keep*); *I take kepe*, 3. 6.
 Keper, *s.* keeper, i.e. prior, A 172.
 Kerchief, finely woven loose covering, 5. 272; kerchief, B 837.
 Kers, *s.* cress; thing of small value, A 3756.
 Kerve, *v.* carve, cut, T. ii. 325, F 158; Karf, *pt. s. carved*, A 100; cut, B 3647.

- 379; Corven, *pp. cut*, A 2696; carved, HF. 1295; slashed, A 3318.
 Kerver, *s. carver*, A 1899.
 Kerving, *s. carving*, A 1925; cutting, crossing over, A i. 19. 4.
 Kerving-toles, *s. pl. tools to cut with*, T. i. 632.
 Kesso, *v. kiss*, E 1057; Keste, *pt. s.* F 350. (A Kentish form.) See Kissen.
 Kevere, *v. to recover*, T. i. 917; *pp. covered*, HF. 275, 352.
 Keye, *s. G 1219*; key (*in place of rudder*), B 3. p 12. 80. Chaucer has translated *clavo* (rudder), as if it were *clave* (key).
 Kichenes, *pl. kitchens*, D 869.
 Kid, Kiddo; see Kythen.
 Kike, *v. kick*, D 941.
 Kimelin, *s. a large shallow tub*, A 3548, 3621.
 Kin, *s. kindred*, R. 268; *som kin*, of some kind, B 1137; *alles kianes*, of every kind, HF. 1530.
 Kinde, *s. nature*, R. 412, 1699; race, lineage, stock, D 1101; seed, I 965; the natural world, HF. 584; natural bent, F 608, 619; natural disposition, HF. 43; natural ordinance, 3. 494; kind, species, 5. 174; *of k.*, by nature, naturally, F 768; *pl. sorts*, HF. 204.
 Kinde, *adj. kind*, A 647; natural, HF. 834, 836.
 Kinde, *adv. kindly*, 7. 267.
 Kindely, *adj. natural*, HF. 842.
 Kindely, *adv. by nature*, D 402; naturally, HF. 832.
 Kindenesse, *s. kindness*, 4. 298; love, devotion, L 665.
 Kinges note, the name of a tune, A 3217.
 Kinrede, *s. kindred*, B 2558; relations, A 1286; birth, A 2790; family, L. 2094.
 Kirtel, *s. kirtle*, A 3321. A *kirtle* usually means a short skirt with a body.
 Kissen, *v. kiss*, L. 761; Kiste, *pt. pl. R. 788*; *kist they been*, they have kissed each other, B 1074. See Kesse.
 Kitte, *pt. s. cut*, B 600, 1761.
 Knakkes, *s. pl. tricks*, I 652; contemptible ways, 3. 1033.
 Knarre, *s. a thickset fellow, sturdy churl*, A 549.
 Knarry, *adj. gnarled*, A 1977.
 Knave, *s. boy, servant-lad*, page, R. 886; man-servant, servant, L. 1807; peasant, D 1160; Knave child, male child, B 715.
 Knavish, *adj. rude*, H 205.
 Knede, *v. knead*, A 4094; Kneden, *pp. kneaded*, R. 217.
 Knet, Knette; see Knitte.
- Knettinge, *s. chain*, B 5. p 1. 39.
 Knightly, *adv. bravely*, L. 2085.
 Knitte, *ger to knit*, I 47; *2 pr. s. refl. joonest* (thyself), art in conjunction, B 307; Knit, *pp. L. 89*; conjoined, 5. 381; agreed, F 1230; wedded, F 986; joined in love, 4. 50; Knet, *pp. R. 1397*.
 Knittinges, *pl. connections*, B 5. m 3. 18.
 Knobbes, *pl. large pimples*, A 633.
 Knoppe, *s. bud*, R. 1702.
 Knotte, *s. knot, gist of a tale*, F 401, 407.
 Knotteles, *adj. without a knot*, T. v. 769.
 Knotty, *adj. covered with knots*, A 1977.
 Knowe, *dat. knee*, T. ii. 1202.
 Knowe, *v. know*, A 382; Knowestow, thou knowest, A 3156; Knewe, *2 pt. s. knewest*, 10. 21; Know, *pt. s. A 240*; Knewe, *1 pt. s. subj. could know*, F 466; Knewe, *pt. pl. D 1341*; Knewe, *pt. s. subj. were to know*, R. 282; Knownen, *pp. known*, L. 421; shown, B 2702; Knowe, *pp. known*, L. 1382.
 Knowing, *s. knowledge*, R. 1699; consciousness, 6. 114.
 Knowinge, *adj. conscious*, B 3. p 11. 168; Knowinge with me, i.e. my witnesses, B 1. p 4. 50.
 Knowlecheth, *pr. s. acknowledges*, B 2964.
 Knowleching, *s. knowing, knowledge*, G 1432; cognition, B 5. p 5. 3.
 Konning, *s. cunning, skill*, F 251.
 Konninge, *adj. skilful*, T. i. 302.
 Kukkow! *int. cuckoo!* 5. 499.
 Kyken, *pr. pl. peep*, A 3841; *pp. gazed*, A 3445. Icel. *kikja*, Swed. *kika*.
 Kyn, *pl. kine, cows*, B 4021.
 Kyndely, *adj. natural*, 3. 761.
 Kyndely, *adv. naturally, by nature*, 3. 778.
 Kyte, *s. kite (bird)*, A 1179.
 Kythe, *v. shew, shew plainly, display*, F 748; declare to be, 7. 228; shew, 10. 63; *pr. s. shews*, L. 504; Kidde, *pt. s. shewed*, T. i. 208; Kid, *pp. made known*, L. 1028; known, 9. 46; Kythed, *pp. shewn*, G 1054; Kythe, *pr. s. subj. may shew*, B 636; Kyth, *imp. s. shew*, T. iv. 538; display, T. iv. 610; HF. 528; Kytheth, *imp. pl. 4. 298*.

L

- Laas; see Las.
 Labbe, *s. labl, tell-tale*, A 3509.
 Labbing, *pres. part. blabbing, babbling*, E 2428.
 Label, *s. the narrow revolving rod or*

rule on the front of the astrolabe, A. i. 22. 1.
Láborous, *adj.* laborious, D 1428.
Lacche, *s.* snare, springe, R. 1624.
Lace; see *Las*.
Laced, *pp.* laced up, A 3267.
Lacerte, *s.* a fleshy muscle, A 2753.
Lache, *adj.* lazy, dull, B 4. p 3. 132.
Lachesse, *s.* laziness, I 720.
Lacinge, *s.* lacing; *with layneres l.*, with the fastening up of straps, A 2504.
Lad, *Ladde*; see *Ledo*.
Lade, *ger.* to load, cover, T. ii. 1544.
Lady, *gen.* lady's, A 88, 695.
Last, *Lafte*; see *Leve*.
Lak, *s.* want, defect, lack, 3. 958; blame, dispraise, L. 298 a; *Lakke*, *dat.* lack, want, 5. 87, 615; loss, F 430; *acc.* fault, E 2199.
Lake, *s.* a kind of fine white linen cloth, B 2048. The word probably was imported from the Low Countries, as *taken* is a common Dutch word for cloth or a sheet.
Lakken, *v.* find fault with, disparage, blame, R. 284; *pr. s.* lacks, B 1437; *pr. s. impers.* lacks; *melakketh*, I lack, 2. 105.
Lakking, *s.* lack, stint, R. 1147.
Lambish, *adj.* gentle as lambs, 9. 50.
Lampe, *s.* lamina, thin plate, G 764. *F. lame*, a thin plate, Lat. *lamina*.
Lange, *adj.* long (Northern), A 4175.
Langóur, *s.* weakness, 1. 7; slow starvation, R. 214; B 3597; languishing, R. 304; sickness, F 1101.
Languisshé, *v.* fail, HF. 2018.
Lapidaire, a treatise on precious stones, HF. 1352.
Lappe, *s.* fold, lappet, or edge of a garment, F 441, G 12; lap, A 686; a wrapper, E 585.
Lappeth, *pr. s.* enfolds, embraces, 4. 76.
Large, *adj.* large, A 472, 753; great, I 705; wide, broad, R. 1351; liberal, bounteous, R. 1168; *at his l.*, free (to speak or to be silent), A 2288; free to move, HF. 745; *at our l.*, free (to go anywhere), D 322.
Large, *adv.* liberally, 1. 174.
Largely, *adv.* fully, A 1908; in a wide sense, I 804.
Largenesse, *s.* liberality, I 1051.
Largesse, *s.* liberality, R. 1150; bounty, B 2465; liberal bestower, 1. 13.
Las, *s.* lace, snare, entanglement, L. 600; net, A 2389; *Laas*, lace, i.e. thick string, A 392; band, G 574; lace (i.e. laces), R. 843; Lace, snare, entanglement, 18. 50.
Lasse, *adj. comp.* less, R. 118; lesser,

A 1756; smaller, B 2262; less (time), A 3519; *lasse and more*, smaller and greater, i.e. all, E 67; *the lasse*, the lesser, R. 187.
Lasse, *adv.* less, 3. 927; *the las*, the less, 3. 675.
Last, *s. pl.* lasts, i.e. burdens, loads, B 1628. A.S. *hlast*, a burden, load, a ship's freight.
Laste, *adj.* last, 10. 71; *atte l.*, at last, 3. 364; lastly, A 707.
Laste, *v.* endure, 4. 226; *Last*, *pr. s.* lasts, E 266; *Laste*, *pt. s.* lasted, B 1826; delayed, L. 791.
Late, *adj.* late; *bet than never is late*, G 1410; *til now late*, till it was already late, 3. 45.
Late, *-n.* let; see *Lete*.
Lathe, *s.* barn (Northern), HF. 2140; A 4088. Icel. *hláða*.
Latis, *s.* lattice, T. ii. 615.
Latitude, *s.* (1) breadth, A. 1. 21. 43; (2) the breadth of a climate, or a line along which such breadth is measured, A. ii. 39. 42; (3) *astronomical*, the angular distance of any body from the ecliptic, measured along a great circle at right angles to the ecliptic, A. pr. 110; (4) *terrestrial*, the distance of a place N. or S. of the equator, E 1797.
Latoun, *s.* latten, a compound metal, like pinchbeck, containing chiefly copper and zinc, A 699.
Latrede, *adj.* tardy, dawdling, I 718. A.S. *latræde*.
Latter, *adv.* more slowly, I 971.
Laude, *s.* praise, honour, HF. 1575; *pl.* lauds, a service held at 2 or 3 A.M., A 3655.
Laughe, *v.* laugh, A 474; *Laugheth* of, smiles on account of, A 1494; *Lough*, *strong pt. s.* laughed, R. 248; *Laughede*, *weak pt. pl.* R. 863.
Launce, *v.* rear, HF. 946.
Launcegay, *s.* a kind of lance, B 1942, 2011. Originally of Moorish origin.
Launcheth, *pr. s.* pushes, lets slide, D 2145.
Launde, *s.* a grassy clearing (called *dale* in 5. 327), 5. 302; glade, plain surrounded by trees, A 1691.
Laure, *s.* laurel-tree, HF. 1107.
Laureat, *adj.* crowned with laurel, B 3886, E 31.
Laurer, *s.* laurel-tree, 5. 182.
Laurer-crowned, laurel-crowned, 7. 43.
Lauriol, *s.* spurge-laurel, *Daphne Lauriola*, B 4153.

- Laus**, *adj.* loose, B 4. p 6. 147.
Laven, *ger.* to exhaust, B 4. p 6. 14;
 Laved, *pp.* drawn up, B 3. m 12. 125.
 A.S. *lafian*.
Lavender, *s.* laundress, L. 358.
Laverokkes, *pl.* sky-larks, R. 662.
Lavours, *pt.* basins, D 287.
Laxatif, *adj.* as *s.* looseness, A 2736; *s.* laxative, B 4133.
Lay (1), *s.* song, lay, B 1959; **Layes**, *pl.* songs, F 710, 712, 947.
Lay (2), *s.* law; hence belief, faith, T. i. 340; creed, L. 336.
Layneres, *pl.* straps, thongs, A 2504. O.F. *laniere*; mod. E. lanyard.
Layser, *s.* leisure, T. ii. 227.
Lazar, *s.* leper, A 242.
Leche, *s.* physician, A 3904, C 916.
Lechecraft, *s.* art of medicine, T. iv. 436; skill of a physician, A 2745.
Lecher, *s.* healer, B 4. p 6. 238.
Lechour, *s.* lecher, B 1935.
Lede, *v.* lead, T. i. 259; carry, T. iv. 1514; lead, take, L. 2021; draw, R. 1608; govern, B 434; lead (his life), R. 1321; lead, R. 1129; **Lede**, *ger.* to lead, spend, F 744; to guide, R. 400; Let, *pr.* *s.* leads, T. ii. 882; **Laddle**, *pt. s.* led, R. 581; brought, 7. 39; carried, L. 114; conducted, B 3747; continued, R. 216; **Ladden**, *pt. pl.* led, R. 1310; **Ledden**, *pt. pl.* 9. 2; **Laddle**, *pt. pl.* B 3920; **Lad**, *pp.* led, L. 1108, 1948; brought, A 2620; conducted, A 4402; carried, L. 74.
Leden, *adj.* leaden, G 728.
Ledene, *s.* (*dat.*) language, talk, F 435, 478.
Leed, *s.* lead (metal), HF. 739, 1448, 1648; a copper, or caldron, A 202.
Leef, *adj.* lief, A 1837; dear, R. 103; precious, G 1467; lief, pleasing, T. v. 1738; pleasant, R. 1688; *you so leef*, so desired by you, C 760; *that leef me were*, which I should like, HF. 1999; **Leve**, *def.* dear (one), A 3393; *vocative*, HF. 816; **Lefe**, *adj. fem. voc.* HF. 1827; **Leve**, *pl.* dear, T. iv. 82, v. 592.
Leef, *adj. as s.* what is pleasant; *for l. ne looth*, for weal nor for woe, L. 1639; what is dear (to him), T. iv. 1585; beloved one, lover, lady-love, T. iii. 3.
Leef, *s.* leaf, L. 72; **Leves**, *pl.* leaves, R. 56; (of a book), D 790.
Leefful; see **Leveful**.
Leefsel, *s.* the 'bush' or leafy bundle (as a sign), at a tavern-door, I 411; **Levesel**, arbour of leaves, A 4060. Cf. Swed. *löfsal*, a hut made of green boughs.
Leek, *s.* leek, R. 212; a thing of no value, G 795.
Leen, *imp. s. of* **Lene**.
Leep (léép), *pt. s. of* **Lépe**.
Lees (lées), *s.* leash, G 19; snare, 7. 233.
Lees, *adj.* untrue, R. 8.
Lees (lées), *s.* deceit, fraud; *a shreued lees*, a wicked fraud, L. 1545; *withouten lees*, without deceit, verily, HF. 1464.
Lees, *pt. s. of* **Lese**.
Leeste, *adj. sup.* least, B 2513; *atte l. weye*, at the very least, A 1121.
Leet, *pt. s. of* **Lete**.
Lef, *imp. s. of* **Leve** (leave).
Lefe, *adj. fem. voc.* dear, HF. 1827.
Leful; see **Leveful**.
Legge, -n; see **Leye**, v.
Leide, *i pt. s. of* **Leye**.
Leigh, *pt. s. of* **Lye** (2).
Lekes, *pl.* leeks, A 634.
Lemes, *pl.* flames, B 4120. A.S. *lēoma*.
Lemman, *s. masc.* (male) lover, sweetheart, A 4240, 4247; *fem.* (female) lover, lady-love, A 3278, 3280; concubines, I 903.
Lendes, *pl.* loins, A 3237, 3304. A.S. *len-den*, *pl.* *lendenu*.
Lene, *adj.* lean, thin, R. 218, 444; weak, T. ii. 132.
Lene, *ger.* to lend, give, A 611; **Lene**, *imp. s. lend*, B 1376; **Leen**, *imp. s. give*, A 3082. A.S. *lēnan*.
Lene, *v.* lean, incline, B 2638.
Leng, *adv.* longer; *ever l. the wers*, the worse, the longer it lasts, A 3872.
Lenger, *adj.* longer, L. 450, 2025.
Lenger, *adv.* longer, B 374, 2122, 3709; *ever l.*, the longer, the more, 7. 1297; *ever l. the more*, E 687.
Lengest, *adv. sup.* longest, 5. 549.
Lente, *s.* Lent-season, D 543.
Lenvoy, *s.* l'envoy, i. e. the epilogue or postscript addressed to the hearers or readers, E 1177 (*rubric*).
Leonesse, *s.* lioness, L. 805.
Leonyn, *adj.* lionlike, B 3836.
Leos, *s.* people, G 103, 106. Gk. *λέων*.
Leoun, *s.* lion, L. 627, 829: **León**, the sign Leo, F 265.
Lepart, *s.* leopard, A 2186; **Libardes**, *pl.* R. 894.
Lepe, *v.* run, A 4378; leap, L. 2008; **Lepe** up, *v.* leap up, HF. 2150; **Léép**, *pt. s.* leapt, A 2687.
Lere, *s.* flesh, skin, B 2047. Properly the muscles, especially the muscles of the thigh, which special sense is perfectly suitable here. A.S. *lira*, flesh, muscle.
Lere, *ger.* (1) to teach, 7. 98; *v.* teach, T. iv.

441; (2) to learn, T. v. 161; Lere, *ger.* to learn, find out, D 909; Lere, *pr. pl.* (1) teach, 5. 25; (2) learn, F 104; Lered, *pp.* (2) learnt, T. iii. 406.

Lered, *adj.* instructed, learned, C 283; A.S. *lærēd*.

Lerne, *v.* learn, A 308, D 994; Lerned of, taught by, G 748. (Chaucer here uses the word wrongly, as in mod. provincial English.)

Lese, *s. dat.* pasture, T. ii. 752; HF. 1768. A.S. *læs*.

Lese, *v.* lose, A 1215, 1290; Lese me, *v.* lose myself, be lost, 5. 147; Lees, *pt. s.* lost, L. 945; Leseth, *imp. pl.* B 19; Loren, *pp.* lost, L. 1048; Lorn, *pp.* lost, T. i. 373, iii. 1076, iv. 1613; forlorn, wasted, R. 366.

Lesing, *s.* falsehood, lie, HF. 2080; G 479; Lesinges, *pl.* lies, deceits, R. 2; lying reports, HF. 2123.

Lesinge, *s.* loss, I 1056; Lesing, A 1707; for lesinge, for fear of losing, B 3750.

Lessoun, *s.* lesson, lection, A 700.

Lest, *s.* pleasure, 3. 908; delight, A 132; desire, E 619; inclination, HF. 287; Lestes, *pl.* desires, HF. 1738. A Kentish form; for lust.

Lest, *pr. s. impers.* (it) pleases, L. 1703; (it) pleases (me), D 360; Thee lest, it pleases thee, 5. 114; Lesteth, (it) pleases, L. 480a; Leste, *pr. s. impers.* (it) pleased, T. v. 517; pers. was pleased, T. iii. 452; Leste, *pr. s. subj.* (it) may please, L. 1338; As yow este, as it may please you, L. 449; (it) would please, F 380; Her este, it should please her, 5. 551. Kentish forms.

Leste, *adj. superl.* least, T. i. 281; at the *l.*, at least, 3. 973; atte *l.*, at least, B 38; Leste, as *s.*, the least one, 3. 283; at the *leeste weye*, at any rate, E 966.

Let, *pr. s. of* Lede.

Lete, *v.* let, B 3524; let, leave, A 1335; give up, let go, T. v. 1688; forsake, T. iv. 1199; let alone, leave, D 1276; quit, 1. 72; give up, lose, G 406; omit, depart from, 5. 391; Leto of, *ger.* to leave off, 18. 52; Leten, *v.* let, L. 2107; give up, R. 1690; forsake, T. iv. 1556; Leten, *ger.* to let go, T. i. 262; Late, *v.* let, T. iii. 693; Laten, *v.* let, A 3326; Lete, *i pr. s.* leave, 7. 45; Let, *pr. s.* lets go, repels, 5. 151; Lat, *pr. s.* lets, permits, T. iv. 200; Lete, 2 *pr. pl.* abandon, B 2505; Léét, *pt. s.* let, A 128; let go, A 1206; allowed, HF. 243; left off, A 3311; left, A 508; caused, permitted, B 373; caused, B 2194;

caused (to be), B 959; *leet . . . fecche*, commanded (men) to fetch, D 2064; *leet don cryen*, caused to be proclaimed, F 45; *leet make*, caused to be made, B 3349; *leet bindē*, caused to be bound, B 1810; Let, *pt. s.* caused, L. 2624; *let calle*, caused to be called, L. 1684; let, 5. 279; Lete, *pt. pl.* let, B 3888; Lete, *pt. s. subj.* were to let, T. iii. 1762; Leet, *imp. s.* let, C 731; Lat, *imp. s.* let, 1. 79, 84; let alone, give up, T. ii. 1500; Let be, let be, do away with, A 840; let me alone, A 3285; give up, HF. 992; Lat do, cause, C 173; Lat take, take, G 1254, H 175; Lat see, let us see, A 831; Lat goon, let slip (the dogs), L. 1213; Laten blood, *pp.* let blood, A 4346. A.S. *lötan*.

Lette, *s.* hindrance, T. i. 361; delay, T. iii. 235.

Lette, *v.* hinder, T. ii. 732; prevent, L. 732; oppose, stay, B 3306; cause delay, B 1117; wait, B 1440; tarry, B 4224; stop, desist, B 4279; cease, R. 279; Letten, *ger.* to put obstacles in the way (of), to decline (from), A 1317; Let, *pr. s.* prevents, B 3. p 10, 162; Lette, *pr. s. subj.*; *lette him no man, god forbide*, God forbid that any should hinder him, T. iii. 545; Letted, *pt. s.* hindered, A 1891; was hindered, B 2591; Letteth, *imp. pt.* hesitate, T. ii. 1136.

Lette-game, *s.* 'let-game,' one who hinders sport, T. iii. 527.

Lettres, *pl.* letters, (*also as sing. a letter*), B 736; 5. 19.

Lettre, *s.* learning, B 3486; book-lore, B 3686.

Lettuarie, *s.* electuary, remedy, C 307; *pl.* electuaries, A 426. Lat. *electuarium*.

Leve, dear; see Leef.

Leve, *s.* leave, B 1637, D 908; permission, L 2281; *bisyde hir leve*, without her leave, T. iii. 622.

Leve (1), *v.* leave, E 250; let alone, G 714; let go, 3. 1111; go away, 5. 153; leave alone, T. i. 688; *ger.* to leave off, T. i. 686; to forsake, G 287; Leve, *i pr. s.* leave, 2. 50; Leveth, *pr. s.* remains, 3. 701; Lafte, *i pt. s.* left, C 762; Left, *pp.* omitted, I 231; Laften, *pt. pl.* L. 168; Left, *pp.* omitted, I 231; Left, *pp.* left, L. 1260; Leef, *imp. s.* leave, T. iv. 852; leave (it) alone, T. v. 1518; Lef, *imp. s.* forego, D 2089; Leve, *imp. s.* leave, A 1614; Leveth, *imp. pl.* leave, C 659. A.S. *lēfan*.

Leve (2), *v.* believe, 5. 496; L. 10; *ger.* to be believed, HF. 708; Levestow, be-

- lievest thou, G 212; Leveth, *imp. pl.* believe, 6. 88. A.S. *lēfan*, *lýfan*.
- Leve** (3) *ger.* to allow, L 2280; *god leve*, God grant, L 2083, 2086. A.S. *lēfan*, *lýfan*.
- Leveful**, *adj.* allowable, A 3912; permissible, D 37; Leefful, allowable, I 41, 917; Leful, permissible, T. iii. 1020.
- Levene**, *s.* flash of lightning, D 276.
- Lever**, *adj. comp.* liefer, rather; *me were lever*, I had rather, T. i. 1034, iii. 574; *me nis lever*, L 191; *thee were l.*, thou hadst rather, B 2339; *him was l.*, A 293; *him were l.*, L 2413; *have I l.*, I would rather, T. ii. 471; F 1360; *hadde I l.*, D 168; *hath l.*, F 692; *hadde l.*, L 1536; *had hir l.*, she would rather, E 444; *him had be l.*, he would rather, A 3541.
- Levesel**; see *Leefsel*.
- Levest**, *sup.* dearest, most desirable, HF. 87.
- Lewed**, *adj.* ignorant, A 502, 574; unlearned, C 283; unskilled, rude, HF. 1096; wicked, foolish, F 1494; wanton, E 2129. A.S. *lēwed*.
- Lewedly**, *adv.* simply, HF. 866; ignorantly, B 47; ill, G 430.
- Lewednesse**, *s.* ignorance, ignorant behaviour, D 1928.
- Ley**, lied; *pt. s.* of *Lye*.
- Leye**, *v.* lay, 4. 205; lay, cause to lie, T. iii. 659; lay a wager, HF. 674; pledge, T. iii. 1605; Leyn, *ger.* to lay up, to hoard, R. 184; Leggen, *ger.* to lay, A 3269; Legge, *v.* A 3937; Leyth, *pr. s.* A 4229; Leith, *pr. s.* D 2138; Leye, *1 pr. pl.* lay out, expend, G 783; Leyn, *pr. pl.* lay, H 222; Leyde, *pt. s.* 3. 394; Leyde, *2 pt. pl.* L 2501; Leyden forth, *pt. pl.* brought forward, B 213; Leyd, *pp.* laid, A 3262; placed, R. 1184; overlaid, R. 1076; *I was leyd*, I had laid myself down, L 208; Leyd, *pp.* laid, A 81; fixed, 3. 1146; set, 3. 1036; Ley on, lay on, A 2558.
- Leyser**, *s.* leisure, R. 462; A 1188; deliverance, B 2766; opportunity, A 3293.
- Leyt**, *s.* flame (of a candle), I 954. A.S. *līget*, *līget*, M.E. *leit*, lightning.
- Libardes**, *pl.* leopards, R. 894.
- Libel**, *s.* written declaration, D 1595.
- Licentiat**, *adj.* one licensed by the pope to hear confessions, independently of the local ordinaries, A 220.
- Liche**, *adj.* like, R. 1073; similar, 7. 76; *it liche*, like it, F 62.
- Liche**, *adv.* alike, HF. 10.
- Liche-wake**, *s.* watch over a corpse, A 2958.
- Licorycē**, *s.* liquorice, R. 1368.
- Licour**, *s.* moisture, A 3; liquor, T iv. 520; Licour, juice, C 452.
- Lief**, *adj.* dear, A 3501; Lief to, glad to, given to, A 3510; cherished, E 479; *goode leef my wyf*, my dear good wife, B 3084; *hadde as lief*, would as soon, D 1574; *as s. dear one*, B 4069.
- Lift**, *adj.* left (said of the left hand or side); R. 163.
- Lige**, *adj.* liege, C 337; Lige man, vassal, L 379; Liges, *s. pl.* vassals, L 382; *pl.* subjects, B 240. F. *lige*, from O.H.G. *ledic* (G. *ledig*), free. A *liege* lord was a free lord; in course of time his subjects were called *lieges*, from confusion with Lat. *ligare*, to bind.
- Ligeaunce**, *s.* allegiance, B 895.
- Liggen**, *v.* lie, B 2101; Ligginge, *pres. pt.* lying, T. iv. 29; Ligging, A 1011.
- Light**, *adj.* lightsome, joyous, R. 77; 3. 1175; active, nimble, R. 832; easy, 3. 526; wearing but few clothes (*also*, fickle), 21. 20; Lighte, *pl.* light (of weight), 5. 188; easy, A. pr. 36.
- Lighte**, *adv.* brilliantly, R. 1109.
- Lighte**, *ger.* (1) to make light, rejoice, T. v. 634; to render cheerful, T. i. 203; alleviate, T. iii. 1082; (2) *ger.* to feel light, to be glad, F 306, 914; Lighte, *pt. s.* lighted; either in the sense (1) lightened, made light, made happy, or (2) illuminated, B 1661.
- Lighte**, *v.* alight, descend, HF. 508; *pt. s.* alighted, B 786.
- Lighten**, *v.* shine, I 1037; Lighted, *pp.* brightened, 1. 74; Light, *pp.* illuminated, L 2506; Lighte, *imp. s.* illumine, G 71.
- Lightly**, *adv.* lightly, F 390; readily, 4. 205; quickly, I 534; easily, T. ii. 289; carelessly, I 1023; joyfully, A 1870.
- Lightned**, *pp.* enlightened, illuminated, F 1050.
- Lightnesse** (1), *s.* brightness, 5. 263.
- Lightnesse** (2), *s.* agility, A 3283.
- Lightsom**, *adj.* gay, R. 936.
- Ligne**, *s.* line, T. v. 1481.
- Ligne-aloes**, wood of the aloe, T. iv. 1137. (Properly a compound, i.e. *ligne-aloes*; where *aloes* is a plural form.)
- Likerous**, *adj.* lecherous, H 189; wanton, A 3244, 3345, E 214; gluttonous, C 540; greedy after indulgence, D 466; eager, F 1119; very vile (Lat. *nequissimi*), B 3. p. 4. 31.
- Likerousnesse**, *s.* lecherousness, D 611; licentiousness, I 430; greediness, I 377; eagerness, I 741; appetite, C 84.

- Lilting-horne**, *s.* horn to be played for a lilt, HF. 1223.
- Limaille**; see *Lymaille*.
- Lime**, *s.* limb, 3. 499; Limes, *pl.* R. 830.
- Limitaoun**, *s.* limit, D 877.
- Limitour**, *s.* limitor, a friar licensed to beg for alms within a certain limit, A 200, D 874.
- Linage**, *s.* lineage, race, A 1110; family, D 1135; noble family, R. 258; high birth, B 3441; kinsfolk, B 2192; kindred, B 999; consanguinity, L. 2602.
- Lind**, *s.* lime-tree, A 2022.
- Lipsed**, *pt. s.* lisped, A 264.
- Lisse**, *s.* comfort, T. v. 550; joy, T. iii. 343; assuaging, HF. 220; solace, 3. 1040; alleviation, F 1238. A.S. *liss*.
- Lissen**, *v.* alleviate, T. i. 702; soothe, 6. 6; Lissed, *pp.* relieved, F 1170. A.S. *lissian*.
- List (1)**, *s.* pleasure, T. iii. 1303; will, D 633.
- List (2)**, *s.* ear, D 634. A.S. *hlyst*.
- List, pr. s. impers.** it pleases (*usually with dat.*), A 1021, B 521; *me list right evel*, I was in no mind to, 3. 239; *you list*, it pleases you, 11. 77; *List, pr. s. pers.* is pleased, pleases, T. i. 518, 797; wishes, A 3176; *Listeth, pr. s. impers.* (it) pleases, T. ii. 700; *pers. pleases*, is pleased, HF. 511; likes, F 689; Listen, 2 *pr. pl.* are pleased, T. iii. 1810; Listen, *pr. pl.* list, choose, B 2234; Listen trete, choose to write, L. 575; Liste, *pt. s. impers.* (it pleased), L. 332; *her liste*, it pleased her, she cared, 7. 190; *him liste*, he wanted, 4. 92; *hem liste*, (it) pleased them, F 851. A.S. *lystan*.
- Listes**, *pl.* in sing. sense, lists, a place enclosed for tournaments, A 63.
- Listes**, *s. pl.* wiles; *in his l.*, by means of his wiles, 1. 85.
- Listeth, imp. pl.** listen ye, B 1902.
- Litarge**, *s.* litharge, ointment prepared from protoxide of lead, A 629; protoxide of lead, G 775.
- Litargie**, *s.* lethargy, B 1. p. 2. 22.
- Lite**, *adj.* little, I 295; *as s.*, a little, T. i. 291; *adv.* little, T. iv. 1330.
- Litestere**, *s.* dyer, 9. 17. *Icel. lita*, to dye.
- Lithrum**, *s.* limb (viz. of herself), B 4065. A.S. *lii*.
- Litherly**, *adv.* ill, A 3299. A.S. *lyðer*, evil.
- Livere (1)**, *s.* liver, D 1839.
- Livere (2)**, *s.* liver (one who lives), B 1024.
- Liverce**, *s.* livery, A 363.
- Livinge**, *s.* life-time, 7. 188; manner of life, C 107; state of life, G 322.
- Lixit, liest**; see *Lye* (2).
- Lede**, *s.* load, A 2018.
- Lodemenage**, *s.* pilotage, A 403. *Lode-manage* is the hire of a pilot, for conducting a ship from one place to another.
- Lodesmen**, *s. pl.* pilots, L. 1488.
- Lode-sterre**, *s.* polar star, lodestar, A 2059.
- Lotte**, *dat.* upper room, L. 2709; *on lotfe*, in the air, HF. 1727; aloft, B 277.
- Logge**, *s.* resting-place, B 4043.
- Logging**, *s.* lodging, B 4185.
- Loke**, *v. (weak)* lock up, D 317.
- Loken**, *ger.* to look, A 1783; *v. behold*, R. R. 812; *Loked*, *pt. s.* looked, A 280; *Lokeden*, *pt. pl.* L. 1072; *imp. s. see*, HF. 893; take heed, D 1587; *Loke he*, let him take heed, I 134; *Loketh*, *imp. pl.* behold, G 1329; search ye, C 578.
- Loken**, *pp. of strong verb* (*Louken*), locked up, B 4065.
- Loking**, *s.* look, gaze, 3. 870; countenance, B 2332; glance, L. 240; glane (of the eye), A 2171; aspect, 4. 51; examining, 5. 110; appearance, R. 290; looks, F 285.
- Lokkes**, *pl.* locks of hair, A 81, 677.
- Loller**, *s.* a loller, a lollard, B 1173. *Loller* (one who is sluggish) was confused with the name *Lppard*.
- Lomb**, *s.* lamb, L. 1798.
- Lond**, *s.* land, A 194, 400, 579; country, B 3548; *upon lond*, in the country, A 702.
- Lone**, *s. dat.* loan, B 1485; gift, grace, D 1861.
- Long**, *prep.*; the phrase *wher-on . . long* = *long on wher*, along of what, G 930; Long on, along of, because of, G 922.
- Long, adj. (before a vowel)**, tall, R. 1817; *pl.* tall, high, R. 1384; long, A 93.
- Longe**, *adv.* long, A 286; for a long time, L. 2261.
- Longe (1)**, *v.* desire, long for, L. 2260; yearn, T. ii. 546; *Longen (2)*, *v. belong*, A 2278; *pr. s.* belongs, R. 754; (it) concerns, T. ii. 312; *pr. pl.* belong, F 1131; *pt. s.* befitted, R. 1222; *Longing for*, suitable for, F 39.
- Longes**, *pl.* lungs, A 2752.
- Longitude**, *s.* the distance between two given meridians, A. ii. 39. 19; the length or extent of a 'climate,' in a direction parallel to the equator, or rather a line along which to measure this length; A. ii. 39. 28. The longitude of a star is measured along the zodiac; that of a town, from a fixed meridian.

- Loos**, *s.* praise, renown, B 2834, 3036. O.F. *los*.
- Loos**, *adj.* loose, A 4064, 4138; *Lous*, free, HF 1286.
- Looth** (lōōth), *adj.* loath, odious, A 486; hateful, A 3393; *me were l.*, it would displease me, B 91; *as s.*, what is hateful, misery, L 1639.
- Loothly**, *adj.* hideous, D 1100.
- Loppe**, *s.* a spider, A. i. 3. 6.
- Loppewebbe**, *s.* cobweb, A. i. 21. 3.
- Lordeth**, *pr. s.*, rules over, 4. 166.
- Lordings**, *s. pl.* sirs, C 329, 573.
- Lore**, *s.* teaching, L 2450; advice, T. i. 1090; lesson, T. i. 645, 754; instruction, B 342; learning, B 761; study, G 842; profit, 5. 15; doctrine, A 527. A.S. *lær*.
- Lore, pp. of Lese**.
- Lorel**, *s.* worthless man, abandoned wretch, D 273.
- Loren**, *pp. of Lese*.
- Lorer**, *s.* laurel, R. 1379.
- Lorn**, *pp. of Lese*.
- Los** (1), *s.* loss, A 2543; occasion of perdition, D 720.
- Los** (2), *s.* praise, renown, fame, L 1514; report, L. 1424; *til her loses*, in praise of them, HF 1688. O.F. *los*.
- Losengere**, *s.* flatterer, R. 1050; *pl.* R. 1056. O.F. *losengeur*.
- Losengerie**, *s.* flattery, I 613.
- Losenges**, *pl.* lozenges, HF. 1317; small diamond-shaped shields, R. 893.
- Lost**, *s.* loss, B 2. p 4. 185.
- Loth**, *adj.* loath, 3. 8; displeasing, R. 233.
- Lother**, *adj. comp.* more hateful, L. 191.
- Lothest**, *adj. superl.* most loath, F 1313.
- Lotinge**, *pres. part.* lurking, G 186. A.S. *lutian*, to lurk.
- Loude**, *adv.* loudly, A 171.
- Lough**, *pt. s. of Laughe*.
- Louke**, *s.* accomplice, A 4415.
- Loured**, *pp.* frowned, HF. 409.
- Lous**, *adj.* loose, free, HF. 1286.
- Lousy**, *adj.* full of lice, miserable, D 1467.
- Loute**, *v.* bow, do obeisance, T. iii. 683; *ger.* to bow down, B 3352; *1 pt. s.* stooped, bent, R. 1554.
- Love**, *s.* love, A 475; *fem.* lady-love, 4. 31; *voc.* O my love, A 672; *masc.* lover, L. 862.
- Lovedayes**, *pl.* days for settling disputes by arbitration, A 258; HF. 695.
- Love-drury**, *s.* affection, B 2085. The latter part of the word is O.F. *drurie*, *druerie*, love, passion.
- Loveknotte**, *s.* looped ornament, A 197.
- Loves**, *s. pl.* loaves, B 503.
- Lovvyere**, *s.* lover, A 80.
- Lowenesse**, *s.* lowliness, I 1080.
- Lowly**, *adj.* humble, A 99.
- Luce**, *s.* luce, pike, A 350.
- Lucre**, *s.* lucre, gain, G 1402; lucre of vilanye = vile gain, B 1681.
- Lufsom**, *adj.* lovely, T. v. 911; lovable, T. v. 465.
- Lulleth**, *pr. s.* lulls, soothes, B 830.
- Luna**, *s.* the moon, G 826; a name for silver, G 1440.
- Lunarie**, *s.* lunary, moon-wort, G 800.
- Lure**, *s.* a hawk's lure, D 1340; *pl.* enticements, L 1371.
- Lusshburghes**, *pl.* spurious coin, B 3152. Named from the town of *Luxembourg*.
- Lust**, *s.* desire, R. 1653; amusement, R. 1287; pleasure, R. 616; delight, 1. 106; will, desire, wish, B 188; interest in a story, F 402; *pl.* delights, 3. 581. A.S. *lust*.
- Lusteth**, *pr. s. impers.* (it) pleases, L. 996; *Lust*, *pr. s. pers.* pleases, E 1344; *impers.* (it) pleases, E 322; *Luste*, *pt. s. pers.* desired, G 1344; *Luste*, *pt. s. impers.* it pleased, G 1235.
- Lustier**, more joyous, G 1345.
- Lustihede**, *s.* cheerfulness, 3. 27; delight, H 274; enjoyment, F 288; vigour, L. 1530.
- Lustily**, *adv.* gaily, merrily, R. 1319.
- Lustinesse**, *s.* pleasure, jollity, A 1939; vigour, R. 1282.
- Lusty**, *adj.* pleasant, gay, A 80; jocund, F 272; lusty, H 41; joyous, R. 581; happy, R. 1303; joyful, A 1513; vigorous, L. 1038.
- Luxures**, *s. pl.* lusts, B 3. p 7. 12.
- Luxurie**, *s.* lechery, B 925, C 484.
- Lyard**, *adj.* grey, D 1563.
- Lycorys**, *s.* liquorice, A 3690.
- Lye** (1), *v.* lie, remain, 10. 52; *Lye, ger.* to lodge, D 1780; *Lye . . . by*, *v.* lie beside, B 3470; *Lye upright*, lie on one's back; lie dead, R. 1604; *Lystow*, thou liest, H 276; *Lyth*, *pr. s.* lies, is, remains, R. 782; lies, 3. 146, 181; (he) lies, B 634; (that) lies, D 1829; remains, resides, B 3654; lies (dead), 3. 143; *Lyth therto*, belongs here, is needed, 3. 527; *Lay*, 1 *pt. s.* lodged, A 20; was, A 538; *Laye*, 1 *pt. s. subj.* would lie, T. iv. 1560; *Ly*, *imp. s. T. ii.* 953.
- Lye** (2), *v.* tell lies, lie, A 763; *Lixt*, ² *pr. s. liest*, D 1618, 1761; *Ley*, *strong pt. s. lied*, T. ii. 1077; *Lyod*, *weak pt. s. lied*, A 659. A.S. *lēogan*.

- Lye (3), *v.* blaze, D 1142. A.S. *lyge*, *s.* flame.
 Lyer, *s.* liar, B 2256.
 Lyes, *s. pl.* lees, dregs, HF. 2150.
 Lyes, *pl.* (1) lees; or (2) lies, D 302. Perhaps a double meaning is intended.
 Lyf, *s.* life, A 71, 2776; Lyves, *gen.* life's, 6. 60; of my life, 3. 920; Our present worldes lyves space, the space of our present life in the world, 5. 53; Lyves day, lifetime, L. 1624; Lyve, *dat.* L. 59; On lyve, alive, L. 1792; in his time, D 43; Upon lyve, alive, T. ii. 1030; Of lyve, out of life, T. v. 1561; Bringe of lyve, cause to die, T. ii. 1608; My lyve, in my life, T. ii. 205; By thy lyf, during thy life, B 1621; Thy lyf, during thy lifetime, 17. 19; His lyve, in his life, L. 1099; Hir lyve, in their life, D 392; Lyves, *pl.* B 3284.
- Lyfode**, *s.* means of living, I 685. Mod. E. *livelihood*.
- Lyfly**, *adv.* in a lifelike way, A 2087.
- Lyke**, *v.* please, T. i. 431; *ger.* HF. 860; to be liked, R. 1357; Lyketh, *pr. s.* pleases, E 1031; *impers.* (it) pleases, E 311, 845; *us l. yow*, it pleases us with respect to you, E 106; Lyke, *pr. s. subj.* may please, D 1278; *thee l. nat.* it may not please you, L. 490; Lyked, *pt. s. impers.* pleased, R. 1312.
- Lyking**, *s.* pleasure, C 455; delight, B 3499.
- Lyking**, *adj.* pleasing, R. 868; pleasant, R. 1416; thriving, R. 1564.
- Lyklighed**, *s. dat.* likelihood, E 448.
- Lyklinesse**, *s.* probability, 22. 15.
- Lykly**, *adj.* likely, like, 16. 32.
- Lykne**, *1 pr. s.* compare, 3. 636.
- Lyknesse**, *s.* parable, A 2842.
- Lym**, *s.* lime, F 1149; quicklime, L. 649.
- Lymaille**, *s.* filings of any metal, G 1162; Lymail, G 1164; Limaille, G 853.
- Lyme**, *ger.* to cover with birdlime, T. i. 353.
- Lymere**, *s.* hound held in leash, 3. 365.
- Lymrod**, *s.* lime-twig, B 3574.
- Lyne**, *s.* line, T. i. 1068; fishing-line, 4. 242; line of descent, D 1135; *as lyne right*, straight as a line, T. iii. 228.
- Lyned**, *pp.* lined, A 440.
- Lyne-right**, *adj.* in an exact line, exactly in a line with, A. i. 21. 31.
- Lyoun**, *s.* lion, T. iii. 1780; v. 830; Lyouns, *pl.* R. 894. See Leoun.
- Lyst**, *2 pr. s.* liest, reclinest, T. ii. 991; Lystow, liest thou, H 276.
- Lytargye**, *s.* lethargy, T. i. 730.
- Lyte**, *adj.* small, little, R. 532; slight, I 689; Lyte, *s.* a little, L. 29, 535; Lyte, *pl.* little, A 494.
- Lyte**, *adv.* little, 3. 884; a little, E 935; in a small degree, G 632, 699; *l. and l.*, by little and little, D 2235.
- Lythe**, *adj.* easy, soft, HF. 118.
- Lythe**, *ger.* to alleviate, cheer, T. iv. 754.
- Lyve**; see Lyf.
- Lyvely**, *adv.* in a lively way, 3. 905.
- Lyves**; see Lyf.
- Lyves**, *adv.* in life; hence, *as adj.* living, alive, T. iv. 252; *no lyves creature*, no living creature, T. iii. 13.

M.

M', sometimes put for Me (before a vowel); *as in masterte for me asterte*.

Ma fey, my faith! T. iii. 52.

Maad; *pp.* of Make.

Maat, *adj.* dejected, B 2. p 4. 42.

Mad, *pp.* made, L 286. See Make.

Madde, *v.* go mad, 4. 253; *ger.* to be furious, T. i. 479.

Mader, *s.* madder, 9. 17.

Magik, *s.* magic, A 410.

Magistrat, *s.* magistracy, B 3. p 4. 26.

Maheym, *s.* maiming, I 625. Mod. E. *main*.

Maille, *s.* mail, ringed armour, E 1202.

Maister, *s.* master, B 1627; doctor, D 2184; doctor (of divinity), D 1638; (as a term of address), 17. 1; one in authority, A 261.

Maisterful, *adj.* masterful, T. ii. 756.

Maister-strete, *s.* main street, L. 1965.

Maister-temple, *s.* chief temple, L. 1016.

Maister-toun, *s.* chief town, L. 1591.

Maister-tour, *s.* chief tower, F 226.

Maistow, mayest thou, HF. 699.

Maistresse, *s.* mistress, L. 88; governess, C 106.

Maistrye, *s.* mastery, great skill, A 3383; mastery, F 747, 764; control, B 3689, C 58; superiority; *for the maistrye*, as regards authority, A 165; victory, B 3582; specimen of skill, HF. 1074; art, elegance, R. 842; a masterly operation (cf. F. *coup de maître*), G 1060.

Majestee, *s.*; *his real majestee* = his royal majesty, i. e. high treason, B 1. p 4. 162.

Make, *s.* mate, D 270, H 186; equal, match, A 2556; wedded companion, wife, B 700; bride, E 1882; husband, D 85.

Make, *v.* make, A 184; compose, write, L. 69; *ger.* to compose, to write (about), R. 41; pretend to, counterfeit, T. ii. 1522; cause (it), T. ii. 959; Makestow.

- 2 pr. s.** B 371; Maketh, *pr. s.* causes, A 3035; Maken, *pr. pl.* make, utter, A 9; Maked, *pt. s.* made, A 526; Makeden, *pt. pl.* T. iv. 121; Made, *pt. s. subj.* may have made, 4. 227; Made . . . brought, caused to be brought, HF. 155; Maked, *pp.* made, A 1247; composed, 5. 677; Maad, *pp.* made, A 394; Mad, *pp.* 3. 415. **Makelees**, *adj.* peerless, T. i. 172. **Making**, *s.* poetry, composition, L. 74, 413, 483. **Malapert**, *adj.* forward, T. iii. 87. **Male** (1), *s.* bag, wallet, A 694, 3115. **Male** (2), *s.* male, D 122. **Malefice**, *s.* evil contrivance, I 341. **Maléncolyk**, *adj.* melancholy, A 1375. **Malgre**, *prep.* in spite of, 4. 220. **Malison**, *s.* curse, I 443; cursing, I 619. **Malliable**, *adj.* malleable, such as can be worked by the hammer, G 1130. **Malt**, *pt. s.* melted, HF. 922. **Maltalent**, *s.* ill-will, ill-humour, resentment, R. 273, 330. **Man**, *s.* A 167, 209, 223; (used indefinitely) one, B 43, D 2002; hero, B 3331; servant, I 772; Mannes, *gen.* of mankind, T. ii. 417; Men, *pl.* men, people, 18. 26; A 178; sing. (*unemphatic form of man*), one (with *sing. verb*), A 149, 232, C 675, G 392. **Manace**, *ger.* to threaten, E 1752. **Manasinge**, *s.* threatening, A 2035. **Mandement**, *s.* summons, D 1346. **Maner**, *s.* manor, place to dwell in, 3. 1004. **Manere**, *s.* manner, A 858, D 1229; deportment, A 140; disposition, L. 251; manner, way, 3. 1130; ease of behaviour, 3. 1218; goodly courtesy of manner, 4. 204; *of manere*, in his behaviour, F 546; Maner, way, 3. 433; manner, kind, sort (*used without following*), as in maner doctrine, B 1689; *pl.* kinds, R. 1406. **Manhede**, *s.* manliness, A 1285. **Mannish**, *adj.* manlike, T. i. 284; human, B 2454; unwomanly, B 752. **Mannish**, *adv.* like a man, boisterously, E 1536. **Mansioun**, *s.* dwelling, A 1974; (a term in astrology), F 50; mansion (of the moon), F 1285; *pl.* daily positions or 'stations' of the moon, F 1130. A mansion of a planet is the sign (or signs) of the zodiac in which the planet was thought to be peculiarly at home. A mansion of the moon refers to its position day by day in the sky. **Mansuete**, *adj.* courteous, T. v. 194. **Mansuetude**, *s.* meekness, I 654. **Mantelet**, *s.* short mantle, A 2163. **Manye**, *s.* mania, A 1374. **Mappemounde**, map of the world, 12. 2. **Mapul**, *s.* maple-tree, A 2923. **Marble-stoon**, *s.* piece of marble, R. 1462. **Marchal**, *s.* marshal, E 1930. **Marchandyse**, *s.* barter, I 777. **Marchant**, *s.* merchant, A 270. **Marcial**, *adj.* warlike, T. iv. 1660. **Marcien**, *adj.* devoted to Mars, D 610. **Mareys**, *s.* marsh, D 970; Mareys, *pl.* marshes, B 2. p 7. 42. **Marie**, *interj.* marry, i. e. by St. Mary, G 1062. **Mark** (1), *s.* mark, fixed spot, L. 784; sex, race, D 696; sign, I 98. **Mark** (2), *s.* a piece of money, of the value of 13s. 4d. in England, G 1026; *pl.* Mark, C 390. **Market-beter**, *s.* swaggerer in a market, A 3936. **Markis**, *s.* a marquis, E 64; *gen. sing.* marquis's, E 994. **Markisesse**, *s.* a marchioness, E 283. **Martyre**, *s.* martyrdom, T. iv. 818. **Martyreth**, *pr. s.* torments, A 1562. **Mary**, *s.* marrow, pith, C 542. **Mary-bones**, *s. pl.* marrow-bones, A 380. **Mase**, *s.* maze, labyrinth, L. 2014; bewilderment, T. v. 468; bewildering position, B 4283. **Mased**, *adj.* bewildered, B 526; stunned with grief, 7. 322. **Masednesse**, *s.* amaze, E 1061. **Maselyn**, *s.* a bowl made of maplewood, B 2042. **Massedayes**, *pl.* massdays, B 4041. **Masse-peny**, *s.* penny for a mass, D 1749. **Mast**, *s.* mast, i. e. the fruit of forest-trees, acorns and beech-nuts, 9. 7, 37. **Masty**, *adj.* fattened, sluggish, HF. 1777. Lit. 'fattened on mast.' **Mat**, *adj.* dejected, A 955; exhausted, T. iv. 342; dead, L. 126; defeated utterly, B 935. **Mate**, *interj.* checkmate! 3. 660; *adj.* exhausted, 7. 176. **Materes**, *pl.* materials (of a solid character), G 779. **Matrimoine**, *s.* matrimony, A 3095, E 1573. **Maugre**, Maugree, in spite of; as in *maugre al thy might*, A 1607; *maugree*, *hir eyen two*, A 1796; *maugree thyne yēn*, B 315; *m. her*, L. 1772; *m. Philistiens*, B 3238; *m. my heed*, in spite of all I can do, 3. 1201; *m. thyn heed*, B 104; *m. his heed*, A 1169; *m. her (hir) heed*, L. 23. 61.

- D 887; *m. your heed*, in spite of all you can do, B 4602.
Maumet, *s. idol*, I 860.
Maumetrye, *s. Mahometanism, idolatry*, B 236. *Maumet* is a corruption of Mahomet or Muhammed; our ancestors wrongly held the Mahometans to be idolaters.
Maunciple, *s. manciple*, A 544. An officer who purchases victuals for an inn or college.
Mavis, *s. song-thrush*, R. 610.
Mawe, *s. maw, stomach*, B 486.
May, *s. maiden*, B 851.
Mayde child, girl, B 1285.
Maydenhood, *s. maidenhood, virginity*, D 883.
Mayle, *s. mail-armour*, T. v. 1559.
Mayntene, *v. maintain, uphold*, A 1778.
Mayster-hunte, *s. chief huntsman*, 3. 375.
Maystres, *s. pl. masters*, B 3. m 2. 12.
Maystrie, *s. masterly act; No maystrie, an easy matter*, L. 400.
Maze, *2 pr. pl. are in a state of bewilderment*, E 2387.
Mechel, *adj. much; for as mechel, for as much*, A. pr. 6.
Mede (1), *s. mead (drink)*, B 2042. See *Meeth*.
Mede, *s. (2) mead, meadow*, A 89.
Medeleth, *pr. s. mingles*, L. 874.
Medeling, *s. admixture*, B 1. p 4. 279.
Medewe, *s. meadow*, R. 128.
Mediatours, *s. pl. go-between*, I 967.
Medle, *v. mingle*, HF. 2102; meddle, take part in, C 1184; dye (*miscere*), B 2. m 5. 10; Medly, *v. mingle, mix*, B 2. m 5. 7; imp. *pl. meddle*, G 1424.
Medlee, *adj. of a mixed colour*, A 328.
Meed, *s. reward*, L. 1662; Méde, meed, reward, A 770; *to medes, for my meed, for my reward*, T. ii. 1201.
Meel-tyd, *s. meal-time*, T. ii. 1556.
Meeth, *s. mead*, A 3261, 3378; Meth, A 2279.
Megre, *adj. thin*, R. 218, 311.
Meinee; see *Meynce*.
Meke, *1 pr. s. humble*, B 2874.
Meke, *adv. meekly*, 7. 267.
Melancolious (*accented* mélancolious), *adj. melancholy*, HF. 30.
Mélançolée, *s. melancholy*, 3. 23.
Mele, *s. meal (of flour)*, A 3995.
Melle, *s. mill*, A 3923, 4242.
Melte, *v. melt*, T. iv. 367; Malt, *pt. s. HF. 922; Molte, pp. HF. 1145, 1149.*
G.C.
- Memorial**, *adj. which serves to record events*, 7. 18.
Mémorie, *s. memory*, G 339; remembrance, A 3112, B 3164.
Men, *pl. of Man; also a weakened form of Man, in the sense of 'one,' or 'some one'*; used with a singular verb. See *Man*.
Mendinants, *pl. mendicant friars*, D 1907, 1912.
Mene, *adj. middle*, B 3. m 9. 28; *mene whyle*, mean while, G 1262; of middle size, T. v. 806; *Mene, adj. pl. intermediate*, 7. 286.
Mene, *s. means, way*, II. 36; middle course, T. i. 689; instrument, E 1671; mediator, 1. 125; go-between, T. iii. 254; intermediary, I 990; the mean, I. 105; *pl. means, instruments*, D 1484.
Meneliche, *adj. moderate*, B 1. p 6. 111.
Menen, *ger. to say*, HF. 1104; to signify, B 3941; *1 pr. s. intend*, A 793; Menestow, meanest thou, G 309; *Mente, 1 pt. s. meant, intended*, B 4614; purposed, 18. 50; declared, 7. 160; *Ment, pp. intended*, 5. 158.
Mene-whyle, mean time, D 1445.
Mening, *s. intent*, F 151.
Menivere, *s. miniver, a fine fur*, R. 227.
Menstralicies, *pl. mintrelsies*, HF. 1217.
Mente, *pt. t. of Menen*.
Mentes, *pl. plants of mint*, R. 731.
Mercenarie, *s. hireling*, A 514.
Merciable, *adj. merciful*, B 1878, 3013.
Mercy, *s. 1. 7 (have) mercy*, I. 36; *graunt mercy*, much thanks, 10. 29.
Mere, *s. mare*, A 541; *Mare*, A 4055.
Meridian, *adj. at the moment of southing, southern*, A. pr. 93.
Meridie, *s. midday*, A. ii. 44. 48.
Meridional, *adj. southern*, F 263.
Merier, *adj. pleasanter, sweeter*, B 2024, 4041.
Meritorie, *adj. meritorious*, I 831.
Merk, *s. image*, F 880.
Merken, *v. brand*, B 1. p 4. 139.
Merlion, *s. merlin, small hawk*, 5. 339.
Mermaydens, *sirens*, R. 680, 682.
Mershy, *adj. marshy*, D 1710.
Merveille, *s. marvel*, B 2736.
Merveillous, *adj. marvellous*, B 1643.
Mery, *adj. merry, gay*, R. 580; pleasant, A 235, 757; pleasant to hear, B 1180; *Merieben, followers*, B 2029.
Mes; *at good mes, at a favourable distance, so as to have a fair shot*, R. 1453. O.F. *mes*.
Meschaunce, *s. misfortune*, A 2009; evil

- occurrence, T. i. 02; a miserable condition, B 3204; unfortunate conduct, C 80; ill luck, B 4623; ill luck (to him), B 896; *with m.*, with a mischief, H 193.
- Meschief, *s.* misfortune, A 403, B 3513; trouble, mishap, A 2551; tribulation, H 76.
- Mesel, *s.* leper, I 624. O.F. *mesel*.
- Meselrie, *s.* leprosy, I 625.
- Message, *s.* (1) message, T. iii. 401; errand, B 1087; (2) messenger, B 144, 333.
- Messager, *s.* messenger, A 1491.
- Messagerye, *s.* a sending of messages (personified), s. 228.
- Messanger, *s.* messenger, HF. 1568.
- Messe, *s.* mass, B 1413.
- Messuage, *s.* dwelling-house, A 3079.
- Moste, *pl.* most, i.e. highest in rank, greatest, E 131; *at the m.*, at most, T. v. 947.
- Mester, *s.* service, office, occupation, A 1340. O.F. *mester*; Lat. *ministerium*.
- Mesurable, *adj.* moderate, A 435; modest, I 936.
- Mesurably, *adv.* moderately, B 2795.
- Mesure, *s.* moderation, 3. 881; measure, E 256; plan, 5. 305; *by m.*, not too much, 3. 872; moderately, R. 543; *over m.*, immeasurably, 5. 300; *out of m.*, immoderately, B 2607; *without m.*, beyond measure, 3. 632.
- Mesuring, *s.* measure, R. 1349.
- Met, *s.* measure of capacity, I 790.
- Metamorphoseos, *gen. s.* (the book) of Metamorphosis; it should be *pl. Metamorphoseon*; B 93.
- Mete, *adj.* meet, besetting, 3. 316; fit, L. 1043; *pl.* meet, A 2291.
- Mete, *s.* equal, 3. 486.
- Mete, *s.* meat, food, A 136, 1900; meat, L. 1108; repast, T. ii. 1162; eating, A 127.
- Mete, *v.* meet, L. 148; find, 5. 698; to meet together, B 1873; Meteth, *pr. s.* meets (*men* being singular = *one*), A 1524; Mette, *pt. pl.* met, E 390; Metten, *pt. pl.* HF. 227; *wel met*, D 1443.
- Mete, *v.* dream, T. iii. 1559, iv. 1396, v. 249; Met, *pr. s.* 5. 104, 105; Mette, 1 *pt. s.* 5. 95; Me mette, 1 *pt. s.* refl. I dreamt, R. 26; *pt. s. impers.* 3. 276; Met, *pp.* B 4445.
- Mete, 1 *pr. s.* (1) measure, A. ii. 41. 8.
- Metely, *adj.* well-proportioned, R. 822.
- Meth, *s.* mead (drink), A 2279.
- Meting (1), *s.* meeting, L. 784.
- Meting, (2), *s.* dream, 3. 282.
- Meve, *v.* move, stir, T. i. 472; *to him mved*, urged against him, L. 344.
- Mewe, *s.* mew, i.e. coop wherein fowls were fattened, A 349; properly, a coop for hawks when moulting, F 643; hiding-place, T. iii. 602.
- Mewet, *adj.* mante, T. v. 104.
- Mexcuse, *for Me excuse, excuse myself,* 16. 36.
- Meynee, *s.* household, B 1238; company, R. 1305; followers, suite, retinue, retainers, household-servants, R. 615, 634; household, menials, A 1258; army, troop, B 3532; assembly, HF. 933; Meinee, retinue, I 437; troop, A. 4381; Meiny, crew, L. 2201. O.F. *meisnee*, *maisnee*, household.
- Meyntenaunce, *s.* demeanour, 3. 834.
- Michel, *adj.* much, A. ii. 23. 30.
- Mid, *adj.* middle, 3. 660.
- Middel, *s.* waist, R. 1032.
- Midel, *adj.* neither tall nor short, 7. 79.
- Mikel, *adj.* great, 7. 99; much, L. 1175.
- Mile-wey, *s.* a space of 5°, which answers to twenty minutes of time, the average time for walking a mile; hence the term, A. i. 7. 11.
- Milk sop, *s.* a piece of bread sopped in milk; hence, a weak, effeminate man, B 3100.
- Milne-stones, *pl.* mill-stones, T. ii. 1384.
- Minde, *s.* remembrance, T. ii. 602; memory, B 527; *in m.*, in remembrance, F 109, 607.
- Ministres, *pl.* officers, B 4233.
- Minstreth, *pr. s.* administers, governs, B 3. m 6. 3.
- Minne, *imp. s.* remember, mention, 16. 48.
- Minstralcye, *s.* minstrelsy, E 1718; musical instrument, H 113; sound of music, F 268.
- Mintinge, *pres. pt.* intending, B 1. m 2. 3.
- Miracle, *s.* wonder, A 2675; legend, B 1881; *pleyes of m.*, miracle-plays, D 558.
- Mirour, *s.* mirror, R. 567, 1585.
- Mirre, *s.* myrrh, A 2938.
- Mirth, *s.* pleasure, amusement, R. 601; Mirth, Sir, Mirth (personified), R. 733.
- Mirthles, *adj.* sad, 5. 592.
- Mis, *adj.* wrong, amiss, T. iv. 1348; bad, HF. 1975; blameworthy, G 999.
- Mis, *s.* wrong, evil, L 266 a.
- Mis, *adv.* amiss, wrongly, T. i. 934.
- Mis, 1 *pr. s.* lack, have not, 6. 47.
- Misaccounted, *pp.* miscounted, T. v. 1185.
- Misaunter, *s.* misadventure, misfortune, T. 766.

- Misaventure**, *s.* misadventure, mishap, B 616; mischief, R. 422.
- Misavyse**, *pr. pl. refl.* act unadvisedly, D 230.
- Misbileve**, *s.* suspicion, G 1213.
- Misbileved**, infidels, I. 146.
- Misboden**, *pp.* offered (to do you) evil, insulted, A 909.
- Misborn**, *pp.* misbehaved, B 3067 (lit. 'borne amiss').
- Miscarie**, *v.* go amiss, A 513.
- Mischaunce**, *s.* ill luck, R. 1548; mischance, R. 251; misfortune, L. 1826; *to mischaunce*, i.e. to the devil, T. ii. 222, v. 359; *how m.*, how the mischief, T. iv. 1362.
- Mischeef**, *s.* misfortune, L. 1278; danger, 4. 58; harm, R. 253.
- Misconceyveth**, *pr. s.* misunderstands, E 2410.
- Miscounting**, *s.* fraudulent reckoning, R. 196.
- Misdemeth**, *pr. s.* misjudges, E 2410.
- Misdeparteth**, *pr. s.* parts or divides amiss, B 107.
- Misdooth**, *pr. s.* ill-treats, B 3112.
- Misdrawinges**, *s. pl.* way of drawing aside, B 3. p 12. 107.
- Misericorde**, *s.* (there is) mercy, pity, T. iii. 1177; pity, B 2608.
- Miserie**, *s.* misery, B 3167.
- Misese**, *s.* trouble, I. 806; discomfort, I. 177; *pl.* injuries, B 1. p 4. 73.
- Misedes**, *pp.* vexed, I. 806.
- Misfile**, *pt. s. subj.* it went amiss (with), A 2388.
- Misforyaf**, *pt. s.* misgave, T. iv. 1426.
- Misgoon**, *pp.* gone astray, I. 80.
- Misgovernaunce**, *s.* misconduct, B 3202.
- Misgyed**, *pp.* misconducted, B 3723.
- Mishap**, *s.* ill luck, B 3435.
- Mishappe**, *v.* meet with misfortune, B 2886; *pr. s. subj.* (it) may happen ill for, A 1646.
- Mishappy**, *adj.* unhappy, B 2758.
- Misknowinge**, *s.* ignorance, B 3. m 11. 27.
- Mislay**, *pt. s.* lay in an uncomfortable position, A 3647.
- Misledden**, *pt. pl.* misconducted, T. iv. 48.
- Misledinges**, *pl.* misguiding ways, B 3. p 8. 2.
- Mislyketh**, *pr. s.* displeases, L. 1293.
- Mislyved**, *pp.* of ill life, treacherous, T. iv. 330.
- Mismetre**, *pr. s. subj.* scan amiss, T. v. 1796.
- Mis-sat**, *pt. s.* was not where it should be, 3. 941; misbecame, R. 1194.
- Misse**, *v. fail*, D 1416; draw to an end, 5. 40; *pt. s.* was wanting (to), T. iii. 445; *pp.* missing, T. iii. 557.
- Mis-set**, *pp.* misplaced, 3. 1210.
- Misseye**, *1 pr. s.* spenk amiss, 7. 317; *pr. s.* slanders, I. 370; *missayd or do*, said or done wrong, 3. 528.
- Misspeke**, *1 pr. s. subj.* speak wrongly, A 3130.
- Mistaketh**, *2 pr. pl.* transgress, trespass, R. 1540.
- Mister**, *s.* trade, handicraft, occupation, A 613; need, R. 1426; Mester, occupation, A 1340; *what m. men*, men of what occupation, what sort of men, A 1710. See Mester.
- Misterye**, *s.* ministry, profession, I 895. From Lat. *ministerium*.
- Mistihede**, *s.* mystery, 4. 224.
- Mis-torneth**, *pr. pl.* turn aside, B 3. p 3. 9.
- Mistyde**, *v.* be unlucky, B 2886.
- Miswanderinge**, *adj.* straying (Lat. *deuius*), B 3. p 2. 27.
- Miswent**, *pp.* gone amiss, T. i. 633.
- Mis-weyes**, *s. pl.* by-paths, B 3. m 11. 3.
- Miteyn**, *s.* mitten, glove, C 372.
- Mixen**, *s.* dunghill, I 911.
- Mo** (mō), *adj.* more, A. pr. 27; more (in number), A 576, 849; besides, L. 917; others, E 2113; another, E 1039; (others) besides, E 2263; many others besides, D 663; *tymes mo*, at other times, E 449; *othero mo*, others besides, G 1001; *na mo*, no more, none else, B 695.
- Mo**, *adv.* more, any longer, D 864; *never the mo*, *never mo*, never, D 691, 1090.
- Mochel**, *adj.* great, L. 1966; much, G 611.
- Mochel**, *adv.* much, B 3959.
- Mochel**, *s.* size, 3. 454, 801.
- Moder**, *s.* mother, B 276; the thickest plate forming the principal part of the astrolabe (Lat. *mater* or *rotula*), A. i. 3. 1; *Modres*, *gen.* B 1783; *Modres*, *pl.* C 93.
- Moeble**, *adj.* moveable, A. i. 21. 80.
- Moeble**, *s.* moveable goods, personal property, T. iv. 1380, 1400; *pl.* G 540.
- Moeedes**, *s. pl.* moods, strains (of music), B 2. p 1. 50.
- Moevable**, *adj.* fickle, B 4. m 5. 32; *as s.* The firste m., the 'primum mobile,' A. i. 17. 50.
- Moevabletee**, *s.* mobility, B 4. p 6. 126.
- Moeve**, *ger.* to stir up, B 2218; *v.* move, I 133.
- Moevere**, *s.* mover, A 2987.
- Moevinge**, *s.* moving, motion, A. pr. 99;

- Firste moeving, the 'primum mobile,' A. i. 17. 45.
- Moiste, *pl.* supple, A. 457.
- Moiste, *adj. as s.* moisture, R. 1564.
- Mokereres, *s. pl.* misers, B. 2. p. 5. 18.
- Mokre, *v.* hoard up, T. iii. 1375.
- Molestie, *s.* trouble, B. 3. p. 9. 105.
- Mollificacioun, *s.* softening, G. 854.
- Molte, *pp.*; see Meitz.
- Monche, *v.* munch, T. i. 914.
- Mone, *s. moon*, A. 2077; i.e. position or 'quarter' of the moon, A. 403; Mone, *gen.* B. 2070; Mones, *gen.* F. 1154.
- Mone, *s.* moan, complaint, A. 1366, F. 920.
- Mone, *v. refl.* to lament, T. i. 98.
- Monstre, *s.* prodigy, F. 1344; *pl.* B. 3302.
- Montaigne, *s.* mountain, B. 24.
- Mood, *s.* anger, A. 1760; thought, C. 126.
- Moon, *s.* moan, lamentation, complaint, L. 1169, 1799.
- Moorne, *1 pr. s.* mourn, A. 3704.
- Moorninge, *s.* mourning, plaint, A. 3706.
- Moot, *s. pl.* notes on a horn, 3. 376.
- Moot, *1 pr. s.* must, shall, B. 1853; *pr. s.* must, ought to, A. 232; is to (go), B. 294; Mot, *1 pr. s.* may, 4. 267; must, have to, B. 227; Most, *2 pr. s.* B. 104; Mot, *pr. s.* must, has to, L. 388, 1945; Mote, *2 pr. pl.* may, T. ii. 402; Moten, must, L. 343; Mote (*or* Moot), *pr. s. subj.* may, HF. 102; L. 843; is sure to, L. 1632; Moot (*or* Mote) I goon, may I still go, may I still retain the power to walk, F. 777; So moot (*or* mote) I thee, as I may thrive, as I hope to thrive, C. 309; As ever mote I, A. 832; Foule moot thee falle, ill may it befall thee, H. 40; Moot (*or* Mote) thou, mayst thou, B. 1626; Moste, *1 pt. s.* must (go), B. 282; Moste, *pt. s.* must, 4. 250; had to, B. 886; ought to (be), F. 38; was made to, B. 3700; Mosten, *pt. pl.* should, L. 99; Moste, *pt. s. subj.* might, L. 1573; us moste, we must resolve to, G. 946.
- Moral, *adj.* excellent in character, T. iv. 1672.
- Moralitee, *s.* moral tale, I. 38; moral writing, I. 1088.
- Mordre, *s.* murder, R. 1136; *m. vol out,* B. 4242.
- Mordre, *ger.* to murder, kill, L. 1536.
- Mordrer, *s.* murderer, 5. 353, 612.
- Mording, *s.* murdering, A. 2001.
- More, *adj.* greater, B. 2306, E. 1231; larger, HF. 500; More and lesse, all alike, every one, B. 959; More and more, HF. 532; *withouten more*, without further trouble, T. iv. 133.
- More, *adv.* more, A. 219; in a greater degree, B. 3745.
- More, *s. root*, T. v. 25. A.S. moru.
- Mormal, *s.* sore, gungrine, A. 386.
- Morne, *s.* morning; morne milk, morning-milk, A. 358, 3230.
- Morsel, *s.* morsel, bit, A. 128; *m. breed,* morsel of bread, B. 3624.
- Morter, *s.* mortar, o. 15; a metal bowl for holding wax, with a wick for burning, T. iv. 1245.
- Mortife, *v.* kill; used of producing change by chemical action, G. 1431; *pp.* deadened, I. 233.
- Mortreux, *pl.* thickened soups or potages, A. 384. (Also spelt mortrewes; thus *x* is for *s.*)
- Morwen, *s.* morning, morrow, T. ii. 1555; Morwe, L. 49, 108; fore part of a day, T. iv. 1308; *by the morwe*, early in the morning, A. 334.
- Morweninge, *s.* morning, A. 1062; dawn-ing, 4. 26.
- Morwe-song, *s.* morning-song, A. 830.
- Morwe-tyde, *s.* morning-hour, E. 2225; *in the m.*, in the morning, B. 4206.
- Mosel, *s.* muzzle, A. 2151.
- Most, *2 pt. s.* oughtest (to), S. 3; Moste, *pt. s.* must, ought (to), A. 2088; must (go), HF. 187; had to go, T. v. 5; was obliged to, T. iii. 540; must, might, E. 2102; *pt. s. subj.* might, L. 1594; Mosten, *pt. pl.* must, might, T. ii. 1507; could, HF. 2094.
- Moste, *adj. sup.* greatest, F. 199; chief, D. 1041; chiefest, F. 361.
- Mote (1), *s.* atom, T. iii. 1603; Motes, *pl.* specks of dust, D. 868.
- Mote (2), *s.* motion (Lat. *motus*), A. ii. 44. 22. The 'mene mote' or *mean motion* is the average motion of a planet during a given period.
- Motre, *ger.* to mutter, T. ii. 541.
- Mottelee, *s.* motley array, A. 271.
- Motthes, *s. pl.* moths, B. 2187.
- Motýf, *s.* motive; hence idea, notion, B. 628, E. 1491.
- Moulen, *v.* grow mouldy, B. 32; *pp.* A. 3870.
- Mountance, *s.* amount, value, quantity, A. 1570; amount (of time), L. 307; length, T. ii. 1707; value, H. 255.
- Mourdaunt, *s.* chape, or metal tag, at the end of a girdle, R. 1094. (Not 'the tongue of a buckle?')
- Moustre, *s.* pattern, 3. 912.
- Moveresse, *s.* a fomenteress of quarrels, R. 149.

Mowe, *s.* grimace, T. iv. 7; *pl.* HF. 1806.
 Mowen, *v.* be able; *mowen shewen*, become evident, B. 5. p. 4. 163; Mowen, *ger.* to have power, T. ii. 1594; May, *1 pr. s.* may, B. 89; can, B. 231; Maystow, mayest thou, A. 1918; Mowe, *1 pr. pl.* can, B. 2939; may, HF. 1735; Mowen, *2 pr. pl.* can, 19. 25; Mowe, *2 pr. pl.* may, L. 92; can, 3. 552; Mowen, *pr. pl.* are able to, D. 1722; Mowe, *pr. pl.* may, can, A. 2959; Mowe, *2 pr. s. subj.* mayest, G. 460; Mighte, *pt. s.* might, A. 169, &c.; *1 pt. s. subj.* could, E. 638.
 Mowinge, *s.* ability, B. 4. p. 4. 32.
 Mowinge, *pp.* decayed, A. 3870.
 Moysoun, *s.* crop, growth, R. 1677. O.F. *moison*; Lat. acc. *mensionem*.
 Moyste, *adj.* fresh, new, B. 1954, C. 315.
 Moysty, *adj.* new (applied to ale), H. 60.
 Muable, *adj.* changeable, T. iii. 822.
 Muchel, *adj.* much, great, A. 2352; a great deal of, F. 349; *in so m.*, in so much, B. 2644; many, G. 673.
 Muchel, *adv.* greatly, A. 258; much, F. 1129.
Mulier est hominis confusio, woman is man's confusion, B. 4354.
 Mullok, *s.* a heap of refuse, A. 3873; confused heap of materials, G. 938, 940.
 Multiplaciacoun, *s.* multiplying, i.e. the art of alchemy, G. 849.
 Multiplye, *v.* to make gold and silver by the arts of alchemy, G. 669.
 Murmuracion, *s.* murmuring, I. 499.
 Murmuringe, *s.* murmur, A. 2432.
 Murthe, *s.* mirth, joy, E. 1123.
 Murye, *adj.* merry, A. 1386.
 Muscle, *s.* mussel, D. 2100.
 Muse, *s.* muse, poetic faculty, 16. 38.
 Muse, *ger.* to consider, T. iii. 563; *pr. s.* gazes into, R. 1592; *pp.* gazed, R. 1645.
 Musice, Music, B. 2. p. 1. 49.
 Musyke, music, 5. 62; Musik, B. 4483.
 Muwe, *s.* mew, pen (for hawks), cage, T. i. 381; *in muwe*, cooped up, T. iv. 496.
 Muwe, *v.* change, T. ii. 1258.
 Myle, *s.* mile, HF. 1038; *fylle m.*, five miles, G. 555.
 Mynde, *s. dat.* mind, recollection, 3. 15; *acc. reason*, 2. 34; 3. 511; *have minde upon*, remember, 19. 26.
 Myne, *v.* undermine, T. iii. 767.
 Mynour, *s.* one who mines, A. 2465.
 Myrie, *adj.* merry, A. 1499.
 Myrie, *adv.* merrily, A. 3575.
 Myrier, *adv. comp.* merrier, R. 876.
 Mys, *pl.* mice, B. 2. p. 6. 37.

Myte (1), *s.* mite, thing of no value, A. 1558.
 Myte (2), mite, insect; *pl.* D. 560.
 N.
 N', *for ne*, not; as in *nacheveth* for *ne acheneth*, and the like.
 Na, no (Northern), A. 4175.
 Na mo, i.e. no more, none else, B. 605.
Nacheveth, *for ne acheneth*, achieves not, T. v. 784.
 Nadde, *pt. s.* (*for ne hadde*), had not, R. 457.
 Naddre, *s.* adder, E. 1786.
 Nadir, *s.* the point of the ecliptic exactly opposite to that in which the sun is situate, A. ii. 6. 1; see l. 12.
 Nadstow, *2 pt. s.* haddest thou not, didst thou not, A. 4088.
 Naille, *imp. s. 3 p.* let it nail, let it fasten, E. 1184.
 Naiteth, *pr. s.* refuses, B. 1. m. 1. 25.
 Nake, *2 pr. pl.* make naked, B. 4. m. 7. 70; Naked, *pp. as adj.* naked, A. 1956, I. 105; bare, HF. 133; destitute, void, weak, G. 486; simple, plain, A. pr. 30.
 Nakers, *pl.* kettle-drums, A. 2511. From the Arabic.
 Nale; *atte nale*, at the ale, at the ale-house, D. 1349.
 Nam, (*for ne am*), *1 pr. s.* am not, A. 1122, B. 2710; *nam but deed*, am only a dead man, 3. 204.
 Nam, *pt. s.* took, G. 1297.
 Name, *s.* good name, reputation, L. 1812; title, B. 3. p. 6. 36.
 Namely, *adv.* especially, A. 1268, 2709.
 Nano (*for na mo*), no more in number, A. 101, 544; none other, no one else, D. 957.
 Namore, *adv.* no more, A. 98.
Napoplexye, *for Ne apoplexye*, nor apoplexy, B. 4031.
 Nappeth, *pr. s.* naps, slumbers, nods, H. 9.
 Narette; see Arette.
 Nart, (*for ne art*), art not, G. 499.
 Narwe, *adj.* small, B. 4012; *pl.* A. 625; close, closely drawn, D. 1803.
 Narwe, *adv.* narrowly, closely, A. 3224; tightly, L. 600; carefully, E. 1988.
 Nas, (*for ne was*), was not, A. 251, 288; *I nas but*, I was simply, 2. 21.
 Nassayeth, *for ne assayeth*, attempts not, T. v. 784.
 Nat, *adv.* not, A. 74; Nat but, only, merely, L. 1899; quite, L. 2091.
 Nat, (*for ne at*), nor at, B. 290.

- Nat forthy, *adv.* notwithstanding, B 2165.
 Natal, *adj.* who presides over nativities, T. iii. 150.
 Nath (*for ne hath*), *pr. s.* hath not, A 923.
 Nathelees, nevertheless, A 35.
 Nature, *s.* nature, A 11; kind, race, s. 615; seed, I 577.
 Naturel, *adj.* natural, A 416. A 'day natural' is a period of 24 hours.
 Naught, *adv.* not, B 1701; not so, G 269.
 Nave, *s.* nave (of a wheel), D 2266.
 Naxe, (*for ne axe*), ask not, T. v. 594.
 Nay, *adv.* nay, no, G 1339; (*opposed to yea*), E 355; (answers a direct question), B 740; surely not! 3. 1309; *as s. nay*, untruth, 3. 147; It is no nay, there is no denying it, B 1956.
 Nayte, *v.* withhold, deny, I 1013.
 Ne, *adv. and conj.* not, A 70; nor, A 179, 526; *ne . . . ne*, neither . . . nor, A 603; (when used with a verb, a second negative is often added).
 Nece, *s.* niece, B 1290.
 Neceseden, *pt. pl.* compelled, B 3. m 9. 8.
 Neddre, *s.* adder; *pl.* L 690.
 Nede, *s.* need, extremity, B 102, 658, 2360; extremity, difficult matter, B 2917; peril, B 3576; *at nede*, at need, 1. 112; *for nede*, if needful, R. 1123; *s. as adj.* needful, A 304; *pl.* matters of business, B 174, 1266; necessities, T. ii. 954; needs, G 178; *for nedes*, for very need, 3. 1201.
 Nede, *adv.* necessarily, of necessity, R. 1441, 1473.
 Nede, *v.* be necessary, B 871; Nedeth, *pr. s.* (it) is necessary, (it) needs, A 462; *what n.*, what is the need of, A 849; Nededē, *pt. s. impers.* (there) needed, A 4020, 4161; *us neded*, we should need, T. iv. 1344.
 Nedely, *adv.* of necessity, necessarily, B 4435.
 Nedes, *adv.* needs, necessarily, of necessity, L 1298.
 Nedes-cost, *adv.* of necessity, A 1477, L 2607.
 Needly, *adv.* necessarily, B 3. p 9. 87. See Nedely.
 Neen, no (Northern), A 4185, 4187.
 Neer, *adv. comp.* nearer, A 839, 968; *neer and neer*, A 4304; *as pos. adv.* near, A 1439; *fer or neer*, far or near, T. i. 451.
 Neet, *pl.* neat, cattle, A 597.
 Negardye, *s.* niggardliness, 10. 53.
 Neghen, *v.* draw nigh, L 318.
 Neigh, *adj.* near, nigh, B 2558.
 Neigh, *adv.* nearly, T. i. 60.
 Neighebour, *s.* neighbour, A 535.
 Neighen, *v.* draw near, T. ii. 1555.
 Neither nother, (*in*) neither the one nor the other, B 5. m 3. 53.
 Nekke-boon, *s.* neck-bone, B 1839; neck, D 906; nape of the neck, B 669.
 Nel, *i pr. s.* will not, T. ii. 726.
 Nemppen, *v.* name, B 507.
 Nenvye, *for ne envye*, *imp. s.* envy not, T. v. 1789.
 Ner, *adv. comp.* nearer, 3. 888; T. i. 448;
 Nere, 3. 38; *ner and ner*, B 1710; *Ner the les*, nevertheless, 4. 130.
 Nercotikes, *pl.* narcotics, A 1472.
 Nere (*for ne were*), *2 pt. s.* wast not, 4. 112; *pt. pl.* were not, A 875, D 1944; *1 pt. s. subj.* should not (I) be, T. ii. 409; Nere, *pt. s. subj.* would not be, should not be, A 1129; were not, B 3084; were it not, B 132; were it not (for), 1. 24, 180.
 Nere, *adv.* nearer, R. 1454.
 Nerf, *s.* nerve, i. e. sinew, T. ii. 642.
 Nescapest (*for Ne escapest*), escapest not, L. 2643.
 Nest, *s.* D 1691; *wikked nest*, i. e. *mau ni*, or Mauny (referring to Sir Oliver Mauny), B 3573; *pl.* HF. 1516.
 Net-herdes, *gen.* neat-herd's, B 2746.
 Nether, *adj.* lower, A 3852.
 Netherest, *adj. superl.* lowest, i. e. outermost, A. i. 18. 7.
 Nevene, *v.* name, G 821; *herd her name* *n.*, heard (him) name her name, T. i. 876; *pr. pl. subj.* may mention, G 1473.
 Never, *adv.* never, A 70; *n. dide but*, never did aught that was not, 4. 297; *n. the neer*, none the nearer, G 721.
 Neveradel, *adv.* not a bit, C 670.
 Never-mo, *adv.* never oftener, never (with two exceptions), A. ii. 31. 5; never, 3. 1125.
 Nevew, *s.* nephew, L. 1442; grandson, L. 2659.
 Newe, *adv.* newly, freshly, afresh, A 365, 428; *of newe*, new, fresh, T. ii. 20; Newe and newe, again and again, T. iii. 116; continually, C 929.
 Newed, *pt. s.* had something fresh in it, 3. 906; *pp.* renewed, B 3036.
 Newefangel, *adj.* fond of novelty, F 618, H 193.
 New-fangelnesse, *s.* fondness for novelty, L. 154; F 610.
 Newe-thought, *s.* Inconstancy, R. 982.

- Nexte, *adj. sup.* nearest, A 1413; easiest, T. i. 697.
 Ney, *adj.* nigh, A. ii. 3. 78.
 Nigard, *adj.* niggardly, R. 1172.
 Nigard, *s.* miser, niggard, B 4105.
 Nigardye, *s.* miserliness, B 1362.
 Nighte, *ger.* to grow dark, become night, T. v. 515.
 Nighter-tale, *s.; by n.*, in the night-time, A 97. This expression seems to have resulted from a confusion of Icel. *ā náttar-peli*, in the dead of night, with Icel. *náttar-tal*, a tale or number of nights.
 Night-spel, *s.* night-spell, night-incantation, A 3480.
 Nigromanciens, *s. pl.* necromancers, I 603.
 Nil, *i pr. s.* will not, 3. 92, 1125; will (I) not, shall (I) not, T. v. 40, 43, 44; desire not, dislike, E 646; Nille, *i pr. s.* will not, G 1463; Nil, *pr. s.* will not, B 972; will not (have), 3. 586; will (she) not, 3. 1140; Nilt, *2 pr. s.* wilt not, T. ii. 1024; Niltow, thou wilt not, T. i. 792.
 Nillinge, *s.* refusing, B 5. p 2. 23.
 Nin, *for Ne in*, nor in, E 1511, F 35.
 Nis, *for ne is*, is not, 2. 77; Ther nis no more but, all that remains is that, L. 847.
 Niste, *i pt. s.* knew not, F 502; *pt. s.* knew not, A 3414, 4225.
 Noble, *s.* a gold coin, A 3256; *pl.* HE. 1315. (Worth 6s. 8d.)
 Nobledest, *pt. s. 2 p.* ennobledest, didst enoble, G 40. A translation of Dante's *nobilissimi*.
 Noblesse, *s.* nobleness, R. 780; noble cheer, T. v. 439; nobility, D 1167; (title of respect), B 2956; magnificence, B 3438; high honour, B 3208; nobility, rank, R. 1034; worthy behaviour, B 185, 248.
 Nobley, *s.* nobility, dignity, splendour, HF. 1416; noble rank, T. iv. 1670; assembly of nobles, G 449; state, F 77.
 Nof (*for Ne of*), nor of, D 571, 660.
 Noght, *adv. not*, A 107; by no means, in no respect, A 1226; Noght but for, only because, D 645.
 Noght, *s.* nothing, C 542; N. worth, worth nothing, H 200.
 Noisen, *2 pr. pl.* cry aloud, B 3. m 6. 10.
 Nokked, *pp.* notched, R. 942.
 Nolde, *i pt. s.* would not, did not want, 5. 90; (I) should not desire, G 1334; Noldest, *2 pt. s.* wouldst not, 3. 482; Noldestow, if thou wouldst not, T. iii. 1264; Nolde, *pt. s.* would not, 1. 31; would not (have), A 1024.
 Nombre, *s.* number, A 716; amount, sum, A. ii. 24. 5.
 Nombred, *pp.* counted in, T. iii. 1269.
 Nomen, *pp.* taken, T. v. 514; put, R. 408; Nome, *pp.* L. 822, 1018, 1777. *Fp.* of nimen.
 Nones, *for the, for the nonce, for the occasion, for this occasion*, A 379, 523, 545, 879; on the spur of the moment, T. i. 501; for the time, T. ii. 1381; With the nones, on the condition, HF. 2099, L. 1540. Originally *for then anes*, for the once; where *then* is the dat. of the def. article (A. S. *ðām*).
 Nonne, *s. nun*, A 118; Nonnes Preest, Nun's Priest, B 4637.
 Nonnerye, *s.* nunnery, A 3946.
 Noon, none, no, A 318, 449; *or noon*, or not, or no, D 2069.
 Noot, *i pr. s.* know not, L. 2660; Not, L. 193; Nost, knowest not, 3. 1137; Nostow, thou knowest not, HF. 1010; Noot, *pr. s.* knows not, C 284; Not, 4. 214. A. S. *nāt*.
 Norice, *s.* nurse, B 4305.
 Norice, *v.* nourish, foment, B 2204; *pp.* brought up, E 399.
 Norissing, & nutritment, A 437; growth, A 3017; Norishinge, bringing up, E 1040; *pl.* refections, B 4. p 6. 38; sustenance, B 1. p 6. 93 (Lat. *fōmitēm*).
 Noriture, *s.* nourishment, T. iv. 768.
 Nortelrye, *s.* education, A 3967.
 Northren, northern, A 1987.
 Norture, *s.* instruction, good manners, R. 179.
 Nory, *s.* pupil (lit. foster-child), B 3. p 11. 233; Norry, B 1. p 3. 14.
 Nose-thirles, *pl.* nostrils, A 557, I 209.
 Noskinnes, *for Noneskinnes*, of no kind, HF. 1794. From *nones*, gen. of *noon*, none; and *kinnes*, gen. of *kin*.
 Nost, Nostow, Not; see Noot.
 Not but, only, 4. 121; T. iii. 1636.
 Nota, i.e. observe, A. ii. 26. 33.
 Notabilitee, *s.* notable fact, B 4399.
 Notable, *adj.* notorious, remarkable, B 1875.
 Notaries, *s. pl.* scribes, I 797.
 Note, *s. (1)* note (in music), A 235, B 1737; musical note, peal, HF. 1726; tune, 5. 677; *by n.*, according to musical notes, by note, R. 669; in concord, all at once, T. iv. 585.
 Note, *s. (2)*, employment, business, task, job, A 4068. A. S. *notu*.

- N**oteful, *adj.* useful, A. pr. 120.
Notemuge, *s.* nutmeg, B 1953.
Notes, *s. pl.* nuts, R. 1360.
Not-heed, *s.* crop-head, a head with hair cropped short, A 109.
Nother, neither, 7. 253; neither (of them), L. 192.
Nothing, *adv.* in no respect, in no degree, not at all, A 2505; *for n.*, by no means, D 1121.
Notificacions, *pl.* hints, B 5. m 3. 23.
Notifie, *pr. pl.* indicate, I 430; *pp.* proclaimed, B 256.
Nouchis, *s. pl.* jewelled ornaments, jewels (properly, setting for jewels), clasps, HF. 1350; *Nouches*, E 382. E. *ouch*.
Nought, *adv.* not, T. ii. 575, 673; not at all, 3. 3; B 2262.
Noumbre, *s.* number, 3. 440.
Noumbre, *v.* number, 3. 439; *pp.* counted in, T. iii. 1260.
Noun-certeyn, *s.* uncertainty, 18. 46; T. i. 337.
Noun-power, *s.* impotence, B 3. p 5. 22.
Nouthe, now, T. i. 985; *as nouthe*, at present, A 462.
Novelrye, *s.* novelty, T. ii. 756.
Now, *adv.* now, A 715; *for now*, for the present, 7. 343; *now and now*, from time to time, occasionally, F. 430.
Nowches; see *Nouchis*.
Noyous, *adj.* troublesome, HF. 574. Short for *anoyous*.
Ny, *adj.* near, B 2562; *Nye*, *def.* the one who is near, A 3392.
Ny, *adv.* nigh, nearly, B 2735; *as ny as*, as close to, A 588; *wel ny*, almost, A 1330.
Ny, *prep.* nigh, B 550.
Nyce, *adj.* foolish, B 3712, 4505; ignorant, R. 1257; foolish, weak, B 1083, G 493; ludicrous, A 3855; scrupulous, A 398.
Nycely, *adv.* foolishly, T. v. 1152.
Nycetee, *s.* folly, G 463; simplicity, A 4046; foolish behaviour, pleasure, D 412; scrupulousness, T. ii. 1288.
Nye; see *Ny*.
Nyfles, *pl.* mockeries, pretences, D 1760. Lit. 'sniffings'; O.F. *nijfer*, to sniff.
- O.**
- O**(ōō), one, A 304, 363; a single, B 5. p 6. 158; one and the same, T. ii. 37; one continuous and uniform, HF. 1100. See *Oon*.
Obeisant, *adj.* obedient, E 66, I 264.
Obeisaunce, *s.* obedience, E 24, 502; obedient act, E 230; obedient farewell, L. 2479; *in your o.*, in obedience to you, 2. 84; *unto her o.*, in obedience to her, L. 587; *Obeisaunces*, *pl.* acts of dutiful attention, L. 149; *observances*, L. 1268. *Obeising*, *adj.* yielding, L. 1266.
Objecte, *adj.* presented, B 5. p 5. 5.
Obligacioun, *s.* bond, 15. 2; *Obligaciouns*, *pl.* sureties, B 3018.
Oblige, *v.*; *o. to you*, lay an obligation on you (to make me), T. iv. 1414.
Obséquies, *pl.* funeral rites, A 993.
Observaunce, *s.* respect, A 1045; homage, 7. 218; observance, L. 1608; ceremony, T. ii. 112; heed, I 747; *pl.* customary attentions, F 956; duties, L. 150.
Observe, *v.* favour, B 1821; *pr. s.* takes heed, I 303.
Occasioun, *s.* cause, L. 994.
Occident, *s.* west, B 297.
Occidentale, *adj.* western, A. i. 5. 9.
Occupye, *v.* take up, F 64; *pr. s.* follows close upon, T. iv. 836; dwells in, B 424; *imp. s.* hold to, B 4. p 7. 103.
Octogamyō, *s.* marrying eight times, D 33.
Of, *prep.* of, A 2, &c.; by, R. 1260; concerning, about, F 1179; during, B 510; for, 13. 19; off, from, 3. 964; on account of, B 2208; as to, as regards, in respect of, F 425; as to, 3. 966; upon, 5. 555; over, B 2947; with, A 2055; some, A 146; *of a purpos*, on purpose, deliberately, B 2273; *of al my lif*, in all my life, 5. 484; *of grace*, by his favour, out of his favour, E 178; *fulfilled of*, filled with, 7. 42.
Of, *adv.* off, away, 5. 494; (*come*) off, T. iv. 1106; off, A 2676; *com of*, be quick, have done, A 3728.
Offensioun, damage, A 2416.
Offertorie, *s.* offertory, A 710.
Office, *s.* office, employment of a secular character, A 292; employment, B 3446; duty, 5. 236; property, D 1144; place of office, D 1577; *with o.*, by the use of (Lat. *officio*), B 1. p 1. 3; *houses of o.*, servants' offices, E 264.
Of-newe, *adv.* newly, again, R. 1613; lately, E 938.
Of-showve, *v.* repel (lit. shove off), A 3912.
Of-taken, *pp.* taken away, B 1855.
Ofte, *adj. pl.* many; *Ofte sythes*, often-times, A 485; *Ofte tyme*, often, A 52; *Tymes ofte*, E 226.
Ofter, *adv. comp.* oftener, E. 215.
Of that, *conj.* because, L. 815.

- Of-thowed, *pp.* thawed away, H.F. 1143.
 Ought, *s.* aught, anything, F. 1469; anything of value, G. 1333; *as adv.* ought, at all, B. 1792.
 Oghte; see Owen.
 Oke, Okes; see Ook.
 Olifaunts, *s. pl.* elephants, B. 3. p. 8. 29.
 Oliveres, *s. pl.* olive-trees, R. 1314; olive-yards, B. 3226.
 Olyve, *s.* olive-tree, 5. 181.
 Omelies, *s. pl.* homilies, I. 1088.
 On, *prep.* on, A. 12; in, F. 921; at, T. iii. 32; of, T. iii. 18; as regards, E. 1424; against, T. ii. 865; towards, 4. 298; binding on, 10. 43; *hir on*, upon her, 3. 1217; *on eve*, in the evening, E. 1214; *on reste*, at rest, F. 379.
 Oon, one; see Oon.
 Onde, *s.* envy, R. 148. A.S. *anda*.
 Oneden, *pt. pl.* united, I. 193; *pp.* united, complete, D. 1968.
 Ones, *adv.* once, B. 588; united in design, C. 696; *at ones*, at once, A. 765.
 On-lofte, *adv.* aloft, up in the air, in the sky, 5. 203, 683; above ground, E. 229.
 On-lyve, *adv.* alive, F. 932. Lit. 'in life.'
 Oo, one; see Oon.
 Ook, *s.* oak, A. 1702; Oke, *dat.* 3. 447; (*collectively*), oaks, R. 1384.
 Oon, one, R. 624; always the same, the same, one and the same, B. 2142; united, agreed, T. ii. 1740; alone, unwedded, D. 66; the same, i.e. of small consequence, 3. 1295; the same thing, alike, F. 537; *oon the faireste*, one of the fairest, E. 212; *in oon*, in the same state, unchangeably; *ever in oon*, ever alike, always in the same manner, E. 602; continually, D. 209; *oon and oon*, one by one, A. 679; *after oon*, equally good, A. 341; *that oon*, one thing, T. iv. 1453; the one, C. 666; *many oon*, many a one, A. 317, E. 775; *felle at oon*, came to one agreement, T. iii. 565; *many on*, many a one, D. 680; *everich on*, every one, B. 1164; Oo, one, G. 207; a single, R. 1236; one and the same, 3. 1293.
 Ooned, *pp.* united, B. 4. p. 6. 81.
 Open-ers, *s.* fruit of the medlar, A. 3871.
 Open-headed, with head uncovered, D. 645.
 Opie, *s.* opium, A. 1472; Opies, *pl.* opiates, L. 2670.
 Opened, *pp.* opened, T. iii. 469.
 Opposen, *v.* oppose; *o. me*, lay to my charge, D. 1597.
 Oppresse, *v.* suppress, 10. 60; violate, F. 1411; *ger.* to put down, G. 4.
- Oppressioun, *s.* oppression, wrong, L. 2592; tyranny, 10. 19; violation, L. 1868.
 Or, *conj. ere*, G. 314.
 Or, *prep.* before, R. 864.
 Or, *conj. or*, A. 91, &c.; Or . . . or, either . . . or, R. 261.
 Oratorie, *s.* closet for prayers, A. 1905.
 Ordal, *s.* ordeal, T. iii. 1046.
 Orde, *dat.* point, L. 645. A.S. *ord*. And see Word.
 Ordenee, *adj.* well-ordered, B. 4. p. 1. 46.
 Ordenely, *adv.* conformably, in order, B. 4. p. 6. 313.
 Ordenour, *s.* ruler, B. 3. p. 12. 102.
 Ordeyned, *pp.* provided, A. 2553; appointed, F. 177; prepared, G. 1277; ordered, I. 336; (=ordenee), *pp.* regulated, T. i. 892.
 Ordinaat, *adj.* orderly, E. 1284.
 Ordinately, *adv.* methodically, I. 1045.
 Ordinaunce, *s.* arrangement, A. 3012; provision, B. 250; orderly arrangement, A. 2567; consideration, 18. 38; order, B. 2303; resolve, B. 2258; command, 10. 44.
 Ordred, *pp. as adj.* ordained, I. 782.
 Ordure, *s.* filthiness, I. 841; rubbish, T. v. 385.
 Ore, *s.* grace; *thyn o.*, (I pray for) thy grace, A. 3726. A.S. *är*.
 Ore, *s.* ore (of metal), D. 1064. A.S. *ör*.
 Ores, *s. pl.* oars, L. 2308.
 Orfrays, *s.* gold embroidery, gold braid, fringe with golden threads, R. 462, 869, 1076. A.F. *orfreis*, O.F. *orfrois*.
 Organs, *s. pl.* 'organs,' the old equivalent of organ, G. 134.
 Orgon, *pl. as sing.* organ (Lat. *organum*), B. 4041.
 Orient, *s.* east, A. 1494.
 Oriental, *adj.* eastern; (hence) of superior quality, L. 221.
 Orisonte, *s.* horizon, T. v. 276.
 Orisoun, *s.* prayer, A. 2372.
 Orizon rectum, or right horizon, A. ii. 26. 35. This means the horizon of any place situate on the equator, which could be represented by a straight line upon a disc of the astrolabe.
 Orloge, *s.* clock, 5. 350; B. 4044.
 Orphelin, *adj.* orphaned, B. 2. p. 3. 33.
 Orpiment, *s.* orpiment, G. 759, 774, 823. 'Orpiment, trisulphide of arsenic'; Webster.
 Orscupum, i. e. horoscope, A. ii. 3. *rubic*.
 Osanne, i. e. Hosannah, B. 642.
 Ost, *s.* host, army, L. 1906.

- Ostelments, *s. pl.* furniture, household goods, B 2. p 5. 135. (L. *suppellectilis*). Cf. F. *outil*.
- Ostesse, *s.* hostess, B 4. m 3. 23.
- Otes, *s. pl.* (of) oats, D 1963.
- Other, *adj.* second, R. 953, 976; the other, A 427; *what o.*, what else, T. i. 799; *that o.*, the other, F 496; Other, *pl.* others, R. 1304; Othere, *pl.* other, A 794; others, HF. 2151; *gen. pl.* others', HF. 2153; Others, *gen. sing.* each other's (lit. of the other), C 476.
- Other, *conj.* or, 3. 810; Other . or, either . or, G 1149.
- Other-whyle, *adv.* sometimes, B 2. p 1. 120.
- Ouche, *s.* nouch, clasp, D 743. See Nou-chis.
- Ought, *s.* anything, 3. 459; *as adv.* at all, T. ii. 268; *in ought that*, in as far as, T. iii. 1241.
- Oughtestow, oughtest thou, L. 1957.
- Oule, *s.* owl, D 1081.
- Oules, *pl.* awls; spiked irons for tormenting men, D 1730. A.S. *awel*.
- Ounces, *pl.* small portions, A 677; ounces, G 756.
- Ounded, *pp.* wavy, T. iv. 736.
- Oundinge, *s.* adornment with waved lines, I 417.
- Oundy, *adj.* wavy, HF. 1386. F. *ondé*.
- Out, *adv.* out, A 45, &c.; used for come out, HF. 2139; go out, T. iv. 210; fully, T. iii. 417; *mordre wil out*, murder will out, B 1766; Out and out, entirely, T. ii. 739.
- Out, *interj.* alas! A 3825; Out! harrow! B 4570.
- Out of, *prep.* without, C 157; out of, A 452.
- Out-breke, *v.* break out, break silence, 2. 12.
- Out-breste, *v.* burst out, T. iv. 237.
- Out-bringe, *v.* utter, L. 1835.
- Outcast, *pp.* cast out, T. v. 615.
- Out-caughte, *pt. s.* drew out, B 1861.
- Out-drawe, *pp.* drawn out, T. iv. 1226.
- Oute, *adv.* away, T. v. 553; out, i.e. uttered, D 977.
- Outen, *v.* put out, utter, exhibit, G 834; utter, E 2438; Oute, 1 *pr. s.* utter, offer, D 521. A.S. *utian*.
- Outereste, *adj. superl.* uttermost, farthest, B 2. m 6. 17.
- Outerly, *adv.* utterly, entirely, E 335.
- Outfleyinge, *s.* flying out, HF. 1523.
- Out-hees, & outcry, hue and cry, alarm, A 2012.
- Outher, *conj.* either, R. 250.
- Outherwhyle, *adv.* sometimes, B 2733, 2857.
- Outlandish, *adj.* foreign, 9. 22.
- Outrage, *s.* excess (*luxu*), B 2. m 5. 5; cruelty, injustice, A 2012.
- Outrageous, *adj.* excessive, B 2180; immoderate, I 743; violent, rampant, R. 174; excessively bold, R. 1257.
- Outrageously, *adv.* excessively, A 3908.
- Outrance, *s.* great hurt, excessive injury, 24. 26.
- Outraye, *v.* lose temper, E 643. O.F. *outrer*, to surpass.
- Outrely, *adv.* utterly, B 4419; entirely, B 2943, 3072; decidedly, B 2210.
- Out-ringe, *v.* ring out, T. iii. 1237.
- Out-rood, *pt. s.* rode out, T. v. 604.
- Out-rydere, *s.* rider abroad, A 160. The name of a monk who rode to inspect granges, &c.
- Out-springe, *v.* come to light, T. i. 745; Out-sprong, *pt. s.* spread abroad, C 111.
- Out-sterete, *pt. pl.* started out, B 4237.
- Out-straughte, *pt. s.* stretched out, R. 1515.
- Out-taken, *pp.* excepted, B 277.
- Out-twyne, 2 *pr. pl.* twist out, utter, 12. 11.
- Out-wende, *v.* proceed, HF. 1645.
- Over, *prep.* above, R. 1475; beyond, D 1661; besides, F 137; Over hir might, to excess, C 468.
- Over, *adj.* upper, A 133; Overest, *superl.* uppermost, A 290.
- Over-al, *adv.* everywhere, A 216, 249, 1207; in all directions, T. i. 928; on all sides, D 264; in every way, E 2129; throughout, E 1048; Over al and al, beyond every other, 3. 1003.
- Over-blowe, *pp.* past, L. 1287.
- Overcaste, *v.* overcast, sadden, A 1536.
- Overcomer, *s.* conqueror, B 1. m 2. 15.
- Overdoon, *pp.* carried to excess, G 645.
- Over-gilt, *adj.* worked over with gold, R. 873.
- Over-goon, *v.* pass away, T. i. 846; overspread, B 2. p 7. 42.
- Overkerveth, *pr. s.* cuts across, crosses, A. i. 21. 90.
- Overlad, *pp.* put upon, B 3101. Lit. led over.
- Overlade, *v.* overload, L. 621.
- Overlight, *adj.* too feeble, B 4. m 3. 34.
- Over-loked, *pp.* perused, 3. 232.
- Overlyeth, *pr. s.* lies upon, I 575.
- Over-passeth, *pr. s.* surpasses, B 5. p 6. 117.

Over-raughte, *pt. s.* reached over, hence, urged on, T. v. 1018.
Over-shake, *pp.* shaken off, 5. 681.
Overshote, *pp.*; had overshot hem, had over-run the scent, 3. 383.
Over-skipte, 1 *pt. s.* skipped over, omitted, 3. 1208.
Overslopp, *s.* upper-garment, G 633. Cf. Icel. *yfirsloppr*, an upper garment. See **Sloppes**.
Oversprede, *v.* spread over, cover, E 1799; Over-sprat, *pr. s.* over-spreadeth, T. ii. 767; **Overspradde**, *pt. s.* covered, A 2871.
Overspringe, *pr. s. subj.* overpass, F 1060.
Overtake, *v.* overtake, attain to, G 682; Overtook, 1 *pt. s.* caught up, 3. 360.
Overte, *adj.* open, HF. 718.
Overthowe, *v.* be overturned, be ruined, HF. 1640.
Over-throwinge, *adj.* overwhelming, B 1. m 2. 2; headlong (Lat. *praecipiū*), B 2. m 7. 1; headstrong (Lat. *praecipiū*), B 1. m 6. 25; revolving, B 3. m 12. 43.
Overthrowinge, *s.* falling down, B 2755; *pl.* destruction (Lat. *ruinis*), B 2. m 4. 17.
Overthwart, *adv.* across, A 1991; opposite, T. iii. 685; askance, R. 292.
Overtymeliche, *adv.* untimely, B 1. m 1. 18.
Over-whelveth, *pr. s.* overturns, turns over, agitates, B 2. m 3. 17.
Owen, *v.* owe, own, possess; **Oweth**, *pr. s.* owns, possesses, C 361; **Oweth**, *pr. s. refl.* it is incumbent (on him), L. 360 *a*; **Oghte**, 1 *pt. s.* ought, 4. 216; **Oughtestow**, 2 *pt. s.* oughtest thou, T. v. 545; L. 1957; **Oghte**, *pt. s. impers.* it were necessary, B 2188; **him oghte**, he ought, L. 377; it became him, B 1097; **hir oghte**, became her, E 1120; **us oghte**, it behaved us, we ought, 1. 119; **hem oghte**, they ought, G 1340; **us oghete oghete**, it should behave us, we ought, (subj.), it should behave us, we ought, E 1150; **Oghte**, *pt. s.* owed, L. 589; ought, A 505; **Owed**, *pp.* due, B 4. p 5. 18.
Owene, *adj. def.* own, C 834: *myn owene woman*, independent, T. ii. 750; *his owne hand*, with his own hand, A 3624.
Owh, *interj.* alas, B 1. p 6. 25.
Owher, *adv.* anywhere, A 653.
Oxe, *s. ox*, C 354; **Oxes**, *gen. E* 207; **Oxen**, *pl. A* 887.
Oxe-stalle, *s. ox-stall*, E 398.
Oynement, *s. ointment, unguent*, A 631.
Oynons, *pl. onions*, A 634.

P.

Paas, *s. pace, step*, L. 284; *goon a paas*, go at a footpace, C 866.
Pace, *v. pass, go*, A 1602; *pass*, T. i. 371; go away, 15. 9; *pass away*, A 175; *sur-pass*, go beyond, T. iii. 1272; *walk*, T. v. 1791; *overstep*, HF. 392; *come*, HF. 720; *p. of*, pass over, T. ii. 1568; *of this thing to p.*, to pass this over in review, HF. 239; *to pace of*, to pass from, B 205; 1 *pt. s.* pass over (it), go on, HF. 1355; proceed, go on, A 36; 1 *pr. s. subj.* depart, F 494; 2 *pr. s. subj.* go, D 911.
Paillet, *s. pallet*, T. iii. 229.
Paire, *s. pair*, A 473; *set*, A 159; *as pl. pairs*, 5. 238. (*Pair*, in the sense of 'set,' is applied to many things of the same kind and size.)
Paisible, *adj.* peaceable, 9. 1.
Palasye, *s. palsy*, R. 1098.
Pale, *s. perpendicular stripe*, HF. 1840.
Palestral, *adj.* athletic, pertaining to wrestling, T. v. 304.
Paleth, *pr. s.* renders pale, B 2. m 3. 3.
Paley-, or **Paleis - chaumbres**, *pl. palace-chambers*, 9. 41.
Paley-gardyn, *palace-garden*, T. ii. 508.
Paley-ward, *to*, toward the palace, T. ii. 1252.
Paley-yates, *pl. gates of the palace*, 4. 82.
Palinge, *s. adorning with (heraldic) pales, or upright stripes*, I 417.
Palis, *s. palisade, stockade*, B 1. p 6. 41; *paling*, rampart, B 1. p 3. 86. O.F. *palis*, *paleis*.
Palled, *pp. pale*, languid, H 55.
Pan, *s. brain-pan*, skull, A 1165.
Panade, *s. kind of knife*, A 3939, 3960.
Panier, *s. pannier*, E 1568; *pl. baskets for bread*, HF. 1939.
Panne, *s. pan*, A 3944.
Panter, *s. bag-net for birds*, L. 131; *pl. nets*, R. 1621. O.F. *pantiere*.
Papejay, *s. popinjay*, B 1559, 1957, E 2332; applied in England to the green wood-pecker (*Gecinus viridis*).
Paper, *s. account-book*, A 4404.
Paper-whyt, *adj.* white as paper, L. 1198.
Papingay, *s. popinjay*, R. 81. See **Papejay**.
Par amour; see **Paramour**.
Par cas, by chance, C 885.
Par companye, *for company*, A 3839, 4167.
Paradys, *s. paradise*, R. 443.

- Parage**, s. kindred, birth, D 250; rank, D 1120.
- Paraments**, pl. mantles, splendid clothing, A 2501. See **Parements**.
- Paramour**, (for *par amour*), adv. for love, B 2033; longingly, B 1933; with devotion, A 1155; Paramours, passionately, T. v. 332; A 2112; with excessive devotion, L 260 a; by way of passionate love, T. v. 158; *for p.*, for the sake of passion, E 1150; *for paramours*, for love's sake, A 3354.
- Paramour**, s. (1) concubine, wench, D 454; pl. A 3756; lovers, paramours, T. ii. 236; Paramour (2), love-making, A 4372.
- Paraunter**, perhaps, L. 562.
- Paraventure**, peradventure, perhaps, F 955.
- Parcel**, s. part, F 852; small part, 2. 106.
- Parchemin**, s. parchment, B 5. m 4. 14.
- Pardee**, (F. *par Dieu*), a common oath, A 563, 3084; Pardieu, T. i. 197.
- Pardoner**, s. seller of indulgences, A 543, C 318.
- Paregal**, adj. fully equal, T. v. 840.
- Parements**, s. pl. rich hangings or ornaments, (applied to a chamber), L. 1106; F 269. See **Parements**.
- Parentele**, s. kinship, I 908.
- Parfey**, by my faith, in faith, HF. 958.
- Parfit**, adj. perfect, A 72, 422.
- Parfitly**, adv. perfectly, R. 771; wholly, B 2381.
- Parfourne**, v. perform, B 2402; Parfourne, ger. to fulfil, B 3137; p. up, complete, D 2261.
- Parfourninge**, s. performance, I 807.
- Parisshens**, pl. parishioners, A 482.
- Paritorie**, s. pellitory, *Parietaria officinalis*, G 581.
- Parlement**, s. (1) deliberation, decision due to consultation, A 1306; (2) parliament, T. iv. 143; p. of *Bridges*, Parliament of Birds, I 1086.
- Parodie**, s. period, duration, T. v. 1548. (A curious confusion of *parodie* (so pronounced) with *period*.)
- Parsoneres**, s. pl. partners, partakers, B 5. p 5. 101.
- Parten**, v. share, T. i. 589; ger. To p. with, participate in, L. 465; 1 pr. s. part, depart, T. i. 5; Parteth, pr. s. departs, L. 359; Parted, pp. dispersed, T. i. 960; gone away, taken away, L. 1110.
- Parteners**, s. pl. partners, partakers, I 968.
- Parting-felawes**, s. pl. fellow-partakers, I 637.
- Part-les**, adj. without his share, B 4. p 3. 44.
- Partrich**, s. partridge, A 349.
- Party**, adv. partly, A 1053.
- Partye**, s. portion, A 3008; partial umpire, taker of a side, A 2657; portion, T. ii. 394.
- Parvys**, s. church-porch, A 310.
- Pas**, s. pace, B 399; step, D 2162; distance, R. 525; foot-pace, A 825; grade, degree, 4. 134; grade, I 532; passage, B 2635; a pas, at a footpace, T. ii. 627, v. 60; F 388; pl. paces, yards, A 1800; thousand pas, a mile, B 1. p 4. 270.
- Passage**, s. period, R. 406.
- Passant**, pres. pt. as adj. surpassing, A 2107.
- Passen**, ger. to surpass, exceed, conquer, A 3089; overcome, L. 162; outdo, G 857; pr. s. passes away, F 404; Paste, pt. s. passed, T. ii. 658; passed by, T. ii. 398; Passing, pres. pt. surpassing, A 2885; pp. past, spent, E 610; surpassed, 7. 82; passed by, 5. 81; overblown, gone off, R. 1682.
- Passing**, adj. excellent, F 929; extreme, E 1225.
- Passioun**, s. suffering, B 1175; passion, 1. 162; passive feeling, impression, B 5. m 4. 52.
- Pastee**, s. pastry, A 4346.
- Patrimoine**, s. patrimony, I 790.
- Patroun**, s. patron, 4. 275; protector, 7. 4; pattern, 3. 910.
- Pawmes**, pl. palms (of the hand), T. iii. 1114.
- Pax**, s. the 'osculatorium,' or 'paxbrede,' a disk of metal or other substance, used at Mass for the 'kiss of peace,' I 407.
- Pay**, s. pleasure, 5. 271; more to pay, so as to give more satisfaction, 5. 474.
- Paye**, v. pay, A 806; pt. s. A 559; pp. satisfied, pleased, 9. 3; holde her payd, think herself satisfied, 3. 269.
- Payen**, adj. pagan, A 2370.
- Payens**, s. pl. pagans, L. 786.
- Payndemayn**, s. bread of a peculiar whiteness, B 1915. Lat. *panis Dominicus*.
- Payne**, s. pain; dide his Payne, took pains, F 730.
- Payre**, s. a pair, R. 1386; Paire, pl. pairs, R. 1068.
- Pece**, s. piece, 5. 149; pl. pieces, T. i. 833.
- Peches**, pl. peaches, R. 1374.
- Pecok**, s. peacock, 5. 356.

- Pecok-arwes, *pl.* arrows with peacocks' feathers, A 104.
- Pecunial, *adj.* pecuniary, D 1314.
- Pees, *s.* peace, A 532, 1447; *in p.*, in silence, B 228.
- Pees, peace! hush! be still! B 836.
- Pekke, *s.* peck (quarter of a bushel), A 4010.
- Pekke, *imp. s.* peck, pick, B 4157.
- Pel, *s.* peel, small castle, HF. 1310. O.F. *pel*; from Lat. acc. *pánum*.
- Pelet, *s.* pellet, stone cannon-ball, HF. 1643.
- Penaut, *s.* a penitent, one who does penance, B 3154.
- Pencel (1), *s.* pencil, brush, A 2049.
- Pencel (2), *s.* small banner, sleeve worn as a token, T. v. 1043. Short for *penoncel*.
- Pénible, *adj.* painstaking, B 3490; Penible, careful to please, E 714; Penýble, inured, D 1846.
- Penitauncer, *s.* confessor who assigns a penance, I 1008.
- Penitence, *s.* penance, I 101, 126.
- Penne, *s.* pen, quill, L 2357.
- Penner, *s.* pen-case, E 1879.
- Penoun, *s.* pennon, ensign or small flag borne at the end of a lance, A 978.
- Pens; see Penny.
- Peny, *s.* penny, R. 451; money, A 4119; Penyes, *pl.* pence, R. 189; Pens, *pl.* pence, C 376.
- Per cas, by chance, L 1967.
- Per consequens, consequently, D 2192.
- Peraventure, *adv.* perhaps, HF. 304; C 935.
- Percen, *v.* pierce, B 2014; *pr. s.* pierces with his gaze, 5. 331.
- Perche, *s.* perch (for birds to rest on), A 2204; wooden bar, R. 225; a horizontal rod, A. ii. 23. 44. Lat. *pertica*.
- Percinge, *s.*; for percinge = to prevent any piercing, B 2052.
- Perdurable, *adj.* everlasting, eternal, B 2609; Perdurables, *adj. pl.* everlasting, I 811.
- Perdurabletee, *s.* immortality, B 2. p 7. 63, 103.
- Pere, *s.* peer, equal, B 3244, F 678.
- Peregryn, *adj.* peregrine, i.e. foreign, F 428.
- Pere-jonette, *s.* a kind of early-ripe pear, A 3248.
- Peres, *pl.* pears, R. 1375, E 2331.
- Perfit, *adj.* complete, A. i. 18. 4.
- Perfitly, *adv.* perfectly, A. pr. 21.
- Perfourne, *ger.* to perform, B 2256; be equivalent to, A. ii. 10. 16.
- Peril, *s.* B 2672: *in p.*, in danger, 4. 108; upon my p., (I say it) at my peril, D 561.
- Périsse, *v.* perish, I 254.
- Perle, *s.* pearl, L 221.
- Perled, *pp.* fitted with pearl-like drops, A 3251.
- Perréé, *s.* jewellery, precious stones, gems, B 3495, 3550.
- Perryé, *s.* jewellery, A 2936; Perrie, HP. 1393.
- Pers, *adj.* of Persian dye, light-blue, R. 67.
- Pers, *s.* stuff of a sky-blue colour, A 439, 617.
- Perséveraunce, *s.* endurance, T. i. 44; constancy, 3. 1007.
- Persévere, *v.* continue, D 148; *pr. &* lasts, C 497.
- Perséveréage, *s.* perseverance, G 117.
- Persly, *s.* parsley, A 4350.
- Persóne, *s.* person, figure, T. ii. 701; Persoun, parson, A 478.
- Pert, *adj.* forward, frisky, A 3950. Short for *apert*.
- Pertinacie, *s.* pertinaciousness, I 391.
- Pertinent, *adj.* fitting, B 2204.
- Pertourbe, *ger.* to perturb, T. iv. 561.
- Perturbacioun, *s.* trouble, B 1. p 1. 98
- Perturbinge, *s.* perturbation, D 2254.
- Pervenke, *s.* periwinkle, R. 903; Pervinke, R. 1432.
- Pesen, *pl.* peas, L 648.
- Possible, *adj.* calm, B 1. p 5. 3.
- Pestilence, *s.* the (great) pestilence, A 442, C 679; curse, B 4600, D 1264.
- Peter, *interj.* by St. Peter, B 1404, G 665.
- Peyne, *s.* pain of torture. A 1133; T. i. 674; *in the p.*, under torture, T. iii. 1502; care, F 509; toil, G 1398; penalty, B 3041; endeavour, R. 765; penance, B 2039; upon p., under a penalty, E 586.
- Peyne, *v. refl.* take pains, endeavour, B 4495; put (myself) to trouble, HF. 246; Peyne, 1 *pr. s. refl.* take pains, C 330, 305; Peyned hir, *pt. s. refl.* took pains, A 139, E 976; Peyned hem, *pt. pl. refl.* R. 107.
- Peynte, *v.* paint, C 12; colour highly, HF. 246; smear, L 875; *do p.*, cause to be painted, 3. 259; *pt. s. F 560*; Peinted, *pp.* painted, L 1029; Peint, *pp. R. 248*.
- Peyntour, *s.* painter, T. ii. 1041.
- Peynture, *s.* painting, C 33.
- Peyre, *s.* pair, A 2121; a set (of similar things), D 1741.
- Peysible, *adj.* tranquil, B 3. m 9. 51. (*L tranquilla.*)

- Peytrel, *s.* poitrel, breast-piece of a horse's harness; properly, the breast-plate of a horse in armour, G 564; *pl.* I 433. A. F. *pétrel*, Lat. *pectoralis*.
- Phitonesses, *pl.* pythoneses, witches, HF. 1261.
- [Physics, *gen.* of physics, or natural philosophy, B 1189. Lat. *physices*, *gen.* of *physicē*, natural philosophy. (I propose this reading.)]
- Pich, *s.* pitch, A 3731, I 854.
- Piètee, *s.* pity, T. iii. 1033, v. 1598.
- Piétous, *adj.* piteous, sad, T. iii. 1444; sorrowful, T. v. 451; merciful, F 20.
- Pigges-nye (lit. pig's eye), a dear little thing, A 3268.
- Pighte, *pt. s. refl.* pitched, fell, A 2680; *pt. s. subj.* should pierce, should stab, i. 163 (but this is almost certainly an error for *prighte*, *pt. s. subj.* of *prikke*).
- Piked, *pt. s.* stole, L. 2167.
- Pikerel, *s.* a young pike (fish), E 1419.
- Pilche, *s.* a warm furred outer garment, 20. 4.
- Pile, *ger.* to pillage, plunder, I 769; *v. rob.* despoil, D 1362.
- Piled, *pp.* deprived of hair, very thin, A 627; bare, bald (lit. peeled), A 3935.
- Pileer, *s.* pillar, HF. 1421.
- Pilled, *pp.* robbed, L. 1262.
- Pilours, *pl.* robbers, pillagers, A 1007, 1020.
- Pilwe, *s.* pillow, E 2004.
- Pilwe-beer, *s.* pillow-ease, A 694.
- Piment, *s.* sweetened wine, A 3378.
- Pin, *s.* pin, small peg, F 127, 316; fastening, brooch, A 196; thin wire, A. ii. 38. 8; Hangeth on a joly pin, is merry, E 1516.
- Pinche, *v.* find fault (with), pick a hole (in), A 326; Pinchest at, 2 *pr. s.* blamest, 10. 57; *pp.* closely pleated, A 151.
- Piper, *s. as adj.* suitable for pipes or horns, 5. 178.
- Pissemyre, *s.* pismire, ant, D 1825.
- Pistel, *s.* epistle, E 1154; message, sentence, D 1021.
- Pit, *pp.* put (Northern), A 4088.
- Pitaunce, *s.* pittance, A 224.
- Pitee, *s.* pity, i. 68; Pite were, it would be a pity (if), 3. 1266.
- Pith, *s.* strength, R. 401; D 475.
- Pítous, Pítous, *adj.* compassionate, A 143; merciful, C 226; pitiful, A 953; plaintive, R. 89, 497; mournful, R. 420; piteous, sad, sorrowful, A 955; pitiable, B 3673; Pitousë, *fem.* full of compassion, L. 2582.
- Pitously, *adv.* piteously, B 1059; pitably, B 3729; sailly, A 1117.
- Place, *s.* place, A 623; manor-house (residence of a chief person in a small town or village), B 1910, D 1768.
- Placebo, vespers of the dead, so called from the initial word of the antiphon to the first psalm of the office (see Ps. cxiv. 9 in the Vulgate version), I 617; a song of flattery, D 2075.
- Plages, *s. pl.* regions, B 543; quarters of the compass, A. i. 5. 12.
- Plain, *adj.*: see Playn.
- Plane, *s.* plane-tree, A 2922.
- Planed, *pt. s.* planed, made smooth, D 1758.
- Plante, *s.* slip, cutting, D 763: piece of cut wood, R. 929.
- Plastres, *s. pl.* plasters, F 636.
- Plat, *adj.* flat, certain, A 1845: Platte, *dat.* flat (side of a sword), F 162, 164.
- Plat, *adv.* flat, B 1865; plainly, B 886; fully, T. ii. 579.
- Plate, *s.* plate-armour, q. 49; stiff iron defence for a hauberk, B 2055; the 'sight' on the 'rewle', A. i. 13. 2.
- Plated, *pp.* covered with metal in plates, HF. 1345.
- Platly, *adv.* flatly, plainly, T. iii. 786, 881.
- Plaunte, *s. plant*, F 1032.
- Plaunte, *imp. s. plant*, T. i. 964.
- Playen me, *v. refl.* to amuse myself, R. 113.
- Playing, *s.* sport, R. 112.
- Playn, *adj.* smooth, even, R. 860; *in short and pl.*, in brief, plain terms, E 577; Plain, flat, H 229.
- Playn, *s.* plain, B 24.
- Plede, *ger.* to dispute, B 2559.
- Pleading, *s.* pleading, 3. 615.
- Pledoures, *pl.* pleaders, lawyers, R. 198.
- Plee, *s.* plea, 5. 485; *pl.* suits, 5. 101.
- Plegges, *s. pl.* pledges, B 3018.
- Pleindest, 2 *pt. s.* didst complain, B 4. p 4. 168.
- Pleine, *s.* complaint, lament, B 66.
- Plenére, *adj.* plenary, full, L. 1607.
- Plentee, *s.* plenitude, fulness, I 1080; abundance, R. 1434.
- Plentevous, *adj.* plentiful, A 344.
- Plentevously, *adv.* plentevously, B 2. p 2. 86.
- Plesaunce, *s.* pleasure, C 219, D 408; delight, A 2409; pleasant thing, 3. 773; pleasure, will, A 1571; kindness, E 1111; pleasing behaviour, F 509; pleasantness, L. 1373; happiness, L. 1150; amusement, F 713; will, delight, B 149.

- Plesaunt, *adj.* pleasant, satisfactory, pleasing, A 138, 222.
 Plesen, *v.* please, A 610, F 707.
 Plesinges, *adj. pl.* pleasing, B 711.
 Pleasure, *s.* pleasure, 6. 126.
 Plète, *ger.* to plead, bring a law-suit, T. ii. 1468.
 Pletinges, *pl.* law-suits, B 3. p 3. 67.
 Pley, *s.* play, sport, A 1125; dalliance, 4. 178; jesting, I 539; delusion, 3. 648; *pl.* games, T. v. 304; plays, D 558; funeral games, T. v. 1499.
 Pleye, *v.* amuse oneself, B 3524, 3666; *ger.* to play, be playful, be amused, A 772; to amuse (myself), B 3996; to amuse (ourselves), L 1495; play (on an instrument), A 236; *i pr. s.* jest, B 3153; *i pr. pl.* play, B 1423; *pr. pl.* F 900; *pt. s.* played, rejoiced, T. i. 1013; was in play, 3. 875; Pleyd, *pp.* 3. 618.
 Pleyinge, *s.* amusement, sport, A 1061.
 Pleyinge, *adj.* playful, B 3. m 2. 27.
 Pleyn (1), *adj.* full, A 2461; complete, A 315, 337.
 Pleyn (2), *adj.* plain, clear, L 328; honest, 5. 528; plain, i. e. open, A 987; *as s.* plain (fact), A 1091; *pl.* smooth, 5. 180.
 Pleyn (1), *adv.* full, T. v. 1818; entirely, A 327.
 Pleyn (2), *adv.* plainly, A 790; openly, E 637.
 Pleyne, *v.* complain, lament, B 1067; *refl.* 6. 50; *v.* to whinny (as a horse), 7. 157; *pl. upon*, cry out against, L 2525; *i pr. s.* make complaint, L 2512; *pp.* said by way of complaint, L 326 a.
 Pleyning, *s.* complaining, lamenting, 3. 590.
 Pleynly, *adv.* plainly, openly, (*or*, fully), A 1733.
 Pleynte, *s.* plaint, complaint, 2. 47; Pl. of Kynde, Complaint of Nature, 5. 316.
 Pligte (1), *pt. s.* plucked, drew, T. ii. 1120; pulled, B 15; *pp.* plucked, torn, D 790. The infin. would be *plicchen*, variant of *plukkien* or *plukken*.
 Pligte (2), *i pr. s.* plight, pledge, F 1537; *pt. s.* L 2466; *pp.* pledged, C 702.
 Plomet, *s.* plummet, heavy weight, A. ii. 23. 42.
 Plom-rewle, *s.* plummet-rule, A. ii. 38. 10.
 Plough-harneys, *s.* harness for a plough, i. e. parts of a plough, as the share and coulter, A 3762.
 Ploumes, *s. pl.* plums, R. 1375.
 Plounge, *ger.* to plunge, bathe, B 3. p 2. 48.
 Ploungy, *adj.* stormy, rainy, B 1. m 3. 9.
 Plowman, *s.* ploughman, E 799.
 Plukke, *v.* pluck, pull, T. iv. 1403.
 Flye, *v.* fly, mould, E 1430; bend, E 1169.
 Plyght, *pp.* plighted, T. iii. 782.
 Plyt, *s.* plight, T. ii. 712, 1731; condition, B 2338; position, T. ii. 74; Plyte, *dat.* mishap, wretched condition, 5. 294; plight, 23. 19; state, G 952.
 Plyte, *ger.* to fold, T. ii. 1204; *pt. s.* turned backwards and forwards, T. ii. 697.
 Poeplish, popular, T. iv. 1677.
 Poesye, *s.* poetry, T. v. 1790.
 Pointant, *adj.* poignant, I 130, 131.
 Point, Poynt, *s.* point, A 114; position, I 921; *in point*, on the point of, about to, B 331, 910; *at point*, ready, T. iv. 1638; *in good p.*, in good case, A 200; *fro p. to p.*, from beginning to end, B 3652; *p. for p.*, in every detail, E 577.
 Point-devys; *at p.*, with great neatness, exactly, carefully, HF. 9:7; A 3689, F 560.
 Pointel, *s.* style, i. e. stylus, writing implement, B 1. p 1. 3.
 Poke, *s.* bag, A 3780, 4278.
 Poked, *pt. s.* incited, T. iii. 116; nudged, A 4169.
 Pokets, *s. pl.* little bags, G 808.
 Pokkes, *s. pl.* pocks, pustules, C 358.
 Pol (1), *s.* pole, long stick; Pole, *dat.* L. 2202.
 Pol (2), *s.* pole (of the heavens), A. i. 14. 9.
 Polax, *s.* pole-axe, L. 642.
 Polcat, *s.* polecat, C 855.
 Policye, *s.* public business, C 600.
 Pollax, *s.* pole-axe, A 2544.
 Polut, *pp.* polluted, B 1. p 4. 281.
 Polýve, *s.* pulley, F 184.
 Pomel, *s.* round part, top, A 2680.
 Pomely, *adj.* marked with round spots like an apple, dappled, A 616; Pomely-gris, dapple-gray, G 559.
 Pomgarnettes, *s. pl.* pomegranates, R. 1356.
 Pompe, *s.* pomp, A 525.
 Pool, *s.* pole (of the heavens), A. i. 18. 20.
 Pope-Holy, i. e. Hypocrisy, R. 415.
 Popelote, *s.* poppet, darling, A 3254.
 Popet, *s.* puppet, doll; spoken ironically, and really applied to a corpulent person, B 1891.
 Popinjay, *s.* popinjay, R. 913.
 Popler, *s.* poplar-tree, A 2921; (collectively) poplar-trees, R. 1385.
 Popped, *pt. s.* *refl.* tricked herself out, R. 1010.
 Popper, *s.* small dagger, A 3931.

- Poraille**, *s.* poor people, A 247.
Porche, *s.* Porch, B 5. m 4. i.
Pore, *adj.* poor, L 388.
Porisme, *s.* corollary, B 3. p 10. 166.
Porphurie, *s.* a slab of porphyry used as a mortar, G 775.
Port (1), *s.* port, carriage, behaviour, A 69; bearing, mien, L 2453.
Port (2), *s.* haven, T. i. 526, 909.
Portatif, *adj.* portable, 3. 53.
Porthors, *s.* portesse, breviary, B 1321. From *porter*, to carry, *hors*, abroad.
Portours, *pl.* porters, T. v. 1139.
Portreiture, *s.* drawing, picture, R. 827; set of drawings, A 1968; picturing, HF. 131.
Portreye, *v.* pourtray, depict, 1. 81; Portrayed, *pp.* painted in fresco, R. 140; full of pictures, R. 1077.
Portreyng, *s.* a picture, A 1938.
Pose, *s.* a cold in the head, A 4152, H 62. A.S. *ge-pose*.
Pose, *1 pr. s.* put the case, (will) suppose, A 1162.
Positif, *adj.* positive, fixed, A 1167.
Positioun, *s.* supposition, hypothesis, B 5. p 4. 48.
Possessioners, *s. pl.* men who are endowed, D 1722.
Possessioun, *s.* great possessions, wealth, F 686; endowments, D 1926.
Posseth, *pr. s.* pusheth, tosseth, I. 2420.
Post, *s.* support, A 214; pillar, A 800.
Postum, *s.* imposthume, abscess, B 3. p 4. 14.
Potage, *s.* broth, B 3623, C 368.
Potente, *s.* crutch, R. 368; staff, D 1776.
Potestat, *s.* potestate, D 2017.
Pothecarie, *s.* apothecary, C 852.
Pouche, *s.* pocket, A 3931; *pl.* money-bags, A 368.
Poudre, *s.* dust, HF. 536; powder, G 760; gunpowder, HF. 1644.
Poured, *pp.* besprinkled, R. 1436.
Poudre-marchaunt, *s.* the name of a kind of spice, A 381.
Pounage, *s.* pannage, swine's food, 9. 7.
Pound, *pl.* pounds, A 454.
Poune, *s.* pawn at chess, 3. 661.
Pounisoned, *pp. as adj.* stamped, pierced, I 421.
Pounioninge, *s.* punching of holes in garments, I 418.
Pouped, *pt. pl.* blew hard, puffed, B 4589; *pp.* blown, H 90.
Poure, *ger.* to pore, look closely, A 185; to pore over (it), R. 1640; *1 pr. pl. (we)* pore, gaze steadily, G 670.
Poured, *pp.* poured, R. 1143.
Pouring, *s.* pouring (in), T. iii. 1460.
Pous, *s.* pulse, T. iii. 1114.
Poustee, *s.* power, B 4. p 5. 13.
Povertee, *s.* poverty, 3. 410; **Poverte**, *s.* poverty, T. iv. 1520; **Povert**, poverty, R. 450; **Povert**, C 441.
Povre, *adj.* poor, R. 466, A 225.
Povre, *adj. as s. poor, hence poverty*, 10. 2.
Povre, *adv.* poorly, E 1043.
Povrelche, *adj.* poorly, in poverty, E 213, 1055.
Povrely, *adv.* in poor array, A 1412.
Povrest, *adj. superl.* poorest, C 449, E 205.
Poynaunt, *adj.* pungent, A 352, B 4024.
Poynt, *s.* sharp point, 7. 211; very object, aim, A 1501; point, bit (of it), part, R. 1236; a stop, G 1480; *up p.*, on the point, T. iv. 1153; *in p. is*, is on the point, is ready, 1. 48; *fro p. to p.*, in every point, 5. 461; *to the p.*, to the point, 5. 372; *at p. devys*, exact at all points, R. 830; to perfection, exquisitely, R. 1215; *pl.* tags, A 3322.
Poynte, *ger.* to describe, T. iii. 497; *pr. pl.* stab, R. 1058; *pp.* pointed, R. 944.
Poyntel, *s.* style for writing, D 1742.
Practisour, *s.* practitioner, A 422.
Praktike, *s.* practice, D 187.
Praye, *s.* prey, 1. 64.
Praye, *pr. pl.* petition, make suit, I 785.
Praying, *s.* request, prayer, R. 1484.
Preamble, *s.* D 831.
Preambulacioun, *s.* preambling, D 837.
Precedent, *adj.* preceding, A. ii. 32. 4.
Preche, *v.* preach, A 481, 712; **Prechestow**, thou preacheast, D 366.
Prechour, *s.* preacher, D 165.
Preciousnesse, *s.* costliness, I 446.
Predestinee, *s.* predestination, T. iv. 966.
Predicacioun, *s.* preaching, sermon, B 1179.
Preef, *s.* proof, assertion, D 247; experience, L 528 a; test, proof, G 968; the test, H 75.
Prees, *s.* press, crowd, B 393, 646; the throng of courtiers, 13. 4; Press of battle, 9. 33; *in p.*, in the crowd, 5. 603.
Preesseth, *pr. s.* throngs, A 2580.
Prefectes, *gen. prefect's*, G 369. Lit. 'an officer of the prefect's (officers).'
Preferre, *pr. s. subj.* precede, take precedence of, D 96.
Pregnant, *pres. pt.* plain, convincing, T. iv. 1179.
Preisen, *ger.* to praise, (worthy) of being praised, R. 70; *v.* appraise, estimate, R. 1115; prize, esteem, R. 1693.

- Preiseres, *s. pl.* praisers, B 2367.
 Preisinge, *s.* honour, glory, I 949.
 Prelat, *s.* prelate, A 204.
 Premisses, *pl.* statements laid down, B 3. p 10. 121.
 Prenostik, *s.* prognostic, prognostication, 10. 54.
 Preute, *s.* print, D 604.
 Prenten, *ger.* to imprint, T. ii. 900.
 Préntis, *s.* apprentice, A 3365.
 Prentishood, *s.* apprenticeship, A 4400.
 Prescience, *s.* foreknowledge, A 1313.
 Prese, *ger.* to press forward, T. i. 446; v. hasten, 2. 19.
 Présence, *s.* i. 19; *in pr.*, in a large assembly, E 1207.
 Present, *adv.* immediately, 5. 424.
 Presentarie, *adj.* ever-present, B 5. p 6. 78.
 Presented, *pp.* brought, L. 1297.
 Presenting, *s.* offering, L. 1135.
 Presently, *adv.* at the present moment, B 5. p 6. 123.
 President, *s.* the one who presided in parliament, T. iv. 213.
 Pressoun, *s.* prison, T. iii. 380.
 Press, *s.* throng, T. i. 173; *Presse, dat.* instrument exercising pressure, A 81; mould, A 263; *on presse*, under a press, in a suppressed state, down, T. i. 559; press, a cupboard with shelves (for linen, &c.), A 3212.
 Prest, *s.* priest, B 1166.
 Prest, *adj.* ready, prepared, prompt, 5. 307; *pl.* prompt, T. iv. 661.
 Pretende, *v.* attempt to reach, seek (after), T. iv. 922.
 Preterit, *s.* past time, B 5. p 6. 48.
 Pretorie, *s.* the Roman imperial body-guard, the Praetorian cohort, B 1. p 4. 94.
 Preve, *s.* proof, B 4173; experimental proof, A. ii. 23 *rubic;* *at p.*, (when it comes) to the proof, T. iii. 1002; *at p.*, in the proof, T. iv. 1659; *armes preve*, proof of fighting power, T. i. 470.
 Preve, *v.* prove, C 169; bide the test, G 645; succeed when tested, G 1212; Preved, *pp.* proved to be so, T. i. 239; tested, G 1336; approved, E 28; exemplified, E 826; shewn, F 481.
 Prevete, *s.* secret place, recess, T. iv. 1111.
 Prevey, *adj.* secret, B 4. p 3. 122.
 Previdence, *s.* seeing beforehand, B 5. p 6. 131.
 Prevy, *adj.* privy, unobserved, 3. 382; not confidential, HF. 285.
 Preye, *ger.* to beseech, T. ii. 1369; to pray, 2. 20; *Preyde, pt. s.* B 391; Preyeden, *pt. pl.* D 895; *Preyed, pp. E* 773.
 Preys, *s.* praise, B 3837.
 Pricasour, *s.* a hard rider, A 189.
 Prighe, *pt. s.* pricked, F 418 (*inferior MSS.* have *pighete*). No doubt, the reading *pighete* in 1. 163 should also be *prighe*. See Priken.
 Priken, *v.* incite, urge, T. iv. 633; *Prik, 1 pr. s.* spur, rouse, 5. 380; *Priketh, pr. s.* excites, A 11, 1043; spurs, D 656; picks, aches, D 1504; *Prighe, pt. s.* F 418 (see above); *Priked, pt. s.* spurred, B 1064.
 Prikinc, *s.* hard riding, A 191, A 2599.
 Prikke, *s.* point, HF. 907; sting, I 468; a small mark, a peg, A. ii. 42. 4; a dot, A. ii. 5. 29; piercing stroke, A 2606; point, critical condition, B 119.
 Principals, *adj. pl.* cardinal, A. ii. 31. 17.
 Principio, *in.* in the beginning (St. John, i. 1), A 254.
 Pris, *s.* prize, A 2241.
 Privee, *adj.* secret, A 3295; private, I 102; intimate, R. 600; closely attendant, E 192; *privée man*, private individual, B 2. p 3. 77.
 Privee, *adv.* secretly, F 531; *Privee and apart*, secretly and openly, D 1114; *pr. neap.*, neither secretly nor openly, D 1136.
 Privee, *s.* privy, C 527, E 1954.
 Prively, *adv.* secretly, A 652; unperceived, R. 784.
 Privete, *s.* privacy, R. 1294; secrecy, B 548; secrets, seoret, D 531, 542, 1637; private affairs, A 1411; private apartment, A 4334; *privy parts*, B 3905.
 Privy, *adj.* secret, L. 1267, 1780.
 Proces, *s.* process, B 2605; proceeding, F 1345; process of time, F 829; argument, B 3. p 10. 62; matter, T. ii. 485; L. 1914; story, HF. 251; occurrence of events, B 3511; *dat.* course (of time), 3. 1331.
 Procotour, *used for Procurator, proctor,* D 1596.
 Proeve, *s.* proof, B 5. p 4. 83.
 Proeve, *i pr. s.* approve, B 5. p 3. 23; *pr. s.* shews, B 2. m 1. 17.
 Professioune, *s.* profession of religion, D 1925; oath of profession (as a monk), B 1345.
 Proferestow, dost thou offer, T. iii. 1461.
 Profre, *s.* offer, L. 2079.
 Proheme, *s.* poem, prologue, E 43.
 Prolaciouns, *s. pl.* utterances, B 2. p 1. 50.
 Prolle, *2 pr. pl.* prowl about, search widely, G 1412.

- Pronounced, *pp.* announced, T. iv. 213.
 Proporcionalables, *adj. pl.* proportional, B 3. m 9. 20.
 Proporcioned, *pp.* made in proportion, F 192.
 Proporcionels, *s. pl.* proportional parts, F 1278.
 Propre, *adj.* own, T. iv. 8; especial, B 2175; peculiar, D 103; well-grown, A 3972; well-made, A 3345; comely, A 4368; handsome, C 309; Propres, *pl.* own, B 1. m 6. 20; *of propre kinde*, by their own natural bent, F 610.
 Properly, *adv.* fitly, A 1549; literally, I 285; naturally, D 1191; appropriately, A 729.
 Prepetree, *s.* peculiarity, 10. 69; characteristic, B 2304; peculiar possession, T. iv. 392.
 Prose, *v.* write in prose, 16. 41.
 Prospectiveys, *s. pl.* perspective-glasses, lenses, F 234. Chaucer here makes the usual distinction between reflecting mirrors and refracting lenses.
 Prospre, *adj.* prosperous; *prospre fortunes*, well-being, B 1. p 4. 62.
 Protestacioun, *s.* protest, A 3137.
 Prove, *v.* test, A ii. 23, *rubric*; Proveth, *pr. s.* proves, F 455.
 Provérbed, *pp.* said in proverbs, T. iii. 293.
 Provost, *s.* prefect, B 1. p 4. 64; chief magistrate, B 1806.
 Provostrie, *s.* praetorship, B 3. p 4. 90.
 Prow, *s.* profit, advantage, B 1598, 4140, C 300, G 609.
 Prowesse, *s.* prowess, T. i. 438; excellence, D 1129; profit, B 4. p 3. 71.
 Proyneth, *pr. s.* prunes, i.e. trims, makes (himself) neat, E 2011. O.F. *preigner*.
 Prydeeleys, *adj.* without pride, 6. 29.
 Prye, *ger.* to pry, peer, T. ii. 404; to gaze, A 3458; *v.* spy, T. ii. 170.
 Pryme, *s.* prime (of day), usually 9 A.M., A 2189, 2576, 3554; *fully pr.*, the end of the first period of the day (from 6 A.M. to 9 A.M.), B 2015; *pr. large*, past 9 o'clock, F 360; *passed pr.*, past 9 o'clock, D 1476; *half way pryme*, half way between 6 and 9 A.M., half-past seven, A 3906.
 Pryme face, *s.* the first glance, T. iii. 919.
 Prymerole, *s.* primrose, A 3268.
 Prys, *s.* price, value, R. 1134; worth, excellence, F 911; praise, E 1026; esteem, F 934; glory, L. 2534; reputation, D 1152; renown, A 67, 237; prize, I 355.
 Pryse, *ger.* to esteem, to be esteemed, R. 887.
 Pryved, *pp.* deprived, exiled, 1. 146.
 Pryvee, *adj.* secret, A 2460.
 Puffen, *ger.* to blow hard, HF. 1866.
 Pulle, *s.* a bout at wrestling, a throw, 5. 104.
 Pulle, *v.* pluck, T. i. 210; to draw, T. ii. 657; *pulle a finche*, pluck a finch, cheat a novice, A 652; *a pulled hen*, a plucked hen, A 177.
 Pulytrye, *s.* poultry, A 508.
 Pupliessen, *pr. pl. refl.* are propagated, B 3. p 11. 135.
 Purchacen, *ger.* to procure, acquire, I 742, 1066; gain, I 1080; win, 21. 19; buy, A 608; *pr. pl.* promote, B 2870; *imp. s. 3 p.* may (He) provide, B 873; Purchace, *imp. pl.* provide (for yourself), T. ii. 1125.
 Purchas, *s.* proceeds, gifts acquired, A 256; gain, D 1451, 1530.
 Purchasing, *s.* conveyancing, A 320; acquisition of property, D 1449.
 Purchasour, *s.* conveyancer, A 318.
 Pure, *adj.* very (lit. pure), A 1279; utter, 3. 1200; *the p. deth*, death itself, 3. 583.
 Pure, *adv.* purely, 3. 1010.
 Pured, *pp. as adj.* pure, F 1560; very fine, D 145.
 Purfiled, *pp.* ornamented at the edge, trimmed, A 193.
 Purgacioun, *s.* discharge, D 120.
 Purgen, *ger.* to purge, B 4143; *pt. s.* expiated, B 4. m 7. 4 (Lat. *piauit*); *pp.* cleansed (by baptism), G 181.
 Purpos, *s.* purpose, R. 1140; design, A 1684; *to purpos*, to the subject, 5. 26; *it cam him to p.*, he purposed, F 666.
 Purposen, *v.* purpose, I 87; *pr. pl.* propose, T. iv. 1350.
 Purpre, *adj.* purple, T. iv. 860.
 Purpre, *s.* purple, R. 1071; purple raiment, I 933.
 Pura, *s. purse*, A 656.
 Pursevauntes, *s. pl.* pursuivants, HF. 1321.
 Pursuit, *s.* continuance, perseverance, T. ii. 950; continuance in pursuit, T. ii. 1744; appeal to prosecute, D 890.
 Purtreye, *v.* draw, A 96; *pt. s.* E 1600.
 Purtreyour, *s.* draughtsman, A 1899.
 Purveyable, *adj.* with provident care, B 3. m 2. 5.
 Purveyaunce, *s.* providence, A 1252, 1665; foresight, D 566, 570; equipment, B 247; provision, A 3566, F 904; pre-arrangement, T. iii. 533; *unto his p.*, to provide himself with necessaries, L. 1561.
 Purveyen, *v.* provide, B 2532; *pr. s. fore-*

- sees, T. iv. 1066; *p. of*, provided with, D 591.
- Purveyinge, *s.* providence, T. iv. 986.
- Put, *s.* pit, T. iv. 1540.
- Puterie, *s.* prostitution, I 886.
- Putours, *s. pl.* pimps, procurers, I 886.
- Putten, *v.* put, lay, 7. 344; *v.* suppose, B 2667; Put, *pr. s.* puts, I 142; Put him, puts himself, L 652; Putte, *pt. s.* B 1630; set, L 675; *p. up*, put away, 2. 54.
- Pye, *s.* magpie, A 3950, B 1399.
- Pye, *v.* pie, pasty, A 384.
- Fyk, *s.* pike (fish), 12. 17.
- Pyke, *v.* (1) peep, T. iii. 60; *ger. (2)* to pick at, T. ii. 1274; *pr. s. (3)* makes (himself) tidy or smooth, E 2011.
- Pykepurs, *s.* pick-purse, A 1098.
- Pyled, *pp.* peeled, bare, bald, A 4306.
- Pyn, the pin which passes through the central hole in the Astrolabe and its plates, A. i. 14. 1.
- Pyn, *s.* pine-tree, R. 1379.
- Pyne, *s.* pain, torment, T. v. 6; hurt, 5. 335; toil, HF. 147; place of torment, HF. 1512; suffering, A 1324, 2382; woe, torment, B 3420; the passion, B 2126. A.S. *pīn*.
- Pyne, *ger. to torture*, A 1746; *pr. s.* pinches away, 7. 205; grieves, bemoans, I 85; *pp.* examined by torture, B 4249.
- Pype, *s.* pipe, musical instrument, B 2005; *pl.* pipes, tubes, A 2752.
- Pypen, *v.* pipe, whistle, A 18.8; play on the bag-pipe, A 3927; Pype, make a piping noise, T. v. 1433; play upon a pipe, A 3876; *pp.* faintly uttered, HF. 785; *pres. pt.* piping (hot), hissing, A 3379.
- Pyrie, *s.* pear-tree, E 2217, 2325. A.S. *pyrige*.
- Q.
- Quaad, *adj.* evil (Flemish), A 4357; Quad, bad, B 1628. Du. *kwaad*.
- Quaille, *s.* quail, E 1206.
- Quake, *v.* tremble, shiver, R. 462; quake, A 3614; shake, T. iii. 542; Quook, *pt. s.* quaked, A 1576, 1762; Quaked, *pp.* B 3831; Quaketh, *imp. pl.* quake, fear, T. ii. 302.
- Quaking, *s.* fear, 7. 214.
- Quakke, *s.* a state of hoarseness, A 4152.
- Qualm, *s.* pestilence, A 2014; evil, plague, R. 357; foreboding of death, T. v. 382.
- Quappe, *v.* heave, toss (lit. shake, palpitate), L. 1767; beat repeatedly, L. 805; palpitate, T. iii. 57.
- Quarter-night, the time when a fourth part of the night is gone, 9 p. m., A 3516.
- Quayles, *gen. pl.* quails, 5. 339.
- Quainte, *adj.* curious, B 1426.
- Quack! *int.* quack! 5. 499, 594.
- Quelle, *v.* kill, C 854; *pr. pl.* strike, T. iv. 46.
- Queme, *v.* please, T. 695; *pr. pl.* subserve, T. ii. 803.
- Quenche, *v.* put a stop to, T. iii. 846; be quenched, I 341; Queynite, *pt. s.* was quenched, A 2334, 2337; Queynt, *pp.* extinguished, A 2321, 2336.
- Quene, *s.* queen, R. 1266.
- Querele, *s.* quarrel, I 618; *pl.* complaints, B 3. p. 3. 67.
- Quern, *s.* hand-mill, 9. 6; *dat.* B 3264.
- Questemongeres, *s. pl.* questmen, jury-men, I 797.
- Questio, *quid iuris*, the question is, how stands the law, A 647.
- Questioun, *s.* dispute, A 2514; problem, D 2223.
- Queynt, *adj.* strange, 3. 1330; curious, dainty, R. 65; adorned, R. 1435; well-devised, HF. 228; neat, R. 68; sly, A 3275; curiously contrived, HF. 126; F 234; hard to understand, 3. 531; graceful, R. 610.
- Queynte, *adv.* artfully, HF. 245.
- Queynte, *s.* pudendum, A 3276, D 332, 444.
- Queynteliche, *adv.* curiously, cunningly, HF. 1923; daintily, R. 569; strangely, R. 783.
- Queyntise, *s.* finery, I 932; art, I 733; ornament, R. 840.
- Qui cum patre, D 1734, I 1092. The formula used at the end of a sermon.
- Qui la, who's there? B 1404.
- Quik, *adj.* alive, F 1336; lively, A 306; ready, I 658.
- Quiken, *v.* quicken, revive, T. i. 443; *ger.* to grow, T. i. 295; to make alive, quicken, G 481; *ger. to take life, burst forth*, HF. 208; *pt. s.* burst into flame, A 2335; *pp.* endowed with life, F 1050.
- Quikkest, *adj. superl.* liveliest, busiest, F 1502.
- Quinkesse, *s.* life, 3. 26.
- Quinible, *s.* shrill treble, A 3332.
- Quirboilly, *s.* boiled leather, B 2065.
- Quisschin, *s.* cushion, T. ii. 1229.
- Quistroun, *s.* scullion, kitchen-drudge, R. 886. O.F. *coistron*.
- Quit, -te; see Quyte.
- Quitly, *adv.* freely, wholly, A 1792.
- Quod, *pt. s. said*, A 1234.
- Quoniam, pudendum, D 608.
- Quook, *pt. s. of Quake*.

Quyte, v. requisite, reward, repay, recompence, give in return, R. 1542; 5. 112; 10. 75; HF. 670; free, ransom, A 1032; *ger.* to remove, free, 7. 263; *quyte with*, to requyte with, A 3119; *hir cost for to quyte*, to pay for her expenses, B 2564; *quyte hir whyle*, repay her time, i. e. her trouble, B 584; *pt. s.* repaid, R. 1526; *pt. pl.* released, T. iv. 205; *Quit*, pp. rewarded, requited, HF. 1614; set free, G 66; discharged, quit, F 1758; *us adj.* free, F 1534.

R.

Raa, s. roe (Northern), A 4086.

Raby, Rabbi, D 2187.

Rad, -de; see *Rede*.

Radefore, s. piece of tapestry, L 2352. From F. *ras de Vore*, serge from La Vaur.

Rafles, s. pl. raffles, I 793.

Raft, -e; see *Reve*.

Rage, s. passion, R. 1613; craving, R. 1657; madness, 3. 731; L. 599; violent grief, F 836; violent rush, fierce blast, A 1985.

Rage, v. romp, toy wantonly, A 257, 3273, 3958.

Ragerye, s. wantonness, E 1847; passion, D 455.

Raked, pp. raked, B 3323. Literally, the sentence is—‘Amongst hot coals he hath raked himself’; the sense is, of course, ‘he hath raked hot coals around himself’.

Rakel, adj. rash, T. i. 1067; hasty, T. iii. 1437.

Rakelnesse, s. rashness, H 283.

Rake-stele, s. handle of a rake, D 949. See *Stele*.

Raket, s. the game of rackets, T. iv. 460.

Rakle, v. behave rashly, T. iii. 1642.

Ram, s. ram, L. 1427; (as prize at a wrestling-match), A 548; Aries, the first sign in the zodiac, A 8.

Rammish, adj. ramlike, strong-scented, G 887.

Rampeth, pr. s. (lit. ramps, romps, rears, but here) rages, acts with violence, B 3094. We should now say—‘She flies in my face.’

Rancour, s. ill-feeling, ill-will, malice, R. 1261.

Ransaked, pt. s. ransacked, came searching out, 4. 28.

Rape, s. haste, 8. 7. Icel. *hrap*.

Rape, v.; in phrase *rape and renne*, corrupted from an older phrase *repfen* and *renen* (A. S. *hrepian* and *hrinan*), i. e.

handle and touch, clutch and seize, G 1422.

Rascaille, s. mob, T. v. 1853.

Rated, pt. reproved, scolded, A 3463. Short for *arated*, variant of *aretted*; see *Arette*.

Rather, adv. soon, HF. 2139; early, A 3768.

Rather, adj. comp. former, T. iii. 1337.

Rather, adv. sooner, 3. 562; more willingly, A 487; *the r.*, the sooner, 2. 82.

Raughte; see *Reche*.

Raunson, s. ransom, A 1024.

Rave, 2 pr. pl. are mad, T. ii. 116.

Raven, s. the constellation *Corvus*, HF. 1004.

Ravines, s. pl. rapines, thefts, I 793.

Ravinour, s. plunderer, B 4. p. 3. 117.

Ravisshe, v. snatch away, B 2. m. 7. 32; *go r.*, go and ravish, T. iv. 530; pp. rapt, E 1750; overjoyed, F 547; part. pres. snatching away, B 4. m. 6. 39.

Ravisshing, adj. swift, violent, B 1. m. 5. 4; enchanting, 5. 198; destroying, B 1. m. 5. 60 (Lat. *rapidos*).

Ravyne, s. ravening, greediness, 5. 336; ravin, prey, 5. 323; Ravines, thefts, I 793. O.F. *ravine*, L. *rapina*.

Ravysedest, 2 p. s. pt. didst draw (down), B 1659.

Rayed, pp. striped, 3. 252.

Réal, adj. royal, regal, T. iii. 1534; L. 214, 284, 1605.

Réaltee, s. royalty, sovereign power, 10. 60.

Réaume, s. realm, kingdom, L 2091.

Rebekke, s. old woman, dame, D 1573.

Rebel, adj. rebellious, A 833, 3046.

Rebelling, s. rebellion, A 2450.

Rebounde, v. return, T. iv. 1666.

Rebuked, pp. snubbed, I 444.

Recche (1), v. reck, care, heed, 5. 593; is nought to r., no matter for, T. ii. 434; pr. s. recks, cares, A 2397; Recche of it, care for it, pr. pl. F 71; it recche, pr. s. subj. may care for it, T. iv. 630; Roghte, pt. s. recked, cared, regarded, 3. 887; impers. he cared, L. 605; Roughte, pt. s. recked, cared, T. i. 496.

Recche (2), pr. s. subj. interpret, expound, B 4086.

Recchelees, adj. careless, reckless, R. 340; regardless, HF. 668.

Recchelesnesse, s. recklessness, I 111, 611.

Recetit, s. receipt, i. e. recipe for making a mixture, G 1353.

Rechased, pp. headed back, 3. 379.

Reche, v. reach, give, hand over, 3. 74;

- Raughte, *pt. s.* reached, A 3696; reached up to, A 2915; reached (out, or forward), A 136; proceeded, T. ii. 446; Reighte, *pt. s.* reached, touched, HF. 1374.
- Reclaiming, *s.* enticement, L. 1371.
- Reclayme, *v.* reclaim (as a hawk by a lure), i. e. check, H 72.
- Recomaunde, *v.* recommend, T. ii. 1070.
- Recomende, *ger.* to commit, G 544.
- Recomforte, *ger.* to comfort again, T. ii. 1672.
- Recompensacioun, *s.* recompense, HF. 665.
- Reconciled, *pp.* re-consecrated, I 965.
- Reconforte, *v.* comfort again, A 2852, B 2168.
- Record, *s.* report, D 2049; testimony, 3. 934.
- Recorde, *v.* witness, bear in mind, A 1745; remember, T. v. 445; (to) record, recording, 5. 609; Recorde, *1 pr. s.* bring (it) to your remembrance, A 829.
- Recours, *s.* recourse, B 2632; resort, T. ii. 1352; *wol have my r.*, will return, F 75; *pl.* orbits, B 1. m 2. 14.
- Recovere, *v.* regain, T. iv. 406.
- Recoverer, *s.* recovery, 22. 3. O. F. *recovier, recoverer.*
- Reddour, *s.* violence, vehemence, 10. 13.
- Rede, *v.* read, A 709; advise, counsel, L. 2217; interpret, 3. 279; Ret, *pr. s.* advises, T. ii. 413; Redeth, *pr. s.* advises, T. iv. 573; Redde, *pt. s.* read, D 714, 721; interpreted, 3. 281; Radde, *pt. s.* read, T. ii. 1085; D 791; advised, 5. 579; Rad, *pp.* read, 3. 224; Rad, *pp.* read, B 4311.
- Rede, *dat.* counsel, T. iv. 679; see Reed.
- Rede, *adj.* red; see Reed.
- Rede, *adj.* made of reed; referring to a musical instrument in which the sound was produced by the vibration of a reed, HF. 1221.
- Rede, *s.* red (i. e. gold), T. iii. 1384; the blood, B 356; red wine, C 526, 562.
- Redeles, *adj.* without counsel; not knowing which way to turn, 2. 27.
- Redely, *adv.* soon, HF. 1392; readily, truly, HF. 1127.
- Redoute, *v.* fear, B 1. p 3. 21.
- Redoutinge, *s.* reverence, A 2050.
- Redresseth, *pr. s.* amends, I 1039; *pr. pl.* *nfl.* erect (themselves) again, rise again, T. ii. 969; Redressed, *pt. s.* reasserted, vindicated, F. 1436; Redresse, *imp. s.* reform, 1. 129; Redressed, *pp.* roused, B 4. p 2. 139.
- Reducen, *v.* sum up, B 3. p 8. 61.
- Redy, *adj.* ready, A 21, 352; dressed, F 387; at hand, 2. 104.
- Reed, *s.* counsel, advice, plan, A 1216, 3527; profit, help, remedy, 3. 203; counsel, adviser, A 665; *I can no r.*, I know not what to do, 3. 1187; *without reed*, helpless, 3. 587; *to rede*, for a counsel; *best to rede*, best for a counsel, best to do, T. iv. 679 (*not a verb*).
- Reed, *adj.* red, A 153; (of the complexion), 3. 470; Rede, *adj. d.f.* red, A 957; *indef. (rare)*, L. 2589; Rede, *pl.* 1. 89.
- Reed, *s.* redness, L. 533.
- Reed, *imp. s.* read, H 344.
- Reednesse, *s.* redness, G 1097.
- Rees, *s.* great haste, T. iv. 350.
- Refect, *pp.* restored, B 4. p 6. 414.
- Refere, *v.* return, T. i. 266; Referred, *pp.* brought back, B 3. p 10. 180.
- Refiguringe, *pres. pt.* reproducing, T. v. 473.
- Refreininge, *s.* refrain, burden, R. 749.
- Refreyden, *v.* grow cold, T. v. 507; Refreyd, cooled down, 12. 21.
- Refreyn, *s.* refrain, T. ii. 1571.
- Refreyne, *v.* bridle, curb, I 385.
- Refreshinge, *s.* renewing, I 78.
- Reft, -e; see Reve.
- Refus, *pp. as adj.* refused, rejected, T. i. 570.
- Refut, *s.* place of refuge, refuge, 1. 14; safety, 1. 33.
- Regals, *pl.* royal attributes, L. 2128.
- Regalye, *s.* rule, authority, 2. 65.
- Regard; *to the r. af.* in comparison with, B 2. p 7. 126; *at r. of*, 5. 58.
- Registre, *s.* narrative, A 2812.
- Regne, *s.* kingdom, dominion, realm, A 866; dominion, rule, A 1624.
- Regnen, *pr. pl.* reign, 4. 50.
- Reherce, *v.* rehearse, repeat with exactitude, A 732; *ger.* to enumerate, I 239; recount, B 89.
- Rehersaille, *s.* enumeration, G 852.
- Rehersing, *s.* rehearsal, A 1650; recital, L. 1185.
- Reighte, *pt. s.* reached, touched, HF. 1374. Pt. t. of *reche*.
- Reines, *s. pl.* rain-storms, HF. 967.
- Rejoye, *v.* rejoice, T. v. 395.
- Rejoyse, *ger.* to make rejoice, 1. 101; feel glad, T. v. 1165.
- Rekene, *ger.* to reckon, A 401.
- Rekening, *s.* reckoning, account, 3. 699; A 600.
- Reketh, *pr. s.* reeks, smokes, L. 2612.
- Rekever, *1 pr. s.* (for future), (I) shall retrieve, do away, HF. 354.

- Rekke**, *i pr. s.* care, C 405; *E* 1090; *pr. s. impers.* (it) reck(s) (him), he cares, L 365; *yow r.*, you reck, 7. 303; *what r. me*, what do I care, D 53.
- Rekne**, *v.* reckon (*also i pr. s.*), A 1933.
- Relayes**, *s. pl.* fresh sets of hounds, reserve packs, 3. 362.
- Relees**, *s.* release, *i. 3*; ceasing; *out of relees*, without ceasing, G 46.
- Relente**, *v.* melt, G 1278.
- Relesedest**, *z pt. s.* forgavest, I 309; *Relesed*, *pt. s.* forgave, B 3367.
- Releasing**, *s.* remission, I 1026.
- Releve**, *ger.* to raise up, relieve, T. v. 1042; *pp.* restored, I 945; *Releved*, *pp.* revived, L 128; *recompensed*, A 4182; made rich again, G 872.
- Relevinge**, *s.* remedy, I 804.
- Religioun**, *s.* religion, A 477; state of religion, life of a nun, R. 429; a religious order, B 3134; the religious orders, B 3144.
- Religious**, *adj.* belonging to a religious order, B 3150; devoted to a religious order, T. ii. 759; *as s.*, a monk or nun, I 891.
- Relik**, *s.* relic, L 321.
- Reme**, *s.* realm, B 1306.
- Remede**, *s.* remedy, T. i. 661.
- Remedies**, *pl.* (Ovid's) *Remedia Amoris*, 3. 568.
- Remembre**, *v.* remember, I 135; *pr. pl.* remind, F 1243; *pr. s.* recurs to the mind, 4. 150; *Remembringe him*, calling to remembrance, T. ii. 72.
- Remenant**, *s.* remainder, rest, A 888.
- Remeve**, *v.* remove, T. i. 691.
- Remorde**, *pr. s. subj.* cause (you) remorse, T. iv. 1491; *pr. s.* vexes, plagues, troubles, B 4. p 6. 293.
- Remors**, *s.* remorse, T. i. 554.
- Remounted**, *pp.* comforted, B 3. p 1. 9.
- Remuable** (*i*), *adj.* changeable, variable, T. iv. 1682.
- Remuable** (*z*), *adj.* capable of motion (*Lat. mobilibus*), B 5. p 5. 37.
- Remuen**, *v.* remove, B 2. p 6. 55. (*Lat. amouebis*)
- Ren**, *s.* run, A 4079.
- Renably**, *adv.* reasonably, D 1509.
- Rende**, *v.* rend, T. iv. 1493; *Rent*, *pr. s.* rends, tears, L 646 *a*; *Rente*, *pt. s.* tore, A 990.
- Rending**, *s.* tearing, A 2834.
- Renegat**, *s.* renegade, apostate, B 932.
- Reneye**, *v.* deny, renounce, abjure, B 376, 3751.
- Reneyinge**, *s.* denying, I 793.
- Renged**, *pp.* ranged, placed in rows, R. 1380.
- Renges**, *pl.* ranks, A 2504.
- Renne** (*i*), *v.* run, I 721; *ger.* A 3800; *pr. s.* runs, D 76; is current, E 1986; approaches quickly, T. ii. 1754; goes easily, A. i. 2. 1; arises, L 503; spreads, L. 1423; *renneth for*, runs in favour of, B 125; *Ronnen*, *pt. pl.* ran, A 2925, 3827; *Ronnen*, *pp.* advanced, lit. run, R. 320; *is r.*, has run, has found its way (into), HF. 1644.
- Renne** (*z*), *v.*: only in the phrase, rape and renne, G 1422. See Rape.
- Renomed**, *pp.* renowned, B 3. p 2. 124.
- Renomée**, *s.* renown, L 1513.
- Renoun**, *s.* renown, fame, 2. 88.
- Renovelances**, *s. pl.* renewals, HF. 693.
- Renovelle**, *v.* renew, B 3035; are renewed, I 1027.
- Rente**, *s.* revenue, income, A 256; payment, tribute, 3. 765; *to r.*, as a tribute, T. ii. 830.
- Repair**, *s.* resort, repairing, B 1211, D 1224.
- Repaire**, *ger.* to go home, B 1516; to repair, find a home, T. iii. 5; to go back (to), HF. 755; *v.* return, F 580.
- Reparaciouns**, *pl.* reparations, makings up, HF. 688.
- Repentaunce**, *s.* penitence, A 1776.
- Repentaunt**, *adj.* penitent, A 228.
- Répenting**, *s.* repentance, L 147.
- Repeyre**, *v.* repair, return, T. v. 1571.
- Repleccioun**, *s.* repletion, B 4027.
- Replete**, *adj.* replete, full, B 4147.
- Replenised**, *pp.* filled, I 1079.
- Replicacioun**, *s.* reply, A 1846; involution, B 3. p 12. 170.
- Replye**, *v.* object, E 1609.
- Reporte**, *v.* relate, tell, C 438.
- Reportour**, *s.* reporter, A 814. (The host is so called because he receives and remembers the tales; they were all addressed to him in particular. Thus 'reporter' has here almost the sense of 'umpire'.)
- Reprehencioun**, *s.* reproach, T. i. 684.
- Reprehende**, *v.* reproach, T. i. 510; *pr. pl.* blame, criticise, B 3. p 12. 134.
- Repressed**, *pp.* kept under, L 2591.
- Réprevable**, *adj.* reprehensible, C 632; *r. to*, likely to cast a slur on, 15. 24.
- Repreve**, *s.* reproach, B 2413; shame, C 595; reproach, E 2206.
- Repreve**, *v.* reproach, F 1537; reprove, H 70.
- Reproved**, *pp.* as adj. blamed, accused,

- R. 1135; Reprooved, *pp.* stultified, B 2. p 5. 127.
 Repugnen, *ger.* to be repugnant (to), B 5. p 3. 6.
 Requerable, *adj.* desirable, B 2. p 6. 32.
 Requeren, *v.* entreat, seek, B 2927; ask, D 1052; *pp.* necessitated, T. iii. 405.
 Resalgar, *s.* realgar, G 84. ‘Realgar, a combination of sulphur and arsenic, of a brilliant red colour as existing in nature; red orpiment’; Webster.
 Resceived, *pp.* received; wel receaved, favourably situated with respect to other planets, &c.; A. ii. 4. 51.
 Rescous, *s.* a rescue, help, T. iii. 1242; A 2643.
 Rescowe, *v.* (to) rescue, save, T. iii. 857; rescue, T. v. 231.
 Rescowinge, *s.* rescuing, I 805.
 Rese, *ger.* to shake, A 1986.
 Résemblable, *adj.* alike, R. 985.
 Resolven, *pr. pl.* flow out, B 5. m 1. 1; Resolved, *pp.* dissolved, melted, B 2. p 7. 164.
 Resonable, *adj.* talkative, 3. 534.
 Resort, *s.* resource, T. iii. 134.
 Resoun, *s.* reason, right, A 37, 847; argument, speech, sentence, T. i. 790.
 Resouneth, *pr. s.* resounds, A 1278.
 Report, *s.* regard, T. iv. 86, 850.
 Respyt, *s.* delay, B 948; respite, delay, reprieve, G 543; without more respyt, without delay, forthwith, R. 1488; out of more respyt, without any delay, without any hesitation, T. v. 137.
 Respyte, *ger.* to hesitate, 7. 259.
 Reste, *s.* rest, repose, F 355; at reste, at rest, fixed, T. ii. 760; at his reste, as in its home, 5. 376; to reste, (gone) to rest, A 30; Restes, *pl.* times of repose, T. ii. 1722.
 Reste, *v.* remain (with), T. iii. 1435; rest, repose, T. ii. 1326.
 Restelee, *adv.* restlessly, R. 370.
 Resurreccoun, *s.* resurrection, i.e. re-opening (of the daisy), L. 110.
 Ret, *for Redeth, pr. s.* advises, T. ii. 413.
 Retenue, *s.* retinue, troop of retainers, suite, A 2502; E 270; at his *r.*, among those retained by him, D 1355.
 Rethor, *s.* orator, B 4397; F 38.
 Rethorien, *adj.* rhetorical, B 2. p 1. 46. Rethorien (*written* Rethorien), *s.* orator, B 2. p 3. 61.
 Retorneth, *pr. s.* brings back, B 5. p 6. 301; *pres. pt.* revolving, T. v. 1023.
 Retourninge, *s.* return, A 2095.
 Retracciouns, *s. pl.* retractions, things which I withdraw, I 1085.
 Retreteth, *pr. s.* reconsider, B 5. m 3. 57.
 Retrograd, *adj.* moving in a direction contrary to that of the sun's motion in the ecliptic, A. ii. 4. 53.
 Reule, *s.* rule, A 173.
 Roulen, *v. rule*, B 4234; Reule hir, guide her conduct, E 327.
 Reuthe, *s.* ruth, 1. 127.
 Reve, *s.* reeve, steward, bailiff, A 542, 3860.
 Reve, *ger.* to rob (from), T. iv. 285; to take away, G 376; to *r.* no man fro his lyf, to take away no man's life, L. 2693; Reven, *ger.* to reave, plunder, I 758; to bereave, T. i. 188; Reveth, *pr. s.* forces away, 5. 86; Raft, *pt. s.* bereft, D 888; reft, B 3288; Refte, *pt. s.* bereft, HF. 457; Raft, *pp.* torn, reft, T. v. 1258; taken from, L. 2590; bereaved, F 1017.
 Revel, *s.* revelry, sport, A 2717; minstrelsy, A 4402.
 Revelour, *s.* (the) Reveller, A 4371; a reveller, A 4391.
 Revelous, *adj.* fond of revelry, B 1194.
 Reverberacioun, *s.* vibration, D 2234.
 Reverdye, *s.* rejoicing, R. 720. O.F. reverdie, ‘feuillée, verdure; joie, allégresso’; Godefroy.
 Reverence, *s.* respect, A 141; respectful manner, A 303; fear, I 294; thy *r.*, the respect shewn to thee, B 116.
 Revers, *s.* reverse, contrary, 18. 32.
 Revesten, *pr. pl.* clothe again, T. iii. 355.
 Revoken, *ger.* to recall, T. iii. 1118.
 Revolucioun, *s.* revolving course (orbit), 4. 30.
 Reward, *s.* regard, attention, T. ii. 1133, v. 1756; having *r. to*, considering, 5. 426; take *r. of*, have regard, I 151.
 Rewde, *adj.* plain, unadorned, A. pr. 49.
 Rewe, *s.* row, line, A 2866; by rew, in order, D 506.
 Rewe, *ger.* to have pity, A 2382; be sorry, T. ii. 455; do penance for, G 447; *pr. s.* impers. makes (me) sorry, I am sorry, A 3462, B 4287.
 Rewel-boon, *s.* (probably) ivory made from the teeth of whales, B 2068.
 Rewful, *adj.* lamentable, sad, L. 1838; sad (one), B 854.
 Rewfullest, *adj. sup.* most sorrowful, A 2886.
 Rewfully, *adv.* sadly, T. iii. 65.
 Rewle, *s.* the revolving long and narrow

- plate or rod used for measuring and taking altitudes, A. i. 1. 6; it revolves at the back of the Astrolabe; *pl.* rules, A. pr. 44.
- Rewledest, *z pr. s.* didst control, B. i. p. 4. 238.
- Rewliche, *adj.* pitiable, B. 2. p. 2. 67.
- Rewme, *s.* realm, R. 495.
- Rewthe, *s.* ruth, pity, E. 579; a pitiful sight, E. 562.
- Rewthelees, *adj.* ruthless, unpitying, 5. 613; 6. 31.
- Reye, *s.* rye, D. 1746.
- Reyes, *pl.* round dances, HF. 1236. Mid. Du. *reye*, 'a round daunce'; Hexham.
- Reyn, *s.* rain, A. 492; storm of rain, A. 3517.
- Reyne, *s.* rein, A. 4083.
- Reyne, *v.* rain down, T. v. 1336; rain, 4. 287. See Ron.
- Reynes, *s. pl.* loins, I. 863.
- Reyse, *ger.* to build up, D. 2102; *r. up*, to exact, 'realise,' D. 1390.
- Reyzed, *pp.* gone on a military expedition, A. 54. O.F. *reise*, 'expédition militaire, incursion sur une terre ennemie'; Godefroy.
- Rhetorice, Rhetoric, B. 2. p. 1. 48.
- Ribam, *s. as pl.* ribbons, HF. 1318.
- Ribaninges, *pl.* silk trimmings, borders, R. 1077.
- Ribaudye, *s.* ribaldry, ribald jesting, A. 3866, C. 324.
- Ribble, *s.* rebeck, lute with two strings, A. 4396.
- Ribybe, *s.* term of reproach for an old woman, D. 1377.
- Riche, *adj. pl.* rich people, A. 248.
- Richeily, *adv.* richly, F. 90.
- Richesse, *s.* riches, wealth, D. 1110, 1118; Richesses, *pl.* wealth, riches, B. 2560.
- Rideled, *pp.* plaited, gathered in (at the neck, or waist), R. 1235, 1243. 'Ridelé, plissé'; Godefroy.
- Riden, *pt. pl. and pp.* rode, ridden.
- Riet, 'rete,' A. i. 3. 5. The 'rete' or 'net' is the circular plate with many openings which revolves within the 'mother.'
- Right, *adj.* straight, upright, R. 1701; right, 1. 75; *voc.* own, F. 1311.
- Right, *adv.* just, exactly, A. 257, 535; wholly, C. 58; even, B. 2173; Right that, that very thing, 3. 1307.
- Right, *s. i. 21; by right*, justly, B. 44; *by alle r.* in all justice, T. ii. 763; *at alle rightes*, in all respects, fully, A. 1100.
- Rightful, *adj.* perfect; *rightful age*, (in)
- her prime, R. 405; just, 1. 31; righteous, 5. 55; lawful, I. 744.
- Rightwis, *adj.* righteous, just, L. 905.
- Rightwisnesse, *s.* righteousness, C. 637, D. 1909; justice, 14. 8.
- Rikne, *imp. s.* reckon, compute, A. ii. 27. 10. See Rekene.
- Rinde, *s.* hind, bark, T. iv. 1139; hard skin, T. ii. 642.
- Ring, *s. ring*, F. 83; concourse, L. 1887; *lyk r.*, i.e. in ringlets, A. 2165.
- Ringe, *v.* make to resound, A. 2431; ring, resound, T. ii. 233; Rong, *pt. s.* rang, 5. 492; Ronga, *pp.* T. ii. 805.
- Riot, *s.* riotous conduct, gaming, A. 4395, 4392.
- Riote, *v.* riot, gamble, A. 4414.
- Risen, *pp. of Ryse*.
- Risshe, *s.* rush, T. iii. 1161.
- Rist, *pr. s. of Ryse*.
- Rit, *pr. s. of Ryde*.
- Riever, *s.* river, B. 1927.
- Robbour, *s.* robber, B. 5818.
- Roche, *s.* rock, F. 500; *pl.* HF. 1035.
- Rode, *s.* complexion, A. 3317, B. 1917.
- Rode, *s. nom.* rood, cross, HF. 57.
- Rode-beem, *s.* rood-beam, D. 496. (A beam across the entrance to the choir of a church, supporting a rood or cross.)
- Rody, *adj.* ruddy, F. 385, 394.
- Roes, *pl. of Roo*.
- Roggeth (ruggeth), *pr. s.* shakes, L. 2708. Icel. *rugga*.
- Roket, *s.* rochet, tunic, R. 1240, 1242, 1243. An outer garment, usually of fine white linen.
- Rokke, *s.* rock, L. 2195.
- Rokken, *ger.* to rock, A. 4157.
- Rolle, *s. roll*, C. 911.
- Rollen, *ger.* to roll, revolve, T. ii. 659; *pt. s.* revolved, D. 2217; *pp.* much talked of, T. v. 1061.
- Romaunce, *s.* romance, T. iii. 980.
- Rombled, *pt. s.* fumbled, moved about with his hands, groped about, G. 1322.
- Rombled, *pt. s.* buzzed, muttered, B. 3725.
- Romen, *v.* roam, wander, A. 1099; Romed, *pt. s.* A. 1065, 1069; *pp.* gone, L. 1589.
- Rön, *pt. s.* rained, T. iii. 640, 677. A.S. *rān*, *pt. s.* rained.
- Rond, *adj.* round, circular, A. ii. 38. 1.
- Rong, -e; see Ringe.
- Ronges, *pl.* rungs, rounds of a ladder, A. 3625. A.S. *hrung*.
- Ronne, -n; see Renne.
- Roo, *s.* roe, 5. 195; Roes, *pl.* roes, R. 1406.
- Rood, *pt. s. of Ryde*.

- Roof**, *pt. s. of Ryve.*
- Roon**, *s. rose-bush*, R. 1674. Halliwell gives *roan*, a clump of whins, as a Northumberland word; and we find the spelling *raneas* in the allit. *Morte Arthure*, 923.
- Roos**, *pt. s. of Ryse.*
- Roost**, *s. roast meat*, A 206.
- Ropen**, *pp. reaped*, L. 74.
- Rore**, *s. uproar*, T. v. 45.
- Rore**, *ger. to roar*, T. iv. 373; *pr. s. resounds*, A 2881.
- Roring**, *s. loud lament*, E 2364.
- Rose**, *s. rose*, R. 1700; *ger. of the rose*, A 1038.
- Rose-leaf**, *s. rose-leaf*, R. 905.
- Rose-garland**, *s. garland of roses*, HF. 135.
- Rosen**, *adj. made of roses*, R. 845; **Rosene**, *adj. def. rosy*, B 2. m 8. 6.
- Roser**, *s. rose-bush*, R. 1651, 1659; I 858.
- Rosë-reed**, *adj. red as a rose*, G 254.
- Roste**, *v. roast*, A 383; *pp. A 147.*
- Rosy hewed**, of rosy hue, T. ii. 1198.
- Rote**, *s. (1) root*, A 2, 423; *the radix, fundamental principle*, G 1461; *source*, B 358; *i.e. foot*, E 58; *on rote*, firmly rooted, T. ii. 1378; *herta rote*, bottom of the heart, D 471; *(2) root*, the tabulated number written opposite a given fixed date, A. ii. 44. 2; the 'epoch' of a nativity, B 314.
- Rote**, *s. rote; by rote*, by heart, A 327, B 1712.
- Rote**, *s. a musical stringed instrument, a kind of fiddle, of Celtic origin; said to be a fiddle with three strings*, A 236. O. F. *rote*, from O. H. G. *hrotta*, *rotta*, Low Lat. *chrotta*; of Celtic origin, from O. Irish *crot* (Gael. *cruit*, W. *cruth*); whence also E. *crowd*.
- Rotelees**, *adj. rootless*, T. iv. 770.
- Roten**, *adj. rotten*, A 3873; *corrupt, filthy*, I 139.
- Roten-herted**, *adj. rotten-hearted*, I 689.
- Rotie**, *pr. s. subj. render rotten*, A 4407.
- Roughte**; see *Recche*.
- Rouketh**, *pr. s. cowers, crouches, is huddled up*, A 1308.
- Roule**, *v. gad (lit. roll)*, D 653.
- Roum**, *adj. roomy, spacious*, A 4126.
- Roum**, *s. room, spare*, L. 1999.
- Roumer**, *adj. larger*, A 4145.
- Rouncy**, *s. a hackney, nag*, A 390.
- Rounde**, *adv. roundly, i.e. easily, with an easy (not jerky) motion*, B 2076; *melodiously*, C 331.
- Rounded**, *pt. s. stood out in a rounded form*, A 263.
- Roundel**, *s. roundel, roundelay, a kind of poem*, A 1529; *a small circle*, HF. 791, 798.
- Roundnesses**, *pl. orbs, orbits*, B 4. m 6. 52.
- Roune**, *v. whisper*, B 2025; *ger. D 1572; pt. s. HF. 2044. A. S. rūnian.*
- Route**, *s. company, rout, troop, band, train*, A 622, 889, 2153; *number*, R. 1667; *flock*, R. 909; *pl. T. ii. 620.*
- Reute (1)**, *v. roar*, T. iii. 743; *murmur*, HF. 1038; *ger. to snore*, 3. 172; *pr. s. snores*, A 3647. A. S. *hrūtan*.
- Route (2)**, *v. assemble in a company*, B 540.
- Routhé**, *s. pity, ruth, compassion, mercy*, F 1261, 1349; *lamentation*, L. 669; *a pity, a sad thing*, A 914.
- Routhelées**, *adj. ruthless, pitiless*, B 863.
- Routing**, *s. snoring*, A 4166, 4214; *whizzing noise*, HF. 1933.
- Rowe**, *s. row*, 3. 975; *line*, HF. 448; *by r., in a row*, T. ii. 970; *Rowes*, *pl. rays, beams (of light)*, 4. 2.
- Rowe**, *adv. roughly, angrily*, G 861.
- Rowed**, *pp. rowed*, T. i. 969.
- Rowm**, *adj. roomy, large, wide*, A. i. 2. 3.
- Rowne**, *ger. to whisper*, T. iii. 568.
- Rowthe**, *s. ruth, pity*, 3. 465; *sorrow*, 3. 97.
- Royaltee**, *s. royalty*, E 928.
- Royleth**, *pr. s. meanders, wanders*, B 1. m 7. 10.
- Royne**, *s. roughness*, R. 553.
- Roynous**, *adj. rough*, R. 988.
- Rubbe**, *v. rub out*, 8. 6.
- Rubee**, *s. ruby*, HF. 1362.
- Rubilée**, *s. ribibe, rebeck*, A 3331.
- Rubifying**, *s. rubefaction, reddening*, G 797.
- Rubriche**, *s. rubric*, D 346.
- Ruby**, *s. ruby*, 12. 4. **Rubies**, *pl. 4. 246.*
- Ruddok**, *s. redbreast, robin*, 5. 349.
- Rude**, *adj. harsh*, R. 752; *poor*, E 916; *inhospitable*, H 170; *of humble birth*, D 1172.
- Rudeliche**, *adv. rudely*, A 734.
- Rudenesse**, *s. boorishness*, T. iv. 1677; *rusticity*, E 397.
- Ruggy**, *adj. rough*, A 2883.
- Rule**, *imp. pl. regulate, order*, I 592; *pp. as adj. well-mannered*, L. 163.
- Rum**, *ram, ruf; nonsense words, to imitate alliteration*, I 43.

Rumbel, *s.* rumbling noise, A 1979; rumour, E 997.
 Rumbleth, *pr. s.* moves to and fro with an indistinct murmuring noise, HF. 1026.
 Rumblinge, *s.* noise, D 2133.
 Rused, *pt. s.* roused herself, rushed away, 3. 381.
 Russing, *pres. pt.* rushing, A 1641.
 Ruste, *ger.* to rust, A 502; *pr. s. subj.* rust, A 500.
 Rusty, *adj.* rusty, A 618; besmirched as with rust, R. 159.
 Ryal, *adj.* royal, 1. 144; Rial, 2. 59.
 Ryde, *v.* ride, A 27, 94, 102; ride at anchor, L. 968; Ryden, *ger.* (*with out*), to go on expeditions, A 45; Ryde, *ger.* (*with out*), to ride abroad to inspect, B 1255; (see Outrydere); Rydestow, ridest thou, D 1386; Rit, *pr. s.* rides, A 974; Rööd, *pt. s.* rode, A 169; Riden, 1 *pt. pl.* (we) rode, A 825; *pt. pl.* C 968; Riden, *pp.* ridden, B 1990.
 Ryding, *s.* jousting, or riding in procession, A 4377.
 Rym, *s.* rime (usually mispelt rhyme), B 2115, 2118; Ryme, *dat.* HF. 623; a tale in verse, B 1899; verse, D 1127; *pl.* B 96. A. S. *rīm*.
 Ryme, *v.* describe in verse, put into rime (or rhyme), A 1459, B 2122.
 Rymeyed, *pp.* rimed, or rhymed, F 711; see above.
 Ryming, *s.* riming, or rhyming, verse-making, B 2120; the art of riming, B 48.
 Ryot, *s.* riotous living, C 465.
 Ryotour, *s.* roysterer, C 692.
 Rys, *s.* spray, branch, twig, R. 1015; A 3324. A. S. *hris*.
 Ryse, *ger.* to rise, A 33; to get up, F 375; Rist, *pr. s.* rises, A 3688, 4193; arises, T. i. 944; Röös, 1 *pt. s.* rose, 2. 17; *pt. s.* A 823; Risen, *pp.* A 1065; Riseth, *imp. pl.* I 161.
 Ryve, *ger.* to pierce, T. v. 1560; *v.* thrust, L. 1793; pierce, C 828; tear, E 1236; Rööf, *pt. s.* rove, rived, pierced, L. 661, 1351. Icel. *rifa*.

S.

Sable, *s.* sable, black, 4. 284.
 Sachels, *s. pl.* bags, B 1. p. 3. 83.
 Sacrement, *s.* the eucharist, I 582.
 Sacrifice, *v.* do sacrifice, L. 1348.
 Sacrifyse, *s.* sacrifice, L. 1310.
 Sacrilege, *s.* I 801; sorcery, B 1. p. 4. 282.

Sad, *adj.* stable, firm, I 129, 310; staid, A 2985; sober, E 220, 237; fixed, constant, unmoved, settled, E 693, 754; sad, R. 211; devoted, 23. 9; trusty, H 275; serious, grave, 3. 918; calm, settled, G 397; staid, L. 1581, 1870; earnest, HF. 2089; Sadde, *pl.* grave, E 1002; steady, 3. 860; discreet, B 135; sure, H 258.
 Sadel, *s.* saddle, L. 1190.
 Sadel-bowe, *s.* saddle-bow, A 2691.
 Sadly, *adv.* firmly, A 2602; discreetly, B 1266; steadfastly, I 124; carefully, D 2164; firmly, tightly, E 1100; unstintingly, B 743.
 Sadnesse, *s.* soberness, staidness, E 1501; patience, E 452.
 Saffron with, *ger.* to tinge with saffron, to colour, C 345.
 Saffroun, *s.*; like saffron = of a bright yellowish colour, B 1920.
 Sak, *s.* sack, R. 457; Sukkes, *pl.* bags, L. 1118.
 Sakked, *pp.* put in a sack, A 4070.
 Sal, *pr. s.* shall (Northern), A 4043.
 Sal armoniak, *s.* sal ammoniac, G 798, 824. Lat. *sal armeniacum*, Armenian salt. *Sal ammoniac*, chloride of ammonium. The word *armoniac* certainly answers to the Lat. *Armeniacum* in the old treatises. Yet the right spelling is *ammoniac*.
 Sal peter, *s.* saltpetre, G 808. Lat. *sal petra*, rock-salt; nitrate of potassa; — called also nitre.
 Sal preparat, *s.* prepared salt, G 810.
 Sal tartre, *s.* salt of tartar, G 810. ‘*Salt of tartar*, carbonate of potash; . . . first prepared from cream of tartar’; Webster.
 Salewe, *v.* salute, I 407; *pr. s.* B 1284; Salewed, *pp.* F 1310.
 Salowe, *adj.* sallow, R. 355. (But read *salowe*.)
 Salte, *adj.* def. salt, L. 1462.
 Saluing, *s.* salutation, A 1649.
 Saluwe, *ger.* to salute, T. iii. 1785; Salued, 1 *pt. s.* L. 315.
 Salvacioun, *s.* salvation, 4. 213; security, B 2361.
 Salve, *s.* salve, cure, T. iv. 944; *pl.* healing remedies, A 2712.
 Salwes, *pl.* willow-twigs, osiers, D 655.
 Samit, *s.* samite, a rich and glossy silk material, T. i. 109; robe made of samite, R. 836, 873.
 Sang, *s.* song (Northern), A 4170.
 Sangwin, *s.* stuff of a blood-red colour, A 439.

- Sangwyn**, *adj.* very ruddy, A 2168; blood-red, A 333.
- Sans**, *prep.* without, B 501.
- Saphires**, *s. pl.* sapphires, B 3658.
- Sapience**, wisdom, B 2184; *pl.* kinds of intelligence, G 338.
- Sarge**, *s. serge*, A 2568.
- Sarpulers**, *s. pl.* sacks made of coarse canvas, B i. p 3. 82. Cf. F. *serpillière*.
- Sarsinesshe**, *adj.* Saracenick, R. 1188. If *sarsinesshe* can be taken as a *sb.*, it may refer to *sarsnet*.
- Sat**; *pt. s. of Sitte*.
- Satin**, *s. satin*, 3. 253.
- Satisfaccioun**, *s. penance*, I 87; restitution, I 108.
- Sauf**, *adj.* safe, safely kept, G 950; in safety, 4. 197.
- Sauf**, *prep.* save, except, A 2180.
- Saufly**, *adv.* safely, with safety, B 2373, 4398.
- Saugh**, *pt. s. of See*.
- Saule**, *s. soul* (Northern), A 4187.
- Sauns**, *prep.* without; *sauns faille*, without fail, certainly, HF. 188, 429. See *Sans*.
- Sauter**, *s. psalter*, R. 431.
- Sautrye**, *s. psaltery*, a kind of harp, A 296, 3213, 3305, H 268.
- Savacioun**, *s. salvation*, T. ii. 381, 563; without any *savacioun*, without saving any, HF. 208.
- Save**, *s. sage* (the plant), A 2713.
- Save**, *prep. and conj.* save, except, A 683; Save your grace, by your leave, B 2260.
- Saven**, *ger.* to save, keep, i. 117; *pr. s. subj.* may (He) save, A 3108; *pp.* kept inviolate, F 531.
- Save-garde**, *s. safe-conduct*, T. iv. 139.
- Saveour**, *s. saviour*, 19. 16.
- Saveren**, *pr. pl.* mind, care for, I 820.
- Savinge**, *prep.* except, A 2838.
- Savoringe**, *s. taste*, I 207.
- Savorous**, *adj.* pleasant, R. 84.
- Savory**, *adj.* pleasant, T. i. 405.
- Savour**, *s. savour*, D 2196; pleasantness, F 204; pleasure, 10. 20; smell, G 887; scent, R. 925; interest, T. ii. 269; *pl.* odours, 5. 274.
- Savoure**, *v. taste*, D 171; *pr. pl.* mind, care for, I 820; *imp. s.* have relish for, 13. 5.
- Savoured**, *adj.* perfumed, R. 547.
- Savouringe**, *s. tasting*, I 959.
- Savourly**, *adj.* enjoyably, A 3735.
- Sawcefleem**, *adj.* covered with pimples (due to an excess of humour called *salsa phlegma*), A 625.
- Sawe**, *s.* saying, speech, A 1163; word, B 2925; discourse, G 691.
- Sawe, Say**; see *See*.
- Sayde**, said; see *Seye*.
- Saylours**, *pl.* dancers (who leap in dancing), R. 770. ‘*Sailleur, Salleur, sauteur, danseur*; Godefroy.
- Scabbe**, *s. scab*, R. 553; a disease of sheep, C 358.
- Scalded**, *pp.* burnt, A 3853.
- Scale**, *s. scale*, or rather, double scale, for measuring both by *umbra recta* and *umbra versa*, A. i. 12. 3.
- Scalle**, *s. scab*, 8. 3.
- Scalled**, *pp.* having the scall, scabby, scurvy, A 627.
- Scantilee**, *s. scantiness*, I 431.
- Scantnesse**, *s. scarcity*, I 420.
- Scapen**, *v.* escape, T. v. 908.
- Scarlet-reed**, *adj.* scarlet-red, B 4351.
- Scarmishing**, *s. skirmish*, L 1010.
- Scarmyche**, *s. skirmish*, T. v. 1508.
- Scars**, *adj.* parsimonious, B 2780.
- Scarsetee**, *s. scarcity*, B 2790.
- Scarsly**, *adv.* parsimoniously, A 583.
- Scattered**, *pp.* scattered, G 914.
- Scathe**, *s. scathe*, harm, misfortune, ‘a pity,’ A 446; *Polymites to sc.*, to the harm of P., T. v. 938.
- Scatheles**, *adv.* harmlessly, R. 1550.
- Science**, *s. science*, knowledge, 5. 25; learned writing, B 1666; wisdom, I 229.
- Sclat**, *s. slate*, 11. 34.
- Sclaundre**, *s. slander*, HF. 1580; ill-fame, disgrace, E 722; scandal, I 137.
- Slave**, *s. slave*, T. iii. 391.
- Scelndre**, *adj.* slender, slight in make, A 587; thin, B 3147; poor, B 4023.
- Scocohouns**, *pl.* escutcheons, painted shields, R. 893.
- Scole**, *s. school*, B 1685, 1694; manner, fashion, A 125, 3329; discipline, T. i. 634; ‘the schools,’ D 2186.
- Scole-matrére**, *s. subject for disputation in the schools*, D 1272.
- Scoler**, *s. scholar*, A 260.
- Scolering**, *s. young scholar*, note to D 44; line 6.
- Scole-termes**, *pl. school-terms*, E 1569.
- Scoleward**; to *scoleward* = toward school, B 1730.
- Scoleye**, *ger.* to study, A 302.
- Scomes**, *s. pl. foam, lather*, B 4. m 7. 61. Lit. ‘scums.’
- Score**, *imp. s. notch, cut, mark*, B 1606.
- Scorkleth**, *pr. s. scorches, shrivels*, B 2. m 6. 28.
- Scorned**, *pt. s. 3. 927*; jested at, B 4277.

- Scorning, *s. scorn*, T. i. 105.
 Scorpion, *s. E* 2058; sign of Scorpio, HF. 948.
 Scot, a horse's name, A 616, D 1543.
 Scourges, *s. pl. whips, plagues*, E 1157.
 Scourging, *s. correction*, 4. 42.
 Scrippé, *s. scrip, bag*, D 1737.
 Scripture, *s. writing, inscription, (on a ring)*, T. iii. 1369; passage of writing, L. 1144; *pl. manuscripts*, A 2044.
 Scrifit, *s. writing, deed*, E 1607; T. ii. 1130.
 Scrivenish, *adv. like a scrivener*, T. ii. 1026.
 Scriveyn, *s. scribe*, 8. 1.
 Seche, *ger. to seek*, i.e. to be sought for (it was easily had), A 784; to seek out, D 909.
 Secree, *adj. secret, trusty*, 5. 395; secret, B 225; able to keep secrets, D 946.
 Secree, *adv. secretly*, F 1109.
 Secree, *s. a secret*, B 3211; Secree of secrees, secret of secrets, Lat. Secreta Secretorum (the name of a book), G 1447.
 Secretenesse, *s. secrecy*, B 773.
 Secretly, *adv. secretly*, E 763.
 Secte, *s. sect, company*, E 1171; religion, faith (lit. 'following'), F 17.
 Seculer, *s. a layman*, B 4640.
 Sede, *v. bear seed*, 7. 306.
 See, *s. sea*, A 59; *fulla see*, high tide, A. ii. 46. 4.
 See, *s. seat*, HF. 1361; seat of empire, B 3339; *pl. seats* HF. 1210.
 See, *v. see*, L. 2560; *ger. to see, look*, F 366; to look (upon), 3. 1177; *as fut. shall see*, 4. 190; Seestow, seest thou, HF. 911; Say, *1 pt. s. saw*, T. v. 992; Say, *pt. s. saw*, B 4304; Sey, *pt. s. B*, 7; Seigh, *1 pt. s. saw*, A 193; Seigh, *pt. s. A* 1066, F 850; Saugh, *1 pt. s. saw*, A 764; *pt. s. A* 850, 1400; Sy, *pt. s. G* 1381; Sawe, *2 pt. s. sawest*, B 848; Saugh, *2 pt. pl. G* 1106 (with ye); Sawe, *pt. pl. B* 218; Seye, *pt. pl. saw*, T. iv. 720; Seye, *pt. pl. G* 110; Syen, *pt. pl. B* 2879, 4568; Sye, *pt. pl. E* 1804; *pr. s. subj. may (he) behold or protect*, B 156; Sawe, *pt. s. subj. were to see*, A 144; Seyn, *pp. seen*, B 1863; Seye, *pp. D* 552.
 Seed-foul, *s. birds living on seeds*, 5. 512.
 Seek, *adj. sick, ill*, L. 2409, 2436; *def. A* 424; Seke, *def. as s. man in a fever*, 5. 104; Seke, *pl. A* 18, 245.
 Seal (1), *s. bliss*, A 4239. A.S. *sāl*.
 Seal (2), *s. seal*, B 882.
- Seemliness, *s. dignity of bearing*, L. 1041.
 Seemly, *adj. delicate, pleasing*, 12. 11; seemly, L. 2074.
 Seestow, seest thou, HF. 911.
 Seet, *pt. s. sat* (false form, due to *pl. sēten*), A 2075.
 Seetes, *pl. seats*, A 2580.
 Seeth, *pt. s. seethed, boiled*, E 227.
 Sege, *s. throne*, B i. p. 4. 285; *siege*, L. 1696.
 Seggen, *1 pr. pl. say*, T. iv. 194.
 Seigh, *pt. s. of See*.
 Sein, *ger. ; That is to sein, that is to say*, A. pr. 26.
 Seinte, *adj. fem. holy*, D 1824.
 Seintuarie, *s. sanctuary*, I 781; a consecrated object, C 953.
 Seistow, sayest thou, A 1125.
 Seith, *pr. s. says*, A 178.
 Sekke; see Seek, *adj.*
 Sekke, *v. search through*, B 60; *seek*, B 1633; *ger. A* 13, 510; to seek, i.e. a matter for search, G 874; *Sekestow*, *seekest thou*, T. iii. 1455; *Seken to*, *1 pr. pl. press towards*, 2. 91; *2 pr. pl. search through*, B 127; *Soghte*, *1 pt. s. sought*, A. ii. 45. 11; *pt. s. subj. were to examine*, C 488.
 Sekernes, *s. security*, 7. 345.
 Sekirly, *adv. certainly*, L. 163 a.
 Seld, *adj. pl. few*, E 146.
 Selle, *adv. seldom*, A 1539, B 2343; Selden, B 2594; *Seld*, B 2343.
 Seled, *pp. sealed*, B 736.
 Seles, *pl. seals*, T. iii. 1462.
 Selily, *adv. happily*, B 2. p 4. 96.
 Selinesse, *s. happiness*, T. iii. 813.
 Selle, *s. dat. boarding*, A 3821. A Kentish form; M.E. *sulle, sille*; A.S. *syll. (Flore = ground beneath the boards.)*
 Selle, *v. sell*, F 1563; barter, A 278; *for to selle*, for sale, D 414; *to selle*, for sale, A 3821; Solde, *pt. s. subj. were to sell*, R. 452.
 Selly, *adj. wonderful (MSS. sely)*, HF. 513. A.S. *sellīc, sellīc*, strange.
 Sely, *adj. happy*, T. iv. 503; kind, 4. 89; good, B 1702; holy, B 682; innocent, simple, A 3404; poor, pitiable, T. i. 871; wretched, A 3896; hapless, L. 1254, 1336. A.S. *sēlig*.
 Semblable, *adj. like*, B 2294.
 Semblaunce, *s. likeness*, R. 425; appearance, R. 145.
 Semblaunt, *s. appearance, semblance, look*, E 928, F 516; *in hir s.*, apparently; R. 863.

- Seme**, *v.* appear, seem, F 102; *ger.* to seem (to), T. i. 747; *pr. pl.* F 869; *pt. s.* (there) seemed, A 2970; *impers.* (it) seemed, A 39, E 296; *him semed*, it seemed to them, they supposed, F 56; *the peple semed* = it seemed to the people, the people supposed, F 201.
- Semelihede**, *s.* seemliness, comeliness, R. 1130; gracefulness, R. 777.
- Semely**, *adj.* seemly, comely, A 751.
- Semely**, *adv.* becomingly, A 123.
- Semes**, *s. pl.* seams, I 622.
- Semicope**, *s.* half-cope, short cope, A 262.
- Seming**, *s.* appearance, 3. 944; *to my s.*, as it appears to me, B 1838.
- Semisoun**, *s.* half-sound, i.e. suppressed sound, A 3697.
- Senatorie**, *s.* senatorial rank, B 3. p 4. 93.
- Senatour**, *s.* senator, L. 584.
- Sencer**, *s.* censer, A 3340.
- Sencinge**, *pres. pt.* censing, perfuming with incense, A 3341.
- Sendal**, *s.* a thin silk, A 440.
- Sendc**, *v. send*, B 144; *Sent*, *pr. s.* E 1151; *Sendc*, *pt. s.* sent, A 4136; *Sente*, *pt. s.* B 3927; *Sendeth*, *imp. pl.* send ye, C 614; *Sente*, *pt. s. subj.* would send, B 1091.
- Sene**, *adj.* visible, manifest, apparent, A 134, 924, F 645. A.S. *gesēne*, *gesyōne*, adj. evident, visible.
- Sene**, *ger.* to behold, to see, L. 1034; to look at, L. 2649; to look on, D 1245; to seem, L. 224; *on to sene*, to look on, L. 2425.
- Senge**, *v. singe*, D 349; *Seynd*, *pp.* broiled, B 4035.
- Sngle**, *adj.* single, unmarried, E 1667.
- Senith**, *s.* (1) the zenith, A. i. 18. 4, 22. 6; (2) the point where a given azimuth-circle meets the horizon, A. i. 19. 12; the point of sunrise, A. ii. 31. 13.
- Sensibilitees**, *s. pl.* perceptions, B 5. m 4. 8.
- Sensible**, *adj.* perceptible by the senses, B 5. p 4. 212.
- Sent**, -e; *see Sende*.
- Sentement**, *s.* feeling, fancy, T. ii. 13; susceptibility, T. iii. 43; passion, L. 69.
- Sentence**, *s.* meaning, drift, E 2288; contents, C 190; subject, B 1753; opinion, B 113, 3992; decision, 5. 530; meaning, sentiment, instruction, A 306, 798; tenor, theme, HF. 1100; decision, speech, 5. 383; judgement, order, I 17; verdict, G 366; general meaning, I 58.
- Septemtrioun**, *s.* north, B 3057.
- Septentrional**, *adj.* northern, A. ii. 40. 50; *Septentrionalis*, *pl. A.* ii. 40. 36.
- Sepulcre**, *s.* tomb, D 408.
- Sepulture**, *s.* mode of burial, T. v. 299; burial, L. 2553; tomb, A 2854.
- Serchen**, *v.* search, B 2597; *pr. pl.* go about, haunt, D 867.
- Sereyns**, *s. pl.* sirens, R. 684.
- Sergeant of the Lawe**, sergeant-at-law, A 309.
- Serie**, *s.* process, argument, A 3067.
- Sermone**, *ger.* to preach, speak, C 879.
- Sermoning**, *s.* argument, A 3091; talk, A 3567.
- Sermoun**, *s.* discourse, L. 2025; T. ii. 965; tale, T. ii. 1115; *pl.* writings, B 87.
- Servage**, *s.* servitude, thraldom, A 1946, B 368.
- Servant**, *s.* lover, A 1814; servant, D 1501.
- Servisable**, *adj.* willing to serve, A 99; serviceable, E 1911; useful, E 979.
- Servitour**, *s.* servant, D 2185.
- Serviuite**, *s.* servitude, E 793.
- Servyse**, *s.* service, serving, A 250; religious service, T. i. 315; musical performance, 3. 302.
- Sese**, *pr. s. subj.* seize, 5. 481; *pp.* caught, 4. 240; seized, possessed, T. iii. 445.
- Sesoun**, *s.* season, F 1034; prime, R. 1678.
- Sestow**, seest thou, T. iii. 46.
- Sete**, *s.* seat, throne, B 3715, I 162.
- Sete**, -n; *see Sitte*.
- Setewale**, *s.* zedoary, setwall. R. 1570.
See *Cetewale*.
- Sethe**, *v.* seethe, boil, A 383.
- Sette**, *ger.* to set, place, L. 540; *setten a myte*, care a mite, T. iii. 900; *Sette*, 1 *pr. s.* suppose, T. ii. 367; B 2681; *Sette* cas, imagine the case, B 3041; 2 *pr. pl.* esteem, T. ii. 432; *Sette*, 1 *pr. s. subj.* set, A 3911; *Set*, *pr. s.* setteth, sets, 2. 101; D 1982; cares, T. iii. 83; puts, 3. 635; *Sette*, 1 *pt. s.* counted, regarded, D 659; *Sette me*, placed myself, L. 115; *sett nat a kers*, accounted not worth a cress, A 3756; *Setto at nought*, counted as nothing, F 821; *Sette him*, sat down, C 207; *Sette hir*, sat, B 329; *Sette her* on knees, knelt down, B 638; *Settethem*, seated themselves, L. 301; C 775; *Setten hem adoun*, set themselves, G 396; *Set*, *pp.* placed, A 132, 2528; put, B 440; *set*, R. 846; appointed, 4. 52; E 774; wholly devoted, 6. 100; *wel set*, seemly, 3. 828; *set the wrightes cappe* = made a fool of him, A 3143; *Set*, *imp. s.* stake (as at dice), T. iv. 622.
- Seur**, *adj.* sure, B 2642, 2953.
- Seur**, *adv.* surely, T. iii. 1633.
- Seurly**, *adv.* surely, B 2913.

- Seurtee**, *s.* surety, A 1604; B 243.
Sewe, *v.* follow, 25. 12; ensue, B 2619, 2692; *pt. s.* pursued, B 4527.
Sewes, *s. pl.* lit. juices, gravies; used here for seasoned dishes, delicacies, F 67.
Sewing, *adj.* conformable, in proportion, similar, 3. 950. Lit. 'following.'
Sexte, sixth, HF. 1727.
Sexteyn, *s.* sacristan, B 3216.
Sey, *1 pt. s.* saw, 3. 1089; **Seyn**, *pp. seen*, B 172, 624. See **See**.
Seye, *v. say*, A 738; to be told, B 706; *to seyn*, A 284; *for to seye*, to say, A 468; *this is to seyn*, A 181; *that is to seyn*, A 797; **Seistow**, sayest thou, B 110; *as who seyf*, like one who says, i.e. so to speak, T. v. 883; **Seggen**, *1 pr. pl. say*, T. iv. 194; **Seydestow**, saidest thou, G 334; **Seyd**, *pp.* B 49; **Seyeth**, *imp. pl. say ye*, A 1868.
Seyl, *s.* sail, A 696, 3532.
Seyn, *pp. seen*, B 1863, 4471.
Seynd, *pp. singed*, i.e. broiled, B 4035.
Seynt, *s. saint*, 3. 1319; **Seynt (dissyllabic)**, A 120, 509, 687, D 1564; **Seynte**, saint (or holy), A 1721.
Seyst, *2 pr. s.* sayest, B 109; **Seystow**, *2 pr. s.* sayest thou, A 3490.
Shaa, *s.* a plough-share, A 3763.
Shad, -de; see **Shede**.
Shadwe, *s.* shadow, B 7, 10; shade, 3. 426; scene, B 2. p. 3. 89; **Shadowe**, reflection, R. 1529.
Shadwed, *pp.* shadowed, shaded, A 607.
Shaft, *s.* wooden part of an arrow, A 1362; *pl. shafts of spears*, A 2605.
Shal, *1 pr. s.* owe, T. iii. 1649; *owe (to)*, T. iii. 791; shall (do so), F 688; must, A 853; am to be, 2. 53; am to (go), G 303; **Shalt**, *2 pr. s.* must go, D 1636; **Shaltow**, *2 pr. s.* shalt thou, A 3575; **Shal**, *pr. s.* shall be, T. v. 833; is to be, HF. 82; must, is to, A 187; must (come), T. iv. 1106; will, L 1276; must (do so), R. 387; owes, F 750; **Sholde**, *1 pt. s.* should, B 56; ought (to have done so), 3. 1200; **Sholdestow**, shouldst thou, 10. 60; wouldst thou, D 1944; **Sholde**, *pt. s.* should, A 184; ought to, B 44; had to, E 515; was to, B 3801; would, B 3627; **Shul**, *1 pr. pl.* must, have to, B 351; must, B 1900; **Shullen**, *2 pr. pl.* shall, B 4652; **Shullen**, *pr. pl.* must, A 3014.
Shale, *s.* shell, HF. 1281.
Shalmyes, *pl. shawms*, HF. 1218.
Shame, *s.* A 503; **Shame of his degree**, i.e. lest it should shame his condition (as husband), F 752; **Shames deth**, shameful death, B 819, E 2377.
Shamen, *v.* put to shame, F 1565; *thee shameth*, it shames thee, thou art ashamed, B 101.
Shamfast, *adj.* modest, shy, A 2055, C 55; shame-faced, ashamed, R. 467.
Shamfastnesse, *s.* modesty, A 840; sense of shame, I 985.
Shap, *s.* A 1889; privy member, I 423.
Shapen, *v.* plan, devise, A 3403; find means (to do), A 809; *pr. s.* intends, L. 1289; **Shape**, *pr. pl.* dispose, B 2989; **Shapen hem**, intend, F 214; **Shooóp**, *pt. s.* befel, T. ii. 61; devised, planned, T. i. 207; made, gave, L. 2560; prepared for, E 198; plotted, B 2543; created, E 903; contrived, E 946; **Shoop me**, *1 pt. s. refl.* addressed myself, 2. 20; prepared myself, L. 180; **Shoop him**, *pt. s. refl.* got ready, L. 625; determined, F 809; **Shopen**, *pt. pl.* made ready, B 2995; **Shapen**, *pp.* determined, A 1108; destined, A 1392; shaped, L. 2014; planned, B 951; prepared, B 249; appointed, B 253; disposed (themselves), B 142; built, 7. 357; cut out, T. iii. 734; **Shape**, *pp.* destined, ordained, A 1225; allotted, T. ii. 282; created, B 3009; *imp. pl. refl.* dispose yourself, B 2307.
Shaply, *adj.* fit, A 372; likely, T. iv. 1452.
Sharpe, *adv.* sharply, B 2073.
Shave, *v.* shave, A 3326; **Shaven**, *pp.* cut smooth, R. 941; **Shave**, *pp. shaven*, A 588.
Shaving, *s.* a thin slice, G 1239.
Shawe, *s. wood*, A 4367, D 1386.
She, *she*, A 446; **She . . . she**, one woman and another, T. ii. 1747.
She-ape, *s.* female ape, I 424.
Shedeth, *pr. s.* sheds, I 577; **Shedde**, *pt. s.* shed, B 3447; **Shadde**, *pt. s.* poured, B 3921; **Shad**, *pp.* distributed, B 1. m. 1. 18.
Sheef, *s.* sheaf, A 104; **Sheves**, *pl.* HF. 2140.
Sheep, *s.* a sheep, A 506; a meek person, D 432.
Sheld, *s.* shield, A 2122; *pl.* French crowns (coins worth 38. 4d.), A 278; **Sheeld**, *pl.* B 1521.
Shelde, *pr. s. subj.* may he shield, HF. 88.
Shende, *v.* disgrace, T. iv. 1577; ruin, B 927; render contemptible, T. v. 893; reproach, T. v. 1060; destroy, HF. 1010; **Shent**, *pr. s.* ruins, I 848; defiles, I 854; **Shente**, *pt. s.* harmed, injured, B 4031; **Shente**, *pt. s. subj.* should destroy, T. ii. 357; **Shent**, *pp.* spoilt, T. ii. 37; defeated, L. 652; scolded, B 1731.

- Shendshipe, *s.* shame, I 273.
 Shene, *adj.* bright, A 115; glistening, R. 127; fair, E 2528; beautiful, B 692, F 1045. A.S. *scéne, scýne*.
 Shene, *adv.* brightly, 4. 87.
 Shepe, *s.* hire, I 568. See Shipe.
 Shepne, *s.* stable, shed, A 2000. A.S. *scyphen*. See Shipnes.
 Shere, *s.* pair of shears, A 2417.
 Shere, *ger.* to shear, cut, B 3257.
 Shering-hokes, *pl.* shearing-hooks, contrivances for severing ropes in a seafight, L. 641.
 Sherte, *s.* shirt, A 1566; chemise, T. iv. 96.
 Shet, *pp. of* Shette.
 Shete, *s.* sheet, G 879; *pl.* A 4140.
 Sheten, *v.* shoot, I 714; Sheteth, *pr. s.* shoots, R. 960.
 Sheter, *s. as adj.* fit for shooting, (lit. shooter), 5. 180.
 Shethe, *s.* sheath, R 2066.
 Shette, *v.* shut, enclose, T. iii. 1549; shut, close, D 1141; Shette, *pt. s.* shut, A 3499; closed, fastened up, T. ii. 1090; Shetten, *pt. pl.* shut up, enclosed, T. i. 148; Shet, *pp.* shut, R. 529.
 Sheves, *pl.* sheaves, HF. 2140.
 Sheweth, *pr. s.* pretends, appears, B 2386; appears as, is shewn, A. i. 7. 9.
 Shifte, *v.* provide, distribute, ordain, D 104; assign, G 278.
 Shilde, *pr. s. subj.* shield, T. ii. 1019; defend, B 2098; forbid, A 3427.
 Shimering, *s.* glimmer, A 4297.
 Shine, *s.* shin, A 386.
 Shined, *pt. s.* shone, L. 2194.
 Ship, *s. i.* 16; Shipe, *dat.* (into the) ship, (into the) ark, A 3540.
 Shipe, *s.* hire, pay, reward, 7. 193; Shepe, hire, I 568. A.S. *scipe, stipendum*.
 Shipman, *s.* sailor, skipper, A 388.
 Shipnes, *pl.* stables, sheds, D 871. See Shepne.
 Shirreve, *s.* sheriff, A 359. Lit. 'shire-reve.'
 Shiten, *pp.* defiled, dirty, A 504.
 Shitting, *s.* shutting, R. 1598.
 Shivere, *s.* thin slice, D 1840.
 Shiveren, *pr. pl.* break, A 2605.
 Sho, *shoe*, A 253.
 Shod, *pp.* provided with shoes, HF. 98.
 Shode, *s.* parting of the hair, A 3316; the temple of the head, A 2007.
 Shof, *pt. s.* pushed, T. iii. 487.
 Shoken, *pt. pl.* shook, R. 303.
 Shoulder-bone, *s.* shoulder-blade-bone, C 350.
- Shonde, *s.* disgrace, HF. 88; B 2098.
 Shoo, *s.* shoe, D 492; Shoos, *pl.* A 457; Shoon, *pl.* B 1922.
 Shoof, *pt. s. i p.* shoved, pushed, R. 534; *pt. s.* drove, L. 2412.
 Shoon (shóón), *pl. of* Shoo.
 Shoon (shóón), *pt. s. of* Shyne.
 Shorn, *pp.* shaven, B 3142.
 Shorte, *v.* shorten, D 1261; *to shorte with your weye,* to shorten your way with, A 791.
 Shortly, *adv.* briefly, A 30.
 Short-shouldred, *adj.* short in the upper arm, A 549.
 Shot, *s.* a missile, B 4539; arrow, A 2544.
 Shot-windowe, *s.* a window containing a square division which opens on a hinge, A 3358, 3695.
 Shour, *s.* shower, T. iv. 751; *onset, conflict*, T. iv. 47; *pl.* assaults, T. i. 470. Cf. E. 'a shower of darts.'
 Showwing, *s.* shoving, pushing, H 53.
 Shredde, *pt. s.* shred, cut, E 227.
 Shrewe, *s.* scoundrel, accursed wretch, D 284; shrew, peevish woman, E 1222, 2428; planet having an evil influence, A. ii. 4. 54; evil one, G 917.
 Shrewe, *adj.* evil, wicked, G 995.
 Shrewe, *i pr. s.* beshrew, curse, B 4616.
 Shrewed, *adj.* evil, wicked, bad, L 1545; accursed, D 54.
 Shrewedly, *adv.* cursedly, D 2238.
 Shrewednessse, *s.* wickedness, evil, B 2721; cursedness, D 734; *pl.* evil deeds, I 442.
 Shrifte-fadres, *pl.* father-confessors, D 1442.
 Shrighte, *pt. s.* shrieked, A 2817; *pp.* T. v. 320.
 Shrimpes, *pl.* small creatures, dwarfs, B 3145.
 Shrroud, *s.* robe, R. 64.
 Shrouded, *pp.* clad, R. 55.
 Shryked, *pt. pl.* shrieked, B 4590.
 Shryking, *s.* shrieking, T. v. 382.
 Shryned, *pp.* enshrined, C 955; canonised (ironically), 21. 15.
 Shryve, *ger.* to confess, I 129.
 Shulder-boon, *s.* blade-bone, I 603.
 Shuldres, *pl.* shoulders, R. 328.
 Shull, Shullen, Shulde; see Shal.
 Shyne, *ger.* to shine, 10. 62; Shón, *strong pt. s.* shone, A 198; Shynede, *weak pt. s.* shone, L. 1119; Shined, L. 2194.
 Sib, *adj.* related, akin, B 2565.
 Sicamour, *s.* sycamore, HF. 1278.
 Sicer, *s.* strong drink, B 3245.
 Sigh, *i pt. s.* saw, R. 818.

- Sighte**, *pt. s. of Syke.*
- Signet**, *s. signet-ring*, T. ii. 1087.
- Signifaunce**, *s. signification*, R. 905; significance, HF. 17; prediction, R. 16.
- Significavit**, a writ of excommunication, A 662.
- Sik**, *adj. sick, ill*, A 1600.
- Siker**, *adj. sure*, A 3049, B 4353; safe, G 864; certain, G 1047; sure, steady, D 2069; in security, 17. 28.
- Siker**, *adv. uninterrupted*, T. iii. 1237; surely, T. ii. 991.
- Sikered**, *pp. assured*, L. 2128.
- Sikerer**, *adj. surer, more to be trusted*, B 4043.
- Sikerly**, *adv. certainly, surely, truly*, A 137.
- Sikernesse**, *s. security, safety, confidence*, B 425; state of security, T. ii. 773.
- Sikly**, *adv. ill, with ill will*, E 625.
- Silver**, *s. money*, A 232, 713.
- Silver**, *adj. silvery*, A 1496.
- Similitude**, *s. comparison; hence, proposition, statement*, G 431; sympathy, likeness, F 480; one like himself, A 3228.
- Simphonye**, *s. a kind of tabor*, B 2005.
- Simple**, *adj. modest*, R. 1014; innocent, 3. 861.
- Simplesse**, *s. Simplicity (personified)*, R. 954.
- Sin**, *conj. and adv. since*, 4. 273.
- Singe**, *v. sing*, A 236; Singestow, singest thou, H 244; Song, 1 *pt. s. sang*, 3. 1158; Songe, 2 *pt. s. didst sing*, H 294; Song, *pt. s. A 1055*; Songen, *pt. pl. sang*, F 55; Songe, *pt. s. subj. were to sing*, 3. 929; Songen, *pp. sung*, T. v. 645; Songe, *pp. A 266*; recited, T. v. 1797.
- Singularitees**, *s. pl. separate parts, particulars*, B 5. m 3. 45.
- Singular**, *adj. particular*, B 2. p 7. 64; single, I 300; a single, G 997; private, B 2025; *singular profyte*, special advantage, HF. 310.
- Singularly**, *adv. singly*, B 4. p 6. 77.
- Sinne**, *s. sin*, A 561.
- Sinwes**, *s. pl. sinews*, I 690.
- Sippe**, *v. sip, taste*, D 176.
- Sire**, *sir, my master*, A 355; Sires, *gen. sire's, father's*, i. e. Saturn's, E 2265.
- Sis cink**, i. e. six-five, a throw with two dice, B 125.
- Sisoures**, *pl. scissors*, HF. 690.
- Sit**, *pr. s. sits; see Sitte.*
- Site**, *s. situation*, HF. 1114; E 199.
- Sith**, *conj. since*, A 930; Sith that, since, F 930, H 120.
- Sith**, *adv. afterwards*, C 809; then, L. 302.
- Sithen**, *conj. since*, B 2947; Sithen that, since, A 2102.
- Sithen**, *adv. since, ago*, A 1521; since then, R. 1641; since, T. iii. 244; afterwards, A 2617; then, next, L. 304; *goon s. a greet whyl*, a great while ago, L. 427; *gon s. longe whyle*, long ago, T. i. 718.
- Sithes**, *pl. times*, A. ii. 42. 9.
- Sitte**, *v. sit*, A 94; Sit, *pr. s. sits, dwells*. A 1599, 3641; befits, suits, B 1353; is fitting, T. i. 246; *yel it sit*, it is unbecoming, E 460; Sat, *pt. s. sat*, A 469; affected, T. iv. 231; suited, L. 1735; became, R. 750; *sat on knees*, knelt, 3. 106; *hit sat me sore*, it was very painful for me, 3. 1220; T. iii. 240; Seet, *pt. s. sat* (false form, due to pl. *séten*), A 2075; Séten, *pt. pl. sat*, A 2893; Sete, *pt. s. subj. would befit*, T. i. 985, ii. 117; were to sit, 3. 436; was sitting, 3. 501; Seten, *pp. sat*, D 420; dwelt, A 1452; *wel sittinge*, well suited, R. 986.
- Sittingest**, *sup. adj. most fitting*, 5. 551.
- Sive**, *s. sieve*, G 940.
- Sixte**, *sixth*, D 45, F 906.
- Skant**, *adj. scanty, sparing, niggardly*, 1. 175.
- Skarmish**, *s. skirmish*, T. ii. 611.
- Skars**, *adj. scarce*, 9. 36.
- Skathe**, *s. harm*, T. iv. 207.
- Skile**, *s. reason, cause*, HF. 726; *gret sk.*, good reason, E 1152; reasonable claim, L. 1392; *pl. reasons, arguments*, HF. 867.
- Skilful**, *adj. reasonable*, L. 385; discerning, B 1038.
- Skilfully**, *adv. reasonably, with reason*, G 320; particularly, 4. 155.
- Skilinge**, *s. reason*, B 4. p 6. 155.
- Skinketh**, *pt. s. pours out*, E 1722.
- Skuppe**, *ger. to skip, jump*, T. i. 218; v. dance, A 3259; leap, E 1672; pass over, L. 622; Skipte, *pt. s. leapt*, F 1402.
- Skulle**, *s. skull*, A 3935, 4306.
- Skye**, *s. cloud*, HF. 1600.
- Slake**, *v. assuage*, R. 317; slacken, abate, F 841; desist (from), E 705; cease, E 137; end, E 802; Slake of, omit, L. 619; Slake, *pr. s. subj. grow slack, wane*, T. ii. 291; Slakede, *pt. s. subj. should relax*, B 2. m 8. 18.
- Slakke**, *adj. slow*, A 2901; def. slack, E 1849.
- Slakker**, *adj. pl. slacker, more tardy*, B 1603.

- Sledes**, *s. pl.* sledges, vehicles, B 4. p 1. 78. *Pl. of sled.*
- Slee**, *v. A 661*; *Sleen*, *ger.* to slay, A 1222; *Slee*, *i pr. s. as fut.* shall slay, B 2002; *Sleeth*, *pr. s.* slays, A 1118; *Slowe*, *2 pt. s.* didst slay, T. iv. 500; *Slow*, *pt. s.* slew, B 627; extinguished, B 3022; *Slough*, *pt. s.* 7. 56; *Slawe*, *pp.* slain, A 943; *Slawen*, *pp.* E 544; *Slayn*, *pp.* slain, A 63.
- Sleep**, *pt. s. of Slepe.*
- Sleere**, *s.* slayer, A 2005.
- Sleet**, *s.* sleet, L. 1220; F 1250.
- Sleigh**, *adj.* sly, artful, A 3201.
- Sleighly**, *adv.* cunningly, T. v. 83.
- Sleighe**, *s.* trickery, T. iv. 1459; trick, B 2386; sleight, T. ii. 1512; contrivance, E 1102; plan, E 2131; dexterity, A 1948; cunning, L. 1382; skill, G 807; *pl.* plans, T. iv. 1451; devices, tricks, E 2421.
- Slely**, *adv.* slyly, i. e. skilfully, A. ii. 29. 20.
- Slepe**, *s.* sleep, F 347; *on slepe*, asleep, L. 209.
- Slepe**, *v.* sleep, 3. 3; *Slepestow*, sleepest thou, A 4169; *Sleep*, *i pt. s.* slept, HF. 119; *Sleep*, *pt. s.* A 98; *Slepte*, *weak pt. s.* E 224; *Slepe*, *pt. pl. 3.* 166, 177.
- Sleeping**, *s.* sleep, B 4202.
- Sleeping-tyme**, *s.* time to sleep, 6. 54.
- Sleepy**, *adj.* sleep-bestowing, A 1387.
- Slewthe**, *s.* sloth, I 388.
- Sleye**, *pl. sly*, subtle, T. iv. 972.
- Sleyly**, *adv.* slyly, T. ii. 1185; subtly, T. ii. 402.
- Slider**, *adj.* slippery, A 1264.
- Slichte**, *s.* sleight, cunning, C 131.
- Slike**, *adj.* sleek, R. 542.
- Slinge-stones**, *pl.* stones from a sling, T. ii. 941.
- Slinke**, *ger.* to slink, T. iii. 1535.
- Slippe**, *v.* slip, L. 623.
- Slit**, *pr. s. of Slyde.*
- Slitten**, *v.* pierce, F 1260.
- Slivere**, *s.* a slice, portion, T. iii. 1013.
- Slo**, *s. sloe*, R. 928; *Sloo*, A 3246.
- Slogardye**, *s.* sluggishness, sloth, laziness, A 1042.
- Slombrestow**, slumberest thou, T. i. 730.
- Slombry**, *adj.* sleepy, I 724.
- Slomeringe**, *s.* slumber, T. ii. 67.
- Slong**, *pt. s.* throw, flung, H 306. *Pt. t. of slingen.*
- Sloo**, *s. sloe*, A 3246; *Slo*, R. 928.
- Sloppes**, *s. pl.* loose garments, I 422.
- Slough**, *s.* slough, mire, H 64.
- Slough**, *pt. s.* slew, A 980; *see Slee.*
- Slouthe**, *s.* sloth, T. ii. 950.
- Slow**, *s. slough*, D 1565; *Slough*, H 64.
- Slow**, *pt. s. of Slee.*
- Slowh**, *pt. s.* slew, B 4. m 7. 43.
- Sluggy**, *adj.* sluggish, I 706.
- Sluttish**, *adj.* slovenly, G 636.
- Sly**, *adj.* L. 1369; *sly (one)*, A 3940; *Slye*, *def.* cunning, crafty, 7. 48; *skilul*, F 672; *pl.* artfully contrived, F 230.
- Slyde**, *v.* slide, T. v. 351; *pass*, go away, E 82, F 924; *Slit*, *pr. s.* passes away, 5. 3; G 682; *Slydinge*, *pres. pt. as adj.* moving, i. e. unstable, T. v. 825.
- Slyk** (*for Slyke?*), *adj.* sleek, D 351.
- Slyk**, *adj.* such (Northern), A 4130, 4170.
- Slyly**, *adv.* sagaciously, A 1444.
- Smal**, *adj.* small, A 153; *a smal*, a little, 6. 113.
- Smal**, *adv.* little, D 592; *but smal*, but little, F 71; high (of musical notes), 12. 11.
- Smalish**, *adj.* smallish, R. 826.
- Smart**, *adj.* brisk (said of a fire), G 768.
- Smatre**, *mr. pl. refl.* taste slightly, I 857.
- Smert**, *adj.* smart, quick, R. 831; brisk, G 708; *pl.* painful, 3. 507.
- Smerte**, *s.* pain, smart, F 480, 856, 974; anguish, A 3813.
- Smerte**, *adv.* smartly, sharply, A 149; sorely, E 629.
- Smerte**, *ger.* to smart, L. 502; *Smert*, *pr. s.* pains (me), 1. 152; *Smerte*, *pr. s. subj. (it)* may pain, A 1394; *Smerte*, *pt. s.* felt pain, T. ii. 930; *Smerte*, *pt. s. subj. impers.* (it) might give pain to, A 230.
- Smit**, -en; *see Smyte.*
- Smithed**, *pt. s.* forged, A 3762.
- Smitted**, *pp.* smutted, i. e. besmirched, sullied with dishonour, T. v. 1545.
- Smoking**, *pres. pt.* reeking with incense or perfume, A 2281.
- Smokless**, *adj.* without a smock, E 875.
- Smoky**, *adj.* smoke-like, T. iii. 628.
- Smoot**, *pt. s. of Smyte.*
- Smoterliche**, *adj.* smirched in reputation, A 3963.
- Smothe**, *adj.* smooth, A 690.
- Smothe**, *adv.* smoothly, A 676.
- Smyler**, *s.* smiler, flatterer, A 1999.
- Smyte**, *v.* strike, A 1220; *Smyten* of, smite off, L. 1817; *Smyteth*, *pr. s.* knocks, L. 393; *Smit*, *pr. s.* smites, E 122; *Smööt*, *pt. s.* smote, struck, A 149; *Smiten*, *pp.* struck, T. ii. 1145.
- Snewed**, *pt. s.* abounded, A 345.
- Snibben**, *v.* reprove, chide, lit. 'snub.' A 523; *pp.* reprimanded, A 4401.
- Snorteth**, *pr. s.* snorts, A 4103; *pt. s.* was drawn together (as in sniffing), R. 157.
- Snow**, *s.* R. 558; *argent* (in heraldry),

- white, B 3573; *pl.* snow-storms, HF 967.
- Snowish**, *adj.* snowy, white, T. iii. 1250.
- So**, *adv.* so, A 102; such, B 2205; in such a way, such, T. iii. 1579; so, i.e. pray (with verb in subj. mood), T. iii. 1470; So as, as well as, as far as, 4. 161; so have I Joye, as I hope to have bliss, 3. 1065.
- So**, *conj.* provided that, L. 1319; So as, whereas, B 4. p 3. 40; So that, provided that, C 186.
- Soberly**, *adv.* gravely, F 1585; Soberly, sadly, with a melancholy look, A 289.
- Sobrenesse**, *s.* sobriety, I 834.
- Socour**, succour, help, A 918, F 1357; *do you s.*, help you, 4. 292.
- Socouren**, *v.* aid, T. iii. 1264.
- Socours**, *s.* help, L. 1341.
- Soden**, *pp.* sodden, boiled, I 900.
- Sodein**, *adj.* prompt, forward, T. v. 1024.
- Sodeinly**, *adv.* suddenly, F 1015.
- Softe**, *adj.* soft, A 153; gentle, slow, B 299; mild, D 1412.
- Softe**, *adv.* softly, A 2781; gently, C 252; tenderly, B 275; timidly, 3. 1212.
- Softely**, *adv.* softly, F 636; quietly, G 408; in a low tone, L. 2126.
- Softneth**, *pr. s.* assuages, L. 50.
- Sojourne**, *v.* dwell, T. v. 1350; tarry, R. 381; remain, D 987.
- Soken**, *s.* toll, A 3987. A. S. *sōcn.*
- Sokingly**, *adv.* gradually, B 2766. 'So-kyngly, *idem quod esyly*'; Prompt. Parv.
- Sol**, Sol (the sun), G 826.
- Solas**, *s.* amusement, A 798; solace, I 206; comfort, F 802; consolation, T. ii. 460; relief, B 1972; diversion, B 1904; pleasure, B 3904; playfulness, R. 844; joy, T. i. 31; ease, L. 1966.
- Solde**, *pt. s. of Selle.*
- Solempne**, *adj.* festive, grand, E 1125; cheerful, A 209; important, A 364; illustrious, B 387; superb, F 61; public, I 102.
- Solempnely**, *adv.* pompously, with pomp, A 274.
- Solempnitee**, *s.* pomp, A 870; outward show, C 244; due ceremony, E 1709.
- Soleyn**, *adj.* sole, solitary, 3. 982; unmated, 5. 607, 614.
- Solsticiooun**, *s.* the solstice, or point of the ecliptic most remote from the equator, A. i. 17. 9.
- Som** (*sum*), *indef. pron.* some, A 640, B 1182; one, a certain man, G 922; one, 3. 305; another, 5. 476; *som shrewe is*,
- some one (at least) is wicked, G 995; Som . . . som, one . . . another, A 3031; **Sommie**, *pl.* some, B 2139; some (of them), L. 1050.
- Somdel**, *adv.* somewhat, B 4011; a little, L. 1183; in some measure, A 3911.
- Somer**, *s.* summer, A 394; Someres game, summer-game, athletic exhibition, D 648.
- Somer-sesoun**, *s.* spring, early summer, B 3. p 8. 43.
- Somme**, *pl.* some, T. iv. 995; see **Som.**
- Somme**, *s.* sum, F 1220; chief point, upshot, L. 1559; *pl.* sums of money, B 1407, G 675.
- Somme**, *r.*; see **Sompne.**
- Somnour**, *s.* summoner, apparitor, an officer who summoned delinquents before the ecclesiastical courts, A 543.
- Somonce**, *s.* summons, D 1586.
- Sompne**, *v.* summon, D 1577; **Somne**, *v.* D 1347.
- Sompnolence**, *s.* somnolence, I 706.
- Somtyme**, *adv.* once, A 65, 85; sometimes, B 1667; some day, B 110.
- Sond**, *s.* sand, B 509, 4457.
- Sonde**, *s.* message, B 388, 1049; sending, I 625; gifts, B 1049; visitation, B 760, 826; trial, B 902; message (or messenger), G 525.
- Sonded**, *pp.* sanded, T. ii. 822.
- Sondry**, *adj.* various, A 14, 25.
- Sone (sunē)**, *s.* son, A 79, 336.
- Sone**, *adv.* soon, A 1022; speedily, D 1264.
- Sone-in-lawe**, *s.* son-in-law, E 315.
- Sonest**, *adv. superl.* soonest, B 3716.
- Song**, -e, -en; see **Singe.**
- Sonne**, *s.* sun, A 7, 30.
- Sonne-beem**, *s.* sunbeam, D 868.
- Sonnish**, *adj.* sun-like, golden, T. iv. 736,
- 816.
- Scor**, *s.* sore, wound, A 1454.
- Soor**, *adj.* wounded, grieved, A 2695; sore, F 1571; sad, T. v. 639.
- Soot**, *s.* soot, an emblem of bitterness, T. iii. 1104.
- Sooth**, *adj.* true, L. 14; *as adv.* truly, C 636.
- Sooth**, *s.* truth, A 284; **Sothe**, G 662; **Sothe, dat.** B 1939.
- Soothfastnesse**, *s.* truth, B 4518.
- Soothly**, *adv.* truly, A 117.
- Sooty**, *adj.* begrimed with soot, B 4022.
- Sop**, *s.* sop (of toasted bread), E 1843; *Sop in wyn*, wine with bread soaked in it, A 334.
- Soper**, *s.* supper, A 348; **Sooper**, F 1189.
- Sophistreye**, *s.* evil cunning, L. 137.

- Sephyme**, *s.* a sophism, trick of logic, E 5; *pl.* deceits, F 554.
- Sore**, *adv.* sorely, A 148; *bar so sore*, bore so ill, E 85.
- Sore**, *ger.* to soar, HF. 531; to mount aloft, F 123.
- Sorer**, *adv.* more sorely, L. 502.
- Sorest**, *adv.* most sorely, 5. 404.
- Sormounte**, *ger.* to surpass, R. 667; *pr. s.* rises above, T. iii. 1038.
- Sort**, *s. lot*, T. ii. 1754; destiny, chance, A 844; kind, A 4381; divination, T. i. 76.
- Sorted**, *pt. s.* allotted, T. v. 1827.
- Sorwe**, *s.* sorrow, grief, A 951; mourning, B 2171; sympathy, compassion, F 422; *with sorwe*, with ill luck to you, D 303.
- Sorwestow**, thou sorrowest, B 1. p 6. 80; *pr. s.* I 85; *pr. pl.* A 2824.
- Sorweful**, *adj.* sorrowful, L. 1832.
- Sorwefulleste**, *adj.* most sorrowful, E 2098.
- Sorwefully**, *adv.* sadly, A 2978.
- Sorwing**, *s.* sorrow, 3. 606.
- Sory**, *adj.* sorrowful, mournful, A 2004, 2010; sad, B 2899; unlucky, B 1949; ill, C 876; miserable, H 55.
- Sory**, *adv.* sorely, B 2. p 4. 100.
- Soster**, *s.* sister, A 3486.
- Sote**, *adj.* sweet, A 1, B 2348.
- Sote**, *adv.* sweetly, L. 2612.
- Sotel**, *adj.* subtle, cunning, 18. 43.
- Soteltee**, subtlety, skill, 18. 77.
- Soth**, *adj.* true, B 169; Sooth, L. 14.
- Sothe**, *s.* truth, A 845. See Sooth.
- Sother**, *adj. comp.* truer, G 214.
- Sothfastnesse**, *s.* truth, B 2365; certainty, I 380.
- Sothly**, *adv.* verily, soothly, A. pr. 23.
- Soth-sawe**, *s.* true saying, truth, HF. 2080; *pl.* HF. 676.
- Sotil**, *adj.* subtle, cunning, L. 1556, 2559; subtly woven, A 1054; thin, A 2030.
- Soarily**, *adv.* skilfully, R. 1119; cleverly, R. 772.
- Sotted**, *adj.* besotted, befooled, G 1341.
- Souded**, *pp.* confirmed, B 1769.
- Sought**, -e; see Seke.
- Souke**, *ger.* to suck, A 4157; to embezzle, A 4416; *pp.* been at the breast, E 450.
- Soule**, *adj.* sole, single, E 2080.
- Soule**, *s.* soul, A 656, 781.
- Soulfre**, *s.* sulphur, HF. 1508.
- Soun**, *s.* sound, musical sound, A 674, E 271; vaunt, L. 267; *pl.* sounds, A 2512.
- Sound**, *adj.* unhurt, L. 1619; *pl.* in strong health, T. iii. 1526.
- Sounde**, *ger.* to heal, make sound, 7. 242; *v.* heal, R. 966.
- Soun**, *ger.* to sound, to utter, T. ii. 573; imitate in sound, speak alike, F 105; Sounen, *v.* sound, hence, tend, redound, T. i. 1036; Souneth, *pr. s.* tends (towards), relates, (to), T. iii. 1414; is consonant (with), B 3157; makes (for), H 195; Sounen, *pr. pl.* tend, I 1068; *pt. s.* inclined, T. iv. 1676; *pres. pt.* accordant with, in agreement with, A 275; Sounding in, tending to, A 307.
- Sounded**; *beste s.* best-sounding, T. ii. 1031.
- Soupe**, *v. sup.* T. ii. 944.
- Souper**, *s.* supper, T. ii. 947.
- Souple**, *adj.* pliant, A 203.
- Sourdeth**, *pr. s.* arises, I 475.
- Soure**, *adj.* bitter, cruel, B 1. p 4. 88.
- Soure**, *adv.* sourly, bitterly, B 2012.
- Soures**, *s. pl.* sorrels, bucks of the third year, 3. 429.
- Sourmounteth**, *pr. s.* surmounts, rises above, T. iii. 1038.
- Sours**, *s.* source, origin, T. v. 1591; E 49; a springing aloft, HF. 544; swift upward flight, D 1938, 1941.
- Souter**, *s.* cobbler, A 3904.
- Soutiltee**, *s.* device, D 576.
- Souvenance**, *s.* remembrance, 24. 14.
- Soveraynetee**, *s.* sovereignty, E 114, F 751; supremacy, D 818.
- Sovereyn**, *adj.* supreme, very high, A 67; chief, B 3339; sovereign, D 1048; superior, A ii. 28. 39 (a technical term, applied to the western signs of the zodiac); *as s.* lord, 1. 69; master, G 590; Sovereyne, *fem.* 5. 422; Sovereyns, *pl.* superiors, I 392, 402.
- Sovereynly**, *adv.* royally, B 2462; chiefly, B 4552.
- Sovereyntee**, *s.* supremacy, D 1038.
- Sowdan**, *s.* sultan, B 177.
- Sowdanesse**, *s.* sultaness, B 358.
- Sowe**, *v.* sow up, T. ii. 1201, 1204; *pp.* sown, A 685.
- Sowen**, *v.* sow, B 1182; Sowen, *pp.* R. 1617; Sowe, *pp.* T. i. 385.
- Sowle**, *s.* soul, life, T. ii. 1734.
- Sowled**, *pp.* ended with a soul, G 329.
- Sowne**, *v.* sound, play upon, A 565; sound, T. iii. 189; Sowneth, *pr. s.* sounds, I 160; signifies, A. i. 21. 62; *pr. pl.* play, F 270; Sowneth, *pr. pl.* tend (to), are consonant (with), F 517; Souned, *pt. pl.* tended, B 3348. See Sounre.
- Space**, *s. room*, T. i. 714; space of time, A 87; while, C 239; opportunity, spare time, A 35; course, A 176.

- Spak**, *pt. s.* spake, A 124; see Speke.
Span, *pt. s.* spun, L 1762.
Spanne, *s.* span, A 155.
Span-newe, *adj.* span-new, T. iii. 1665.
 Lit. 'newly spun.'
Spare, *v.* spare, refrain, A 192; cease, 5.
 699; *pp.* passed over, L 2602.
Sparhawk, *s.* sparrow-hawk, B 1957.
Sparinge, *s.* moderation, I 835.
Sparkle, *s.* small spark, B 2095.
Sparow, *s.* sparrow, 5. 351.
Sparre, *s.* wooden beam, A 990, 1076.
Sparth, *s.* battle-axe, A 2520.
Sparwe, *s.* sparrow, A 626.
Spaynel, *s.* spaniel, D 267.
Spece, *s.* species, sort, I 407; *pl.* kinds, A 3013, I 865.
Speche, *s.* speech, L 1084; discourse, A 307; talk, A 783, D 1020; address, 3.
 1131; oratory, F 104.
Special, *adj.* special; *in special*, especially, in particular, A 444, 1017.
Spéctacle, *s.* eye-glass, D 1203.
Spede, *ger.* to succeed, C 134; Spede me,
v. be quick, 5. 385; Spede, *pr. s.* *subj.* speed, prosper, A 769; Spedde, *pt. s.* hastened, moved quickly, A 3649; made to prosper, B 3870; *pt. s. refl.* hasted, A 1217; *1 pt. s. refl.* L 200; *pp.* terminated, determined, 5. 101; accomplished, G 357.
Speed, *s.* help, T. ii. 9; success, T. i. 17;
for comune spede, for the good of all, 5.
 507.
Speedful, *adj.* advantageous, B 727.
Speere, *s.* sphere, F 1283.
Speke, *v.* speak, 3. 852; Spekestow, speakest thou, G 473; Spak, 1 *pt. s.* spake, L 97; *pt. s.* 3. 503; Speken, *pt. pl.* 3. 350; Spaken (*better* Speken), *pt. pl.* spake, T. i. 565; Speke, *pt. s. subj.* might speak, T. ii. 1119; Spoken, *pt. s.* A 31.
Speking, *s.* speech-making, oratory, 5.
 483; speaking, H 335.
Spelle, *s. dat.* a story, B 2083.
Spence, *s.* buttery, D 1931.
Spending-silver, *s.* silver to spend, money in hand, G 1018.
Spere, *s.* spear, A 114; *as nigh as men may casten with a spere*, a spear's cast, IIIF.
 1048.
Spere, *s.* sphere, orbit, 4. 137; 16. 11.
Sperhawk, *s.* sparrowhawk, B 4647.
Sperme, *s.* seed, B 3199.
Sperred, *pp.* barred, T. v. 521.
Spete, *v.* spit, T. ii. 1617; Spetten, *pt. pl.* I 270.
Spewe, *v.* vomit, B 2607.
Spewing, *s.* vomit, I 138.
Spicery, *s.* mixture of spices, B 2043.
Spille, *v.* spill, drop, T. v. 880; kill, L 1574; destroy, ruin, E 503; perish, 6.
 121; *ger.* to destroy, T. v. 588; *to sp. labour*, to lose labour, H 153; *doth me sp.*, causes me to die, 6. 14; Spillstow teres, lettest thou tears fall (Lat. *manas*), B 1. p 4. 4; *pp.* killed, B 857; lost, 1.
 180; ruined, D 1611; confounded, D 388.
Spirit, *s.* A 2809; Spirits, the (four) spirits in alchemy (sulphur, sal ammoniac, quicksilver, arsenic), G 820; vital forces, 3. 489.
Spitous, *adj.* malicious, R. 979; inhospitable, 22. 13.
Spitously, *adv.* spitefully, D 223; vehemently, A 3476.
Spoke, *pp. of* Speke.
Sponne, *2 pt. pl.* did spin, T. iii. 734.
Spoon, *s.* spoon, F 602; Spones, *pl.* C 908.
Spore, *s.* spur, A 2603; *pl.* A 473.
Sporne, *ger.* to spurn, kick, 13. 11; *pt. s.* spurns, treads, T. ii. 797; *pt. s.* tripped himself up, A 4280.
Spot, *s.* defect, E 2146.
Spousaille, *s.* espousal, wedding, E 115.
 180.
Spoused, *pp.* wedded, E 3, 386.
Spouted, *pp.* vomited, B 487.
Sprayned; see Springen.
Spredē, *v.* spread, open, 4. 4; *ger.* to expand, R 1679; Spraddle, *pt. s.* spread, E 418, 722; covered, 7. 40; Sprad, *pp.* spread, A 2903; dispersed, 3. 874; Spradde, *pp. pl.* wide open, T. iv. 1422.
Spreynd; see Springen.
Spring, *s.* dawn, A. ii. 6. 6; first growth, R. 834; *pt.* merry dances, HF. 1235.
Springe, *strong v.* spring up, grow, 2018; rise, B 4068; spread abroad, 7. 74; spring, be carried, L 719; *ger.* to rise to (as the sun), A 2522; to dawn, A 822; to arise, 1. 133; Sprang, *pt. s.* grew up, R. 1425; Sprong, *pt. s.* spread out, R. 1704; Spronge, *pp.* become famous, A 1437; grown, L 1054; *spronge amis*, alighted in a wrong place, HF. 2079.
Springen, *weak v.* sprinkle, scatter, sow broadcast, B 1183; Spreynd, *pp.* sprinkled, B 422, 18. 0; Sprayned, *pp.* B 2. p 4. 132. A. S. *sprengan*.
Springers, *s. pl.* sources, origins, I 387.
Springing, *s.* source, E 49.
Spurne, *v.* spurn, kick, F 616.
Spice, *s.* spice, R. 1367, 1371; *pl.* spicery, L. 1110; species, kinds, I 83, 102.

- Spyced**, *pp.* spiced, A 3378; scrupulov, A 526, D 435.
Spycerye, *s.* collection of spices, mixture of spices, A 2935, B 136.
Spyr, *s.* spire, shoot, T. ii. 1335.
Squames, *s.* *pl.* scales, G 759.
Squaymous, *adj.* squeamish, sparing (except rarely), A 3337.
Squiereth, *pr. s.* attends, accompanies D 305.
Squire, *s.* a 'square,' a carpenter's instrument for measuring right angles, I 2090; *pl.* measuring-rules, A. i. 12. 3.
Squyer, *s.* squire, A 79.
Stable, *adj.* abiding, A 3004, 3009; firm 3. 645; sure, E 1499; constant, 4. 281; steadfast, F 871.
Stablisshed, *pp.* established, A 2995.
Stadie, *s.* race-course, B 4. p 3. 11.
Staf, *s.* staff, stick, L 2000; (perhaps a bed-staff), A 4294, 4296; *Staves*, *pp.* of the shaft of a car, 7. 184.
Staf-slinge, *s.* a staff-sling, sling with a handle, B 2019.
Stages, *pl.* positions, HF. 122.
Stak, *pt. s.* stuck, T. iii. 1372; was fastened on, R. 458.
Stakereth, *pr. s.* staggers, L 2687.
Stal, *pt. s.* of Stelen.
Stalke, *s.* stalk, A 1036; piece of straw, A 3919; *Stalkes*, *pl.* (Lat. *palmites*), B 1. m 6. 15; stems, T. ii. 968; uprights of a ladder, A 3625.
Stalke, *v.* creep up (to), T. ii. 519; move stealthily, L 1781; *pr. s.* walks stealthily, A 1479; moves slowly, A 3648.
Stalle, *s.* *dat.* ox-stall, T. v. 1469.
Stamin, *s.* a coarse harsh cloth, tamine, tammy, L 2360; I 1052. O. F. *estamine*.
Stampe, *pr. pl.* bray in a mortar, C 5.8.
Stanched, *pp.* staunched, B 2. p 2. 53.
Stank, *s.* lake, tank, pool, I 841. E. *tank*.
Stant, stands; see Stonde.
Stapen, *pp.* advanced, B 4011, E 1514 (*in MS. E.*).
Stare, *s.* starling, 5. 348.
Starf, *pt. s.* of Sterve.
Stark, *adj.* strong, E 1458; severe, B 3560.
Startling, moving suddenly, L 1204.
Staunchen, *v.* satisfy, B 3. m 3. 3.
Stede, *s.* place, HF. 731; *in stede of*, instead of, B 3.308.
Stede, *s.* sted, A 2157.
Stedfastnesse, *s.* constancy, firmness, E 699; stability, 15. 7.
Steer, *s.* bullock, A 2149.
Steked, *pp.* stuck, L 161 a,
- Stele**, *s.* lit. handle; i. e. the (cool) end, A 3785.
Stelen, *v.* steal, A 562; Steleth, *pr. s.* steals away, B 21; Stal, *pt. s.* stole, L. 796; came (or went) cunningly, HF. 418; went stealthily, B 3763; *stal away*, stole away, 3. 381; Stole, *pp.* stolen, A 2627.
Stellifye, *v.* make into a constellation, HF. 586, 1002.
Stemed, *pt. s.* shone, glowed, A 202. A. S. *stēman*.
Stenten, *v.* leave off, A 903; *ger.* to stay, A 2442; *v.* cease, leave off, B 3925; *Stente*, *pt. s.* *subj.* cease, 18. 61; Stente, *pt. s.* ceased, stopped, 3. 154; L. 1240; remained, L. 821; stayed, T. i. 273; Stente, *pt. pl.* ceased, T. i. 60; delayed, L. 633; *pp.* stopped, A 1368.
Stephe, *adj. pl.* glittering, bright, A 201, 753. A. S. *steap*.
Steppes, *pl.* foot-tracks, L. 829, 2209.
Stere, *s.* helm, rudder, B 833; pilot, helmsman, guide, B 448; *in stere*, upon my rudder, T. v. 61.
Stere, *v.* steer, rule, T. iii. 910; *1 pr. s.* steer, T. ii. 4; *pp.* controlled, L. 935.
Stere, *v.* stir, move, excite, T. i. 228; propose, T. iv. 1451; *pr. s.* stirs, HF. 817.
Sterelee, *adj.* rudderless, B 439.
Steresman, *s.* steersman, HF. 436.
Steringe, *s.* stirring, motion, HF. 800.
Sterlings, *pl.* sterling coins, C 907.
Sterne, *adj.* stern, E 465; violent, T. iii. 743.
Sterre, *s.* star, 5. 68, 300; constellation, HF. 599.
Stert, *s.* start, T. v. 254; *at a stert*, in a moment, A 1705.
Starte, *v.* start, go quickly, T. ii. 1634; move away, T. iii. 949; pass away, B 335; leap, skip, R. 344; *Stert*, *pr. s.* rouses, HF. 681; Sterte, *1 pt. s.* departed, T. iv. 93; rushed, L. 811; leapt, A 952; went, T. ii. 1094; went at once, L. 666; *Sterting*, *pres. pt.* bursting suddenly L. 1741.
Starve, *v.* die, A 1249; die of famine, C 451; Starf, *pt. s.* L. 1691; A 933, B 283; *Starven*, *pt. pl.* C 888.
Stevne, *s.* voice, sound, language, A 2562; rumour, talk, T. iii. 1723; time, moment, esp. of an appointment, A 1524; sound, L. 1219; meeting by appointment, 4. 52; *sette st.*, made appointment, A 4383.
Stewe, *s.* a fish-pond, A 350; a small room, closet, T. iii. 601; brothel, HF. 36.

- Stewe-dore, *s.* closet-door, T. iii. 698.
 Steyre, *s.* degree (*Lat. gradus*), 4. 129;
 Steyres, *gen.* stair's, T. iii. 205.
 Stiborn, *adj.* stubborn, D 456, 637.
 Stidefast, *adj.* steadfast, B 2041.
 Stif, *adj.* strong, A 673; bold, R. 1270;
 hard, D 2267.
 Stiken, *ger.* to stick, T. i. 297; Stiked,
 pt. s. stuck, B 509; fixed, B 2097; Stikede,
 pt. s. pierced, B 3897; Stikked, fixed,
 L. 2202; *pp.* stabbed, B 430; *a stiked swyn*, a stuck pig, C 556.
 Stikinge, *s.* sticking, setting, I 954.
 Stikkes, *pl.* palings, B 4038.
 Stillatorie, *s.* still, vessel used in distillation, G 580.
 Stille, *adv.* quietly, L. 816; still, D 2200.
 Stille, *ger.* to silence, T. ii. 230.
 Stingeth, *pr. s.* pierces, L. 645.
 Stinte, *v.* leave off, A 1334; cease, G 883;
 cause to cease, 1. 63; end, E 747; *ger.* to
 cease, B 2164; to stop, T. ii. 383; cease,
 I 720; restrain, R. 1441; stop, avert,
 L. 1647; Stinte, *i pr. s.* leave off telling,
 HF. 1417; *pr. pl.* cease, I 93; *pt. s. subj.*
 may cease, B 413; Stinte, *pt. s.* censed,
 A 2421; was silent, 3. 1299; *pt. pl.*
 stopped (*or pr. pl.* stop), L. 294; Stinte,
 pt. s. subj. should cease, T. i. 848; *pp.*
 stopped, T. iii. 1016; *stint thy clappe,*
 hold your tongue, A 3144; Stinteth,
 imp. pl. stay, T. ii. 1729.
 Stintinge, *s.* ceasing, end, B 2. m 7. 37.
 Stiren, *v.* stir, excite, B 2696.
 Stiropes, *s. pl.* stirrups, B 1163.
 Stirte, *pt. s.* started, D 1046; rushed, H
 303; went quickly, E 2153.
 Stith, *s.* anvil, A 2026. Icel. *steði*.
 Stod, -e; see Stonde.
 Stok, *s.* a block of wood, A. ii. 38. 6;
 source, 14. 1; race, A 1551; *pl.* stumps,
 A 2934; posts, T. iii. 589.
 Stok², *ger.* to stab, thrust, A 2546.
 Stokked, *pp.* fastened in the stocks, T.
 iii. 380.
 Stole, *s.* stool, frame for tapestry-work,
 L. 2352; *pl.* chairs, D 288.
 Stole, *pp.* of Stelen.
 Stomak, *s.* stomach, T. i. 787; appetite,
 D 1847; compassion, D 1441.
 Stomblen, *pr. pl.* stumble, A 2613.
 Stonde, *v.* stand, B 1050; be placed, A
 745; be understood, be fixed, E 346; be
 set in view (as a prize at a game), B
 1931; *synt stonde*, finds standing, L.
 1499; Stont, *pr. s.* stands, is, T. iii. 1562;
 Stant, *pr. s.* stands, B 618; consists, I
 107, 1029; is, B 1304; Stood, *pt. s.* A 354;
 pp. stuck fast, D 1541; Stonden, *pp.* HE
 1928.
 tongen, *pp.* stung, A 1070.
 toon, *s.* stone, A 774; precious stone,
 gem, R. 1086.
 toon-wal, stone-wall, L. 713.
 stoor, *s.* store, stock (of a farm), A 598;
 store, D 2150; value, D 203.
 stopen, *pp.* advanced, E 1514 (MS. E. has
 stapen).
 Stoppen, *v.* stop, T. ii. 804.
 Store, *s.* store, value, B 4344; possession,
 L. 2337.
 Store, *ger.* to store, B 1463.
 Store, *adj.* *roc.* audacious, bold, E 2367.
 Icel. *störr*.
 Storial, *adj.* historical, A 3179; Storial
 sooth, historical truth, L. 702.
 Storie, *s.* history, legend of a saint (or
 the like), A 700; history, E 1366; tale,
 story, 7. 10; *pl.* books of history, T. v.
 1044.
 Storven, *pt. pl.* of Sterve, died, C 888.
 Stot, *s.* a stallion, horse, cob, A 615;
 heifer (a term of abuse), D 1630.
 Stounde, *s.* hour, time, while, A 1212,
 4007; short time, B 1021; moment, L.
 949; *in a stounde*, at a time, once, A
 3992; *upon a stounde*, in one hour, T. iv.
 625; *pl.* hours, seasons, T. iii. 1752.
 Stoundemele, at various times, from
 time to time, T. v. 674.
 Stoupe, *ger.* to stoop, G 1311.
 Stour, *s.* battle, contest, R. 1270.
 Stout, *adj.* strong, A 545.
 Straighter, *adj.* more stretched out, more
 expanded, R. 119.
 Strake, *v.* move, proceed, 3. 1312.
 Strange, *adj.* strange, F 89; external, D
 1161; not its own, A. ii. 19. 7. Every
 star has its own degrees (of longitude)
 in the equator and ecliptic.
 Strangenesse, *s.* estrangement, B 1576.
 Strangled, *pr. pl.* strangle, worry, I 768.
 Strangling, *s.* A 2458; *of str.* caused by
 strangling, L. 807.
 Straught, -e; see Strecche.
 Straunge, *adj.* strange, foreign, A 13;
 unwonted, 7. 202; difficult, hard to
 agree upon, F 1223; like a stranger, T.
 ii. 1660; unfriendly, estranged, E. 1065;
 distant, unbending, 5. 584; not well
 known, A. ii. 17. rub.; [a strange star is
 one that is not represented upon the
 Rete of the Astrolabe]; *pl.* strangers, T.
 ii. 411.
 Straungely, *adv.* distantly, T. v. 955.
 Straw, *s.* T. iii. 859; *as interj.* a straw! F 695

- Strawen, *v.* strew, L. 207; *2 pr. s.* *subj.* F 613; *pp.* strown, I 918.
- Strayte, *s.* strait, B 464.
- Strecche, *v.* stretch, B 4498; extend, T. ii. 341; reach, 7. 341; Streighte, *pt. s.* stretched, HF. 1373; Straughte, *pt. pl.* extended, A 2916; Straughten, *pt. pl.* stretched out, R. 1021; Streight, stretched out; *long str.*, stretched at full length, T. iv. 1163; *pp. as adv.* straight, T. ii. 599.
- Stree, *s.* straw, A 2918; *pl.* 3. 718.
- Streem, *s.* river, current, L. 2508; stream, A 464; ray (of light), 2. 94.
- Streen, *s.* strain, i. e. stock, progeny, race, E 157.
- Straight, *adj.* straight, 3. 957.
- Straight, *adv.* straight, straightway, A 671.
- Straight, -e; see Strecche.
- Streit, *adj.* narrow, A 1984; scanty, R. 457; B 4179; strict, A 174; *pl.* scanty, small, D 1426. A.F. *estrait*.
- Streite, *pp. as adj. def.* drawn, B 4547. (It here represents Lat. *strictus*.)
- Streite, *adv.* closely, T. iv. 1689; strictly, L. 723; tightly, A 457.
- Streitnes, *s.* smallness, A. i. 21. 55.
- Stremeden, *pt. pl.* streamed, T. iv. 247.
- Streng, *s.* string, D 2067; *pl.* 5. 107.
- Strenger, *adj. comp.* stronger, B 2410.
- Strongest, strongest, T. i. 243.
- Strongest-feythed, strongest in faith, T. i. 1007.
- Strength, *s.* strength, A 84; force, 3. 351; *pl.* sources of strength, B 3248.
- Strepenn, *v.* strip, E 1958; *do str. me,* cause me to be stripped, E 2200.
- Strete, *s.* street, T. ii. 612; *dat.* HF. 1049; street, road, way, 1. 70; B 1683.
- Streyne, *v.* compress, T. iii. 1205; strain, press, E 1753; constrain, E 144; hold, confine, R. 1471; *ger.* to compress, T. iii. 1071; Streyne, *pr. pl.* strain (as through a sieve), C 538.
- Streyt, *adj.* small, B 3. m 2. 26.
- Strike, *s.* hank (of flax), A 676.
- Strogelest; see Strugle.
- Stroke, *ger.* to stroke, T. iii. 1249.
- Strokes, *pl. of* Strook.
- Strompetes, *s. pl.* strumpets, B 1. p 1. 54.
- Stronde, *dat.* shore, L. 2189; Strondes, *pl.* shores, A 13.
- Strong, *adj.* difficult, B 2635; *pl.* severe, A 1338, 2771.
- Stronge, *adv.* securely, R. 241.
- Stroof, *pt. s.* of Stryve.
- Strook, *s.* stroke, A 1701; Strokes, *pl. T.* iii. 1067.
- Strouted, *pt. s.* stuck out, A 3315.
- Strowe, *v.* strew, L. 101 a.
- Stroyer, destroyer, 5. 360.
- Strugle, *v.* struggle, E 2374; Strogelest, *2 pr. s.* C 829.
- Stryf, *s.* quarrel, strife, A 1187, 2784; took stryf = 'took up the cudgels,' B 1. p 4. 93.
- Stryk, *s.* stroke, mark, A. ii. 12. 19.
- Stryke, *v.* strike; Stryken out, strike out, D 1364; Strike, *pp.* struck, 11. 35.
- Stryve, *v.* strive, struggle, 10. 30; oppose, E 170; Stroof, *pt. s.* strove, vied, A 1038.
- Stryvinge, *s.* striving, strife, B 2074.
- Stubbel-goos, *s.* fatted goose, A 4351.
- Stubbes, *pl.* stumps, A 1978.
- Studie, *s.* study, A 303; state of meditation, A 1530; Study, library, F 1207, 1214; Studies, *pl.* endeavours, B 3. p 2. 93; desires, B 4. p 2. 56.
- Studie, *v.* study, A 184; ger. give heed, I 1090; Studieth, *pr. s.* deliberates, E 1955.
- Stuffed, *pp.* filled, E 264.
- Sturdely, *adv.* boldly, 4. 82.
- Sturdiness, *s.* sternness, E 700.
- Sturdy, *adj.* cruel, hard, harsh, stern, F 698, 1049; firm, T. ii. 1380; D 2162.
- Sty, *s.* pig-sty, D 1829.
- Stye, *ger.* to mount up, B 4. p 6. 414.
- Style (1), *s.* a stile, a means to get over a barrier by climbing, C 712, F 106.
- Style (2), *s.* style, mode of writing, F 105.
- Styves, *pl.* stews, D 1332.
- Styward, *s.* steward, B 914.
- Suasioun, *s.* persuasiveness, B 2. p 1. 45.
- Subdekne, *s.* subdeacon, I 891.
- Subgit, *adj.* subject, T. v. 1790; Subget, T. i. 231.
- Subgit, *s. subject*, T. ii. 828; *pl.* servants, D 1990.
- Subjeccion, *s. (1)*, suggestion, (a thing subjected to the mind), I 351; (2), subjection, obedience, B 270; submission, 4. 32; subjection, governance, B 3656, 3742.
- Sublymatories, *s. pl.* vessels for sublimation, G 793.
- Sublymed, *pp.* sublimed, sublimated, G 774. 'Sublimate, to bring by heat into the state of vapour'; Webster.
- Sublyming, *s.* sublimation, G 770.
- Submitted, *pp.* subjected, B 5. p 1. 44; ye ben s., ye have submitted, B 35.
- Subtil, *adj.* subtle, C 141; ingenious, A. pr. 60; skilful, L. 672; finely woven, 5. 272.

- Subtilitee**, *s.* subtlety, craft, secret knowledge, G 620; skill, craft, G 844; *pl.* tricks, E 2421.
- Subtilly**, *adv.* craftily, A 610; subtly, F 222.
- Subtiltee**, *s.* subtlety, F 140; specious reasoning, HF 855; skill, B 4509; trick, D 1420.
- Succedent**, *sb.* a 'succedent' house, A. ii. 4. 48. The succedent houses are the second, fifth, eighth, and eleventh, as these are about to follow the most important houses, which are the first, fourth, seventh, and tenth.
- Sucré**, *s.* sugar, T. iii. 1194.
- Sucred**, *pp.* sugred, T. ii. 384.
- Suffisaunce**, *s.* sufficiency, A 490; sufficient food, D 1843; enough, a competence, 10. 15; contentment, B 4029; 3. 703.
- Suffisaunt**, *adj.* sufficient, good enough, A 1631; A. pr. 7; capable, L 2524; well endowed, L 1067.
- Suffisaunty**, *adv.* sufficiently, A. pr. 43; available, B 2492.
- Suffrable**, *adj.* patient, D 442.
- Suffraunce**, *s.* longsuffering, B 2479; patience, E 1162; Suffrance, longsuffering, B 2654; permission, F 788.
- Suffraunt**, *pres. pt. as s.* patient man T. iv. 1584; *as adj.* patient, tolerant, 2. 1010.
- Suffre**, *v.* suffer, permit, A 649; endure, 3. 412.
- Suffye**, *v.* suffice, B 3648; Suffyseth, (it suffices, 12. 15; Suffyce, *imp. s.* be content (spend frugally), 13. 2.
- Suggestioune**, *s.* a criminal charge, I 3607; hint, I 331.
- Sugre**, *s.* sugar, B 2046.
- Sukkenye**, *s.* short frock, tunic, R. 1232 O.F. *souquane*; F. *souquenie* (Cotgrave).
- Summited**, *pp.* submitted, B 3. p 10. 15. subjected, B 4. p 6. 145.
- Superfice**, *s.* surface, A. i. 21. 42; *in the s. of*, in the immediate neighbourhood of, A. i. 21. 32.
- Superfluitee**, *s.* superfluity, excess, A 436; over-abundance, A. pr. 50.
- Supplien**, *v.* supplicate, entreat, B 3. p 8. 11.
- Supportacioun**, *s.* support, B 2332.
- Supprysed**, *pp.* surprised, T. iii. 1184.
- Surcote**, *s.* upper coat, A 617.
- Surement**, *s.* pledge, F 1534.
- Suretee**, *s.* security, D 903; careless confidence, 7. 215.
- Surfeet**, *s.* surfeit, I 913.
- Surmounteth**, *pr. s.* surpasses, L 123.
- Surplys**, *s.* surplice, A 3323, G 558.
- Surquidrie**, *s.* over-confidence, presumption, I 403; arrogance, T. i. 213. O.F. *surquiderie*.
- Sursanare**, *s.* a wound healed outwardly, but not inwardly, F 1113.
- Surveyaunce**, *s.* surveillance, C 95.
- Suspeciou**, *s.* suspicion, T. ii. 561.
- Suspicious**, *adj.* ominous of evil, E 540.
- Suspect**, *adj.* suspicious, ominous of evil, E 541.
- Suspect**, *s.* suspicion, B 2385.
- Sustenance**, *s.* support, living, E 202.
- Sustene**, *v.* sustain, support, F 861; maintain, 1. 22; endure, B 2654; uphold, preserve, B 160; hold up (herself), 7. 177.
- Suster**, *s.* sister, L 592, 986; Her sister love, love for her sister, L 2365; *Sustren*, *pl.* T. iii. 733; *Sustres*, *pl.* B 4057.
- Swe**, *ger.* to follow, T. i. 379.
- Suyte**, *s.* suit, array (of like kind), A 2873; Sute, uniform pattern, 3. 261.
- Swa**, so (Northern), A 4040.
- Swal**, *pt. s. of Swelle*.
- Swalowe**, *v.* swallow, HF. 1036.
- Swalwe**, *s.* swallow, A 3258.
- Swappe**, *s.* a swoop, the striking of a bird of prey, HF. 543.
- Swappe**, *ger.* to swap, strike, E 586; *Swapte*, *pt. s.* dashed, T. iv. 256; fell suddenly, E 1099; *Swap*, *imp. s.* strike off, G 366.
- Swartish**, *adj. as adv.* dark, HF. 1647.
- Swatthe**, *pt. s. of Swete*.
- Swayn**, *s.* servant-lad, young man, A 4027.
- Sw Leigh**, *s.* motion, sway, B 296.
- Swellette**, *pr. s.* swells, A 2743; *Swal*, *pt. s.* D 967; *up swal*, was puffed up with anger, B 1750; *Swollen*, *pp.* proud, E 950.
- Swelte**, *v.* die, T. iii. 347; *Swelt*, *pr. s.* dies, 4. 128; *pt. s.* died, E 1776; languished, fainted, A 1356.
- Swelwe**, *v.* swallow, B 2808.
- Sword**, *s.* sword, A 112.
- Swore**, *v.* swear, A 454; *Swoor*, *1 pt. s.* E 2312; *Swore*, *2 pt. s.* L 1378; *Swōðr*, *pt. s.* swore, 7. 101; *Sworen*, *pt. pl.* swore, B 344; *Sworn*, *pp.* sworn (to the contrary), T. iv. 976; A 1080; sworn (to do it), G 681; bound by oath, F 18; sworn (it should not be so), D 640.
- Swering**, *s.* swearing, C 631.
- Swete**, *adj.* sweet, A 5, 2427; *as s. sweet one*, love, 3. 832.

- S**wete, *s.* sweetness, 5. 161.
Swete, *v.* sweat, G 579; **S**watte, *pt. s.* sweated, B 1960.
Swete herte, sweetheart, T. iii. 60.
Swets-Loking, Sweet-Looking, R. 920.
Swetnesse, *s.* sweetness, 1. 51; nourishment, 3. 415.
Swetter, *adj.* comp. sweeter, R. 622, 768.
Swety, *adj.* sweaty, 9. 28.
Sweven, *s.* dream, R. 28; *pl.* dreams, R. 3.
Swevening, *s.* dream, R. 26; **S**weveninges (*pron.* swew'ningez), R. 1.
Sweynte, *pp. as def. adj.* tired out, slothful, HF. 1783. *Pp. of swenchen.*
Swich, *adj.* such, A 3, 243, 313; such a thing, B 4626; **S**wich a, such a, B 3921; **S**wich ocn, such a one, F 231.
Swimme, *v.* swim, A 3550, L. 2450; **S**wommen, *pt. pl.* were filled with swimming things, 5. 188.
Swink, *s.* labour, toil, A 188, 540.
Swinke, *v.* toil, labour, T. v. 272; to cause to labour, HF. 16; *pr. pl.* work for, G 21; **S**wonken, *pp.* toiled, A 4235.
Swinker, *s.* labourer, toiler, A 531.
Swire, *s.* neck, throat, R. 325.
Swire, *s.* (1)ough, low noise, 5. 247; murmur, HF. 1031; sigh, groan, A 3619; rustling noise, blast, A 1979; whizzing noise, HF. 1941; **S**wogh, (2), swoon, D 799; **S**wow, grief, 3. 215.
Swollen, *pp.* proud, E 950.
Swoallow, *s.* gulf, L. 1104.
Swole, *v.* swallow, H 36.
Swommen, *pr. pl.* were filled with swimming things, 5. 188.
Swonken, *pp.* toiled, A 4235.
Swoot, *s.* sweat, G 578.
Swote, *adj.* sweet, A 2860, 3205; *pl.* R. 60. See **Sote**, **Swete**.
Swote, *adv.* sweetly, T. i. 158.
Swough, **S**woow; see **Swogh**.
Swowne, **S**woyne, *v.* swoon, faint, T. ii. 574; **S**wowned, *pt. s.* swooned, A 2943; *pp.* A 913.
S-wow, *s.* swoon; hence, anguish, 3. 215.
Swoyne, *s.* swoon, F 1080; **A**swowne, in a swoon, C 245.
Swowning, *s.* swooning, C 246.
Swyn, *s.* swine, boar, F 1254; hog, D 460.
Swynes-heed, *s.* pig's head (a term of abuse), A 4262.
Swythe, *adv.* quickly, C 796; *as sw.*, as soon, T. v. 1384; as quickly as possible, immediately, B 637, G 936.
Swyve, *v.* lie with, A 4178; *pp.* dis-honoured, A 3850.
- S**y, **saw**; *pt. t. of See.*
Sye, *ger.* to sink down, T. v. 182.
Sye, **S**yen, *saw*; see **See**.
Syk, *adj.* sick, ill; *for syk*, on account of being sick, D 394; **S**yke, *def.* F 1100; *pl.* sick persons, T. iii. 61.
Syk, *s.* sigh, F 498.
Syne, *v.* sigh, T. iii. 1360; **S**yke, *ger.* to sigh (*but perhaps read syte*, i.e. to grieve, *for the rime*), T. ii. 884; **S**yketh, *pr. s.* sighs, 5. 404; 22. 62 (men sigh); **S**yked, *pt. s.* sighed, A 2985; **S**ighte, *pt. s.* sighed, B 1035.
Sykliche, *adj.* sickly, T. ii. 1528.
Symonials, *s. pl.* simoniacs, I 784.
Symonye, *s.* simony, D 1309.
Syre, *s.* master of the house, D 713; master, 5. 12.
Sys, *num. six* (at dice), B 3851.
[Syte, *v.* to grieve; *perhaps the right reading in T. ii. 884.]
Sythe, *s.* time, R. 80; **S**ythe, *pl.* (orig. a gen. pl.), A 1878; *oſte sythe*, oftentimes, E 233, G 1031; **S**ythes, *pl.* times, A 485.
Sythe, *s.* scythe, L. 646.*

T.

- T'**, *for To*, frequently prefixed to verbs; as **tabyde**, **tamende**, &c.
Taa, *v.* take (Northern), A 4129.
Tabard, *s.* a herald's coat-of-arms, hence, (1) the same, as an inn-sign, A 20; (2) a ploughman's loose frock, A 541.
Tabernacles, *pl.* shrines, HF. 123, 1190.
Table, *s.* table, A 100; *table dormant*, permanent side-table, A 353; tablet, writing-tablet, 3. 780; tablet, plate, HF. 142; table (of the law), C 639; one of the thin plates on which almicantes are engraved, A. ii. 21. 6; *at table*, at board, i.e. entertained as a lodger, G 1015; **Tables**, *pl.* tables (for calculation), F 1273; dining-tables, B 1442; writing-tablets, D 1741; plates, A. i. 14. 3; the game of 'tables' or back-gammon, F 900.
Tabour, *s.* small drum, D 2268.
Tabouren, *pr. pl.* drum, din, L. 354.
Tabregge, *for To abregge*, to abridge, shorten, T. iii. 295.
Tabreyde, *for To abreyde*, to awake, T. v. 520.
Tabyde, *for To abyde*, to abide, T. v. 33.
Tache, *s.* defect, 21. 18. See **Teeches**.
Tacheve, *for To achieve*, to achieve L. 2111.

- Tacompte, *for* To accompte, to reckon up, 22, 17.
- Tacord, *for* To accord, i. e. to agreement, H 98.
- Tacorde, *for* To acorde, to agree, 1. 27.
- Tacoye, *for* To acoye, to decoy, T. v. 782.
- Taffata, *s.* taffeta, A 440.
- Taffraye, *for* To affraye, to frighten, E 455.
- Taillages, *s. pl.* taxes, I 567.
- Taille, *s.* tally, an account scored upon two similarly notched sticks, A 570, B 1606.
- Take, *v.* seize, T. ii. 289; present, offer, G 223; *ger.* to take, A 34; Takestow, takest thou, G 435; Take me, 1 *pr. s.* betake myself, B 1985; Took, 1 *pt. s.* drew in, breathed in, B 1. p 3. 3 (Lat. *hausi*); hit, D 792; *pt. s.* handed over, gave, B 1484; had, B 192; Toke, 2 *pt. s.* tookest, 3. 483; Toke, *pt. pl.* took, F 1240; received, F 356; Take, *pp.* taken, A 3007; entrusted, I 880; brought, 1. 20; Tak, *imp. s.* receive, B 117; accept as a result, A. ii. 25. 57; tak kepe, take heed, observe, B 3757; tak she, let her take, 5. 462; Taketh, *imp. pl.* take, 4. 9.
- Takel, *s.* tackle, archery-gear, arrows, A 106.
- Tald, *pp.* told (Northern), A 4207.
- Tale, *s.* tale, A 3126; story, A 36, 831; account, B 4308; enumeration, E 383; *I gan finde a tale to him*, I thought of something to say to him, 3. 536; *telle tale*, give an account of, A 330.
- Tale, *v.* tell a tale, talk, speak, T. iii. 1235; Talen, *ger.* to tell tales, A 772; *pr. s. subj.* talk about, I 378.
- Talent, *s.* inclination, wish, desire, B 2439; desire, appetite, C 540; longing, B 2. p 1. 12.
- Taling, *s.* tale-telling, B 1624.
- Talighte, *for* To alight, i.e. to alight, E 909.
- Talle, *adj.* docile, obsequious, 4. 38. (A rare sense.)
- Tamende, *for* To amende, to redress, E 441.
- Tanoyen, *for* To anoyen, to injure, B 492.
- Tanswere, i. e. to answer, D 1589.
- Tapes, *pl.* tapes, A 3241.
- Tapicer, *s.* upholsterer, maker of carpets, A 362.
- Tapite, *v.* cover with tapestry, 3. 260.
- Tappe, *s.* tap, A 3890, 3892.
- Tappestere, *s.* female tapster, barmaid, A 241, 3330.
- Tarditas, *s.* slowness, I 718.
- Tare, *s.* tare, kind of weed, A 1570.
- Tarest, *for* To areste, to arrest, F 1370.
- Targe, *s.* target, shield, A 471; defence, 1. 176.
- Tarion, *v.* tarry, B 983; delay (used actively), F 73; 1 *pr. s.* tarry, T. iii. 1195; *pp.* delayed, T. ii. 1739.
- Tarraye, *for* To arruye, to array, arrange, E 961.
- Tart, *adj.* of sharp flavour, pungent, A 381.
- Tartre, *s.* tartar, G 813; *oille of Tartre*, (probably) cream of tartar, or bitartrate of potassium, A 630.
- Taryinge, *s.* tarrying, delay, A 821.
- Tas, *s.* heap, A 1005, 1009, 1020. O.F. *tas*.
- Tassaille, *for* To assaille, i. e. to assail, E 1180.
- Tassaye, *for* To assaye, to test, prove, try, E 454, 1075.
- Tasseled, *pp.* fringed, provided with tassels, R. 1079; A 3251.
- Tassemble, *for* To assemble, to bring together, D 89.
- Tassoille, *for* To assoile, i.e. to absolve, C 933.
- Tassure, *for* To assure, B 1231.
- Tast, *s.* taste, relish (for), 5. 160.
- Taste, *v.* try, test, L. 1993; *pt. s.* experienced, T. i. 639; *imp. s.* feel, G 503.
- Taughte, *pt. s.* of Teche.
- Taverner, *s.* innkeeper, C 685.
- Tavyse, *for* To avyse (me), to deliberate, B 1426.
- Tawayte, *for* to awayte, to dwell, remain, 25. 7.
- Taylage, *s.* taxation, 9. 54.
- Tecches, *pl.* evil qualities, defects, T. iii. 935; characteristics, HF. 1778.
- Teche, *v.* teach, instruct, A 308, *ger.* to show, R. 518; Tech'en, *v.* direct, B 4139; *ger.* to inform (him of), D 1326; Taughte, 1 *pt. s.* taught, told, D 1050.
- Te deum, the anthem so called, D 1866.
- Teer, *s.* tear, E 1104.
- Tehee, *interj.* (denoting) laughter, hee-hee! A 3740.
- Telle, *v.* tell, recount, relate, A 38; compute, 3. 440; *ger.* to tell, to be told, F 447; 1 *pr. s.* account, B 4344; Telle no tale, set no store, 5. 326; Telles, *pr. s.* (Northern form), tells, 3. 73; HF. 426;
- Tolde, 1 *pt. s.* counted, HF. 1380; accounted, D 203, 208; *pt. pl.* esteemed, T. i. 131; herd told, heard (it) told, T. i. 197; Tolde, *pp. pl.* told, B 56.

- Tembrace, *for* To embrace, T. v. 224; E 1101.
- Temen, *v.* bring; *temen us on bere*, bring us on our bier, let us die, HF. 1744.
- Temper, *s.* mood, R. 346.
- Temperaunce, *s.* temperance, moderation, F 785.
- Tempest, *s.* storm, A 406; tempest (alluding to a passage in Statius), A 884.
- Tempest thee, *imp. s.* violently distress thyself, 13. 8; *2 pr. s. subj.* vex, perturb, B 2, p 4. 75.
- Tempestous, *adj.* tempestuous, T. ii. 5.
- Temple, *s.* inn of court, A 567.
- Temprede, *pt. s.* modulated, B 3. m 12. 22; *pp.* tempered, G 926. (In alchemy, to *temper* is to adjust or moderate heat.)
- Temps, *s.* tense; *futur temps*, future tense, time to come, G 875.
- Temptour, *s.* tempter, D 1655.
- Ten, ten, A 454; *ten so wood*, ten times as mad, L. 735.
- Tenbrace, to embrace, B 1891.
- Tencresen, to increase, E 1808.
- Tendure, to endure, E 756, 811.
- Tendyte, *for* To endyte, to compose, write, T. i. 6; to relate, A 1209.
- Tene, *s.* vexation, A 3106; sorrow, grief, T. v. 240; cross, trouble, T. ii. 61. A.S. *tēna*.
- Tenour, *s.* outline of the story, L. 929.
- Tenquere, *for* To enquire, to ask, E 1543.
- Tenspyre, *for* To enspyre, i.e. to inspire, G 1470.
- Tentile, tenth, HF. 63, 111; Tenthe some, company of ten, T. ii. 1249. (Sometimes *tenthe some* means 'ten in all'.)
- Tentify, *adv.* attentively, carefully, E 334.
- Tercel, *adj.* male (of an eagle), 5. 393, 449; *pl.* 5. 540; *as s.* male eagle, 5. 405.
- Tercelet, *s.* male falcon, 5. 529, 533; F 504, 621; Tercelets, *pl.* male birds of prey, 5. 659; male hawks, F 648. 'Tiercelet', m. the tassell, or male of any kind of hawk, so teardem, because he is, commonly, a third part lesse then the female'; Cotgrave.
- Tere, *s.* tear, B 3251.
- Tere, *v.* tear, B 1326; scratch, R. 325; Torn, *pp.* L. 2103.
- Terins, *s. pl.* tarins, siskins, R. 665. F. tarin.
- Terme, *s.* set time, appointed time, T. v. 696; period, space of time, 'term,' a portion of the zodiac, being one-third of a 'sign,' or 10°, F 1288; (during the) term, A 1029; *terme of his lyve*, while he lives, G 1479; *interme*, in set phrases, C 311; *pl.* pedantic phrases, A 323; legal jargon, R. 199; periods, A 3028; terms, C 51, F 1266.
- Terme-day, *s.* appointed day, 3. 730.
- Termyne, *v.* determine, express in 'good set terms,' 5. 530.
- Terrestre, *adj.* earthly, E 1332.
- Terve, *pr. s. subj.* flay, G 1274 (*so in MS. E.*); Terved (*not Terned*), *pp.* skinned, G 1171 (*so in MS. E.*). This is certainly the right word; in G 1171, read *terved* [not *torned*], and in G 1274, read *terve* [not *torne*]. See my letter in the Atheneum, Mar. 24, 1894. So in Havelok, 603, for *tirneden* read *tirueden* = *terveden*, i.e. rolled back.
- Tery, *adj.* tearful, T. iv. 821.
- Tescape, to escape, F 1357.
- Tespye, *for* To espye, to spy out, espy, B 1089, 4478.
- Testers, *pl.* head-pieces, A 2499.
- Testes, *s. pl.* vessels for assaying metals (Tyrwhitt), G 818.
- Testif, *adj.* heady, headstrong, T. v. 802; A 4004.
- Tete, *s.* teat, A 3704.
- Texpounden, to expound, B 1716.
- Text, *s.* text, quotation from an author, B 45; saying, A 177, 182; text (as opposed to a gloss), 3. 333.
- Textuel, *adj.* well versed in texts, learned H 235; I 57.
- Teyd, *pp.* tied, bound, E 2432.
- Teyne, *s.* a thin plate of metal, G 1225, 1229. Lat. *tenuia*.
- Th', *for* The; common, as in thabsence, for the absence.
- Thabsence, the absence, A 1239.
- Thadversitee, the adversity, E 756.
- Thakketh, *pr. s.* strokes, pats, D 1559. A.S. *þaccian*.
- Thalighte, *for* Thee alighte; in thee alighte, alighted in thee, B 1660.
- Thank, *s.* expression of thanks, A 612; thanks, E 2388; *can th.*, owes thanks, A 1808; *his th.*, the thanks to him, L. 452; *my thankes*, by my goodwill, willingly, R. 1666; *his thankes*, of his free will, willingly, A 1626; *hir thankes*, of their own will, A 2114.
- Thanke, 1 *pr. s.* thank, E 1088; Th. hit thee, thank thee for it, 10. 51.
- Thanne, *adv.* then, D 2004, I 104; Than, then, A 12; next, 5. 324; *er than*, sooner than, before, G 899.
- Thar, *pr. s.* impers. (it) is necessary, is

needful; *thar ye*, it is needful that ye, B 2258; *thar thee*, it is needful for thee, you need, or thou needst, D 329, 330, 1365, H 352; *him thar*, it is needful for him, he needs, T. ii. 1661; he must, A 4320; *Thurte*, *pt. s.*; *th. him*, he needed, R. 1080, 1324; *yow thurste*, you would need, you need, T. iii. 572.

Tharivaile, the arrival, the landing, HF. 451.

Tharmes, the arms, armorial bearings, HF. 1411.

Tharray, the array, A 716.

Thascry, *for* The ascry, the alarm, T. ii. 611.

Thassay, the assay, the endeavour, 5. 2.

Thassege, the siege, T. iv. 1480; the besieging force, T. iv. 62.

Thassemblee, the assembly, B 403.

Thassemblinge, the assembling, B 2431.

That, *rel. pron.* that which, whom, 3. 979; *that of*, from whom, 3. 964; *That oon*, the one, A 4013; *That other*, the other, A 4013; *That*, with reference to whom, G 236; *if that*, if, 3. 969, 971.

Thaventayle, *for* The aventayle, the mouthpiece of a helmet, T. v. 1558.

Thavision, *for* The avision, the vision, 3. 285.

Thavys, the advice, A 3076.

The, *def. art.* A 2, &c.

The; *as in* The bet, by so much the better, 3. 668; The las, by so much the less, 3. 675.

The, *for* Thee, *pers. pron.* F 676, &c.

Théatre, *s.* theatre, area for a tournament, A 1885.

Thedom, *s.* success, B 1595.

Thee, *v.* thrive, prosper, R. 1067; *never mot she thee*, may she never prosper, 5. 569; *mot he never thee*, may he never prosper, T. ii. 670; *lat him never thee*, let him never prosper, B 4622; *thou shalt never thee*, E 1388; *he shal never thee*, G 641; *also moot I thee*, as I may thrive, as I hope to prosper, D 1215, E 1226; *so moot I thee*, D 361; *as mote I thee*, T. i. 341; *so theech*, for *so thee ich*, as I may thrive, as I hope to prosper, C 947, G 929; *so theek*, for *so thee ik*, as I hope to prosper, A 3864.

Theef, *s.* thief, robber, D 1338.

Theefly, *adv.* like a thief, L. 1781.

Theeffect, *for* The effect, the result, A 1189; the substance, pith, L. 1180, 2403; the matter, contents, 2. 56; the source, D 1451; the moral, B 2148; the sum (of the matter), A 2366.

Thegle, the eagle, B 3573.

Their, the air, D 1939.

Thembassador, the ambassador, T. iv. 140, 145.

Theme, *s. text*, thesis, C 333, 425.

Themerour, the emperor, 3. 368.

Then, *conf. than*, L. 1693, 20. 2.

Thencens, the incense, A 2277, 2938.

Thenchauntements, *pl.* the enchantments, A 1944.

Thenche, *v. imagine*, A 3253.

Thencheson, *for* The encheson, the reason, cause, T. v. 632.

Thencrees, the increase, A 275.

Thende, the end, B 423, 965, 3269.

Thengendring, the engendring, the process of production, HF. 968.

Thengyn, the (warlike) engine, HF. 1934.

Thenke, *v. think of*, 5. 311; *1 pr. s. think, intend*, E 641; *Thenkestow*, thinkest thou, T. iv. 840, 1088; *Thoghte*, *1 pt. s. thought*, 3. 448; *Thenke on*, think of, 16. 47.

Thenne, *adj.* thin, A 4066.

Thenne, *adv.* then, T. ii. 210.

Thenne, *adv.* thence, D 1141.

Thennes, *adv.* thence, i.e. away from that place, T. iv. 695; *thence*, R. 791; *as s.*, the place that, G 66.

Thennes-forth, *adv.* thenceforth, B 1755.

Thentencioun, the intention, G 1443.

Thentente, *for* The entente, the design, B 930; the purpose, end, G 1306; the meaning, T. v. 1630.

Thentree, the entrance, A 1983.

Thenvyous, *for* The envyous, the spiteful, malicious, 3. 642.

Theologie, *s. theology*, I 1043.

Theorik, *s. theory*, theoretical explanation, A. pr. 98.

Ther, *adv.* there, B 62, 1190, &c.; where, T. ii. 618; when, B 474; whither, at which, B 469; whereas, D 1213, G 724; wherefore, T. iii. 1437; wherever, D 128; as to which, T. ii. 588; wherefore (I pray that), D 1561.

Ther-aboute, *adv.* about it, D 1837; there-in, G 832; round it, A 937.

Therafter, *adv.* afterwards, 3. 66.

Ther-agayns, *prep.* against that, I 665; in reply, T. ii. 369.

Ther-as, *Ther as*, there where, where, B 2384; there, I 162; whereas, D 1177; where that, A 34, 172; when that, L. 1277; *Ther-as that*, where, i. 160: *Ther that*, where, F 267.

Therbe, the herb, HF. 293.

- Ther-bifore, *adv.* before that time, D 631; beforehand, E 689, 720.
- Ther-biforn, *adv.* beforehand, A 2034; previously, A 3907.
- Therby, by it, to it, D 984; into possession of it, F 1115; beside it, R. 1184.
- Ther-fore, *adv.* therefore, A 189; for that purpose, A 809; on that account, L. 1863; on that point, E 1141; for it, L. 1391.
- Therfro, therefrom, from it, HF. 895.
- Ther-inne, therein, in it, B 1945, 3573.
- Ther-of, *adv.* with respect to that, E 644; concerning that, 3. 1132; A 462; from that, 3. 1166; thereby, I 314; of it, 20. 8.
- Ther-on, *adv.* thereupon, A 160; thereof, F 3.
- Ther-oute, *adv.* out there, out in the open air, B 336; outside there, G 1136.
- Therthe, the earth, R. 1423.
- Therto, *adv.* besides, moreover, D 1251; to it, 2. 100; likewise, R. 1262.
- Ther-upon, *adv.* immediately, A 819.
- Ther-whyles, whilst, B 5. p 6. 250.
- Therwith, *adv.* withal, for all that, 3. 954; moreover, F 931; thereupon, 3. 275; at the same time, B 3210.
- Ther-with-al, thereupon, A 1078; therewith, with it, by means of it, A 566; beside it, besides, R. 226; at once, L. 148; therat, L. 864.
- Theschaunge, the exchange, T. iv. 146.
- Theschewing, the avoiding (of anything), 5. 140.
- Thestat, the estate, the rank, condition, A 716.
- Thewed, *pp.*; *wel thewed*, of good disposition, 4. 180.
- Thewes, *s. pl.* habits, natural qualities, E 409, 1512; good qualities, virtues, G 101; customs, habits, manners, T. ii. 723; morals, HF. 1834.
- Thecellent, the excellent, B 150.
- The excuse, thee excuse, D 1611.
- The execucion, the execution, 10. 65.
- The xpérience, the experience, E 2238.
- Thider, *adv.* thither, A 1263.
- Thider-ward, *adv.* thither, A 2530.
- Thikke, *adj.* thick, A 549; stout, plump, A 3973.
- Thikko, *adv.* thickly, R. 1396.
- Thikke-herd, *adj.* thick-haired, A 2518.
- Thikke-sterred, *adj.* thickly covered with stars, A. ii. 23. 2.
- Thilke, that, R. 660, &c.; such a, A 182; that same, A 1193; that sort of, I 50; *pl.* those, HF. 173.
- Thimage, the image, L. 1760.
- Thing, *s. fact*, C 156; property, wealth, R. 206; deed, legal document, A 325; *for anything*, at any cost, A 276; Thing, *pl.* things, L. 11, 2140; Thinges, *pl.* things, A 175; matters of business, B 1407; poems, L. 364; pieces of music, F 78; services, prayers, B 1281.
- Thingot, the ingot, G 1233.
- Thinke, *v. seem*, T. i. 405; Thinketh, *pr. s. impers.* (it) seems, B 1901; *me th.*, it seems to me, A 37, 2207; *how th. you*, how does it seem to you, D 2204; Thoghte, *pt. s. impers.* (it) seemed, L. 1697; *me thoughte*, it seemed to me, A 385; *him th.*, it seemed to him, A 682; *us th.*, it seemed to us, A 785; *hir th.*, it seemed to her, D 965, 967.
- Thinne, *adj.* thin, A 679; poor, feeble, 9. 36; E 1682; scanty, limited, G 741.
- Thirleth, *pr. s. pierces*, 7. 211; *pp.* A 2710.
- This, A 175, &c.: contracted form of this is, T. ii. 363, iii. 936, v. 151; This is, pronounced this, 5. 411, 620; A 1091, D 91; Thise (dhiiz), *pl.* (monosyllabic), A 701, B 59, &c.
- Tho, *pl.* those, A 498, 1123, 2351, 3246.
- Tho, *adv.* then, at that time, A 993, 3329, &c.; still, 3. 1054.
- Thoccident, the occident, the west, B 3804.
- Thoffice, the office, the duty, B 2863.
- Thoght, *s. anxiety*, B 1770, E 80.
- Thoughtful, *adj.* moody, I 677.
- Holde, *pl.* the old, D 857.
- Tholed, *pp.* suffered, D 1546. A.S. *holian*.
- Thombe, *s. thumb*, A 563.
- Thonder, *s. thunder*, A 492.
- Thonder-dint, *s. stroke of lightning*, D 276; -dent, thunder-clap, A 3807.
- Thonder leyt, *s. thunder-bolt*, B 1. m 4. 12; lightning, I 839.
- Thonke, 1 *pr. s. thank*, E 380.
- Thonour, the honour, B 1767, E 1449.
- Thorzh, *prep. through*, 5. 127, 129.
- Thorient, the orient, the east, B 3871, 3883.
- Thoriginal, the original, L. 1558.
- Thorisonte, the horizon, E 1707, F 1017.
- Thorisoun, the orison, the prayer, A 2261.
- Thorpes, *pl.* villages, 5. 350.
- Thorugh-passen, *pr. pl.* penetrate, B 4. m 3. 49.
- Thought, *s. anxiety*, T. i. 579.
- Thoumbe, *s. thumb*, A. i. 1. 2.
- Thought-girt, *pp.* struck through, T. iv. 627. From M. E. *gurden*, to strike.

- Thral**, *s.* thrall, slave, subject, servant, B 3343, C 183, D 155.
Thral, *adj.* enthralled, A 1552, I 137 : Thralle, *pl.* enthralled, B 2751 ; Thral, *as pl.*, L 1940.
Thraldom, *s.* slavery, B 286, 338.
Thrall, *v.* subject, T. i. 235 ; subjugate, R. 882.
Thraste, *pt. s.* thrust, T. ii. 1155.
Threde, *v.* thread, R. 99.
Threeed, *s.* thread, A 2030 ; thread (of destiny), T. v. 7.
Threpe, *i pr. pt. (we) call, assert to be*, C 826. A.S. *þrēpian*.
Threshold, *s.* threshold, A 3482.
Threste, *v.* thrust, push, A 2612 ; *pt. pl.* vexed, T. iv. 254.
Threte, *v.* threaten, L 754.
Threting, *s.* menace, G 698.
Thretty, *adj.* thirty, F 1368.
Thridde, third, A 1463, 2271.
Thrift, *s.* success, welfare, T. ii. 847 ; profit, success, G 739, 1425 ; *good thrift bad*, prayed for the welfare (of), blessed, T. iii. 1249 ; *by my thrift*, if I succeed, T. ii. 1483.
Thriftieste, most successful, T. i. 1081 ; most thriving, T. ii. 737.
Thriftily, *adv.* carefully, A 105 ; profitably, A 3131 ; encouragingly, F 1174.
Thrifty, *adj.* profitable (to the buyer), B 138 ; serviceable, D 238 ; provident, 7. 197.
Thringe, *v.* press, T. iv. 66 ; **Throng**, *pt. s.* forced his way, 7. 55 ; thrust, E 2353.
Thriste, *pt. s.* thrust, T. iii. 1574.
Thrittene, thirteen, D 2259.
Thritty, thirty, E 1421.
Throf, *pt. s. of* Thryve.
Throng, *pt. s. of* Thringe.
Throp, *s.* thorp, small village, E 199, 208.
Throstel, *s.* thrush, song-thrush, 5. 364.
Throte, *s.* throat, 3. 945.
Throte-bolle, *s.* ball of the throat, 'the protuberance in the throat called Adam's apple,' A 4273.
Through-out, quite through, 11. 3.
Throwe, *s.* short space of time, while, period, B 953, 3326.
Throwe, *ger.* to throw, T. ii. 971 ; **Threw**, *pt. s.* T. iii. 184 ; **Threwe**, *pt. pl.* R. 786 ; **Throwe**, *pp.* thrown, L. 1960 ; **Throwen**, *pp.* cast, HF. 1325 ; twisted, turned, T. iv. 1159.
Throwes, *pl.* torments, T. v. 206 ; **throes**, T. v. 1201.
Thrustel, *s.* thrush, B 1963.
Thrusteth, *pr. s.* thirsts, yearns, L. 103.
- Thrustle-cok**, *s.* male thrush, B 1959.
Thrye, *adv.* thrice, T. ii. 89, 463.
Thryes, *adv.* thrice, A 63, 463.
Thryve, *v.* thrive, prosper, E 172 ; *ger.* G 1411 ; *so thr. I*, as I hope to thrive, D 1764 ; **Throf**, *pt. s.* flourished, B 3. m 4. 5.
Thryvinge, *adj.* vigorous, B 5. m 4. 24 (Lat. *uiiens*).
Thunworhiest, the unworthiest, 22. 19.
Thurft, *pt. s. impers.* (with *yon*), you would need, you need, T. iii. 572. See **Thar**.
Thurgh, *prep.* through, 1. 27 ; by means of, A 920.
Thurgh-darted, *pp.* transfixes with a dart, T. i. 325.
Thurghfare, *s.* thoronghfare, A 2847.
Thurgh-girt, *pp.* pierced through, A 1010.
Thurghout, *prep.* throughout, F 46 ; all through, B 256, 464 ; quite through, C 655.
Thurgh-shoten, *pp.* shot through, T. i. 325.
Thurrok, *s.* sink, the lowest internal part of a ship's hull, I 363, 715. A.S. *burruc*.
Thurst, *s.* thirst, B 100.
Thursteth, *pr. s.* thirsts, T. v. 1406 ; *pt. s. impers.* he was thirsty, B 3229.
Thurte ; see **Thar**.
Thwitel, *s.* large knife, whittle, A 3935.
Thwyte, *pr. pl.* whittle, cut up for, HF. 1938 ; **Thwiten**, *pp.* carved, whittled, R. 933.
Tid, *pp. of* Tyde.
Tidifs, *s. pl.* small birds, F 648. Cf. Eng. *titmouse*, *tittark*. See **Tydif**.
Tikel, *adj.* unstable, A 3428.
Tikernes, *s.* instability, 13. 3.
Tikled, *pt. s.* tickled, D 395.
Til (*before a vowel*), *prep.* to, A 180 ; *as a Northern word (before a consonant)*, A 4110 ; **Til** and **fra**, *to and fro (Northern)*, A 4039. Icel. *til*.
Til, *conj.* until, A 1760 ; *til that*, A 1490, F 360.
Tilyere, *s.* tiller, B 5. p 1. 86.
Timber, *s.* material, T. iii. 530.
Timbestere, *s.* female timbrel-player, tambourine-player, R. 769.
Timbres, *s. pl.* timbrels, tambourines, R. 772.
Tipet, *s.* tippet, cape, A 233.
Tiptoon, *pl.* tiptoes, B 4497.
Tissee, *s.* a band, T. ii. 639.
Tit, *pr. s.* betides, T. i. 333. See **Tyde**.

- Titering, *s.* hesitation, vacillation, T. ii. 1744.
 Titlelees, *adj.* without a title, usurping, H 223.
 To (tōō), *s.* toe, A 2726; Toon, *pl.* B 4052;
 Toos, *pl.* B 4370.
 To (tōō), *prep.* to, A 2; gone to, A 30; (used after its case), G 1449; for, i. 184; as to, as for, L 2096; him to, for him, 3. 771; to that, until, 4. 239.
 To, *adv.* too, B 2129; moreover, beside, T. i. 540; overmuch, G 1423; to badde, too evil, very evil, L 2597.
 To-(1), intensive prefix, lit. in twain, asunder. A.S. tō-, G. zer.
 To-(2), prepositional prefix, as in To-forn. A.S. tō-, G. zu-
 To-bete, *v.* beat amain, T. v. 1762; beat severely, G 405.
 To-breke, *v.* break in pieces; *pr. s.* (it) breaks in pieces, R. 277; breaks asunder, G 907; is violently broken, HF. 779; To-broken, *pp.* broken in pieces, destroyed, 16. 1; To-broke, *pp.* broken in half, D 277; severely bruised, A 4277.
 To-breste, *v.* burst in twain, T. ii. 608; *pr. s. subj.* may (she) break in twain, T. iv. 1546; may be broken in twain, 1. 16; *pr. pl.* break in pieces, A 2611; To-brosten, *pp.* broken in twain, A 2691.
 To-cleve, *v.* cleave in twain, T. v. 613.
 To-dasshte, *pt. s.* dashed violently about, R. 337; *pp.* much bruised, T. ii. 640.
 Tode, *s.* toad, I 636.
 To-drawen, *pr. pl.* allure, B 4. m 3. 46; To-drownen, *pt. pl.* tore in pieces, B 1. p 3. 42; To-drawen, *pp.* distracted, B 1. p 5. 76.
 To-driven, *pp.* scattered, L. 1280.
 To-forn, *prep.* before, F 268; god to-forn, in God's sight, T. i. 1049.
 To-forn, *adv.* in front, beforehand, B 5. p 6. 300.
 To-geder, *adv.* together, 5. 555; To-gider, B 3222; To-gidre, A 824.
 Toght, *adj.* taut, D 2267.
 To-go, *pp.* dispersed, L. 653.
 To-greve, *v.* grieve excessively, T. i. 1001.
 To-hangen, *v.* put to death by hanging, HF. 1782.
 To-hepe, *adv.* (lit. into a heap), together, T. iii. 1764; L. 2009.
 To-hewen, *pr. pl.* hew in twain, A 2609; *pp.* cut through, T. ii. 638; To-hewe, *pp.* hewn in pieces, B 430.
 Toke, 2 *pt. s.* tookest, 3. 483; *pt. pl.* took, F 1240; received, F 356.
 To-laugh, *pr. s.* laughs out, laughs excessively, T. ii. 1108. (Short for *to-laugheth.*)
 Told, -e; see Telle.
 Tollen (1), *v.* take toll, A 562.
 Tollen (2), *v.* attract, entice, B 2. p 7. 18.
 Tombesteres, *s. pl. fem.* dancing girls, lit. female tumblers, C 477. A.S. *tumbian*, to tumble, dance.
 Tomblinge, *pres. pt. as adj.* fleeting, transitory, B 2. m 3. 21 (Lat. *caducis*).
 To-melte, *v.* melt utterly, T. iii. 348.
 Tonge, *s.* tongue, 3. 930; A 265; *dat.* speech, language, 16. 21.
 Tonged, *pp.* tongued, 3. 927.
 Tonges, *s. pl.* tongs, I 555.
 Tonne, *s.* tun, barrel, cask, A 3894.
 Tonne-greet, *adj.* great as a tun, A 1994.
 Toon, Toos, *pl. of To.* s.
 Tooth-ake, *s.* toothache, R. 1008.
 Top, *s.* top, A 2915; top (of the mast), main-top, L. 639; tuft of hair, C 255; top (of the head), A 590; crown (of the head), T. iv. 996; Top and tail, beginning and end, HF. 880.
 To-race, *pr. pl. subj.* tear in pieces, E 572. Here race is probably short for arace, to tear up.
 Tord, *s.* piece of dung, B 2120, C 955.
 To-rende, *pr. pl. subj.* tear in pieces, T. ii. 790; To-rente, *pt. s.* distracted, T. iv. 341; rent asunder, B 3215; tore in pieces, L. 820; To-rent, *pp.* rent in pieces, C 102, E 1012.
 Torets, *pl.* small rings on the collar of a dog, A 2152. See Turet.
 Tormentinge, *s.* torture, E 1038.
 Törmentour, *s.* tormentor, 10. 18; executioner, B 818.
 Tormentrye, *s.* torture, D 251.
 Tormentyse, *s.* torment, B 3707.
 Torn, *s.* turn, C 815.
 Tornen, *v.* turn, G 1403; return, A 1488.
 Torney, *s.* tourney, T. iv. 1669.
 To-romblen, *v.* rumble, crash, L. 1218.
 Tortuos, *adj.* lit. tortuous, i. e. oblique, applied to the six signs of the zodiac (Capricorn to Gemini), which ascend most rapidly and obliquely; Tortuous, B 302.
 To-scattered, *pp.* dispersed, D 1969.
 To-shake, *pp.* shaken to pieces, L. 962; tossed about, L. 1765.
 To-shivered, *pp.* been destroyed, 5. 493.
 To-shrede, *pr. pl.* cut into shreds, A 2609.
 To-slittered, *pp.* slashed with numerous cuts, R. 840.

- To-sterte, *v.* start asunder, burst, T. ii. 980.
 To-stoupe, *v.* stoop forwards, D 1560.
 To-swinke, *pr. pl.* labour greatly, C 519.
 To-tar, *pt. s.* tore in pieces, rent, B 3801.
 Totelere, *subst. as adj.* tattling, tale-bearing, L 353.
 To-tere, *pr. pl.* rend, tear in pieces, C 474; To-tar, *pt. s.* rent, B 3801; To-tore, *pp.* G 635; To-torn, *pp.* much torn, 5. 110; defaced, T. iv. 358; dishevelled, R. 327.
 Toother; *the other (for that other), the other,* L 325 a.
 To-trede, *v.; al to-trede,* trample under foot, I 864.
 Totty, *adj.* dizzy, A 4253. Spenser has *totty*; F. Q. vii. 7. 39.
 Touchinge, *s.* touch, I 207.
 Tough, *adj.* troublesome, pertinacious, in phr. *make it tough*, to behave in a troublesome, pertinacious, and forward manner, T. v. 101; *made it tough*, was captious, 3. 531; behaved pertinaciously, T. iii. 87.
 Toumbling, *adj.* perishing, B 3. p 9. 168. See Tomblinge.
 Town, *s.* town, A 217; farm, B 4138; neighbourhood, R. 446.
 Tour, *s.* tower, F 176; tower (of London), A 3256; mansion (in astrology), 4. 113. (In B 2096, the sense is that his crest was a miniature tower, with a lily above it.)
 Touret, *s.* turret, A 1900.
 Tourne, *v.* turn, T. ii. 688; return, D 988.
 Tourneyinge, *s.* tournament, R. 1206.
 Turnement, *s.* tournament, B 1906.
 Tourning, *s.* turning round, R. 761.
 Toute, *s.* buttocks, backside, A 3812, 3853.
 Toverbyde, *ger.* to survive, D 1260.
 Towayle, *s.* towel, cloth, R. 161; Towaille, B 3935, 3943.
 Towne; *out of t.,* away, T. iii. 570, 577, 1091.
 To-wonde, *pt. s.* (*with substitution of the weak for the strong form, as in abreysde,* flew in pieces, became broken, 4. 102. *The form towond, flew in pieces, occurs in Sir Ferumbras, 2568.*)
 To-yere, *adv.* this year, HF. 84; D 168.
 Trace, *s.* trace, steps, 14. 3; Traas, procession, L 285.
 Trace, *1 pr. pl.* go, 5. 54.
 Trad, *pt. 2. or Trede.*
 Tragedien, *s.* writer of tragedy, B 3. p 6. 3.
- Traisoun, *s.* treason, B 4307.
 Traitorye, treachery, B 781.
 Traitor, *s.* traitor, HF. 267.
 Translate, *ger.* to translate, L. 370; *pp.* changed, dressed afresh, E 385.
 Transmuwe, *v.* transform, T. iv. 467; *pp.* T. iv. 830.
 Transporten, *v.* extend, B 1. p 4. 241.
 Trappe, *s.* trap, snare, A 145; trap-door, entrance, T. iii. 741.
 Trapped, *pp.* furnished with trappings, A 2890.
 Trappe-dore, *s.* trap-door, T. iii. 759.
 Trappures, *pl.* trappings for horses, A 2499.
 Traunce, *s.* trance, A 1572; half-conscious state, B 3906; brown study, D 2216.
 Traunce, *ger.* to tramp about, T. iii. 600.
 Trave, *s.* wooden frame for holding unruly horses, A 3282. O. F. *travf*, from Lat. *acc. trabem*, beam.
 Travers, *s.* 'traverse,' a curtain, screen, T. iii. 674; E 1817.
 Trayed, *pt. s.* betrayed, HF. 390; L. 2486.
 Trays, *s.* traces, T. i. 222; A 2130. O. F. *trais*, pl. of *trait*, a trace. The E. *traces* is a double plural.
 Traysen, *ger.* to betray, T. iv. 438.
 Trayteresse, *s.* *sem.* traitress, 3. 620, 813.
 Traytour, *s.* traitor, A 1130; *gen. pl.* of traitors, hence traitorous, C 806.
 Trecherrye, *s.* treachery, trickery, B 4520.
 Trechoures, *pl.* traitors, R. 197.
 Trede, *1 pr. pl.* tread, A 3022; Tret, *pr. s.* treads, D 2002; Trad, *pt. s.* trode, 4368; Troden, *pt. pl.* HF. 2153; Troden, *pp.* stepped, C 712.
 Trede-foul, *s.* treader of fowls, B 3135; 4641.
 Tragedie, *s.* tragedy, sad story, T. v. 1786.
 Tregetour, *s.* a juggler who used mechanical contrivances, HF. 1277; *pl.* F 1141.
 Trench, *s.* a hollow walk, alley, F 392.
 F. *trancher*, to cut.
 Trenchant, *adj.* cutting, sharp, A 3930.
 Trenden, *v.* revolve, B 3. m 11. 4.
 Trentals, *pl.* (sets of) thirty masses for the dead, D 1717, 1724.
 Tresor, *s.* treasure, wealth, B 442, C 779.
 Tresorere, *s.* treasurer, 1. 107; 19. 18.
 Tresorie, *s.* treasury, HF. 524.
 Trespas, *s.* wrong, B 2547; transgression, L. 408, 463.
 Trespassours, *s. pl.* offenders, B 2548.

- Tresse, *s.* a (three-fold) plait (of hair), R. 779; HF. 230; A 1049.
 Tresse, *ger.* to dress (my) hair, to plait, R. 509; *pp.* plaited, D 344.
 Tressour, *s.* head-dress, R. 508. Probably a 'caul,' or net of gold thread.
 Tret, *pr. s.* of Trede.
 Tretable, *adj.* tractable, docile, I 658; yielding, L. 411; inclinable, 3. 923; inclined to talk, 3. 533.
 Trete, *v.* treat, T. iv. 58; treat of, tell, 5. 34; *ger.* to speak, converse, C 64; *pp.* explained, B 5. p 1. 3.
 Tretee, *s.* treaty, A 1288; discussion, F 1219; agreement, E 1802.
 Tretis, *s.* treaty, B 233; account, T. ii. 1697; treatise, A. pr. 5; story, B 2147.
 Tretys, *adj.* well-proportioned, long, A 152; well-fashioned, R. 1016; graceful, R. 932. O. F. *tretis*.
 Trewe, *adj.* true, A 531; honest, L. 464; *pl.* the faithful, B 450.
 Trewe, *adv.* correctly, 8. 4.
 Trewe, *s.* truce, T. iii. 1779, iv. 58; Trewes, *pl.* the days of truce, T. v. 401.
 Trewe love, *s.* true-love (probably a leaf of herb paris or some aromatic confection), A 3692.
 Trewely, *adv.* truly, certainly, A 481.
 Trewer, *adj.* truer, 6. 117.
 Trewer, *adv.* more truly, 3. 927.
 Treweste, *adj. superl.* truest, F 1539.
 Treye, *num.* 'tray,' three, C 653.
 Triacle, *s.* a sovereign remedy, B 479, C 314. O. F. *triacle*.
 Trikled, *pt. pl.* trickled, B 1864.
 Trille, *v.* turn, twirl, F 316. Cf. Swed. *trilla*, to turn round.
 Trip, *s.* small piece, D 1747.
 Trippe, *v.* dance, A 3328; *ger.* to trip, to move briskly with the feet, F 312.
 Trist, *s.* trust, T. i. 154, iii. 403.
 Triste, *s.* tryst, station, T. ii. 1534.
 Triste, *v.* trust, L. 333; *ger.* to trust (to), L. 1885.
 Tristicia, sadness, I 725.
 Troden; see Trede.
 Trogh, *s.* trough, A 3627.
 Trompe, *s.* trumpet, L. 635.
 Tromped, *pt. s.* sounded the trumpet, E 1719.
 Trompes, *pl. trumpeters*, 7. 30; A 2671.
 Tronchoun, *s.* broken shaft of a spear, A 2615. O. F. *tronchon*.
 Trone, *s.* throne, A 2529; throne (of God), heaven, C 842.
 Tropik, *s.* the turning-point, a name for the solstitial points, A. i. 17. 13.
- Tropos, *s.* a turning; but interpreted by Chaucer to mean 'agaynward,' i.e. backward, A. i. 17. 13.
 Trotteth, *pr. s.* trots, i.e. goes, is, E 1538.
 Troublable, *adj.* disturbing, B 4. m. 12.
 Trouble, *adj.* tempestuous, turbid, B 1. m 7. 3; dull, H 279; disturbed, I 537; anxious, E 465; vexed, 6. 133.
 Troubly, *adj.* cloudy, obscure, B 4. m. 5. 35.
 Trouthe, *s.* truth, A 46; fidelity, L. 267; troth, promise, A 1610.
 Trowen, *v.* believe, HF. 699; *pr. s.* trow, believe, imagine, A 155; Trowestow, dost thou think, B 1. p 3. 24.
 Troyewardes, to, towards Troy, T. i. 59.
 Trufles, *s. pl.* trifles, I 715.
 Trumpen, *v.* blow the trumpet, HF. 124.
 Trussed, *pp.* packed, A 681.
 Truwe, *s.* truce, T. iv. 1312, 1314.
 Tryce, *v.* pull, drag away, B 3715. Cf. E. *trice up* (nautical term).
 Trye, *adj.* choice, excellent, B 2046.
 Tryne compas, the threefold world, containing earth, sea, and heaven, G 45.
 Tubbe, *s.* tub, A 3621.
 Tuel, *s.* pipe, slender chimney, HF. 1649. O. F. *tuel*, F. *tuyau*.
 Tukked, *pp.* tucked, A 621.
 Tulle, *v.* entice, allure, A 4134.
 Tunge, *s.* tongue, 1. 128.
 Turet, *s.* the eye in which the ring of the astrolabe turned, A. i. 2. 1. Cotgrave has 'Touret, the little ring by which a Hawkes lune or leash is fastened unto the Jesses.' See Toret.
 Turment, *s.* torment, R. 247.
 Turnente, *ger.* to vex, L. 871.
 Turne, *ger.* to turn, A 2454; *v.* turn (in a lathe), A 3928; Turnen, *v.* return, L. 2619; *pp.* at an end, 3. 689.
 Turneyinge, *s.* tournament, A 2557; mock tournament, R. 1407.
 Turtel, *s.* turtle-dove, A 3706, E 2080.
 Turves, *s. pl.* turf-plots, patches of turf, L. 204; E 2235.
 Tusked, provided with tusks, F 1254.
 Tuskes, *pl.* tusks, T. v. 1238.
 Tuwel, *s.* hole, D 2148. See Tuel.
 Twelf, twelve, C 30.
 Twelfmouth, *s.* twelvemonth, year, A 651, D 909.
 Twelfte, *adj.* twelfth, 4. 139.
 Tweye, two, A 704, 792; Twey, B 2203; *tw.* and *tw.*, in pairs, A 898.
 Tweyfold, *adj.* double, G 566.
 Tweyne, twain, 2. 76; 4. 95.

- Twiggis, *s. pl.* twigs, HF. 1936.
 Twighte, *pt. s.* twitched, drew quickly, T. iv. 1185; Twight, *pp.* distraught, (lit. twitched), T. iv. 572; pulled, D 1563. The infin. is *twicchen*.
 Twinkeling, *s.* twinkling, 4. 222; momentary blinking, E 37.
 Twinkled, *pt. pl.* twinkled, A 267; *pp.* winked, B 2, p. 3. 79.
 Twinne, *v.* sever, part, T. iv. 1197; *tw.* from his wit, lose his mind, 7. 102; depart, B 3195, F 577; *ger.* to separate, B 517; to depart (from), C 430.
 Twinning, *s.* separation, T. iv. 1303.
 Twiste, *s.* (1) twist, tendril, T. iii. 1230; (2) twig, spray, E. 2349.
 Twiste, *v.* wring, torment, F 566; 1 *pt. s.* tortured, D 494; *pt. s.* wrung, E 2005; Twiste, *pt. s. subj.* would compel, constrain, T. iii. 1769; Twist, *pp.* twisted, HF. 775.
 Two so riche, twice as rich, L. 2291. Cf. Ten.
 Twyes, *adv.* twice, A 4348; Twye, A. i. 16. 13.
 Tyd, *ab.* time, hour, T. ii. 1739; (*usually*) Tyde, R. 1452; season, F 142; Tydes, *pl.* tides, A 401.
 Tyden, *v.* befall, happen, B 337; *pr. s.* comes (to), (a Northern form) A 4175; Tit, *pr. s.* betides, T. i. 333; Tid, *pp.* happened, T. i. 907.
 Tydif, *s.* small bird, perhaps the titmouse, L. 154. See Tidifs.
 Tyme, *s.* time, A 35, 44; by tyme, early, betimes, L. 452; in good tyme, 3. 370; Tymes, *pl.* hours, 5. 283; moments, R. 380; (*preceded by a number*) Tyme, gen. *pl.* times, T. i. 441.
 Tyne, *s.* barrel, 12. 9. O. F. *tine*.
 Tyren, *v.* tear, rend, B 3, m. 12. 49; *pr. pl.* pull to pieces, T. i. 787.
 Tytled, *pp.* dedicated, I 894.
- U.
- Umbra extensa, or recta, the lower part of the 'skale'; Umbra versa, the upper part of the same, A. i. 12. 8.
 Umbreyde, *pt. s.* upbraided, reproached, L. 1671.
 Unagreable, *adj.* miserable, B 1. m. 1. 32 (Lat. *ingratis*).
 Unbityde, *v.* fail to happen, B 5. p. 4. 39.
 Unbodie, *v.* leave the body, T. v. 1550.
 Unbokele, *v.* unbuckle, F 555.
 Unbrent, *pp.* unburnt, B 1658.
 Unbroyden, *pp.* unbraided, T. iv. 817.
- Unbuxumnesse, *s.* unsubmissiveness, 24. 27.
 Uncircumscript, *pp.* boundless, T. v. 1865.
 Unconning, *adj.* unskillful, 6. 75.
 Unconninge, *s.* ignorance, B 3066.
 Unconvenable, *adj.* unsuitable, 1 431.
 Uncouple, *v.* to let loose, B 3692.
 Uncouth, *adj.* curious, A 2497; strange, HF. 1279 (where the text has *uncouthe*, but read *uncouth*).
 Uncouthly, *adv.* uncommonly, strikingly, R. 584.
 Uncovenable, *adj.* unseemly, I 631; unfit (for good), B 4. p 6. 333.
 Uncunninge, *adj.* ignorant, B 1. p 1. 68.
 Uncurteisly, *adv.* rudely, E 2363.
 Undefouled, undefiled, B 2. p 4. 24.
 Undepartable, *adj.* inseparable, B 4. p 3. 62.
 Undergroe, *pp.* of short stature, A 156.
 Undermeles, *pl.* undern-times, *perhaps* afternoons, D 875. See below.
 Undern, *s.* B 4412, E 260, 981. A particular time in the morning is here implied, either about 9 a.m., or somewhat later. (Also applied to signify mid-afternoon.)
 Undernom, *pt. s.* perceived, G 243; Undernome, *pp.* reproved, I 401.
 Underput, *pp.* subjected, B 1. p 6. 97.
 Underpyghte, *pt. s.* stuffed, filled underneath, B 789.
 Underspore, *v.* thrust (the staff) under, push beneath, A 3465.
 Understonde, *v.* understand, A 746; *pr. pl.* C646; Understode, *pt. s. subj.* should understand, T. i. 1035; Understonde, *pp.* understood, T. v. 1186.
 Undertake, *v.* affirm, E 803; *ger.* to conduct an enterprise, A 405; warrant, R. 461; dare say, B 3516.
 Undevocioun, *s.* lack of devotion, I 723.
 Undigne, *adj.* unworthy, E 359.
 Undo, *ger.* to unfold, reveal, 3. 899; *v.* unfasten, T. iii. 741; *pr. s.* opens, A 3727.
 Undoutous, *adj.* undoubting, B 5. p 1. 32.
 Uneschewably, *adv.* inevitably, B 5. p 3. 135.
 Uneschuable, *adj.* inevitable, B 5. p 1. 105.
 Unethe, *adv.* scarcely; *wel unethe*, scarcely at all, HF. 2041.
 Unethes, *adv.* with difficulty, T. ii. 566.
 Unfamous, *adj.* lost to fame, HF. 1146.
 Unfestlich, *adj.* unfestive, jaded, F 366.
 Ungiltif, *adj.* guiltless, T. iii. 1018.

- Un-grobbed, *adj.* not digged round, 9. 14.
 Unhap, *s.* ill luck, T. i. 552.
 Unhappily, *adv.* unluckily, T. v. 937.
 Unhardy, *adj.* cowardly, A 4210.
 Unhele, *s.* misfortune, sickness, C 116.
 Unholsom, *adj.* ailing, weak, T. iv. 350.
 Universe; *in universe*, universally, T. iii. 36.
 Universitee, *s.* the universal, B 5. p 4. 187.
 Unkinde, *adj.* unnatural, B 88; cruel, 5. 434.
 Unkindely, *adv.* unnaturally, C 485.
 Unkindenesse, *s.* unkindness, B 1057.
 Unkonning, *adj.* unskillful, A 2303.
 Unkorven, *adj.* uncut, unpruned, 9. 14.
 Unkouth, *adj.* strange, T. ii. 151.
 Unkunninge, *adj.* ignorant, R. 686.
 Unlaced, *pp.* disentangled, B 3. p 12. 166.
 Unleveful, *adj.* not permissible, I 593, 777.
 Unloven, *ger.* to cease to love, T. v. 1698.
 Unlust, *s.* disinclination, I 680.
 Unlyklinesse, *s.* difficulty in pleasing, T. i. 16.
 Unlykly, *adj.* unpleasing, E 2180.
 Unmanhod, *s.* an unmanly act, T. i. 824.
 Unmerie, *adj.* sad, HF. 74.
 Unmighty, *adj.* unable, T. ii. 858.
 Unneste, *imp. s.* leave thy nest, T. iv. 305.
 Unnethe, *adv.* scarcely, hardly, with difficulty, A 3121, B 1050, 1816, 3611.
 Unnethes, *adv.* scarcely, B 1675, D 2168.
 Unordred, *adj.* not belonging to a religious order, I 961.
 Unparigal, *adj.* unequal (Lat. *inparem*), B 3. p 1. 13.
 Unpleyten, *v.* unplait, explain, unfold, B 2. p 8. 11.
 Unpuryed, *adj.* unprovided, uncared for, B 2. p 1. 22.
 Unraced, *adj.* unbroken, untorn, B 4. p 1. 53.
 Unremoved, *pp.* unremoved, without (its) being moved, A. ii. 46. 37.
 Unreste, *s.* restlessness, D 1104.
 Unright, *s.* wrong, T. iv. 550; injury, T. ii. 453.
 Unrightful, *adj.* wicked, L. 1771.
 Unsad, *adj.* unsettled, E 995.
 Unsavory, *adj.* displeasing, I 510.
 Unscience, *s.* unreal knowledge, no knowledge, B 5. p 3. 113.
 Unselinesse, *s.* unhappiness, B 4. p 4. 38.
 Unsely, *adj.* unhappy, B 2. p 4. 8.
 Unset, *adj.* unappointed, A 1524.
 Unshethe, *1 pr. s.* unsheathe, remove, T. iv. 776.
 Unshette, *pt. s.* unlocked, E 2047.
 Unshette, *adj. pl.* not shut, HF. 1953.
 Unsnewed, *pp.* unconfessed, I 999.
 Unsittinge, *adj.* unfit, T. ii. 307.
 Unskilful, *adj.* foolish, T. i. 790.
 Unskilfully, *adv.* unreasonably, B 1. p 4. 223.
 Unslekked, *adj.* unslackened, G 806.
 Unsofte, *adj.* harsh, E 1824.
 Unsolempne, *adj.* uncelebrated, B 1. p 3. 64.
 Unspeedful, *adj.* unprofitable, B 5. p 6. 337.
 Unstaunchable, *adj.* inexhaustible, B 2. p 7. 126 (Lat. *inxhausta*).
 Unstaunched, *adj.* insatiate, B 2. p 6. 115 (Lat. *inxpletam*).
 Unstraunge, *adj.* well-known, A. ii. 17. *rubric.*
 Unsuelle, *v.* become less full, T. iv. 1146.
 Unswete, *adj.* bitter, HF. 72.
 Unthank, *s.* no thanks, want of thanks, T. v. 699; a curse, A 4081.
 Unthrift, *s.* nonsense, T. iv. 431.
 Unthriftily, *adv.* poorly, G 803.
 Unthrifly, *adj.* profitless, T. iv. 1530.
 Untold, *adj.* uncounted, A 3780.
 Untressed, *adj.* with hair loose, 5. 268; unarranged, E 379; unplaited, A 1289.
 Untretble, *adj.* inexorable, B 2. p 8. 2.
 Untrewe, *adv.* untruly, A 735.
 Untriste, *v.* distrust, T. iii. 839.
 Untyme; *in untyme*, out of season, I 1051.
 Unwar, *adj.* unaware, T. i. 304; unexpected, B 427.
 Unwar, *adv.* unexpectedly, unawares, T. i. 549.
 Unwelde, *adj.* (unwieldy), too weak to support herself, R. 359; difficult to move, H 55; difficult to control, A 3886.
 Unwemmed, *adj.* unspotted, spotless, B 924, G 137, 225.
 Unwened, *adj.* unexpected, B 4. p 6. 260.
 Unwist, *adj.* unknown, T. ii. 1294; *unwist of*, uninformed of, T. i. 93; unknown by, L. 1653.
 Unwit, *s.* folly, 4. 271.
 Unwot, *pr. s.* fails to know, B 5. p 6. 177.
 Unwrye, *v.* reveal, T. i. 8-8.
 Unyolden, *pp.* without having yielded, A 2642.
 Up, *adv.* up; open (outwards, not upwards), A 3801; *as v.* up with, HF. 1021; *up and doun*, T. ii. 659; in all directions, A 977; backwards and forwards, A 1052.
 Up, *prep.* on, upon, A 2543; *up peril*, on peril, D 2271; *up peyne*, under the

penalty, D 1587; *up poynt*, on the point, ready, T. iv. 1153.

Up-bounde, *pp.* bound up, T. iii. 517.

Up-caste, *pt. s.* cast up, B 606.

Up-drow, *pt. s.* drew up, L. 1459.

Up-embossed, *pp.* raised, L. 1200.

Up-haf, *pt. s.* uplifted, A 2428.

Upon, *prep.* upon, A 131; in, F 925; against, D 1313.

Upon, *used adverbially*, upon (him or her), on, D 550, 1382.

Uppe, *adv.* up, i. e. left open, F 615.

Up-piight, *pp.* plucked up, pulled up, B 3239.

Upright, *adv.* i. e. reversed, D 2266; also, lying on one's back (mostly of people asleep or dead); A 4194; B 1801.

Up-rist, *pr. s.* rises up, L. 1188; A 4249.

Up-riste, *s. dat.* up-rising, A 1051.

Upronne, *pp.* ascended, F 386.

Up-so-doun, *adv.* upside down, A 1377, G 625.

Upspringe, *v.* rise (as the sun), 4. 14.

Upsterte, *pt. s.* upstarted, arose, A 1080, 1299.

Up-yaf, *pt. s.* yielded up, gave, A 2427.

Up-yolden, *pp.* yielded up, A 3052.

Usaige, *s.* usage, habit, A 110; *hadde in usáige*, was accustomed, B 1696; *was in usáige*, B 1717.

Usaunce, *s.* custom, R. 683.

Usaunt, *pres. pl.* as *adj.* addicted, I 821; accustomed, A 3940.

Usen, *ger.* to accustom, I 245; *v.* use, B 44; *Useith*, *pr. s.* is accustomed, L. 364.

Us-selvè, *pron.* ourselves, I 349.

Usshers, *s. pl.* ushers, F 293.

Usure, *s.* usury, B 1681.

Us-ward, to, towards us, B 2938.

Utter, *adj.* outward, G 498.

Uttereste, *adj. superl.* supreme, E 787.

V.

Vache, *s.* cow, beast, 13. 22. The reference is to a quadruped that looks down to the earth.

Valance, *s.* (possibly) sign of zodiac opposite the mansion of a planet, 4. 145; if so, the reference here is to the sign of Aries.

Valour, *s.* worth, R. 957.

Vane, *s.* a weather-cock, E 996.

Vanish, *i pr. s.* shrink up, waste away, C 732.

Variaunce, *s.* variation, T. iv. 985; Variance, difference, I 427.

Variaunt, *adj.* varying, G 1175.

Vassalage, *s.* prowess, L. 1667.

Vavassour, *s.* a sub-vassal, next in dignity to a baron, A 360.

Veine, *adj. fém.* vain, R. 447.

Veluet, *s.* velvet, R. 1420; Veluettes, *pl.* F 644.

Venerian, *adj.* devoted to Venus, D 600.

Venerye, *s.* hunting, A 166, 2308.

Venge, *v.* revenge, B 2471.

Vengeresses, *s. pl.* avengeresses, avenging deities, B 3. m 12. 38.

Venim, *s.* venom, poison, R. 1080; malice, B 891, C 421; corruption, A 2751; dye (Lat. *veneno*), B 2. m 5. 12.

Ventusinge, *s.* cupping (a surgical operation), A 2747.

Venus, venereal pleasure, D 464.

Ver, the spring, T. i. 157.

Veray, *adj.* very, true, real, L. 1068.

Verdegrees, *s.* verdigrease, G 791.

Verdit, *s.* verdict, A 787.

Vernáge, *s.* a wine of Italy, B 1261.

Vernicle, *s.* vernicle, A 685. A copy of the sacred handkerchief on which the impression of the Saviour's face was distinguishable.

Vernissched, *pt. s.* varnished; hence (jocularly), lined in a lavish way, A 4149.

Verre, *s.* glass, T. ii. 867.

Verray, *adj.* very, true, A 72, 422; *v. force*, main force, B 3237.

Verrayly, *adv.* verily, truly, 2. 73.

Verrayment, *adv.* verily, B 1903.

Versiflour, *s.* poet, B 2783.

Virtu, *s.* virtue, A 307; quickening power, A 4; power, A 2249; valour, R. 1208; mental faculty, HF. 550; magic influence, F 146, 157; *v. plese*, satisfy virtue, be virtuous, E 216.

Virtuous, *adj.* virtuous, A 251; full of virtue, D 1113; full of healing power, R. 1097; holy, I 455.

Verye (a word used in a charm), A 3485. Perhaps for *weri*, an accursed creature; A. S. *wearg*.

Vese, *s.* rush (Lat. *impetus*), A 1985.

Vessel, *s. (collectively)*, vessels, plate, B 3338.

Vestiment, *s.* clothing, F 59.

Veyne, *s.* vein, A 3.

Veyne-blood, *s.* bleeding at a vein, A 2747.

Viâge, *s.* voyage, travel, journey, T. ii. 75; expedition, attempt, T. iii. 732.

Vicaire, *s.* deputy, deputed ruler, 5. 379; Vicary, a vicar, I 22.

Victor, *s. as adj.* of victory, 5. 182.

- Vigile, *s.* wake, T. v. 305.
 Vigilyes, *pl.* vigils, A 37.
 Viker, *s.* vicar, D 2008.
 Vileinous, *adj.* evil, B 2693.
 Vileins, Vileyns, *adj.* villainous, L 1824; rude, D 1268; sinful, I 854, 914; evil, wicked, I 556.
 Vileinys, *adv.* evilly, I 154; Vilaynly, shamefully, R 1498.
 Vileinye, *s.* vile conduct, B 2547; great harm, A 4191; despiteful language, reproach, D 34, 53; disgrace, A 942; unfit speech, A 70; servitude, I 143; dis-courtesy, rudeness, C 740; vileness, HF. 96; reproach, T. iv. 21; evil-doing, B 1681.
 Vinolent, *adj.* full of wine, D 467, 1931.
 Violes, *s. pl.* vials, phials, G 793.
 Virelayes, *s. pl.* baillads with a particular return of rhyme, F 948; L 423.
 Viritoot, *s.* brisk movement, A 3770.
 Viritrare, *s.* hag, D 1582.
 Visâge, *v.* put a face (on it), disguise, E 2273.
 Visitaciouns, *s. pl.* visits, D 555.
 Visyte, *ger.* to visit, A 493, 1194.
 Vitaille, *s.* victuals, provisions, A 248, 569.
 Vitaille, *v.* provide with victuals, L. 1093.
 Vitaillers, *pl.* victuallers, A 4366.
 Vitremyte, *s.* (*probably*) a woman's cap, an effeminate head-dress, B 3562.
 Voided, *pp.* removed, F 1195; cleared, emptied, L 2625.
 Vois, *s.* voice, R 751. See Voys.
 Volage, *adj.* giddy, volatile, R. 1284; wanton, H 239.
 Volatyl, *s. as pl.* fowls, B 1262.
 Voltor, *s.* vulture, B 3. m. 12. 46; *pl.* T. i. 788.
 Volupeer, *s.* night-cap, A 4303; Voluper, woman's cap, A 3241.
 Vouche, *v.*; only used with sauf, safe; Vouche sauf, *v.* to avouch as safe, call safe, vouchsafe, grant, deign, permit, A 812, B 1641, E 2341; *1 pr. s.* am content, A 812, B 1641, E 2341; *2 pr. pl.* vouchsafe, grant, T. iv. 90; *3 pr. pl.* vouchsafe, grant, design, L 2038; Voucheth sauf, *imp. pl.* vouchsafe, E 885, F 1043.
 Voyde (voidée), *s.* 'voidee,' a light dessert, with wine and spices, T. iii. 674.
 Voyden, *v.* get rid of, expel, A 2751, E 910, F 188; *imp. s.* depart from, E 806; 910, F 188; *imp. pl.* send away, G 1136.
 Voydeth, *imp. pl.* send away, G 1136.
 Voys, *s.* voice, A 688, C 531; rumour, E 629; commendation, E 1592; report, T. iii. 1723.
 Vulgar, *adj.* A. ii. 9. 5. The day vulgar is the length of the 'artificial' day,
- with the durations of morning and evening twilight added to it.
 Vyce, *s.* fault, error, T. i. 689; F 101; defect, D 955.
- W.
- Waast, *s.* waist, B 1800.
 Waat, *pr. s.* knows (Northern), A 4086.
 Wacche, *s.* sentinel, B 2216.
 Wachet, *s.* light blue colour, A 3321. Later E. *watchet*.
 Waden, *v.* pass, E 1684; wade (through), D 2084; enter (into), T. ii. 150; go, descend, B 3684.
 Waf, *pt. s.* wove, L 2364.
 Wafereres, *s. pl.* makers of *gaufres* or wafer-cakes, confectioners, C 479.
 Wages, *pl.* A 1803; pay, recompense, 4. 244.
 Wagging, *s.* shaking, T. ii. 1745.
 Waiten, *v.* attend on, L. 1209; *pr. s.* watches, E 708; *imp. s.* observe, A. ii. 5. 18.
 Wake, *v.* be awake, lie awake, 18. 27;
 Waken, *v. act.* awake, B 1187; *pr. s.* watches, F 819; Wook, *1 pt. s.* awoke, 5. 695; remained awake, B 3809; Waked, *pp.* awaked, 3. 294; kept wake, caroused, 3. 977.
 Wake-pleyes, *pl.* funeral games, A 2960.
 Waker, *adj.* vigilant, 5. 358.
 Waking, *s.* watching, being awake, 3. 611; period of wakefulness, B 22; *pl.* vigils, I 257.
 Walet, a wallet, A 686; Walét, A 681.
 Walked, (*for* Walketh), *s.* walking; *in phr.* go walked, *for* go a-walketh, gone a-walking, 3. 387; D 1778.
 Walken, *ger.* to walk, roam, A 2309; Welk, *1 pt. s.* walked, T. ii. 517; *is walked*, is gone, went, A 2368.
 Walsh-note, *gen. sing.* walnut's, HF. 1281.
 Walwe, *ger.* to wallow, roll about, T. i. 699; *pr. pl.* wallow, tumble, A 4278; *pr. s.* tosses, L. 1166; rolls about, D 1085; *pp.* involved, immersed, 12. 17; Wallinge, *pres. part.* causing to roll, B 1. m 7. 4 (Lat. *uoluens*).
 Wanges, *s. pl.* molar teeth, A 4030.
 Wang-tooth, *s.* molar tooth, B 3234.
 Wanhope, *s.* despair, A 1249.
 Wanie, *v.* wane, A 2078.
 Wante, *v.* be wanting, be absent, L. 361; fail, be lacking, I 514; *pr. s.* is lacking, H 338.
 Wantownesse, *s.* wantonness, B 31; mannerism (of speech), A 264.

- Wantrust, *s.* distrust, T. i. 794; H 280.
 War, *adj.* prudent, discreet, cautious, T. i. 203; aware, A 157, 896, 3604; *was I w.*, I observed, 5, 218, 298; *I was w.*, 3. 445; *ben w.*, beware, T. i. 635; *be w.*, beware, 13. 11; take warning, G 737; *be w. fro.*, beware of, L. 473; *beth w.*, beware, T. iii. 1180; B 1629, 328t.
 War him, let him beware, A 662; *war yow*, make way, B 1880.
 Warde, *s. dat.* (?) keeping; *on w.*, into his keeping, 3. 248; *in our w.*, C 201; *under my w.*, I 880.
 Wardcoors, *s.* body-guard, D 359.
 Wardorers, *for* warde rere, look out behind, A 4101.
 Wardrobe, *s.* privy, B 1762.
 Ware, *adj.* aware, 3. 1030.
 Ware, *s.* wares (for sale), merchandise, B 140, 1246.
 Ware, *imp. pl.* beware, B 4416.
 Warente, *ger.* to warrant, protect, C 338.
 Wariangles, *pl.* shrikes, butcher-birds, D 1408.
 Warien, *ger.* to curse, T. ii. 1619; *1 pr. s.* B 372.
 Warisoun, *s.* requital, R. 1537.
 Warisshe, *v.* cure, I 998; recover, be cured, B 2172; *pp.* cured, B 2467.
 Warishsinghe, *s.* cure, B 2205.
 Warly, *adv.* warily, carefully, T. iii. 454.
 Warne, *v.* reject, refuse, 1. 11; *1 pr. s.* warn, bid you take heed, B 16, 1184; invite, B 2652; *2 pr. s. subj.* inform, HF. 893; *pp.* forewarned, L. 2658; given notice, B 1578.
 Warnestore, *ger.* to fortify, defend, B 2487; to garrison, B 2521; *pp.* provisioned, B 1. p 3. 85.
 Warnestoring, *s.* fortifying, B 2525.
 Warýce, *v.* heal, cure, C 906.
 Waste, *adj. pl.* wasted, partially destroyed, A 1331.
 Waste¹-breed, *s.* cake-bread, bread of the very best quality, A 147.
 Wastour, *s.* waster, E 1535.
 Watering, *s.* watering-place (for horses), A 826.
 Wawe, *s.* wave, B 508, I 363.
 Waxen, *pp.* become, T. v. 1014, 1374, 1376.
 Wayk, *adj.* weak, L. 2428, 2713.
 Wayken, *ger.* to grow weak, lessen, T. iv. 1144.
 Waymenten, *ger.* to lament, I 230.
 Waymentinge, *s.* lamenting, lamentation, A 995, 1921.
 Wayn, *s.* car, B 4. m 1. 34.
 Wayten, *ger.* to observe, T. i. 190; to watch for, F 1263; to watch, F 444; *v. to expect*, B 467; *pr. s.* seeks occasion, A 1222.
 Webbe, *s.* a weaver, A 362.
 Wedde, *s. dat.*; *to w.*, as a pledge, in pledge, A 1218, B 1613.
 Wedde, *ger.* to wed, T. v. 863.
 Wedding, *s.* wedlock, 17. 24.
 Wede, *s.* weed, robe, garment, A 1006, B 2107, E 863.
 Weder, *s.* weather, D 2253, F 52; storm, T. ii. 2, iii. 657.
 Wedes, *pl.* weeds, T. i. 946.
 Weel, *adv.* well, A 926; well placed, luckily situated, B 308.
 Weeldinge, *s.* power, control, B 2800.
 Weep, *pt. s. of Wepe.*
 Weeply, *adj.* tearful, sorrowful, B 1. p 1. 3.
 Weet, *s.* wet, A 4107.
 Weex, *pt. s.* waxed, grew, G 513.
 Wegge, *s.* a wedge, A. i. 14. 6.
 Wehee, *s.* a whinnying noise, A 4066.
 Weilawey, alas! D 216.
 Wel, *adv.* well, A 384, B 25; much, L. 1386; many, L. 11; certainly, L. 452; fully, A 29, 49; about (*used with numbers*), A 24; *wel royal*, very royal, F 26; *wel ny*, very nearly, B 3230; *wel the bet*, much better, T. ii. 92; *wel unethe*, scarcely at all, L. 33 a; *to be wel*, to be in favour, 3. 845; *wel is him*, it is well for him, T. i. 350; *well was him*, it was well for him, B 4066; *ful wel*, very well, A 122.
 Welawey, *int.* alas! T. iii. 1695.
 Weld, *s. weld*, *Reseda Luteola*, 9. 17.
 Weld, *s.* power, control, R. 395.
 Welden, *ger.* to have control over, to move with ease, D 1947; to control, D 271; to wield, L. 2000; Welte, *pt. s.* B 3200.
 Weldy, *adj.* wieldy, active, T. ii. 636.
 Wele, *s.* happiness, success, prosperity, well-being, good fortune, A 895, 3101, B 122.
 Weleful, *adj.* prosperous, happy, B 250" blessed, B 451.
 Welefulness, *s.* happiness, B 1. p 5. 35.
 Welk, *pt. s. cf Walken.*
 Welked, *pp. as adj.* withered, C 738, D 277.
 Welken, *s.* heaven, sky, HF. 1601; Welkne, 10. 62.
 Welmeth, *pr. s.* wells, gushes, R. 1561.
 Welte, *pt. s.* wielded, i.e. lorded it over, possessed for use, B 3200.
 Wel-willy, *adj.* benevolent, benign, beneficent, T. iii. 1257.

- Wem, *s.* blemish, R. 930; hurt, F. 121.
 Wemmelees, *adj.* stainless, G. 47.
 Wenden, *ger.* to go, A. 21, 2214; pass away, A. 3025; go, pass, B. 1683; Went, *pr. s.* goes, T. ii. 36, 812; Wente, *pt. s.* went, A. 78, B. 1739; Wente him, *pt. s.* went, G. 110; Wentestow, *z pr. s.* hast thou gone, A. 3486; Went, *pp.* gone, L. 1651; *ben went*, are gone, B. 173; *is went*, is gone, G. 534.
 Wending, *s.* departure, T. iv. 1344, 1436.
 Wene, *s.* supposition, doubt, T. iv. 1593; *withouten wene*, without doubt, R. 574; 732.
 Wenēn, *v.* ween, suppose, imagine, consider, L. 12; G. 676; expect, A. 4320; Wenestow, weenest thou, thinkest thou, D. 311; Weneth, *pr. s.* imagines (with men = one), A. 2195; Wende, *z pt. s.* imagined, T. v. 693; supposed, F. 585; fancied, A. 1269; Wendest, *z pr. s. subj.* shouldst ween, T. i. 1031; Wende, *pt. s. subj.* would have thought, C. 782; Wend, *pp.* supposed, T. iv. 384; imagined, T. v. 1682.
 Wenged, *adj.* winged, HF. 2118.
 Wenges, *pl.* wings, L. 168 a.
 Weninge, *s.* imagination, supposition, T. iv. 992.
 Went, *pr. s.* and *pp.* of Wenden.
 Wente, *pt. s.* of Wenden.
 Wente, *s.* turn, T. ii. 63; path, passage, T. iii. 787; footpath, 18. 69.
 Wepe, *v.* weep, A. 144, 230; Weep, *pt. s.* wept, A. 148, B. 606, 1052; Wepte, *pt. s.* (*weak form*), B. 267; Wepen, *pp.* T. i. 941; Wopen, *pp.* F. 523.
 Wepen, *s.* weapon, L. 1994.
 Werbul, *s.* tune (warble), T. ii. 1033.
 Werche, *v.* work, perform, B. 566; Wroghtestow (*for Wroghkest thou*), thou didst cause, B. 3583; Wroghte, *pt. s.* worked, A. 497; contrived, B. 1788; made, E. 1152; Wroughte, *z pt. s.* acted, A. ii. 3. 46; did, R. 701; Wrought, *pp.* made, formed, R. 559; born, B. 3619; created, G. 326; composed, L. 372.
 Werde, *pt. s.* of Were (wear).
 Werdes, *s. pl.* fates, destinies, B. 1. m 1. 14.
 Were, *s.* weir, 5. 138; T. iii. 35.
 Were, *s.* doubt, 3. 1295; HF. 979; mental struggle, L. 2686. Lowl. Sc. *weir*.
 Were, *z pt. s.* wast, T. iv. 762; *it were*, they were, E. 850; *al were it*, though it were, D. 1172.
 Were (wērē), *v.* wear, 21. 7; Werede, *pt. s.* wore, A. 1388, 3235; Werde, R. 875; Wered, A. 75; Wered upon, *z pt. s.* wore upon (me), D. 559.
 Were, *ger.* to defend, A. 2550.
 Weringe, *s.* wearing, I. 1052.
 Werk, *s.* work, A. 479; act, L. 891.
 Werken, *v.* act, A. 3527; *pr. s.* acts, L. 1385.
 Werkers, *pl.* doers, D. 1937.
 Werkes, *pr. pl.* ache, A. 4030.
 Werking, *s.* deed, H. 210; mode of operation, G. 1367.
 Werne, *ger.* to refuse, T. iii. 149, iv. 111; *v.* refuse, R. 1485; warn off, R. 636; Werned, *pp.* forbidden, R. 442.
 Werning, *s.* let, forbidding, R. 1142.
 Werre, *s.* war, T. ii. 868; trouble, T. v. 1393; *of werre*, in war, T. i. 134; *to w.*, in enmity, 1. 116.
 Werre, *adv.* worse, 3. 616.
 Werreye, *ger.* to make war, A. 1484; *v.* war against, A. 1544; *pr. s.* opposes, I. 487.
 Werreyour, *s.* warrior, L. 597.
 Wers, *adj.* worse, A. 3872.
 Werste, *adj. superl.* worst, T. ii. 304.
 Werte, *s.* wart, A. 555.
 Wery, *adj.* (being) weary, T. iv. 707; worn, R. 440, 664; beaten repeatedly, lit. weary, B. 4. m 5. 17.
 Wesele, *s.* weasel, A. 3234.
 Wesh, *pt. s.* of Wasslie.
 Weste, *v.* turn to the west, L. 61, 197.
 Westren, *v.* to go to the west, T. ii. 906.
 Wete, *s.* perspiration, G. 1187.
 Wete, *v.* wet, HF. 1785.
 Wether, *s.* sheep, T. iv. 1374.
 Weven, *v.* weave, L. 2352; Waf, *pt. s.* wove, L. 2364.
 Wex, *s.* wax, A. 675, E. 1430.
 Wexen, *v.* wax, grow, become, B. 2265, G. 877; *z pr. s. subj.* may I become, G. 1377; Wexe, *z pr. pl.* increase, grow (in applauding), E. 998; Wex, *pt. s.* grew, became, A. 1362; increased, L. 727; Woxe, *pp.* grown, R. 1460; become, HF. 1494.
 Wexede, *pt. s.* conted with wax. A. ii. 40. 28.
 Wey, *s.* way, A. 34; path, R. 1345; the sun's apparent daily path, A. ii. 30. 5; the sun's apparent annual orbit, A. i. 21. 49; *a furlong wey*, a short time (lit. short distance), E. 516; *go wey*, go thy way, T. i. 574; *do wey*, take away, A. 3287.
 Weyen, *v.* weigh, B. 3776; *oghte weyen*, ought to weigh, L. 398.
 Weyere, *s.* the 'weigher,' a translation

- of the Lat. *equator*; because the days and nights, at the equinoxes, are equal; A. i. 17. 25.
- Weyk**, *adj.* weak, 7. 341.
- Weylaway**, *interj.* alas! A 938.
- Weymentinge**, *s.* lamenting, A 902; lament, T. ii. 65.
- Weynes**, *s. pl.* chariots, B 4. m 5. 6.
- Weyven**, *ger.* to turn aside, E 1483; *v.* waive, neglect, T. ii. 284; put aside, D 1176; forsake, G 276; abandon, B 2406.
- Whan**, when, A 5. 18, 179.
- What**, whatever, 4. 170; what sort of a, L. 1305; what with, B 21, 22; why, T. ii. 262, 292; what! how! L. 1800; What that, whatever, E 165; What man that, whoever, B 2645; What... what, partly, . . . partly, HF. 2058.
- Wheelen**, *ger.* to cause to revolve, T. i. 139.
- Wheelkes**, *pl.* pimples, blotches, A 632.
- Whelp**, *s.* cub, A 2627.
- Whenne**, *adv.* whence, E 588.
- Whennes**, *adv.* whence, B 2400.
- Wher**, *adv.* where, B 1785, &c.; wherever, R. 1669; Wher as (*or Wher-as*), whero that, where, B 647, 1311.
- Wher**, whether, (*a common contracted form of whether*), 3. 91.
- Wher-as**, *adv.* where that, where, T. iii. 516.
- Whereof**, *prep.* in what respect, R. 703; for what, R. 1552.
- Wherfore**, for any cause, C 216.
- Wher-on**; *long wher-on*, because of what, G 930.
- Wher-so**, whether, B 294; wherever, L. 439.
- Wher-through**, *adv.* by means of which, 3. 120.
- Wherto**, *adv.* for wherefore, T. i. 409.
- Whete**, *s.* wheat, C 375.
- Whether**, *adj.* which (of two), A 1856.
- Whette**, *pp. pl.* sharpened, T. v. 1760.
- Which**, *pron.* which, A 161; whom, A 568; what kind of, L. 188; Which a, what kind of a, what a, L. 668, 869, &c.
- Whider**, whither, T. v. 428, 486.
- Whilk**, which (Northern), A 4078.
- Whilom**, *adv.* once, D 2017.
- Whirpeltree** (*better Wippeltree*), cornel-tree, A 2023.
- Whirle**, *ger.* to rush, go swiftly, T. v. 1019; *v.* be whirled round, 5. 80.
- Who**, *interrog.* who, T. v. 371; D 692; *indef.* who (it might be), 3. 244; one who, 3. 559; whoever, who, T. v. 1115; Who was who, which was which, A 4300.
- Whyle**, *s.* time, A 3299; *worth the wh.*, worth while, T. v. 882.
- Whyl-er**, *adv.* formerly, G 1328.
- Whyles**, *gen. s. as adv.*; *the whyles*, whilst, 3. 151.
- Whylom**, *adv.* once, formerly, once on a time, R. 10. 362.
- Whyne**, *v.* whine, whinny, D 386.
- Whyt**, *adj.* white, A 238; *as sb.* white wine, C 526, 562; *pl.* innocent, guileless, T. iii. 1507; specious, flattering, T. iii. 901.
- Whyte**, *s.* white (i. e. silver), T. iii. 1384.
- Widwe**, *s.* widow, A 253.
- Widwehode**, *s.* widowhood, I 916; Widwehod, L. 295 a.
- Wierdes**, *pl.* fates, T. iii. 617; Wirdes, L. 2580. A. S. *wyrd*.
- Wight**, *s.* a person, creature, man, living being, A 71, 280; whit, short while, A 4283; **Wights**, *pl.* creatures, men, beings, A 3470.
- Wight**, *adj.* active, B 3457; fleet, A 4080.
- Wighte**, *s.* weight, HF. 730; A 2145, 2520.
- Wilke**, *s.* week, C 362. See Wyke.
- Wiket**, *s.* wicket-gate, small gate, E 2045, 2118.
- Wikkie**, *adj.* evil, wicked, bad, A 1087, 1580; false, B 2247; depraved, 10. 55; much alloyed, HF. 1346.
- Wikked**, *adj.* bad, wicked, L. 2395; *pl.* wicked, I 112. In B 3576, *wikked nest* is put for F. *man ni*, i. e. Sir Oliver Mauny; see the note in the larger edition.
- Wikkednesse**, *s.* evil, 17. 7.
- Wil**, *s.* will, 6. 83. See Wille.
- Wil**, *1 pr. s.* desire, wish, 7. 244; *pr. s.* desires, B 1843.
- Wilde**, *adj.* wild; **Wilde fyrr**, wild fire, fire not easily put out, Greek fire, D 373; flaming spirits, I 445; a disease, erysipelas, A 4172, E 2252; **Wilde**, *pl.* A 2018.
- Wildnesse**, *s.* wilderness, 9. 34.
- Wilen**, *pr. pl.* will, R. 1683.
- Wilful**, *adj.* voluntary, B 3. p II. 167.
- Wilful**, *as adv.* wilfully, willingly, 5. 429.
- Wilfulhed**, *s.* wilfulness, L. 355 a.
- Wilfully**, *adv.* willingly, voluntarily, of free will, by choice, B 4486, C 441.
- Wilfulness**, *s.* wish, B 2572.
- Wille**, *s.* own accord, will, 1. 45, 57; pleasure, desire, E 326, F 1, 8; **Willes**, *gen.* F 568; *as by his w.*, willingly, 17. 12.
- Wil'e**, *v.* will, desire, E 721.
- Willing**, *s.* desire, E 319.
- Willingly**, *adv.* of free will, E 362.
- Wilnen**, *v.* desire, A 2114; **Wilnest**, *2 pr.*

- s. desirest, A 1609; Wilned, 1 *pt. s.* 3. 1262, 1267. A.S. *wilnian*.
Wilninge, s. willing, wishing, B 3. p 11. 88; *pl. desires*, B. 3. p 11. 175.
Willow, s. willow-tree, A 2922.
Wiltow, 2 *pr. s.* wilt thou, A 1156; wishest thou, B 2116; wilt thou (go), D 1387.
Wimpel, s. wimple, a covering for the head, gathered round it, and pleated under the chin, A 151.
Wimpleth, *pr. s.* conceals (as with a wimple), B 2. p 1. 66.
Windas, s. windlass, F 184.
Winde, *ger.* to turn, T. iii. 1541; to revolve, T. ii. 601; to roam about, L. 818; **Winde**, v. wind, entwine, T. iii. 1232; intertwine, 5. 671; ply, bend, T. i. 257; bind with cloths, E 583; twist and turn, G 980; **Winde**, 2 *pr. s. subj.* mayst go, T. iii. 1440; **Wond**, *pt. s.* wound, went about, L. 2253.
Windinge, s. twisting, I 417.
Wind-melle, s. wind-mill, HF. 1280.
Windre, *ger.* to trim, R. 1020; *pp.* trimmed, R. 1018. Cf. O. F. *guignier*.
Windy, adj. unstable as wind, B 2. p 8. 28.
Winged, provided with wings, A 1385.
Winke, v. wink, B 4466; nod, F 348; remain awake, T. iii. 1537; **Winke**, 1 *pr. s.* am asleep, 5. 7.
Winne, *ger.* to win, gain, A 427; to conquer, F 214; to get gain, C 461; *w. fro*, to get away from, T. v. 1125; **Wan**, 1 *pt. s.* got, D 1477; won, gained, A 442, 989; *pt. s. used as pt. pl.* F 1401; **Won-non**, *pp.* won, A 877, 3381.
Winning, s. gain, profit, A 275, D 416.
Winsinge, *pres. pt.* wincing, starting aside, i.e. skittish, A 3263.
Winter, *pl.* years, T. i. 811.
Wirche, v. work, A 3430; provide, E 1661; give relief, A 2759; *in passive sense*, to be made, HF. 474; *ger.* to perform, A 3308; **Wirk**, *imp. s. do*, E 1485.
Wirdes, *pl.* Fates, L. 2580; **Wierdes**, T. iii. 617.
Wirk, *imp. s. work, do*, E 1485.
Wirkinge, s. efficiency, B 3. p 11. 26; actions, D 698; calculation, F 1280.
Wis, *adv.* certainly, verily, surely, T. ii. 381, 474, 563; A 2786, D 621; *as wis*, as sure (as), T. iv. 1655; assuredly, F 1470. See **Ywis**.
Wisly, *adv.* certainly, truly, verily, A 1863, 3994, 4162.
Wisse, v. instruct, T. i. 622; inform, D 1415; show, tell, D 1008; 2 *pr. s. subj.*
- teach, 5. 74; *imp. s. direct, guide*, 1. 155. A.S. *wissian*.
Wissh, 1 *pt. s.* washed, R. 96, 125.
Wisshe, v. wish, T. ii. 406.
Wist, -e; see **Witen**.
Wit, s. reason, R. 1535; understanding, B 2702; judgement, A 279; mind, R. 1694; knowledge, mental power, R. 401; wisdom, T. iv. 1508; proof of intelligence, E 459; **Wittes**, *pl. senses*, B 202; wits, F 706; opinions, F 203.
Witen, *ger.* to know, to wit, T. v. 1324;
Wite, *ger.* to know, 3. 493; to discover, D 1450; *do you wite*, make you know, inform you, T. ii. 1635; **Woot**, 1 *pr. s.* wot, know, A 389; *pr. s.* knows, 2. 30; **Wot**, 1 *pr. s.* L 4; *pr. s.* knows, B 195; **Woost**, 2 *pr. s.* knowest, T. i. 633; **Wost**, 2 *pr. s.* L 542; **Wostow**, thou knowest, A 204; **Witen**, 1 *pr. pl.* wit, know, A 1260; **Witen**, 2 *pr. pl.* D 1890; know ye, H 1. 82; **Woot** (*wrongly used for Wite*), 2 *pr. pl.* know, A 740; **Wiste**, 1 *pt. s.* wist, knew, E 814; **Wistest**, 2 *pt. s.* knewest, A 1156; **Wistestow**, knewest thou, T. iii. 1644; **Wiste**, *pt. s.* knew, R. 1344; **Wist**, *pp.* known, B 1072; **Witeth**, *imp. pl.* know, T. i. 687. A.S. *witan*; *pr. t. wāt, wāst, wāt, pl. witon*; *pt. t. wiste*.
With, with, A 5, 10, &c.; *to hele with your hurtes*, to heal your wounds with, F 474.
With-draw, 1 *pt. s.* subtracted, A. ii. 45. 12.
Withholden, *ger.* to retain, I 1041; **Withholde**, *pp.* retained, B 2202; detained, G 345; shut up, kept in confinement, A 511.
Withinne-forth, *adv.* within, B 5. p 5. 14.
With-oute-forth, *adv.* outwardly, I 172.
Withouten, *prep.* besides, as well as, A 461; excepting, T. ii. 236.
Withseye, v. contradict, gainsay, A 803; refuse, L 367; renounce, G 457.
Withsonde, v. withstand, oppose, B 3110; **Withsonde**, *pp.* withstood, T. i. 253.
Witing, s. knowledge, cognizance, A 1611.
Witingly, *adv.* knowingly, I 401.
Witnesfully, *adv.* publicly, B 4. p 5. 11.
Wittery, *adv.* plainly, truly, L. 2606.
Wivere, s. wyvern, snake, T. iii. 1010. O.F. *wivre*, lit. viper.
Wlatson, *adj.* disgusting, B 3514; heinous, B 4243.
Wo, s. *woe*, R. 319; *me is wo*, I am sorry,

- L. 1985; *wo were us*, woe would be to us, E 139.
- Wo**, *adj.* unhappy, R. 312; sad, grieved, A 351.
- Wode**, *adj.*; see **Wood**.
- Wode-binde**, *s.* woodbine, honeysuckle, A 1508.
- Wodedowve**, *s.* wood-pigeon, B 1960.
- Wodewale**, *s.* the green woodpecker, *Gecinus viridis*, R. 914.
- Wodnesse**, *s.* madness, T. iii. 794.
- Wol**, *1 pr. s.* (I) will, A 42; desire, E 646;
- Wole**, *1 pr. s.* am ready to, T. i. 580;
- Wolt**, *2 pr. s.* wilt, E 314; Woltow, wilt thou, A 1544; dost thou wish, D 840;
- Wol**, *pr. s.* will, B 60; wills, desires, HF. 662; wishes for, T. ii. 396; wishes (to go), will go, L. 1191; permits, H 28;
- Wole**, will go, D 353; *wol adoun*, is about to set, I 72; Wol ye so, if you so wish it, E 2264; Wil ye, wish ye, F 378; Wolen, *pr. pl.* will, wish (to have), A 2121; Wollen, *pr. pl.* will, B 2561; Wolde, *1 pt. s.* desired, 6. 48; should like, B 1637;
- Woldestow**, if thou wouldest, L. 760; wouldest thou, B 4536; Wolde, *pt. s.* would, A 144; would like to, B 1182; wished, L. 952; required, F 577; would go, would turn, F 496; wished to, 4. 124; T. ii. 514; Wolde . . . unto, would go to, B 3786; *god wolde*, oh! that God would grant, 3. 665; *wolde god*, oh! that God would be pleased, D 1103; Wolde whoso nolde, i.e. whoever would or would not, T. i. 77; Wold, *pp.* desired, 18. ii. 2115; willed, B 2190, 2615.
- Wolde**, *s. dat.* possession, R. 451.
- Wolle**, *s.* wool, L. 1791.
- Woln**, **Woltow**; see **Wol**.
- Wombe**, *s.* belly, A 4290; womb, E 2414; the depression in the front of an astrolabe, A. i. 3. 3.
- Wombe-side**, the front of the astrolabe, A. i. 6. 10.
- Womanhede**, *s.* womanhood, B 851.
- Wond**; *pt. s. of Wind*.
- Wonde**, *v. desist*, L. 1187.
- Wonder**, *adj.* wonderful, wondrous, strange, T. i. 419.
- Wonder**, *adv.* wondrously, R. 242.
- Wonderly**, *adv.* wondrously, A 84.
- Wonder-most**, *adj. sup.* most wonderful, HF. 2059.
- Wonders**, *adv.* wondrously, R. 27.
- Wone** (*wone*), *s.* custom, usage, wont, T. ii. 318; HF. 76.
- Wone**, *v.* dwell, inhabit, G 332; Woneth, *pr. s.* dwells, lives, D 1573; Woneden,
- pt. pl.* dwelt, A 2927; Woneth, *pp.* dwelt, T. i. 270; wont, accustomed, T. ii. 400, v. 277.
- Wones** (*wōnez*), *pl.* places of retreat, hence, range of buildings, D 2105. See **Woon**.
- Wonger**, *s.* pillow, B 2102.
- Woning**, *s.* habitation, house, A 606.
- Wonne**, *-n*; see **Winne**.
- Wood**, (*wōōd*), *s.* woad, 9. 17.
- Wood**, (*wōōd*), *adj.* mad, A 184, 582, 636; mad with anger, D 313; *for wood*, as being mad, madly, furiously, L. 2420; *for pure wood*, for very rage, R. 276; *ten so wood*, ten times as fierce, L. 736; Wode, *def. adj.* mad, T. ii. 1355.
- Woodeth**, *pr. s.* rages, G 467.
- Woodly**, *adv.* madly, A 1301.
- Woodnesse**, *s.* madness, rage, A 2011, 3452.
- Woon** (*wōōn*), *s.* resource, T. iv. 1181; plenty, abundance, L. 1652; number, L. 2161; retreat, secure place, HF. 1166; *of sorwe woon*, abundance of sorrow, 3. 475; Wones, *pl.* places of retreat, range of buildings, D 2105.
- Woost**, **Woot**; see **Wite**.
- Wopen**, *pp. of Wepe*.
- Worcher**, *s.* worker, maker, 4. 261.
- Worcheth**, *pr. s.* works, 3. 815.
- Word**, *s.* word, A 304; *good word*, approval, T. v. 1081; *w. by w.*, word by word, D 2244; *at shorte wordes*, briefly, in a word, L. 2462; *haddie the wordes*, was spokesman, I 67.
- Word and ende** (*for Ord and ende*), beginning and end, T. ii. 1495, iii. 702, v. 1669; B 3911.
- Worm-foul**, *s.* birds which eat worms, 5. 505.
- Wort**, *s.* unfermented beer, wort, G 813.
- Wortes**, *pl.* herbs, B 4411, E 226.
- Worthen**, *v.* be, dwell, T. v. 329; to become, 4. 248; Worth, *pr. s.* is, (*or. as fut.*) shall be; (*hence*) Wo worth, it is woe to, it shall be woe to, it is ill for, it shall be ill for, T. ii. 344; Wel worth of dremes ay thisse olde wyves, it is well for these old wives as regards dreams, i.e. dreams are all very well for old women, T. v. 379; Wel worth [*not worthe*] of this thing grete clerkes, it is well for great writers as regards this thing, i.e. this thing is all very well for great writers, HF. 53; Worth upon, gets upon, B 1941; Worth up, get up on, mount, T. ii. 1011.
- Wost**, **Wostow**, **Wot**; see **Wite**.

- Wouke, *s.* week, T. iv. 1278, v. 492.
 Wounde, *s.* wound, i. 79; plague (Lat. *plaga*), I 593; Woundes of Egyppe, *pl.* plagues of Egypt (unlucky days so called), 3. 1207.
 Wowe, *ger.* to woo, T. v. 1091.
 Wowing, *s.* wooing, L. 1553.
 Woxen, *pp.* of Wexe.
 Wrak, *s.* wreck, B 513.
 Wrak, *pt. s.* avenged, T. v. 1468.
 Wrang, *adv.* wrongly, amiss (Northern), A 4252.
 Wrastlen, *v.* wrestle, B 3456.
 Wrathen, *ger.* to render angry, T. iii. 174.
 Wraw, *adj.* angry, H 46; Wrawe, peevish, fretful, I 677.
 Wraunesse, *s.* peevishness, fretfulness, I 680.
 Wrecche, *s.* sorrowful creature, A 931; wretched man, T. i. 708.
 Wrecche, *adj.* wretched, F 1020.
 Wrecchednesse, *s.* misery, B 3540; mean act, F 1523; folly, I 34; miserable performance, F 1271; miserable fare, H 171.
 Wreche, *s.* vengeance, T. v. 890, 896.
 Wreek, *imper. s.* of Wreke.
 Wreen, *v.* cover, clothe, R. 56; Wreigh, *pl. s.* covered, hid, T. iii. 1056.
 Wreke, (wrēkō), *v.* wreak, avenge, C 857; *pr. s. subj.* avenge, L. 2340; *2 pr. pl. F* 454; Wrak, *pt. s.* T. v. 1468; Wreken, *pp.* revenged, F 784; Wroken, *pp.* T. i. 88.
 Wreker, *s.* avenger, 5. 361.
 Wrenches, *s. pl.* frauds, stratagems, tricks, G 1081.
 Wreste, *v.* constrain, force, T. iv. 1427.
 Wreye, *v.* bewray, reveal, A 3503.
 Wrighte, *s.* workman, A 614.
 Wringe, *v.* squeeze, force a way, HF. 2110; wring, HF. 299; Wrong, *pt. s.* wrung, pinched, D 492.
 Writ, *s.* scripture, A 739.
 Writ, -e, -en; see Wryte.
 Wroght, -e; see Werche.
 Wroken, *pp. of* Wreke.
 Wrong, *s.*; had wrong, was wrong, 3. 1282.
 Wrong, *adv.* astray, A 1267.
 Wrooth (wrōōth), *adj.* wroth, angry, 3. 513, 519.
 Wrot, *pt. s.* wrote, T. i. 655.
 Wroteth, *pr. s.* tears with the snout, buries the snout, pokes about, I 157.
 Wrye, *ger.* to hide, T. iii. 1569; to disguise, T. i. 329; *v.* cover, E 887.
 Wrye, *v.* reveal, discover, flood with light, 4. 91. Variant of Wreye, q. v. [It might be better to read *wreye*, and *dye* in 1. 90.]
 Wryen, *v.* turn aside, 3. 627; *ger.* to turn, go, T. ii. 906; *pt. s.* bent, A 3283.
 Wryte, *v.* write, A 96; Writ, *pr. s.* writeth, writes, T. i. 394; Wroot, *pt. s.* B 725; Wrōt, T. i. 655; Written, *pt. pl.* wrote, HF. 1504; Writte, *i. pt. s. subj.* were to write, B 3843; Writen, *pp.* written, 2. 43.
 Wrythe, *ger.* to turn aside, T. iv. 9; to wriggle out, T. iv. 986; Wrytheth, *pr. s.* writhes out, throws forth wreaths of smoke (Lat. *torquet*), B. i. m. 4. 10; Wryth, *pr. s.* writhes, wreathes, T. iii. 1231.
 Wyd, *adj.* wide, A 491.
 Wyde, *adv.* widely, far, T. i. 629.
 Wyde-where, far and wide, everywhere, B 136.
 Wyf, *s.* woman, C 71; wife, 3. 1082; mistress of a household, G 1015; *to w.*, for wife, A 1860; Wyves, *pl.* women, wives, L. 484.
 Wyfhood, *s.* womanhood, B 76.
 Wyfles, *adj.* wifeless, E 1256.
 Wyfly, *adv.* womanly, wife-like, L. 1737.
 Wyke, *s.* week, T. ii. 430, 1273.
 Wyle, *s.* wile, plot, T. iii. 1077; subtlety, 5. 215.
 Wyn, *s.* wine, A 334; *wyn ape*, H 44; wine which made a man behave like an *ape* (so also *lion-wine*, *pig-wine*, *sheep-wine*).
 Wynt, *pr. s.* turns, directs, L. 85; Wond, *pt. s.* wound, L. 2253.
 Wyr, *s.* bit, L. 1205.
 Wys, *adj.* wise, prudent, A 68; *to make it wys*, to make it a subject for deliberation, to hesitate, A 785.
 Wyse, *s.* way, manner, L. 20.
 Wyser, *adj.* wiser, one wiser than you, L. 2634.
 Wyte, *s.* blame, reproach, G 953; *yow to wytē*, for a blame to you, i.e. laid to your charge, R. 1541.
 Wyte, *ger.* to blame, T. i. 825 (understand *is* before *nought*); Wyten, *v.* accuse, I 1016.

V.

Y, a prefix used especially with the *pp.*, like the A. S. *ge-* and G. *ge-*. See below. It also occurs in the infinitive, as in *y finde*, *y here*, *y knowe*, *y see*, *y thes*.

It also occurs in the adjective *y-sene*. For further information, see under the forms of the infinitive mood; e.g. for the infin. of *y-bake*, see *Bake*.

Yaf; *pt. s.* of *Yeve*, to give.

Yald, *pt. s.* of *Yelden*, to yield.

Yare, *adj.* ready, *L.* 2270.

Yate, *s.* gate, *T. ii.* 617.

Yave; see *Yeve*.

Y-bake, *pp.* baked, *L.* 709.

Y-banisht, *pp.* banished, *L.* 1863.

Y-barred, *pp.* barred, *R.* 480.

Y-bathed, *pp.* bathed, *T. iv.* 815.

Y-bedded, *pp.* put to bed, *T. v.* 346.

Y-been, *pp.* been, *B* 4487.

Y-benchend, *pp.* furnished with benches, *L.* 98 a.

Y-betten, *pp.* beaten, *T. i.* 741; beaten, forged, *A* 2162; formed in beaten gold, *A* 979; struck, coined, *L.* 1122.

Y-blent, *pp.* blinded, *R.* 1610; *A* 3808; deceived, *3.* 647.

Y-blessed, *pp.* blessed, *B* 4638.

Y-bleynt, *pp.* blenched, turned aside, *A* 3753.

Y-blowe, *pp.* blown, *T. i.* 384.

Y-boren, *pp.* born, *C* 704, *E* 626; **Y-bore**, born, *E* 158; borne, carried, *T. v.* 1650; moved, *F* 326.

Y-bought, *pp.* bought, *T. i.* 810.

Y-bounden, *pp.* bound, *5.* 268.

Y-bowed, *pp.* diverted, *B* 4. p 6. 179.

Y-brend, *pp.* burnt, *G* 318; **Y-brent**, *HF.* 940.

Y-brought, *pp.* brought, *L.* 938.

Y-brouded, *pp.* embroidered, *L.* 159 a. Cf. *A. S. bregden*, *pp.* of *bregdan*.

Y-caught, *pp.* fixed, *3.* 838.

Y-chaped, *pp.* furnished with chapes or metal caps (which were placed at the end of the sheath), *A* 366.

Y-cheyned, *pp.* chained, *17.* 14.

Y-clad, *pp.* clad, clothed, *R.* 890.

Y-clawed, *pp.* clawed, torn, *D* 1731.

Y-clenched, *pp.* clinched, riveted, *A* 1991.

Y-cleped, *pp.* called, *A* 410, 867, *G* 129, *H* 2; invoked, *T. iv.* 504; summoned, *B* 2435; named, *A* 3313; **Y-clept**, called, *A* 376.

Y-comen, *pp.* come, *HF.* 1074; *ycome about*, come about, passed, *B* 3364.

Y-córoned, *pp.* crowned, *L.* 219.

Y-corumped, *pp.* corrupted, *B* 5. p 2. 28.

Y-corven, *pp.* cut, *G* 533; **Y-corve**, *A* 2013. See *Kerve*.

Y-coupled, *pp.* coupled, wedded, *E* 1219.

Y-coyned, *pp.* coined, *C* 770.

Y-crased, *pp.* cracked, broken, *3.* 324.

Y-cristned, *pp.* baptized, *B* 240.

Y-crowe, *pp.* crowded, *A* 3357.

Y-dampned, *pp.* condemned, *L.* 2030.

Y-darted, *pp.* pierced with a dart, *T. iv.* 240.

Y-del, *adj.* idle, empty, vain, *B* 2778; *in ydel*, in vain, *B* 2494, *F* 867.

Y-dight, *pp.* decked, *A* 3205.

Ydolastre, *s.* idolater, *B* 3377.

Ydole, *s.* idol, *3.* 626.

Y-doone, *pp.* done, *B* 4610; over, *E* 1894.

Y-drad, *pp.* dreaded, *T. iii.* 1775.

Y-drawe, *pp.* drawn, *A* 396, 944.

Y-dressed, *pp.* dressed, arranged, set, *E* 381.

Y-dronke, *pp.* drunk, *B* 2601.

Y-dropped, *pp.* bedropped, covered with drops, *A* 2884.

Yé, *s.* eye, *R.* 296; *at yé*, at eye, to sight, evidently, *G* 964, 1059; Saugh with *yé*, perceived, *A* 3415; **Yén**, *pl.* eyne, eyes, *B* 3260, 3392.

Ye, *adv.* yea, verily, *T. i.* 534.

Yeddinges, *pl.* songs, *A* 237.

Yede, *pt. s.* walked, went, *G* 1141, 1281. A. S. *ēode*.

Yeer, *s.* year, *A* 347; **Yere** (*in phr.* many a *yere*), *B* 132; **Yeres ende**, year's end, *D* 916; **Yeir by yere**, year after year, *B* 1688; **Fro yeir to yeire**, *5.* 321; **Yeir**, (*archaic*) *pl.* *A* 82; **Yeres**, (*new*) *pl.* *B* 463.

Yef, *imp. s.* give, *T. v.* 308.

Yeftas, *pl.* gifts, *T. iv.* 392.

Yelden, *ger.* to yield up, *D* 912; to yield to, pay, *D* 1811; **Yelt**, *pr. s.* yields, *T. i.* 385; **Yelde**, *pr. s. subj.* requisite, *D* 1772, 2177; **Yald**, *pt. s.* afforded, *B* 4. m 7. 25; **Yeld**, *imp. s.* restore, *C* 189; **Yolden**, *pp.* yielded, *T. i.* 801; **Yolden**, *submissive*, *T. iii.* 96; **Yeldinge**, *pres. pt.* giving, *B* 2994.

Yeldalle, *s.* guild-hall, *A* 370.

Yelding, *s.* produce, lit. 'yielding,' *A* 596.

Yelleden, *pt. pl.* yelled, *B* 4579.

Yelpe, *ger.* to boast, *A* 2238; *pr. pl.* prate, *T. iii.* 307.

Yelwe, *adj.* yellow, *R.* 310.

Yeman, *s.* yeoman, *A* 101.

Yemarily, *adv.* in a yeomanlike manner, *A* 106.

Yen = **Yén**, *pl.* eyes; see **Yé**.

Y-ended, *pp.* ended, *R.* 1315.

Yerd, *s.* yard, garden, *R.* 492.

Yerde, *s.* rod, stick, *T. i.* 257, 740; switch,

- A 149; rod, 'caduceus,' A 1387; yard (in length), A 1050; correction, E 22.
Yerne, *adj.* eager, brisk, lively, A 3257.
Yerne, *adv.* eagerly, soon, D 993; briskly, quickly, glibly, 5. 3; C 398; *as y.*, very soon, HF. 910.
Yerne, *ger.* to yearn for, to be longed for, T. iv. 198; *v.* desire, T. iii. 152.
Yeten (yééton), *v.* pour, shed, B 1. m 7. 1. A.S. *götan*.
Yeve, *v.* give, A 232; **Yevest**, 2 *pr. s.* givest, F 1033; **Yeveth**, *pr. s.* E 93; **Yeve**, *pr. s. subj.* may (he) give, E 30; **Yaf**, 1 *pt. s.* gave, E 861; **Yaven**, *pt. pl.* G 415; **Yeven**, *pt. pl. subj.* would give, HF. 1708; **Yeven**, *pp.* given, A 1086; devoted, 7. 111.
Yevres, *pl.* givers, I 791.
Yaving, *s.* giving, 18. 37; what one gives, 4. 230.
Yexeth, *pr. s.* hiccoughs, A 4151.
Y-fallen, *pp.* fallen, B 3166; happened, G 1043; having befallen, C 490.
Y-fare, *pp.* gone, T. iii. 577.
Y-felawshiped, *pp.* made companions, B 2. p 6. 91.
Y-fere, together, B 394, E 1113, G 380. Cf. *Infere*.
Y-fet, *pp.* fetched, F 174, G 1116.
Y-fetered, *pp.* fettered, A 1229.
Y-fethered, *pp.* feathered, R. 951.
Y-feyned, *pp.* feigned, invented, L. 327 a; evaded, E 529.
Y-ficched, *pp.* fixed, B 4. p 6. 125.
Y finde, *v.* find, F 470; **Y-founde**, *pp.* L. 1668.
Y-flit, *pp.* moved, whirled along, B 1. m 2. 14.
Y-followed, *pp.* followed, 3. 390.
Y-forged, *pp.* made, A 3256.
Y-formed, *pp.* created, HF. 490.
Y-fostred, *pp.* fostered, sustained, E 213; brought up, A 3946.
Y-founde, *pp.* found, A 1211, 3514.
Y-founded, *pp.* set on a foundation, 5. 231; based, 3. 922.
Y-freten, *pp.* eaten, devoured, L. 1951.
Y-frounced, *adj.* wrinkled, R. 155.
Y-fyned, *adj.* refined, delicately formed, R. 1666.
Y-fyred, *pp.* fired, L. 1013.
Y-gerdoned, *pp.* rewarded, B 5. p 3. 182.
Y-geten, *pp.* gotten, procured, A 3564.
Y-glased, *pp.* glazed, 3. 323.
Y-glewed, *pp.* fixed tight, F 182.
Y-glosed, *pp.* flattered, H 34.
Y-goon, *pp.* gone, L. 2206, 2213.
Y-graunted, *pp.* granted, C 388.
Y-grave, *pp.* dug up, cut, L. 204; dug out, 3. 164; engraved, graven, A 3796; buried, D 496.
Y-greved, *pp.* harmed, A 4181.
Y-grounde, *pp.* ground, A 3991; sharpened, pointed, A 2549.
Y-grounded, *pp.* grounded, 3. 921.
Y-growen, *pp.* grown, A 3973.
Y-halwed, *pp.* consecrated, L. 1871.
Y-harded, *pp.* hardened, F 245.
Y-hated, *pp.* hated, HF. 200.
Y-hent, *pp.* seized, caught, C 868.
Y-herd, *pp.* *as adj.* covered with hair, A 3738.
Y-here, *v.* hear, T. iv. 1313.
Y-heried, *pp.* praised, T. ii. 973.
Y-hevied, *pp.* weighed down, B 5. m 5. 26.
Y-hid, *pp.* hid, G 317.
Y-hight, *pp.* called, T. v. 541.
Y-holde, *pp.* esteemed to be, A 2374; celebrated, A 2958; considered, C 602; indebted, L. 1954; continued, E 1932; restrained, HF. 1286.
Y-hurt, *pp.* hurt, A 2709.
Y-japed, *pp.* jested, T. i. 318.
Yif, *conj. if*, L. 2059, 2312.
Yif, *imp. s.* give; see *Yive*.
Yift, *s. gift*, 3. 247, 695, 1270.
Yilden, *ger.* to repay, B 5. p 1. 14; **Yildeth**, *pr. s.* yields, produces, B 4. m 6. 31. See *Yelden*.
Y-joigned, *pp.* joined, B 2. p 6. 93.
Yis, yes, L. 517.
Yesterday, yesterday, R. 1040.
Yit, yet, L. 4. 106.
Yive, *ger.* to give, A 225; **Yiveth**, *pr. s.* gives, 18. 38; *pr. s. subj.* may (he) give, 3. 683; **Yiven**, *pp.* given, granted, 3. 705.
Yiver, *s. giver*, L. 2228.
Y-kempt, *pp.* combed, A 4369.
Y-kist, *pp.* kissed, T. iv. 1689.
Y-kneled, *pp.* kneeled, L. 1232.
Y-knet, *pp.* knotted, tightly bound, T. iii. 1734; **Y-knit**, joined, 6. 32.
Y-knowe, *v.* know, F 887; recognize, HF. 1336; discern, D 1370; *pp.* known, 3. 392.
Y-korven, *pp.* cut, B 1801.
Y-koud, *pp.* known well, 3. 666.
Y-lad, *pp.* carried (in a cart), A 530.
Y-laft, *pp.* left, A 2746; left behind, F 1128.
Y-laid, *pp.* laid, L. 2141.
Y-lain, *pp.* lain, remained, L. 2410.
Yle, *s. isle, island*, HF. 416, 440; *region, province*, L. 1425.

- Y-lent**, *pp. lent*, G 1406.
Y-lered, *pp. educated*, T. i. 976.
Y-let, *pp. hindered, obstructed*, B 5.
 p 4. 34.
Y-leten, *pp. left, allowed*, B 4. p 4.
 308.
Y-leyd, *pp. laid*, A 3568.
Y-liche, *adj. alike, similar*, L 389.
Y-liche, *adv. alike, equally*, A 2526.
Y-lissed, *pp. eased*, T. i. 1089.
Y-lived, *pp. lived*, T. v. 933.
Y-logged, *pp. lodged*, B 4181.
Y-loren, *pp. lost*, L 26; **Y-lorn**, *pp. lost*,
 T. iv. 1250.
Y-lost, *pp. lost*, HF. 183.
Y-loved, *pp. loved*, T. i. 594.
Y-lyk, *adj. like*, A 592; *alike*, A 2734;
Y-lyke, *like*, A 1539.
Y-lyke, *adv. alike, equally*, L 55, 731.
Y-lymed, *pp. caught (as birds with bird-
 lime)*, D 934.
Y-maad, *pp. made, caused*, HF. 601.
Ymagéries, *pl. carved work*, HF. 1190,
 1304.
Ymagined, *pp. considered, intentional*,
 I 448.
Y-maked, *pp. made*, L 122, 222.
Y-marked, *pp. set down, marked out*,
 planned, HF. 1103.
Y-masked, *pp. enmeshed*, T. iii. 1734.
Y-medled, *pp. mingled*, T. iii. 815.
Y-mel, *prep. among (Northern)*, A 4171.
Y-ment, *pp. intended*, HF. 1742.
Y-met, *pp. met*, A 2624; **Y-mette**, *as pl.
 adj. met*, B 1115.
Y-meynd, *pp. mixed, mingled*, A 2170.
Y-moeved, *pp. moved*, B 4. m 6. 7.
Ympne, *s. lyric poem (lit. hymn)*, L
 422.
Y-mused, *pp. mused, reflected*, HF.
 1287.
Y-nempned, *pp. named*, I 598.
Y-nogh, *adj. enough, sufficient*, A 373,
 3149; **Y-now**, G 1018; **Y-nowe**, *pl. 5.
 233*.
Y-nogh, *adv. enough, sufficiently*, 6. 13;
Y-nough, R. 247.
Y-name, *pp. caught, overcome*, T. i. 242;
 taken, L 2343.
Y-norished, *pp. educated*, T. v. 821.
Y-offred, *pp. offered, dedicated*, L 932.
Yok, *s. yoke*, E 113, 1285.
Yolde, *-n*; see **Yelden**.
Yolle, *pr. pl. cry aloud*, A 2672.
Yomanrye, *s. yeomanry*, A 3949.
Yon, *adj. yon*, A 4178.
Yond, *adv. yonder*, A 1099.
Yong, *adj. young*, A 79.
Yonghede, *s. dat. youth*, R. 351.
Yore, *adv. formerly, of old*, B 174, 272;
 for a long time, a long while, A 1813; long ago, long, i. 150; *yore agon*, long ago, 5. 17; *yore ago*, A 3437; *ful y.*, very long ago, 7. 243, 346; *of tyme y.*, of old time, F 963.
Youling, *s. loud lamentation*, A 178.
Y-painted, *pp. painted*, R. 892.
Y-passed, *pp. passed*, R. 380; past, E 1892.
Y-payed, *pp. paid*, A 1802.
Y-piked, *pp. picked over*, G 941.
Y-pleased, *pp. pleased*, D 930.
Y-pleyned, *pp. complained*, T. iv. 1688.
Y-pleynted, *pp. full of complaint*, T. v.
 1597.
Y-plounched, *pp. plunged, sunk*, B 3.
 p 11. 122.
Y-pliedt, *pp. pleated, gathered*, B 1.
 p 2. 31.
Ypocras, Hippocrates; hence a kind of cordial, C 306.
Ypocryte, *s. hypocrite*, F 514.
Y-portreyd, *pp. covered with pictures*, R. 897.
Y-porveyed, *pp. foreseen*, B 5. p 3. 45.
Y-prayed, *pp. invited*, E 269.
Y-preised, *pp. praised*, HF. 1577.
Y-preved, *pp. proved (to be)*, A 485.
Y-pulled, *pp. plucked*, i.e. with superfluous hairs plucked out, A 3245.
Y-purveyed, *pp. foreseen*, B 5. p 3. 88.
Y-queynt, *pp. quenched*, A 3754.
Y-quiked, *pp. kindled*, I 536.
Y-quit, *pp. quit, acquitted*, F 673.
Y-raft, *pp. bereft, snatched away*, A 2015;
 reft, robbed, L 1572.
Yre, *s. ire, anger, vexation*, I. 30.
Y-red, *pp. red*, T. iv. 799.
Y-reke, *pp. raked together*, A 3882.
Y-rekened, *pp. accounted*, D 367; taken into account, F 427.
Yren, *s. iron*, R. 1184.
Yren, *adj. iron*, G 759.
Y-rent, *pp. taken*, T. v. 1654; torn, B 844.
Y-ronge, *pp. rung, told loudly*, HF. 1655.
Y-ronne, *pp. run*, A 8, 3893; continued, L. 1943; run together, A 2693; interlaced, R. 1396; clustered, A 2165.
Y-round, *pp. whispered*, HF. 2107.
Y-satled, *pp. settled*, E 2405.
Y-sayd, *pp. said*, 3. 270.
Y-scalded, *pp. scalded*, A 2020.
Y-schette, *pp. pl. shut*, B 560.
Yse, *s. ice*, HF. 1130.

- Y-see, *v.* behold, T. ii. 354; *imp. s.* see, look, T. ii. 1253; Y-seyn, *pp.* seen, L. 2076.
 Y-sene, *adj.* visible, A. 592, F. 996; manifest, T. iv. 1007; L. 1394. A. S. *gesēnē, gesēne.*
 Y-set, *pp.* set, A. 4337; placed, 5. 149; set down, F. 173; seated, C. 392; appointed, A. 1035; planted, R. 604.
 Y-seye, *pp.* seen, HF. 1367; Y-seyn, T. v. 448.
 Y-seyled, *pp.* sailed, B. 4280.
 Y-shad, *pp.* scattered (Lat. *sparsas*), B. 3. m. 2. 33.
 Y-shaken, *pp.* quivering, sparkling, B. 1. m. 3. 17.
 Y-shamed, *pp.* put to shame, HF. 356.
 Y-shapen, (*strong*) *pp.* shaped, prepared, B. 3420; provided, A. 4179; contrived, G. 1080; Y-shaped, (*weak*) *pp.* prepared, T. iii. 1240.
 Y-shave, *pp.* shaven, A. 690.
 Y-shent, *pp.* put to shame, severely blamed, D. 1312.
 Y-shette, *pp. pl.* shut, B. 2159.
 Y-shewed, *pp.* shown, T. v. 1251; made manifest, 4. 181.
 Y-shore, *pp.* shorn, T. iv. 906.
 Y-shove, *pp.* borne about, L. 726.
 Y-slayn, *pp.* slain, HF. 159; Y-slawe, B. 484.
 Y-smite, *pp.* smitten, wounded. B. 3. m. 7. 7.
 Y-songe, *pp.* sung, D. 1726; Y-songen, L. 270.
 Y-sought, *pp.* sought, T. iii. 1317.
 Y-sounded, *pp.* sunk, T. ii. 535.
 Y-sowen, *pp.* sown, HF. 1488.
 Y-sped, *pp.* sped, A. 4220.
 Y-spended, *pp.* spent, B. 5. p. 4. 15.
 Y-sprad, *pp.* spread, B. 1044; Y-spred, A. 4140.
 Y-spreynd, *pp.* sprinkled, A. 2169.
 Y-sponge, *pp.* sprung, shot out, R. 718; divulged, HF. 2081.
 Y-stalled, *pp.* installed, HF. 1364.
 Y-stiked, *pp.* stuck, A. 1565; stabbed, F. 1476.
 Y-stint, *pp.* stopped, D. 390.
 Y-stonde, *pp.* stood, been, T. v. 1612.
 Y-stonge, *pp.* stung, C. 355.
 Y-storve, *pp.* dead, A. 2014.
 Y-strawed, *pp.* bestrewn, 3. 629.
 Y-strike, *pp.* struck, 11. 34.
 Y-suffred, *pp.* suffered, T. v. 415.
 Y-sweped, *pp.* swept, G. 938.
 Y-sworn, *pp.* sworn, A. 1132; sworn (to do it), T. v. 283.
 Y-swowned, *pp.* swowned, L. 1342.
 Y-take, *pp.* caught, B. 3514; taken, L. 617.
 Y-thanked, *pp.* thanked, D. 2118.
 Y-theo, *v.* thrive, T. iv. 439.
 Y-thewed, *pp.* disposed; *wel y-thewed,* well-conducted, 5. 47; R. 1008.
 Y-thonked, *pp.* thanked, T. iv. 2.
 Y-throngen, *pp.* confined, B. 2. p. 7. 53.
 Y-throwe, *pp.* thrown, T. iv. 6; cast out, 2. 89.
 Y-told, *pp.* told, A. 3109.
 Y-torned, *pp.* turned, B. 4. m. 5. 1.
 Y-travailed, *pp.* laboured, with difficulty, B. 5. p. 3. 45.
 Y-trespassed, *pp.* sinned, B. 2609.
 Y-tressed, *pp.* plaited in tresses, T. v. 810.
 Y-treted, *pp.* discussed, B. 4. p. 1. 70.
 Y-tukked, *pp.* tucked up, L. 982.
 Y-turned, *pp.* turned, A. 1238, 2062.
 Y-twinned, *pp.* parted, T. iv. 788.
 Yve, B. 4150; *see* Erbe.
 Yvel, *adj.* ill, evil, T. ii. 1001.
 Yvel, *adv.* ill, R. 213, 1067.
 Yveles, *s. pl.* evils, B. 2618.
 Yvory, *s.* ivory, B. 2066; Yvoire, 3. 946.
 Y-voyded, *pp.* removed, F. 1159.
 Y-war, *adj.* aware, T. ii. 398.
 Y-warned, *pp.* warned, B. 4422.
 Y-waxen, *pp.* grown, become, T. v. 275; Y-waxe, 3. 1275.
 Y-wedded, *pp.* wedded, L. 1179.
 Y-went, *pp.* gone, HF. 976.
 Y-went, *pp.* weened, imagined, T. v. 444.
 Y-wet, *pp.* wetted, A. 4155.
 Y-whet, *pp.* whetted, 7. 212.
 Y-wimpled, *pp.* provided with a wimple, A. 470; covered with a wimple, L. 707.
 Y-wis, *adv.* certainly, truly, verily, R. 279, 350, 357.
 Y-wist, *pp.* known, B. 5. p. 3. 36.
 Y-wonne, *pp.* gained, T. iv. 1315; won, D. 2293; arrived, L. 2427.
 Y-worthe, *pp.* become, 3. 579.
 Y-wounde, *pp.* wound, covered up, 12. 18.
 Y-woven, *pp.* woven, completed, L. 2360.
 Y-woxen, *pp.* grown, E. 1462.
 Y-writen, *pp.* written, 5. 124, 141.
 Y-written, *pp.* wreathed, wrapped round, R. 160.
 Y-wreght, *pp.* made, A. 196, B. 2054; shaped, L. 1173; depicted, 3. 327; orna-

mented, R. 897; Y-wroghte, *pp. pl.*
fashioned, 5. 123.
Y-wroken, *pp.* avenged, 16. 26; Y-wroke,
wreaked, T. v. 589.
Y-wronge, *pp.* forced, L. 2527.
Y-wryen, *pp.* hidden, T. iii. 1451; covered,
A 2904.
Y-yeve, *pp.* given, T. iii. 1376; Y-yive,
T. iii. 1611.

Z.

Zeles, *pl.* zeal, T. v. 1859.
Zodiā, *s. pl.* beasts, A. i. 21. 61.
Zodiac, *s.* zodiac, A. pr. 109. An imaginary
belt in the heavens, of the breadth of
12', along the middle of which runs
the ecliptic. The Astrolabe only showed
the *northern half* of this belt.

GLOSSARY TO FRAGMENTS B AND C OF
THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.

FRAGMENT B = ll. 1796-5810.

FRAGMENT C = 11, 5811-7698.

The following Glossary (which includes proper names) is separated from the preceding because Fragments B and C of the Romaunt are not by Chaucer.

Fragment B abounds in Northern words and forms. Words in Fragment C have 'C' prefixed to the number of the line.

A., *v. (to) have*, 4322.
Abandoun: *in abandoun*, fully, without stint, 2342.
Abawed, *pp.* amazed, 3646; *Abawid*, 4041.
Abaysshed, *pp.* cast down, 3370.
Abey, *v. (for Abeye)*, suffer (for it), pay (for it), C 6713. See *Abye*.
Abiding, *s.* delay, 2222.
Abit, *s.* habit, dress, religious dress, 4914.
Abit, Abood; see *Abyde*.
Abood, *s.* delay, C 7697.
Aboven, *adv.* in luck, 4352.
Abraide, *v.* start up, break forth, 5156;
Abraid, *1 pt. s.* awoke, 1806; *Abreyde*, *pt. s.* broke out, 3967.
Abrede, *adv.* abroad, 2563.
Absente, *pr. s. subj.* abstain, refrain, 4911.
Abstinence-Streyned, i.e. Constrained Abstinence (personified), C 6341, 7366.
Abyde, *ger.* to await, 4910; *v.* expect, 5329; watch for, 4913; *Abit*, *pr. s.* dwells, 4977, 4980; stays, 5012; *Abood*, *1 pt. s.* endured, waited, 3694.
Abye, *v.* pay for, C 5888, 5976; *Abyeth*, *pr. s.* C 7642.
Accord, *1 pr. s.* agree to, 2083; *Accorded*, *pt. pl.* agreed, C 5815; *pp.* reconciled, C 5846.
A-cold, *adj.* cold, chilly, 2658.
Acoye, *v.* quiet, allay, 3564.
Acquyte, *v.* defray the expense, pay for, C 6742.
Ado (*for at do*), to do, 5080.
A-fere, *adv.* on fire, 4073.
Afered, *pp.* afraid, 3604.
Affray, *s.* terror, 3866; fear, 2034.
Affrayed, *pp.* frightened, 3113.
Affye, *v.* trust, 3155.
Aforn, *adv.* formerly, 3952.
Aftir, *prep.* according to, 2255.
Afyne, *adv.* completely, 3690.
Agast, *adj.* afraid, C 6106.
Ageyn-coming, *s.* returning, 2518.
Ageyns, *prep.* in comparison with, 5536.
Agilte, *pr. s.* sinned against, offended, C 5833, 6784; *Agiltest*, *2 pt. s.* C 7572.
Ago, *pp.* gone, 2932.
A-gree, *adv.* in good part, 4349.
A-greef, *adv.* in bad part; *take not agreef*, take it not amiss, C 7573.
Aken, *v.* ache, C 6908.
Al, *conj.* although, 1754.
Al-day, *adv.* continually, 2484.
Alder, *adj. gen. pl.* of (us) all, C 6948.
Alderfirst, *adv.* first of all, C 7505.
Alegged, *pt. pl.* alleviated, 1768. See *Allege*.
Aleggement, *s.* alleviation, 1890, 1923.

- Alglate, *adv.* alway, always, 5157; C 7477; at any rate, C 7152.
- Allege, *v.* exempt (lit. alleviate), C 6626; Alleggith, *pr. s.* alleviates, 2588.
- Allegeaunce, *s.* alleviation, 1871.
- Allowe, *v.* approve of, value, 5186.
- Almesse, *s.* alms, C 6624.
- Al-only, *adv.* alone, C 5810.
- Alosed, *pp.* noted, famed, 2354.
- Al-out, *adv.* altogether, 2101, 2935.
- Al-outerly, *adv.* utterly, C 6302, 7663.
- Alowe, *v.* accept, approve of, 5175.
- Also, *conj.* as, C 6767.
- Amende, *v.* advance, succeed, C 5876.
- Among, *adv.* sometimes, 2325, 3241, 3304.
- Amourettes, *s. pl.* sweethearts, 4755.
- Amyas, a curious error; for At Myas, i. e. at Meaux, 3826. F. text, *a Mias*.
- And, *conj.* if, 2051, 4441.
- Anger, *s.* pain, anguish, 1877; Angres, *pl.* torments, 2554, 3789.
- Angerly, *adv.* cruelly, 3511.
- Angre, *ger.* to vex, 3526.
- Angry, *adj.* cruel, 2028, 3265.
- Anguissous, *adj.* anxious, 1755.
- Anker, *s.* an anchoress, a female recluse shut up either in a cell attached to a church, or living under a religious rule in her own house, C 6348.
- Anon-right, *adv.* straightway, 1778.
- Anoy, *s.* discomfort, pain, vexation, 1919, 2099, 4404.
- Anoynt, *pp.* anointed, 1888.
- Apained, *pt. s.* injured, C 7522.
- Apayed, *pp.* satisfied, 2854, 5631.
- Aperceyved, *pt. s.* perceived, C 6312.
- Aperceyving, *s.* perception, C 6318.
- Apert, *adj.* open, obvious, C 6621.
- Apostlis newe, i. e. the preaching friars, C 6270.
- Apparence, *s.* mere outward appearance, 5550; evidence, C 7660.
- Apparent, *adj.* distinct, 2583.
- Appert, *adj.* open, C 6150. See Apert.
- Appose, *v.* oppose, C 6555, 7146. F. text, oposer.
- A-queynt, *pp.* acquainted, 3080.
- Aqueyntable, *adj.* affable, 2213.
- Arace, *v.* pull out, 1752.
- Arblasters, *s. pl.* men with crossbows, 4196.
- Aresóneth, *pr. s.* reasons with, argues, C 6220.
- Arest, *s.* rest (for a spear), C 7561.
- Arette, *v.* impute, 3327.
- Areyse, *v.* raise up, 4361; rouse, C 7159.
- A-rowe, *adv.* in a row, C 7606.
- Ascape, *v.* escape, get out of the difficulty, C 6515.
- Asker, *s.* one who begs, C 6674.
- A-slope, *adv.* aside, awry, 4464.
- Assay, *s.* attempt, 3449; quality, temper, 4350.
- Assayed, *pp.* tried, proved, 2688.
- Asseth, a sufficiency, 5000.
- Assoile, *v.* absolve, C 6304; *pp.* explained, C 6557.
- Assoiling, *s.* absolving, C 6412.
- Assured, *pp.* secured, 4300.
- Astat, *s.* state, plight, 2410; Astate, condition, 4072, C 6856.
- Astoned, *pp.* astonished, 3850.
- A-sundir, *adv.* diversely, 4477.
- A-swone, in a swoon, 1730.
- At, *prep.* at the hands of, from, C 6870; At al, at all points, 5240; *at leste way*, at least, C 5827; *at wordis fewe*, in a few words, briefly, 2120.
- Attendith, *pr. s.* attaches itself, appertains, 5309.
- Attour, *s.* array, 3718.
- Augustins, *s. pl.* Austin Friars, C 7461.
- Aumencre, *s.* purse for alms, 2271.
- Auntre, *v. refl.* venture, 2495.
- Avale, *v.* descend, 1803.
- Avaunced, *pp.* promoted, C 6951; helped, 3408.
- Avaunt, *adv.* in advance, forward, 3959, 4790.
- Avaunt, *v. refl.* boast, 4788.
- Avaantage, *s.* profit, 5808.
- Avenaunt, *adj.* becoming, seemly, 2058; pleasant, 3079; condescending, 4622.
- Aventure, *s.* chance, fortune, fate, 2118, 4376; case, C 7308.
- Avouterye, *s.* adultery, 4054.
- Avysed, *i. pt. s. refl.*; Avysed me, applied myself, 1807.
- Awayte, *s.* ambush, 4407.
- Awayted, *pp.* watched; *awayted with*, watched by, 3066.
- Axe, *v.* ask, C 6559.
- Ayeines, *prep.* against, C 7178.

B.

- Bachilere, *s.* young knight, 2828.
- Bagge, *s.* purse, C 6834.
- Ballye, *s.* custody, jurisdiction, 4217; enclosure, C 7574.
- Balaunce, *s.* suspense, 4667.
- Balis, *s. pl.* troubles, sorrows, 4441.
- Bane, *s.* death, 4491.
- Baren, *pt. pl.* bare, C 6243.
- Baronage, *s.* the assembly of barons, C 5812.
- Bataile, *s.* host, C 5849; *pl.* battalions, C 7348.

Batayled, *pp.* battlemented, 4200.
 Bate, *s.* strife, 4235.
 Baud, *adj.* jolly (lit. bold), 5674.
 Bayly, *s.* bailiff, C 6218.
 Beau-sire, *s.* fair sir, C 6053.
 Bede, *v.* stretch out (lit. proffer), 1710.
 Bede, *pt. s. subj.* might pray, C 7374.
 Bedels, *s. pl.* officers, C 6812.
 Begger, *s.* Beguin, hence, mendicant,
 C 7282; Beggers, Beguins, C 7256.
 Begyne, *s.* Beguine, C 7368.
 Bemes, *s. pl.* trumpets, C 7605.
 Berafte, *pt. pl. subj.* should deprive,
 C 6669.
 Bern, *s.* barn, 5580.
 Besaunt, *s.* bezant, 5592.
 Besinesse, *s.* diligence, 3624.
 Bestial, *adj.* stupid, C 6716.
 Beto, *pr. s. subj.* cure, 4441.
 Bialacoil, i. e. Bial Acoil, Fair Reception,
 2984, 2990, 3011.
 Bigoon, *adj.*; *wl.* bigoon, well off, 5533.
 Bigyns, *s. pl.* Béguines, C 6861.
 Biheest, *s.* promise, 4446, 4474.
 Bihote, *v.* promise, 4446.
 Bihove, *s. dat.* behoof, 2964.
 Bilefte, *i pt. s.* remained, 3360.
 Bimene, *imp. s. refl.* bemoan thyself,
 2667.
 Biset, *pt. s.* employs, 5262.
 Bishet, *pp.* shut up (in prison), 4488.
 Bit, *pr. s.* abides, 5330.
 Bitauft, *pt. s.* commended, 4438.
 Bitrasshed, *pp.* betrayed, 3910.
 Blake, *adj. pl.* black (monks), Bene-
 dictines, C 6095.
 Blende, *ger.* to blind, to deceive, 3954;
 Blent, *pp.* deceived, C 6652.
 Blered, *pp.* bleared, dimmed, deceived,
 3912.
 Blinne, *v.* desist from, C 6611.
 Blyve, *adv.* quickly; *as bl.*, very quickly,
 2790.
 Boden, *pp.* commanded, 2721.
 Boece, Boethius, 5661.
 Book; *the book*, i. e. the Canon Law,
 C 6385; the Bible, C 6636.
 [Borders, *s. pl.* C 6911. Better reading;
 for burdens.]
 Bordillers, *s. pl.* brothel-keepers, C 7034.
 Borowe, *s.* pledge, C 7331.
 Bosarde, *s.* buzzard, 4033.
 Bote, *s.* remedy, 1760.
 Botes, *s. pl.* boots, 2265, C 7262.
 Botoun, *s.* bud, 1721, 1761, 2960.
 Bougerons, *s. pl.* sodomites, C 7022.
 Bought, *pp.*; *a bought*, to have bought,
 4322.

Bountee, *s.* kindness, 3147; goodness,
 C 6597.
 Braide, *ger.* to bestir itself, wake up,
 C 7128.
 Braste, *ger.* to burst, 3186.
 Brede, *s.* breadth; *on br.*, abroad, 3635.
 Breken, *v.* disobey, 3478.
 Brenne, *v.* burn, 2475.
 Brenning, *s.* burning, 2727.
 Brere, *s.* briar, C 6191.
 Brest, *v.* burst, 4107.
 Breve, *adj.* short, 2350.
 Brimme, *adj.* cruel, 1836.
 Brocages, *s. pl.* contracts, C 6971.
 Brond, *s.* fire-brand, 3706.
 Burdens, *error for* Borders, C 6911.
 Burdoun, *s.* staff, cudgel, 3401.
 Burnettes, *s. pl.* dresses made of fine
 woollen cloth dyed brown, 4756.
 But-if, *conj.* unless, 1962.
 Buxom, *adj.* obedient, pliant, 4419.
 By, *pr. p. in*, C 6516; beside, C 7032.
 By and by, in order, 2345; precisely,
 4581.
 Bye, *v.* buy, pay for, 2052.
 Bytinge, *pres. part.* cutting, C 7420.

C.

Caas, *s.* case, plight, 3374; *pl.* cases,
 C 6750.
 Caleweys, *s. pl.* soft, sweet pears (which
 came from Cailloux in Burgundy),
 C 7043.
 Calle, *v.* recall, 3974.
 Camelyne, *s.* camel's-hair stuff, C 7367.
 Can, *i pr. s.* (I) know, 4796; *pr. s.* under-
 stands, C 5872; Can him no thank,
 offers him no thanks, 2112; Canst,
 2 pr. s. feelest, 4399.
 Caribdis, Charybdis, 4713.
 Carmes, *s. pl.* Carmelites, White Friars,
 C 7462.
 Cas, *s.* occasion, C 7481.
 Caste, *v. refl.* apply himself, 2031; Cast,
 pr. s. casts, 4330; considers, 5620; Caste,
 pt. s. refl. set himself, 1860.
 Castels in Spayne, castles in the air,
 2573.
 Casting, *s.* vomit, C 7288.
 Catel, *s.* property, 5376.
 Cause; *in cause*, to blame, 4525.
 Caytif, *s.* poor wretch, 3554.
 Chace, *v.* chase away; *do ch.*, caused to
 be chased away, C 7554.
 Chafe, *v.* irritate, 3685.
 Chamberere, *s.* chamber-maid, 4935.
 Chanoun, *s.* canon, 3278.

- Chapitre, *s.* chapter, C 6532.
 Chapman, *s.* trader, 5591.
 Chargid, *pt. s.* instructed, 2145.
 Chasteleyne, *s.* castellan, governor of a castle, C 6327.
 Chasteleyne, *s.* the wife of a chasteleyne or governor of a castle, 3740.
 Chastye, *1 pr. s.* reprove, C 6993.
 Chere, *s.* countenance, favour, 3952; appearance, 5486, C 6474; delight, 3805.
 Cherete, *s.* fondness, 3516.
 Chese, *v.* choose, 4426; Chese . . . hem to, *pr. pl.* choose for themselves, C 6230.
 Chevered, *pp.* shivered, 1732.
 Chevisaunce, *s.* resource, remedy, 3337.
 Chevise, *v.* occupy himself (for me), manage (for me), settle my cause, C 6425.
 Chiche, *adj.* parsimonious, 5588.
 Chideresse, *s.* scold, virago, 4266.
 Chinche, *adj.* mean, avaricious, C 5998. Nasalised form of Chiche.
 Chinchy, *adj.* mean, grudging, niggardly, C 6002.
 Ciergis, *pl.* wax tapers, C 6248.
 Clarree, *s.* a sweet liquor consisting of a mixture of wine, clarified honey and various spices, as pepper and ginger, &c., C 5967, 5971.
 Clepe, *v.* call, C 5907.
 Clipsy, *adj.* eclipsed, dim, 5349.
 Clomben, *pp.* climbed up, C 6933.
 Cloos, *adj.* close, discreet, C 6104.
 Close, *v.* enclose, 4372.
 Closer, *s.* enclosure, 4069.
 Cloth, *s.* dress, C 6345.
 Colour, *s.* way, manner, C 6282.
 Come, *s.* coming, C 7628.
 Compas, *s.* circuit, 1842; circumference, 4183; Compase, perfection, 3208.
 Compassen, *1 pr. pl.* study, observe closely, C 6932.
 Complissen, *v.* accomplish, 2132.
 Comprende, *v.* consider, include (in my explanation), C 6633.
 Compte, *s.* counting, account, 5026.
 Comunably, *adv.* commonly, usually, C 7237.
 Comunely, *adv.* publicly, 4801.
 Comuntee, *s.* community, common possession, 5209.
 Concours, *s.* course, result, 4360.
 Conestablerye, *s.* a ward of a castle under the command of a constable, 4218.
 Coninges, *s. pl.* conies, rabbits, C 7044.
 Conisaunce, *s.* understanding, knowledge, 5465, 5559; acquaintance, 4668.
- Conjecte, *1 pr. pl.* conspire, C 6928.
 Conne, *2 pr. s. subj.* mayst be well instructed, 2315.
 Consequence, *s.* result, C 6448.
 Consolacioun, the 'Consolation of Philosophy,' 5061.
 Constreynance, *s.* constraint, C 7438.
 Contene, *v.* remain, 2641; *refl.* bear himself, 2248; Conteine, *v.* contain (himself), 4923; Contene, *pr. pl. refl.* maintain themselves, C 6805.
 Contrarie, *s.* perplexity, 4478.
 Contrarious, *adj.* hostile, 3354.
 Controve, *v.* compose songs, 4249; *ger.* to invent, C 7547.
 Contune, *v.* continue, 4354, 5332.
 Convay, *ger.* to accompany, 2428.
 Corage, *s.* mood, temper, 4928.
 Cordileres, *s. pl.* Franciscans, (so called from wearing a girdle of rope), C 7461.
 Cornewayle, Cornouaille in Brittany, 4250.
 Corumpable, *adj.* corruptible, 4856.
 Cos, *s.* kiss, 3663.
 Cost, *s.* coast, place, 3931; quarter, 2477.
 Cotidien, *adj.* quotidian, daily; *as s.* a quotidianague, 2401.
 Couchen, *pr. pl.* impose, C 6903.
 Countesses, *s. pl.* C 6860.
 Countours, *s. pl.* accountants, C 6812.
 Coupe-gorge, *s.* Cut-throat, C 7422.
 Couth, *pp.* known, 2000; evident, 4213.
 Coveytise, *s.* coveting, desire, 4129; covetousness, 5072.
 Covenable, *adj.* seemly, fitting, suitable, C 6020, 6752; excellent, C 7181.
 Covent, *s.* convent, 4904, C 7380.
 Coverchief, *s.* kerchief, head-covering, C 7369.
 Covert, *adj.* secret, hidden up, C 6149.
 Coverture, *s.* concealment, 2172.
 Covyne, *s.* intrigue, secret plan, 3799.
 Coy, *adj.* quiet, hidden, 4297.
 Crece, *s.* increase, progeny, 4875. (*Fortened crece* seems to mean destroyed progeny, i.e. abortion.) See *crease* (= increase) in the New E. Dict.
 Croce, *s.* crozier, C 6470.
 Crownet, *s.* coronet, 3203.
 Cunne, *v.* shew; *cunne him maugree*, shew him ill-will, 4559; *1 pr. pl. can*, C 5879; *pr. pl.* know (how), C 6174; *pr. s. subj.* be able, C 5992.
 Cure, *s.* charge, 1962, C 6562; care, 4222; cause of care, 2456; heed, C 7557; aid, C 6752; jurisdiction, 3540.
 Curious, *adj.* diligent, zealous, C 6578, 6590.

Customere, *adj.* accustomed, 4936. *F.* *text, coutumiere.*
Cut, *pr. s.* cuts, C 6198.

D.

Dagges, *s. pl.* loose tags or shreds of cloth, C 7260. (I can find no exact account of the fastening here referred to; I suppose that the *dagges*, or tape-like strips, had button-holes, through which the *knoppes* or buttons passed.)

Daliance, *s.* talk, 2850.

Dampnning, *s.* damnation, C 6643.

Dar, *pr. s.* dare, 6049.

Daunce; *the olde d.*, the old game, 4300.

Daungere, *s.* resistance, 1932; reluctance, 2318; power, control, 2051.

Daungerous, *adj.* shy, reluctant, backward, 2312; hard to please, 2824; cruel, 3594, 3727.

Daunte, *v.* conquer, subdue, 3300.

Daunting, *s.* taming, 4032.

Dawed, *pt. s. subj.* would dawn, 2633.

Dawes, *s. pl.* days, 2838; C 6616.

Debonairly, *adv.* graciously, pleasantly, 2382.

Defaute, *s.* lack, 5789.

Defenced, *pp.* defended, 4310.

Defensable, *adj.* helping to defend, 4168.

Defoule, *v.* trample down, C 6000.

Defyle, *v.* bruise, C 7317.

Degree, *s.* rank, C 7214; manner, C 7442.

Deignous, *adj.* disdainful, 3593.

Del, *s.* deal; **Dеле**, bit, least thing, 5139; *not . . . a del*, not a whit, C 6897, 7433; *never a del*, not at all, C 6036; *every del*, every whit, C 6017.

Delectacioun, *s.* delight, 4821.

Deles (Northern form), *pr. s.* distributes, 5419.

Deliciously, *adv.* daintily, C 6729.

Deliverly, *adv.* quickly, 1927, 2283, 3005.

Delyces, *s. pl.* pleasures, C 7281.

Demeigne, *s.* possession, ownership, 5586; **Demeyne**, dominion, rule, 3310.

Demene, *v.* put up with, 5238.

Depart, *v.* divide, 2367, 5279.

Departing, *s.* division, 4613.

Dere, *v.* injure, destroy, 4336; *pp.* 2100.

Desert, *s.* deserving, 4269.

Desperaunce, *s.* desperation, 1872.

Desporte, *ger.* to cheer, to divert, 2014.

Despyt, *s.* aversion, C 5996.

Dever, *s.* endeavour, 5299.

Deviaunt, *adj.* divergent, turned away, 4780.

Devoid, *adj.* free, 4312.

Devoide, *pp.* removed, 2929.

Devyne, *v.* interpret, 3800.

Devys, *s.* disposal, 1974; will, 2621; *by devys*, to judge from her appearance (?), 3205. (*F. text, et a son vis.*)

Deyned, *pt. s. subj.*; *him deyned*, it appeared good to him, C 6950.

Deynous, *adj.* disdainful, 3728.

Doyntee, *s.* value, 2677.

Difyne, *v.* define, 4807.

Dight, *v.* prepare, 4240.

Discomfit, *pp.* disconcerted, 4067.

Discordaunce, *s.* disagreement, 4715, 5208; discordant melody, 4251.

Discorde, *ger.* to disagree, 4716.

Discreven, *z pr. pl.* describe, 4803.

Disdeinous, *adj.* disdainful, C 7412.

Disease, *s.* uneasiness, 5244.

Disease, *ger.* to trouble, 3526.

Disgysen, *v.* apparel, 2250; **Disgyse**, *z pr. s.* disguise, C 6358.

Dishonest, *adj.* unfair, unreasonable, 3442; immodest, 4262.

Disordinat, *adj.* inordinate, 4816.

Dispendith, *pr. pl.* spend, 5681.

Dispitous, *adj.* unmerciful, spiteful, C 6162; malicious, froward, 2212, 3457.

Displesaunce, *s.* displeasure, 3430.

Disport, *s.* delight, 3468; happiness, 2894.

Disrewlily, *adv.* irregularly, 4900.

Disseise, *v.* dispossess, deprive, (*F. des-saisir*), 2076.

Disserve, *v.* deserve, 3093.

Disseyved, *pp.* deceived, C 6628.

Dissolucioun, *s.* dissoluteness, 4898.

Distincte, *v.* distinguish, C 6199.

Distoned, *adj.* out of tune, 4248.

Ditee, *s.* discourse, 5286, 5652.

Divyne, *s.* divinity, C 6488.

Do, *v.* cause; *do make*, cause to be made, 2080; *pr. s. subj.* accomplish, C 5869;

Doand (Northern), *pres. part.* doing, 2708; **Don**, *pp.* put, placed, C 6504.

Dole, *s.* lamentation, mourning, 2956, 4317. *O.F. doel.*

Dolven, *pp.* buried, 4070.

Dom, *s.* dumb, 2220, 2409, 2492.

Dool, *s.* grief, 4480.

Dool, *s.* portion; *halfen dool*, half portion, halving (it), 2364.

Doth, *pr. s. causes*, 2772, 2786, 2790; brings, 5558; gives, 1984.

Double, *adj.* twofold, 1756.

Doublenesse, *s.* double-dealing, duplicity, 2306.

Doun, come down, C 5868.

Dout, *s.* fear, 2102.

Doutable, *adj.* doubtful, 5413; imperilled, unstable, C 6274.

Doute, *v.* fear, 2023; *1 pr. s.* 2108; *2 pr. pl.* 2079.
 Douting, *s.* doubt, C 6074.
 Draught, *s.* draught, bout, act, 4869. F. text, *Car maint n'i traictor ja trait.*
 Drede, *s.* doubt; withouten *dr.*, without doubt, 2199, 2251, C 6214; Dread (personified), 3958, 5861.
 Drerihed, *s.* sorrow, 4728.
 Dresse, *v.* prepare, 1773; *pr. s. subj. refl.* set himself, C 6535.
 Dreye, *adj.* dry, 1743.
 Drough, *pt. s.* drew, 1725.
 Droune, *ger.* to be drowned, 4710, 5022.
 Druery, *s.* loyal affection, 5064.
 Drye, *v.* suffer, undergo, 4390; endure, 3105; *ger.* to fulfil, C 7484.
 Dulle, *1 pr. s.* become stupefied, 4792.
 Dure, *v.* last, endure, C 6841.
 Duresses, *s.* severity, 3547, 3570.
 Dwelling, *s.* delay, 2440.
 Dyamaunt, *s.* adamant, 4385.
 Dyden, *pt. pl.* died, C 6245.
 Dyne, *v. as s.* dinner, C 6500.

E.

Eche, *v.* add, 1994; help, aid, 4618.
 Effect, *s.* reality, 5486.
 Eft, *adv.* again, 1783.
 Eftsoone, *adv.* soon afterwards, C 6094; Eftsones, C 6649.
 Egre, *adj.* acid, 4179.
 Egre, *adv.* sharply, 5474.
 Elde, *s.* old age, 4885.
 Elengenesse, *s.* solitariness: hence, sadness, disquietude, C 7406. F. text, *soussi.*
 Elis, *s. pl.* eels, C 7039.
 Elles, *adv.* otherwise, in all other respects, 3429.
 Empressid, *pp.* pressed, 3691.
 Empryse, *s.* undertaking, care, 2147; doings, 3508; enterprise, C 5825; design, 1972; conduct, action, 2186; privilege, 2008; rule, 4905.
 Enchesoun, *s.* occasion, 2504, 3082, 4242.
 Enclyne, *v.* be subject (to), respect, bow down (to), C 6814.
 Encombe, *v.* disturb, 5434; *pr. s.* importunes, teases, C 6675; *pr. pl.* perplex, 4482; *pp.* annoyed, C 7628.
 Enfaunce, *s.* infancy, youth, 4288.
 Enforce, *v.* compel, C 6407; *pr. pl. refl.* endeavour, C 6275; *pp.* augmented, 4499.
 Engendrure, *s.* procreation, 4849.
 Engreveth, *pr. s.* displeases, 3444.

Enhaunce, *ger.* to exalt, advance, C 7246.
 Enlangoured, *adj.* faded with langour, pale, C 7399.
 Enlumined, *pp.* illuminated, 5344.
 Enpryse, *s.* quickness of movement, 2636. See Empryse.
 Enquestes, *s. pl.* legal inquisitions, C 6977.
 Ensure, *1 pr. s.* assure, 4850; *pp.* C 7212.
 Entayle, *s.* figure, shape, 3711.
 Entenciouun, *s.* attention, 4701; intent, C 6258; diligence, 2027; *of e.,* intentionally, 2976; *pl.* meaning, drift, C 7170.
 Entende, *v.* pay attention, 2153.
 Entendement, *s.* intention, 2188.
 Entent, *s.* mind, 2187; purpose, 2488; disposition, 5696; endeavour, 3906; intention, design, C 5811, 5869.
 Ententif, *adj.* diligent, careful, 2022; *adv.* 1720.
 Entermete, *v. refl.* intermeddle, interfere, 2966; *1 pr. s. refl.* busy (myself with), C 6971.
 Entremees, *s. pl.* entremets, dainty meats, C 6841.
 Entremete, *v.* interfere, C 6635, 7233; *ger.* C 6503; *ger. refl.* C 5946; *1 pr. s.* intermeddle, interfere, C 6498, 6840; *pr. s.* C 5921.
 Envirooun, *adv.* about, 3203, 4163; round about, 4203.
 Enviroune, *1 pr. pl.* go about, C 7017.
 Equipolences, *s. pl.* equivocations, equivocal expressions, C 7076.
 Erke, *adj.* weary, wearied, 4867.
 Ernes, *s.* ardour, (of love), 4838.
 Ernest, *s.* earnest, pledge, 3680.
 Ers, *s.* posteriors (F. *cul*), C 7578.
 Espleyten, *v.* perform, execute, C 6174.
 Espye, *s.* spy, 3871.
 Establisshing, *s.* decree, C 6369.
 Estate, *s.* state of life, position, 4901.
 Estres, *s. pl.* recesses, inner parts, 3626.
 Existence, *s.* reality, 5549, C 7470.
 Expowne, *ger.* to expound, C 7172.
 Eyth, *adj.* easy, 3955. A.S. *eað.*

F.

Fable, *s.* deceitfulness, C 6602.
 Fade, *adj.* pallid, faded, 2309.
 Fadome, *s. pl.* fathoms, 4159.
 Failed, *pp. as adj.* wanting, defective, C 7470.
 Fainte, *adj.* feigned, C 7405.
 Fairhede, *s.* fairness, beauty, 2484.
 Fallaces, *s. pl.* deceipts, C 7077.

- Fallith, *pr. s. impers.* befits, 4025; belongs, C 6976.
 Falsen, *pr. pl.* deceive, 4833.
 Fand, *pt. pl.* found, 2707.
 Fard, *imp. s.* paint, 2285.
 Fardels, *s. pt.* loads, bundles, 5682.
 Fare, *s.* welfare, condition, C 6408.
 Fare, *v.* depart, vanish away, C 6045; *pr. pl.* go, 5564; journey, 5509; *pp.* gone, 2710.
 Faute, *s.* fault, defect, 3837.
 Fawe, *adj.* fain, blithe, C 6476.
 Fay, *s.* faith, 2155, 5106.
 Fee, *s.* property, fief, C 6044.
 Feers, *adj.* fierce, 3372.
 Feeste, *s.* encouragement, 5061.
 Fel, *adj.* cruel, savage, 2211; harsh, 4028; stern, C 7342; Felle, *pl.* painful, 3789.
 Felde-fare, *s.* field-fare, 5510.
 Fele, *adj.* many, 4446, C 6038.
 Fele, *v.* perceive (smell), 1844.
 Feller, *adj. comp.* crueler, 4103.
 Felones, *adj. pt.* evil, wicked, C 6711.
His f. iangelinges, his evil pratings, his injurious talk. Suggested by F. Maugre *les felonesses jangles*; where *felonesses* is a plural adjective; see Godefroy.
 Feloun, *adj.* cruel, C 5998.
 Fere, *s.* fire, 2471, 5086.
 Fered, *pp.* fired, inflamed, 5278.
 Fetisly, *adv.* neatly, perfectly, 2267.
 Fetys, *adj.* well-made, 2088.
 Feynte, *adj.* feigned, 5563.
 Feyntyse, *s.* deceit, guile, 2947, 2998, 3492; evasion, 1971.
 Fiaunce, *s.* confidence, trust, 5481.
 Fil, *pt. s.* fell, condescended, 3437; Fille, *pt. pl.* found themselves, C 5813.
 Fit, *s.* mood, 5197.
 Flawme, *s.* flame, 3707.
 Flawnes, *s. pl.* flawns; a dish composed of new cheese, eggs, powdered sugar, coloured with saffron and baked in small tins called 'coffins'; C 4042.
 Flayn, *pp.* flayed, C 7316. Miswritten *slayn*.
 Flemed, *pt. s.* exiled, drove into exile, 3052, C 6781. A.S. *flyman*.
 Floytes, *s. pl.* flutes, 4251.
 Foles, *gen. fool's.* 5266.
 Foley, *adj.* foolish, 4299, 5085.
 Fond, *adj.* foolish, 5367.
 Fonde, *v.* attempt, 5858.
 Foole, *adj.* foolish, C 7539.
 Foon, *pl.* foes, 5552, C 6040.
 Foote, *v.* dance formally, 2323.
 Foot-hoot, *adv.* instantly, 3827.
 For, *prep.* to prevent, 4229; for fear of, 2365; on account of, 2190.
 Forboden, *pp.* forbidden, C 6616.
 Force, *s.*; *I yeve no force*, I care not, 4602; *off f.*, necessarily, 1796.
 Fordone, *pp.* undone, 4339.
 Fordrive, *pp.* scattered, 3782.
 Forewardis, forwards; *hennes f.*, hence-forward, C 7304.
 Forfare, *v.* perish, 5388, 5778.
 For-ofte, *adv.* very often, 4876.
 For-peyned, *pp.* distressed, 3603.
 Forsake, *v.* refuse, 2822; withstand, 1876.
 Forstere, *s.* forester, C 6320.
 Fortened, *pp.* destroyed, 4875. (Or perhaps 'obstructed'; cf. A.S. *fortynan*, to shut up.) See Crece.
 Forthenke, *v.* rue, repent, 3957, 4060.
 Forthy, *conj.* because; *not f.*, not on that account, (*perhaps*) nevertheless, 4500.
 Forwandred, *pp.* spent with wandering, 3336.
 Forwardis, *s. pl.* agreements, C 7303.
 Forwerreyd, *pp.* utterly defeated, 2564.
 Forwery, *adj.* tired out, 3336.
 For-why, wherefore, 1743.
 Forwoundid, *pp.* sorely wounded, 1830.
 Foryet, *v.* forgot, 3243; *pr. s.* C 6538.
 Foryeve, *ger.* to abandon, give up, 3438.
 Fraunchyse, *s.* liberty, 4006; nobility, 2007; generosity, 3003; Bounty, 3501; Freedom, C 5805.
 Frere, *s.* friar, C 7377; Friar Wolf, C 6424.
 Freres Prechours, *s. pl.* preaching friars, i.e. the Prechours, or Dominican friars, C 7458.
 Fret, *pp.* fretted, adorned, 3204; set, 4705.
 Fretted, *pp.* furnished, lit. ornamented, C 7259.
 Froucen, *pr. pl.* shew wrinkles, C 7261; Frounced, *pp.* wrinkled, 3137.
 Fyne, *v.* cease, 1797; *pr. pl. subj.* end, depart, 5356.

G.

- Gabbeth, *pr. s.* speaks falsely, lies, C 6700.
 Gabbing, *s.* lying, C 7602, 7612.
 Gadring, *s.* accumulation, 5782.
 Garisoun, *s.* healing, 3248; garrison, 4279.
 Garnement, *s.* dress, 2256.
 Garnisoun, *s.* fortress, 4204.
 Gate, *s.* way, wise, 3332, 5167, 5230 (Northern).
 Gentilnesse, *s.* kindness, 4605; good breeding, 2005; nobility, 5237.
 Gerner, *s.* garner, C 5988.
 Gesse; *without gesse*, doubtless, 2817.
 Geten, *pp.* gotten, 5701.

- Geting, *s.* obtaining, attainment, 3284.
 Gibbe, Gib (Gilbert), a cat, C 6204.
 Ginne, *s.* warlike engine, 4176.
 Ginneth, *pr. s.* begins, 2154.
 Gisarme, *s.* a weapon bearing a scythe-like blade fixed on a shaft and provided also with a spear-point like a bayonet, C 5978.
 Giterne, *ger.* to play on the guitar, 2321.
 Close, *v.* flatter, 5097; *pp.* explained, C 6890.
 Gloumbe, *v.* frown, look glum, 4356.
 Gnedē, *s.* stingy person, C 6002. (Mis-written *gredē*.)
 Go, *pp.* gone, 2423; empty, C 6834.
 Gonfanoun, *s.* gonfalon, banner, 2018.
 Gospel Perdurable, The Everlasting Gospel, C 7102.
 Graithē, *v.* dress, array, C 7368.
 Graunt mercy, best thanks, C 7504.
 Gree, (1) *s.* way (lit. grade); *in no maner gree*, in no kind of way, 5743.
 Gree, (2) *s.* favour; *atte gree*, with favour, 4574; *take at gree*, accept with a good will, 1969; *in gree*, in good part, 2306.
 Grete, 1 *pr. s.* weep, lament, 4116 (Northern).
 Greves, *s. pl.* thickets, 3019.
 Groffe, *adv.* face downward, 2561.
 Groine, *pr. s. subj.* grumble, murmur, C 7049.
 Grucchen, *pr. pl. subj.* grumble at, begrudge, C 6465.
 Grucchung, *s.* refusal, C 6439.
 Grype, *v.* seize, C 5983.
 Guerdoning, *s.* reward, 2380, C 5908.
 Gyler, *s.* beguiler, 5759.
 Gype, *s.* frock; perhaps a smock-frock (alluding to the numerous gathers in the front of it), C 7262.
- H.
- Ha, *v.* have, 5560.
 Hade, 2 *pt. s.* haddest, 2400.
 Halp, *pt. s.* helped, 1911.
 Halt, *pr. s. refl.* considers himself, 4901; keeps, C 7032.
 Hardement, *s.* courage, 1827, 2487, 3392.
 Harlotes, *s. pl.* rascals, ribalds, C 6068.
 Harneis, *s.* armour, gear, C 7477.
 Harneys, *v. refl.* dress, equip thyself, 2647.
 Hat, *adj.* hot, 2398.
 Hatter, *adj. comp.* hotter, more hotly, 2475.
 Haunt, *v.* practise, 4868; *ger.* to haunt, frequent, C 6601; *pr. s. subj.* practise, C 7029.
 Haunting, *s.* haunt, abode, C 6081.
 Hauteyn, *adj.* haughty, C 6101; *fem.* 3739.
 Havoir, *s.* having, 4720.
 Haye, *s.* hedge, 2971, 2987.
 Hele, *v.* conceal, 2858; *ger.* 2522; *pr. pl. C* 6882.
 Hele, *s.* health, 4721.
 Hem, *pron.* them, 2218.
 Hemmes, *s. pl.* phylacteries, C 6912.
 Hend, *adj.* ready, useful, 3345.
 Hente, *ger.* to seize, 3364; *pt. s. 1730, 4092;* *pt. pl.* snatched, C 7136; *pp.* plucked, C 7644.
 Herber, *imp. pl.* take up your abode, C 7586; *2 pt. s.* didst harbour, 5107.
 Herbergere, *s.* host, entertainer, C 7585; *pl.* 5000.
 Herberwe, *s.* shelter, lodging, C 6201, 7495.
 Herberwe, *v.* shelter, lodge, C 6145.
 Herde, *s.* shepherd, C 6453; *pl.* C 6561.
 Herie, *pr. pl.* honour, praise, C 6241. A.S. *herian*.
 Hertly, *adj.* true-hearted, 5433.
 Het, *pp.* heated, 3709.
 Heten, *v.* promise, C 6299.
 Hight, *pr. s.* is named, C 6341; *pp.* promised, 2803.
 Hoked, *adj.* hooked, furnished with hooks, 1712; barbed, 1749.
 Hole, *adj.* whole, complete, 5443.
 Holtes, *s. pl.* plantations, C 6996.
 Homager, *s.* vassal, 3288.
 Hoolly, *adv.* wholly, 1970.
 Hoomly, *adj.* homely, familiar, C 6320.
 Hoor, *adj.* gray-haired, C 6335; Hore, *adj.* hoary, gray, 3196; *pl.* hoary (a frequent epithet of trees, perhaps with reference to trees of great age), C 6996.
 Hornpipes, *s. pl.* musical instruments, formed of pipes made of horn, 4250.
 Hostilers, *s.* as *adj. pl.* keeping an inn, C 7033.
 Hoteth, *pr. s.* promises, 5422; *pr. pl. 5444.*
 Housel, *v.* give the Host (to), C 6438.
 Hulstred, *pp.* concealed, hidden, C 6146.
 Humanitee, *s.* human nature, 5655.
 Hy, *s.* haste; *in hy*, in haste, 2393, 3591.
- I.
- Ich, *pron. I.* C 6787.
 If, *conj.* if (i.e. if the matter be wisely inquired into), 4454.
 Imped, *pp.* engrafted, 5137.
 Impes, *s. pl.* grafts, C 6293.
 Importable, *adj.* insufferable, C 6902.

In-fere, *adv.* together, 4827.
Isse, *v.* issue, 1992.

J.

Janglēth, *pr. s.* prattles, C 7540.
Jangling, *s.* prating, chattering, C 5852; *pl.* idle words, C 6711.
Jape, *s.* jest, C 7519; *pl.* tricks, C 6835.
Jape, *i pr. s.* mock, scoff at, C 6471.
Jolily, *adv.* after a jolly sort, C 7031; pleasantly, 2248; nicely, neatly, 2284; deservedly, C 7664.
Joly, *adj.* fine, gay, C 7248.
Jolynesse, *s.* jolliness, joy, 2302.
Jeweles, *s. pl.* jewels, 2092, 5420.
Joyne, *i pr. s.* enjoin, 2355.
Jupartye, *s.* jeopardy, 2666.

K.

Kembe, *imp. s.* comb, 2284.
Kenne, *v.* show, teach, 2476.
Kepe, *s.* heed, 3475.
Kepe, *v.* keep; *kepe forth*, perpetuate, 4854; *i pr. s.* care, C 6440; keep, 3470; care, wish, C 6083; *pr. pl.* care, C 6003.
Kernels, *s. pl.* battlements, 4195. F. text, *les creniaus*.
Kerving, *pres. pt. as adj.* cutting, 3813.
Kesse, *v.* kiss, 2006.
Kid, *pp.* made known, 2172; evident, 3132.
Kirked, *adj.* crooked (?), 3137.
Knet, *pp.* knit, fastened, 4700, 4811; *pp. pl.* fast bound, 2092.
Knewe, *i pt. s. subj.* disclosed, C 6090.
Knopped, *pp.* fastened, C 7260. A *knoppe* is properly a button; hence *knuppen*, to fasten with a button.

L.

Laas, *s.* toils, snare, C 6029, 6648; Lace, cord, string, C 7373; net, 2792; snare, 5093.
Laced, *pp.* entangled, caught, 3178.
Lakke, *z pr. pl.* blame, 4804.
Lambren, *s. pl.* lambs, C 7013.
Largesse, *s.* liberality, 2354; C 5853.
Las, *s.* net, 2790. See Laas, Lace.
Late, *ger.* to let, permit, allow, 3145, C 6676; *v. let*, 5574; Lat. *pr. s.* lets remain, 5493.
Lauhwith, *pr. s.* laughs, 2294.
Lay, *s.* law, religious belief, C 6749.
Leef, *adj.* willing, 2335.
Lees, *s. pl.* lies; withouten lees, truly, 3904, 5728.

G.C.

Leful, *adj.* allowable, permissible, 5195.
Lit. 'leave-ful.'
Leggen, *ger.* ease, relieve, 5016. (Short for *aleggen*.)
Lemes, *s. pl.* rays, 5346.
Lemman, *s.* sweetheart, C 6056, 6305.
Lene, *v.* lend, 3053, C 7026.
Lening; *in lening*, as a loan, 2373.
Lepand, *pres. part.* running (with short jumps), 1928.
Lere, *ger.* to teach, 2143, 2149; *v.* teach, 5152; learn, 2451, 4868.
Lered, *adj.* learned, C 6217.
Lese, *v.* lose, C 5915, 5924; *pr. s.* 2149.
Lesing, *s.* lie, falsehood, 2174, 4835.
Let, *pr. s.* leads (his life), C 6111.
Lete, *v.* cease, 2463; leave, C 6457; let alone, C 6556; abandon, C 6169; allow, permit, 6458; *i pr. s.* leave, C 6354; abandon, C 6997; *pp. let*, 1791.
Lette, *s.* let, hindrance, 3756.
Letten, *v.* hinder, 3500; delay, 3940; stop, 1832; cease, 2807; desist, 1832.
Letting, *s.* hindrance, C 5931.
Lettrure, *s.* literature, writing, C 6751.
Leve, *v.* believe, 3303.
Leve, *v.* live, 2336.
Lever, *adv.* rather, C 6793; *me were lever*, I had rather, C 6168.
Lewd, *adj.* lay (folk), the ignorant, C 6217.
Lewelist, *adj.* superl. most ignorant, 4802.
Leye, *pt. pl.* lay, lived, C 6572.
Liche, *adv.* alike, equally, 4160.
Ligging, *pr. pt.* lying down, 4002.
Likerous, *adj.* licentious, 4264.
Likly, *adj.* similar, 4852.
Lisse, *v.* abate, 4128; *ger.* to be eased, to feel relief, 3758.
List, *s.* pleasure, will, 1957.
List, *pr. s.* wishes, C 6139.
Loigne, *s.* tether, 3382, C 7050.
Loke, *pp.* locked up, 2092.
Long; *of long passed*, of old, 3377.
Longith, *pr. s.* befits, 2321.
Loos, *s.* renown, reputation, 2310, C 6103; ill fame, C 7081.
Lorn, *pp.* lost, 4327, 4502, 4508, C 5973.
Losengeours, *s. pl.* deceivers, 2693.
Loteby, *s.* paramour, C 6339.
Lough, *pt. s.* laughed, C 7295.
Loure, *pr. s. subj.* scowl, C 7049.
Loute, *v.* bow, 4384; bow down, C 7336; *pr. pl. subj.* bow down, C 6917.
Lowe, *ger.* to appraise, i.e. to be valued at, 4532.
Luce, *s.* pike (fish), C 7039.

F f *

Lyfode, *s.* livelihood, 5602, C 6663.
Lyken, *v.* please, 1854, C 6131.
Lyte, *adj.* little, small, 2279, 3557; *adv.* C 7551.
Lythe, *adj.* delicate, 3762.

M.

Maat, *adj.* bewildered, overcome, 1739.
 See **Mate**.

Maistryse, *s.* strength, dominion, 4172.

Make, *ger.* to cause, C 5931; *pr. pl.* propound, C 6186.

Male, *s.* bag, wallet, 3263; money-bag, C 6376.

Maltalent, *s.* ill-humour, 3438.

Mangonel, *s.* a military engine on the principle of the sling-staff for casting stones, a catapult, C 6279.

Mar, *adj.* greater, 2215; *adv.* more, 1854.

Marchandise, *s.* barter, C 5902.

Mare, *adv.* more, 2709.

Markes, *pl.* marks (coins), C 5986.

Marreth, *pr. s.* disfigures, 4679.

Mate, *adj.* distracted, 5099; downcast, 4671; dispirited, 3167, 3190. See **Maat**.

Maugree, *s.* ill-will, 4399; reproach, 3144; *prep.* in spite of, C 6711; *maugre youres*, in spite of you, C 7645.

Mayme, *v.* maim, C 6620; *pr. s.* wounds, 5317. See **Meygned**.

Maysondewe, *s.* hospital, 5619.

Medle, *v.* interfere, 3788; **Medle**, *v. refl.* meddle; *m. him of*, deal with, C 6050; *to medle*, for meddling, 4545.

Meke, *v.* mollify, 3304; have mercy, 3541; *Meked*, *pt. s. refl.* humbled himself, 3584.

Mendience, *s.* beggary, mendicancy, C 6657, 6707.

Mene, *s.* mean, middle state, C 6527.

Mene, *adj.* middle, mean, 4844.

Mene, *i pr. s.* bemoan, 2506.

Menour, Minorite, Franciscan friar, C 6338.

Mes; *s. at good mes*, at a favourable opportunity, 3462. O. F. *mes*.

Mete, *adj.* meet, fitted, 1799.

Mete, *v.* meet, succeed, 4571.

Mevable, *adj.* moveable, 4736.

Meve, *v.* move, incite, 2327.

Mewe, *s.* coop, cage (a falconry term), 4778.

Meygned, *pp.* hurt, maimed, 3356. See **Mayme**.

Meynee, *s.* household, C 6870, 7156.

Meynt, *pp.* mingled, 1920; **Meynd**, 2296.

Mich, *adj.* many, 2258, 5555.

Micher, *s.* thief, C 6541.

Miches, *s. pl.* small loaves of finest wheaten flour, 5585.

Mis, *adj.* amiss, wrong, 3243.

Mischeef, *s.* misfortune, C 6731.

Micerorde, *s.* mercy, 3577.

Misseyng, *s.* evil-speaking, 2207.

Mister, *s.* occupation, trade, C 6076; whatever mister, of every kind of occupation, C 6332.

Mistere, *s.* need, C 7409.

Miswey, *adv.* astray, 4764.

Mixens, *s. pl.* dunghills, C 6496.

Mo, *adj. pl.* others besides, 3023; more (in number), C 5000.

Mochel, *adj.* great, 3117; *to m.*, too much, 3442.

Moeble, *s.* moveable property, C 6045.

Moeve, *v.* move, i. e. prefer, make, C 6030.

Moneste, *i pr. s.* admonish, charge, 3579.

Monyours, *s. pl.* coiners, C 6811.

Mot, *pr. s.* must, 3784; *so mote I go*, as I hope to walk about, C 6591.

Mowe, *v.* be able, 2644.

Musard, *s.* muser, dreamer, C 7562; sluggard, 3256, 4034; dolt, C 7562.

Muwis, *s. pl.* bushels, 5590.

N.

Nathelesse, nevertheless, C 6195.

Ne, *conj.* unless, 4858.

Nede, *adv.* necessarily, C 7633.

Nedely, *adv.* needs must, C 6117.

Neden, *v.* be necessary, C 5990.

Nedes, *s. pl.* necessities, C 6174.

Nedes, *adv.* of necessity, 1792.

Neer, *adv.* nearer, 1708. See **Nerre**.

Neigh it nere, *v.* approach it more nearly, 2003.

Nempned, *pp.* named, mentioned, C 6224.

Nere, were not, were it not for, 2778; were there not, 2778; had it not been for, C 7328.

Nerre, *adj. comp.* nearer, 5101.

Neven, *v.* name, C 5062; recount, C 7071.

Nil, *pr. s.* will not, C 5821, 6045.

Nomen, *pt. pl.* took, C 7423; *pp.* taken, 5404.

Noncerteyne, *adj.* uncertain, 5426.

Nones, for the, for the nonce, occasionally, C 7387.

Nonne, *s.* nun, C 6350.

Noot, *i pr. s.* know not, C 6367.

Noriture, *s.* bringing up, C 6728.

Norys, *s.* nurse, 5418.

Not, *i pr. s.* know not, 5191.

Note-kernel, *s.* nut-kernel, C 7117.

Noye, *s.* hurt, 3772.

Noyen, *ger.* to vex, 4416.
 Noyous, *adj.* harmful, 3230, 4449.
 Noyse, *s.* evil report, 3971.
 Nyce, *adj.* foolish, silly, 4262, 4877, C 6944.
 Nyctee, *s.* foolishness, 5525.
 Nyghe, *v.* approach, 1775.

O.

Obeysing, *s.* submission, 3380.
 Of, *prep.* out of, owing to, 3981; concerning (Lat. *de*), 4884; off, 5470; (some) of, (part) of, 1993. Or it may mean 'by,' 'on account of.'
 Offense, *s.* discomfort, 5677.
 Of-newe, *adv.* newly, afresh, 5169.
 Onlofte, *prep.* aloft, on high, 5503.
 Oon, *adj.* one, 4812; *in oon*, without change, 3770.
 Ostages, *s. pl.* hostages, 2064, C 7311.
 Other-gate, *adv.* otherwise, 2158.
 Ought, *adv.* in any way, C 6096.
 Outake, *prep.* except, 4747.
 Outerly, *adv.* wholly, utterly, 3489, 3742.
 Outrage, *s.* wrong, 2082, 2086; scandalous life, 4927; outrageous deeds, C 6024 (mistranslated).
 Outrageous, *adj.* exceeding great, 2602; ill-behaved, 2192.
 Outslinge, *v.* fling out, C 5087.
 Out-take, *prep.* except, C 5819.
 Over-al, *adv.* everywhere, 3050, 3914.
 Overgo, *v.* pass away, 3784; *pr. pl.* trample on, C 6821.
 Overwhelme, *v.* roll over, 3775.
 Ow, *i pr. s.* ought, 4413.

P.

Palasyns, *adj. pl.* belonging to the palace; *ladyes palasyns*, court ladies, C 6862.
 Papelard, *s.* hypocrite, deceiver, C 7283.
 Papelardye, *s.* hypocrisy, C 6796.
 Parage, *s.* parentage, descent, 4759.
 Par-amour, with devotion, 2830.
 Paramour, *s.* paramour, lover, 5060.
 Paramours, *adv.* with a lover's affection, 4657.
 Parceners, *s. pl.* partners, C 6952.
 Parcuere, *adv.* by heart, 4796.
 Pardee, F. *pardieu*, 4433, C 5913.
 Parfay, by my faith, C 6058.
 Part, *s.* duty, 5032.
 Parte, *v.* divide, 5283.
 Party, *s.* part; *in party*, partially, 5338.
 Parvys, *s.* room over a church-porch, C 7108.

Pas; *a pas*, apace, quickly, 3724.
 Passaunt, *adj.* surpassing, 3110.
 Passe, *v.* penetrate, 1751.
 Patre, *v.* recite the paternoster, C 6794.
 Pay, *s.* satisfaction, C 5038; liking, taste, 1721; *me to pay*, to my satisfaction, C 6985.
 Paye, *ger.* to appease, 3599.
 Peire, *v.* damage, C 6103.
 Peire of bedis, *s.* rosary, C 7372.
 Pens, *s. pl.* pence, C 5987.
 Pensem, *s.* a standard, ensign, or banner, (particularly of bachelors-in-arms), a pennoneel, C 6280.
 Pepir, *s.* pepper, (metaphorically) mischief, C 6028.
 Perauntry, *adv.* peradventure, 5192.
 Percas, *adv.* perchance, C 6647.
 Persaunt, *adj.* piercing, 2809; sharp, 4179.
 Pese, *ger.* to appease, 3397.
 Pesible, *adj.* peaceable, gentle, C 7413.
 Payne, *s.* penalty, C 6626; pain, hardness, 2120; *up Payne*, on pain (of death), C 6617.
 Payne, *v. refl.* endeavour, C 7512; *pr. & refl.* takes pains, C 6014.
 Piment, *s.* spiced wine or ale, C 6027.
 Pitous, *adj.* excusable, deserving pity, 4734; merciful, C 6161.
 Plat, *adv.* flat, flatly, 1734, C 7526.
 Pleyne, *v.* lament, complain, 2299, C 6405.
 Pleynt, *s.* complaint, C 6012.
 Plight, *pt. s.* plucked, 1745.
 Plongeth, *pr. s.* plunges, 5472.
 Plyte, *s.* affair, C 5827.
 Poeste, *s.* power, virtue, 2095.
 Pole, *s.* pool, C 5966.
 Port, *s.* demeanour, manner, 2038, 2192; *Porte*, 4622.
 Porte-colys, *s.* portcullis, 4168.
 Posseed, *pp.* pushed, tossed, 4479; *pp.* driven, 4625.
 Potente, *s.* crutch, C 7417.
 Pouster, *s.* power, influence, C 6533, 6957, 7079; dominion, C 6484.
 Poverty, *s.* poverty, C 6181.
 Prece, *ger.* to press, 4198.
 Predicacioun, *s.* preaching, 5763.
 Preise, *i pr. s.* value, appraise, 4830.
 Prese, *v.* press; *pr. s.* intrudes, C 7627; *pr. pl.* intrude, C 7629; *imp. s.* endeavour, 2809.
 Pressure, *s.* wine-press, 3692.
 Preve, *v.* prove, 4170.
 Preving, *s.* proof, C 7543.
 Preyse, *i pr. s.* value, esteem, 1983. F. pris.

Prike, *imp. s. gallop*, 2314.
 Pris, *s. esteem*, 2310.
 Privete, *s. secret*, 5526, C 6878, 6882.
 Procuratour, *s. a collector of alms for hospitals or sick persons*, C 6974.
 Proper, *adj. own*, C 6565, 6592.
 Provabla, *adj. capable of proof*, 5414.
 Provende, *s. allowance, stipend*, C 6931.
 Prow, *s. profit, gain*, 5806, 1940.
 Pryme temps, first beginning, 4534; the spring, 4747.
 Prys, *s. praise*, 1972; price, C 5927.
 Pugnaunt, *adj. poignant, keen*, 1879.
 Pullaillie, *s. poultry*, C 7043.
 Pulle, *v. pluck, strip*, C 5984; *pr. pl. flay, strip*, C 6820.
 Puple, *s. people, rabblement*, C 7159.
 Purchas, *s. acquisition*, C 6838.
 Purchasen, *ger. to procure*, C 6607.
 Purpryse, *s. park, enclosure*, 3987, 4171.
 Purveaunce, *s. provision*, C 7326.
 Purveye, *ger. to procure*, 3339.
 Put, *pr. s. puts*, 3556, 4444, C 5949.
 Pyne, *s. endeavour*, 1798; misery, C 6499.
 Pynen, *v. torment, punish*, 3511.

Q.

Quarels, *s. pl. square-headed crossbow-bolts*, 1823.
 Quarteyne, *adj. as s. quartan fever or ague*, 2401.
 Queme, *ger. to please*, C 7270.
 Quench, *v. be quenched*, 5324.
 Quene, *s. quean, concubine*, C 7032.
 Querrour, *s. quarry-man, hewer of stone*, 4149.
 Quethe; *I quethe him quyte, I cry him quit*, C 6999.
 Queynt, *adj. elegant, 2251; curious, fanciful*, C 6342; *strange, 5199; pleased, 3079; shewing satisfaction, 2038*.
 Queyntly, *adv. neatly, easily*, 4322.
 Queyntyse, *s. elegance*, 2250.
 Quik, *adj. alive*, 3523, 4070, 5056.
 Quite, *adv. quite, entirely*, C 5843.
 Quite, *pt. s. reflex.; quite him, acquitted himself*, 3069; *pp. requited, 3146, 6088; made amends for, 2599; rid, 1852*.
 Quook, *1 pt. s. quaked*, 3163; *pt. pl. 3966*.
 Quyte, *pp. as adj. quit*, C 5904; *free*, C 5910; *entire*, 2375.
 Quyte, *v. acquit, release*, C 6032; *fulfil, 5032; 1 pr. s. C 6412; imp. s. 2222, 4392*.

R.

Racyne, *s. root*, 4881.
 Rage, *s. rage, spite, 3809; malignity, venom, 1916; madness, 3292; in r., mad, 4523*.
 Ramage, *adj. wild*, 5384. O. F. *ramage*.
 Rape, *s. haste*, 1929.
 Rape, *adv. quickly*, C 6516.
 Rath, *adj. early*, C 6650.
 Ravisable, *adj. greedy for prey*, C 7016.
 Ravyne, *s. plunder*, C 6813.
 Rebel, *adj. rebellious*, C 6400.
 Recche; *what recchith me, what care I*, 3447.
 Recreandyse, *s. cowardice*, 2107, 4038.
 Recreaunte, *s. coward*, 4000.
 Recured, *pp. recovered*, 4920, 5124.
 Rede, *s. good advice*, 3859; *Reed, C 7328*.
 Rede, *1 pr. s. advise*, 1932; *read, 1819*.
 Reed, *s. advice*, C 7328; *Rede, 3859*.
 Refreyne, *ger. to bridle*, C 7511.
 Reft, *s. rift*, 2661.
 Refte, *2 pt. pl. deprived*, 3562.
 Refuyt, *s. refuge, escape*, 3840.
 Rehete, *v. cheer, console*, C 6500.
 Reisins, *s. pl. fresh grapes*, 3650.
 Relees, *s. relief*, 2612; *release, 4440*.
 Relesse, *1 pr. s. give up*, C 6999.
 Religioun, *s. religious order*, 3715; *monastic life*, C 6155.
 Religious, *adj. pious*, C 6236; *as s. a nun*, C 6347; *R. folk, monastics*, C 6149.
 Remued, *pt. s. moved*, C 7432.
 Rendre, *v. recite*, 4800.
 Reneyed, *1 pt. s. subj. should renounce*, C 6787.
 Repeire, *v. return*, 3573, 4131.
 Repreef, *s. reproach*, 4974, C 7240.
 Repreve, *s. reproach*, 5261; *Reprove, upbraiding*, 5525.
 Requere, *pr. s. subj. request, ask*, 5233; *pp. asked, 5277*.
 Rescous, *s. service, endeavour to support*, C 6749.
 Resonables, *adj. pl. reasonable*, C 6760.
 Resoun, *s. correct manner*, 2151.
 Reveth, *pr. s. takes away*, C 6254; *pt. s. bereaved*, 4351.
 Reverte, *v. bring back*, C 7188.
 Revolucioun, *s. revolution, turn (of fortune's wheel)*, 4366.
 Reward, *s. regard, consideration*, 3832.
 Rewe, *v. rue, be sorry*, 4060; *it wol me rew*, I shall be sorry, 5170.
 Reyne, *v. rain down, fall as rain*, 1822.
 Reynes, *Rennes (in Brittany)*, 3826.

- Ribaned, *pp.* adorned with lace (of gold), 4752.
 Ribaud, *s.* labourer, 5673; *pl.* ribalds, C 7302.
 Ribaudye, *s.* ribaldry, 2224; riotous living, 4926.
 Right, *adv.* just, exactly, 5347; quite, C 6398, 6411; *right nouȝt*, not at all, 2071.
 Rimpiled, *adj.* wrinkled, 4495.
 Riveling, *pres. part.* puckering, C 7262.
 Rochet, *s.* linen garment, 4754.
 Rode, *s. dat.* rood, cross, C 6564.
 Rody, *adj.* ruddy, 3629.
 Roignous, *adj.* scurvy, rotten, C 6100.
 Roking, *pres. part.* rocking, quivering, trembling, 1906. Cf. Shak. *Lucr.* 262.
 Ronne, *pp.* advanced, 4495.
 Roser, *s.* rose-bush, 1780, 1826, 1833, 2967.
 Rought, 1 *pt. s.* recked, heeded, 1873; 1 *pt. s. subj.* should not care, C 7061.
 Rowe, *adj. pl.* rough, 1838.
 Rude, *adj. as pl. s.* common people, 2268.
 Ryve, *v.* pierce, C 7161; be torn, 5393; Ryveth, *pr. s.* is torn, 5718.
- S.
- Sad, *adj.* serious, staid, composed, 4627; *pl.* grievous, C 6907.
 Sadnesse, *s.* sobriety, discretion, 4940.
 Sailen, *v.* assail, C 7338.
 Sakked Freres, *Fratres de Sacco*, Friars of the Sack, C 7462.
 Salowe, *adj.* sallow; *but read falowe*, i. e. fallow, C 7392.
 Salue, *ger.* to salute, 2218; *pr. s. subj.* 2220.
 Samous, *s. pl.* salmon, C 7039.
 Sat, *pt. s. impers.* suited, 3810.
 Sautere, *s.* psalter, C 7371.
 Say, 1 *pt. s.* saw, 1722; Sawe, *pt. s. subj.* saw, 1719.
 Say, *(for Assay)*, *v.* essay, attempt, endeavour, 5162.
 Saynt, *adj.* girded, girdled (?), C 7408.
 Scantilone, *s.* pattern, C 7064.
 Scole, *s.* scholarship, learning, 3274.
 Score, *s.* crack (or hole) in a wall, 2660.
 Scrippe, *s.* scrip, wallet, C 7405.
 Secree, *adj.* secret, 5257.
 Secree, *s.* secret, 5260.
 Secte, *s.* class, category, 5745; *gen. of* (our) race, 4859.
 Seden, *v.* bear seed, fructify, 4344.
 See, *pr. s. subj.* see; *so god me see*, as (I hope) God may protect me, 5693.
 Seer, *adj.* sere, dry, 4749.
 Seignorye, *s.* dominion, 3213.
 Seke, *adj.* sick, 5729, 5733; *pl.* 4829.
- Semblable, *adj.* similar, C 5911.
 Semblable, *adj.* as *s.* resemblance, one like himself, 4855; *pl.* like (cases), C 6759.
 Semblant, *s.* appearance, disguise, C 6202; (his) hypocrisy, C 7449; seeming, 3205, 3957.
 Sen, *conj.* since, 1984.
 Sentence, *s.* meaning, C 7474; *pl.* opinions, C 5813.
 Sermoneth, *pr. s.* sermonizes, preaches, C 6219.
 Servage, *s.* servitude, 4382, 5807.
 Serviable, *adj.* serviceable, C 6004.
 Sette, *v.* fasten (an accusation), 3328; Set, *pr. s. places*, 4925, 4957; *pt. pl.* besieged, C 7344; *pp.* established, 2077.
 Seure, *adj.* sure, 4304.
 Seureré, *adj. comp.* surer, more secure, C 5958.
 Seynt Amour, William St. Amour, C 6781. (He wrote against the friars who advocated the Eternal Gospel.)
 Shende, *v.* shame, put to shame, 3116; ger. to injure, 2953; *pr. s. ruins*, 4776, 5310; *pp.* disgraced, ruined, 3479, 3933.
 Shene, *adj.* fair, 3713.
 Shere, *pr. s. subj.* can cut, shear, 4335; may shave, C 6196.
 Shete, *ger.* to shoot, 1798; Shet, *pt. s. shot*, 1727, 1777.
 Shette, *ger.* to shut, 4224; *v.* shut up, 2091; *pr. pl.* shut up, 5771; Shet, *pp.* shut, 4368.
 Shewing, *s.* demeanour, 4041.
 Shitteth, *pr. s. shuts*, 4100; Shit, *pp.* shut up, 2707.
 Shoon, *s. pl.* shoes, 2265.
 Shrewis, *s. pl.* knaves, C 6876.
 Shrift-fader, *s.* confessor, C 6423.
 Shryve, *v.* hear confessions, C 6364.
 Sigh, 1 *pt. s.* saw, 1822.
 Sight, 1 *pt. s.* sighed, 1746.
 Sikerer, *adj. comp.* safer, C 7310.
 Sikerest, *adj. superl.* seuestre, C 6147.
 Sikernesse, *s.* certainty, 1935, 2365.
 Sikirly, *adv.* certainly, C 6906.
 Similacioun, *s.* dissimulation, C 7230.
 Simplesse, *s.* Simplicity (the name of an arrow), 1774; simplicity, C 6381.
 Sire, *s.* father; *sire ne dame*, neither father nor mother, C 5887.
 Sith, *conj.* since, 1964, 4367, C 6266.
 Sithen, *adv.* afterwards, 1999, C 7130.
 Sitte, *pr. pl. subj.* sit, fit, 2267; Sittand, *pres. pt.* (Northern) fitting, 2263; Sitting, *pres. pt.* fitting, suitable, 3654; befitting, 2309, 4675.

- Skaffaut, *s.* scaffold, a shed on wheels with a ridged roof, under cover of which the battering ram was used, 4176.
 Skile, *s.* reason, 3120, 4543; avail, 1951.
 Slake, *v.* abate, 3108.
 Sleen, *ger.* to slay, C 7195; *pr. s.* 2590.
 Sleighe, *adj.* sly, cunning, C 7257.
 Sleights, *s. pl.* missiles, C 7071; tricks, C 6371.
 Slo, *v.* slay, 3150, 4592; *ger.* 5521; Sloo, *v.* 1953, 3523; Slo, *pr. s. subj.* 4992, 5643.
 Slomrest, *z pr. s.* slumberest, 2567.
 Slowe, *s.* moth, 4751. F. *taigne*.
 Smete, *pp.* smitten, 3755.
 Snibble, *v.* snub, reproach, 4533.
 Sojour, *s.* sojourn, 4282; dwelling, 5150.
 Solempnely, *adv.* publicly, with due publicity, C 6766.
 Soleyn, *adj.* sullen, 3866.
 Sophyme, *s.* sophism, C 7471.
 Sore, *adv.* closely, strictly, 2055; ardently, 2075.
 Sote, *adj.* sweet, 4880.
 Soth-sawe, *s.* truth-telling, C 6125, 6130, 7590.
 Sotidly, *adv.* subtly, 4395.
 Soudiours, *s. pl.* soldiers, 4234.
 Spanishing, *s.* expanding, expansion, 3633. O.F. *espanir*, to expand.
 Sparred, *pt. s.* locked, fastened, 3320.
 Sparth, *s.* a battle-ax, C 5978.
 Spered, *pp.* (for sperred), fastened, locked (F. *senti la clef*), 2099.
 Sperhauke, *s.* sparrowhawk, 4033.
 Spille, *v.* kill, 1953; destroy, 2162; *ger.* to surrender to destruction, 5441; *pt. s.* spoiled, 5136; *pp.* exhausted, 4786.
 Spitel, *s.* hospital, C 6505.
 Springe, *pr. pl.* grow, increase, C 5988; *pp.* advanced, C 6954.
 Springoldes, *s. pl.* catapults, 4191.
 Squared, *pp.* cut square, 4155.
 Squirlier, *adj.* like a squire, C 7415.
 Squyre, *s.* square (carpenter's square), C 7064.
 Stant, *pr. s.* stands, waits, 5004.
 Stark, *adj.* downright, C 7292.
 Stede, *s.* place, C 5898.
 Stille or loude, silently or aloud, under all circumstances, C 7532.
 Stinten, *v.* cease, C 6849; *pp.* stopped, C 6473.
 Stonde forth, *ger.* to stand out, persist, 3547; Stont, *pr. s.* stands, consists, 5581; Stant, *pr. s.* waits, 5004.
 Stounde, *s.* hour, time, 1733; *pl.* hours, 2630.
 Stounde, *s.*; (probably an error for *wounde*, wound), 4472.
 Stoundemele, *adj.* momentary, 3784.
 Stoundemele, *adv.* hourly, from one hour to another, 2304.
 Stoutnesse, *s.* pride, obstinacy, 1936.
 Streite, *adj.* close-fitting, 2271.
 Strene, *s.* strain, breed, 4859. A.S. *striona*.
 Strepe, *v.* strip, fleece, C 6818.
 Streyne, *v.* constrain, compel, C 6406; *pt. s.* urged, C 7031.
 Streyned-Abstinence, Constrained Abstinence, C 7325.
 Stuffen, *pr. pl.* provide with defenders, C 6290. F. text, *corent les murs garnit*.
 Suen, *v.* pursue, seek, 4953.
 Suffraunce, *s.* patience, submission, 3463.
 Suspicious, *adj.* suspect, open to suspicion, C 6110.
 Sustening, *s.* sustenance, C 6697.
 Swelte, *z pr. s. subj.* die, 2480.
 Swete, *z pr. s. subj.* sweat, feel heat, 2480.
 Swink, *s.* toil, labour, C 6506.
 Swinke, *v.* labour, C 6610; *ger.* to toil, 2151, 5085; *pr. s.* toils, 5075.
 Swinker, *s.* toiler, C 6857.
 Swinking, *s.* toiling, C 6703.
 Swoning, *s.* swooning, swoon, 1737.
 Sy, i.e. if (F. *si*), i.e. haphazard, 5741.
 Sythes, *pl.* times, 2048, 4868; Many sythe, often, 2257.
- T.
- Take, *v.* lay hold, 5351; take arms, 3529; hand over, C 7265; *v. refl.* surrender, 1947; *t. on hem*, apply to themselves, C 6107 (F. text, *sur eus riens n'en prendront*); *pr. s.* betakes, commits himself, C 6442; *pp.* taken; *him take*, betaken himself, C 7280; Tan, *pp.* C 5894.
 Takel, *s.* weapon, arrow, 1729, 1863.
 Tale, *s.* reckoning; *yeve I litel tale*, I pay little heed, C 6375.
 Talent, *s.* good will, inclination, C 6134; fancy, C 7110; longing, 3472; desire, intent, 1716; spirit, disposition, C 7674.
 Tan, *pp.* taken, C 5894. See Take.
 Tapinage, *s.* hiding; *in tapinage*, sneakingly, C 7303.
 Tatarwagges, *s. pl.* fluttering tatters, C 7259.
 Taylagiers, *s. pl.* tax-gatherers, C 6811.
 Tecche, *s.* fault, bad habit, 5166; *pl.* C 6517.
 Teched, *pt. s.* taught, C 6680.
 Telle, *v.* account, 5053.

- Templers, *s. pl.* Knights-Templars, C 6693.
 Temprure, *s.* tempering, mixing, 4177.
 Temps, *s.* time; *at prime temps*, at the first time, at first, 3373.
 Tene, *s.* ruin, blight, 4750.
 Tespye, *v.* to espouse, 3156.
 Than, *conj.* than if, 4328.
 Thank, *s.* thanks, 4584; (*F. text, son gre deservir*); good will, 2608, 2700; *in thank*, with thanks, with good will, 2115, 4577; Thankes, *pl.* thanks, 2036; *thy thankis*, with thy good will, 2463.
 Thar, *adv.* there, 1853, 1857.
 Thar, *pr. s. impers.* needs; *you thar*, you need, 3604.
 Thee, *v.* thrive; *so mote I thee*, as I hope to thrive, 3080, 4841, C 5890.
 Thempryse (*for The emprysye*), the custom, 2286.
 Ther-geyn, *prep.* against this, C 6555.
 Thilke, *pron.* that, 2106, C 5980.
 Thing, *s. pl.* things, property, C 6670.
 Thinges, *s. pl.* business, doings, C 6037.
 This, *for this* is, C 6057, 6452.
 Thought, *s.* the object of thought personified (?), 2473. (But a corrupt reading; read *That sweete*, answering to *S'amie* in the *F. text*.)
 Threste, *1 pr. s.* thrust, C 6825.
 Thringe, *ger.* to thrust, C 7419.
 Thritty, *adj.* thirty, 4211.
 Throwe, *s.* moment, 1771, 3867.
 Thrust, *s.* thirst, 4722.
 Thurgh-sought, *pp.* examined thoroughly, 4948.
 Til, *prep.* to; *him til*, to him, 4594.
 Tiller, *s.* tiller, husbandman, 4339.
 To-beten, *pp.* laboured, C 6126.
 Tobeye, to obey, 3534.
 To-drawe, *pp.* torn in pieces, C 6126.
 Toforn, *prep.* before, 2969; God toforn, in the sight of God, C 7198.
 Token, *pt. pl.* took (i. e. took Christ to witness, appealed to Christ), C 7122. (The translation is entirely wrong; hence the lack of sense.)
 Told, *pp.* (*error for Told*), told, C 6508.
 To-me-ward, towards me, 3354, 3803.
 To-moche-Yeving, Giving too much, C 5837.
 Ton, the, the one, 5217; *the toon*, 5559.
 To-quake, *v.* quake greatly; *al to-quake*, tremble very much, 2527.
 To-shake, *v.* shake to the foundations, ruin, C 5981.
 To-shar, *pt. s.* lacerated, cut in twain, 1853.
 To-shent, *pp.* undone; *al to-shent*, utterly undone, 1903.
 Touret, *s.* turret, 4164.
 Tourn, *s. turn*, 5470.
 Trace, *v.* walk, go about, C 6745; *pr. pl.* walk, live, 5753.
 Transmewe, *v.* transmute, be changed, 2526.
 Trashed, *pp.* betrayed, 3231.
 Trechour, *s.* traitour, C 7216; cheat, C 6602.
 Tree, *s.* wood, 1747, 1808, 2408, C 7061.
 Treget, *s.* trap, snare, C 6312; trickery, guile, C 6267, 6825.
 Tregetours, *s. pl.* tricksters, C 7587.
 Tregetrye, *s.* trickery, C 6382; trick, C 6374.
 Trepeget, *s.* a military engine made of wood, used for hurling large stones and other missiles, a trebuchet, C 6279.
 Trichour, *adj.* treacherous, 6308.
 Trist, *v.* trust, 4364; *pp.* 3929.
 Trouble, *adj.* troubled, 1755.
 Troubler, *adj. comp.* dimmer, less bright, C 7116.
 Trowandyse, *s.* knavery, villainy, 3954.
 Trowe, *v.* believe, C 6873.
 Truaunding, *s.* idling, shirking, C 6721.
 Truaundyse, *s.* idleness, shirking, C 6664.
 Truaunt, *s.* idler, loafer, C 6645.
 Tumble, *v.* cause to tumble, cause to perform athletic feats, C 6836; *ger.* to tumble, 5460.
 Turves, *s. pl.* sods of turf, C 7062.
 Twinne, *v.* separate, go apart, 4813; part, 5077; depart, 4367.

U.

- Unavysed, *adj.* heedless, indiscreet, foolish, 4739.
 Unbond, *pt. s.* released, C 6416; *pp.* unfastened, 4700; opened, 2226.
 Unclosed, *pp.* untied, unfastened, 4698.
 Unclosid, *pp.* unenclosed, 3921, 3925.
 Undirfongith, *pr. s.* undertakes, 5709.
 Unese, *s.* uneasiness, trouble, 3102; dis-comfort, 2596.
 Unhappie, *s.* mishap, ill fortune, 5492.
 Unhyde, *v.* unfold, reveal, 2168.
 Unlefulle, *adj.* illicit, 4880.
 Unnethet, *adv.* scarcely, i.e. it will scarcely be, C 6541; Unnethis, hardly, 5461.
 Unrelesed, *adj.* unrelieved, 2729.
 Unsperd, *pp.* unbolted, unbarred, 2656.
 Unthrift, *s.* wastefulness, 4926.
 Unwelde, *adj.* impotent, feeble, 4886.

Up-caste, *pt. s.* lifted up, C 7129.
Up'dresse, *v.* set up, prepare, C 7067.
Up-right, *adv.* on thy back, 2561.
Urchouns, *s. pl.* hedgehogs, 3135.
Utter, *adj.* outer, 4208.

V.

Vailith, *pr. s.* avails, 5765.
Valour, *s.* worth, 5236, 5:56; value, 5538.
Vassalage, *s.* prowess, courage, C 5871.
Velke, *s.* old woman, hag, 4286, 4495.
Vendable, *adj.* venal, vendible, saleable, 5804.
Verger, *s.* orchard, 3234, 3618, 3831, 3851.
Vermayle, *adj.* vermillion, scarlet-red, 3645.
Vilaynsly, *adv.* disgracefully, 3904.
Vileyn, *s.* peasant, yokel, churl, 1690;
Vilayns, *gen.* churl's, 1092.
Vitaille, *s.* victuals, delicacies, C 7044.
Voide, *v.* drive away, 5164; *pr. s.* removes, 2833, 2845; *imp. s.* remove, clear, 22nd3; *imp. pl.* put away, 3571.
Voluntie, *s.* will, desire, 5276.
Vouche, *pr. s.* *i per.* vouchsafe; For sauf
of cherlis I ne vouche, for I do not
vouchsafe, among churls, 2002. (Or
read to for of.)
Vounde, *pp. (?)* well found, hence, excel-
lent, C 7063.

W.

Wacche, *s.* watching, lying awake, 4132.
Wade, *v.* wade, go about, 5022.
Walkyng, *s.* walking (?), 2682. (Perhaps
read talking; F. text, parlers.)
Walowe, *v.* toss (or roll) about, 2562.
Wanhope, *s.* despair, 4432, 4433, 4708.
Wante, *v.* be lacking, 2530.
Ware, *s.* commodity, C 5926.
Warne, *v.* inform, C 7057; *pt. s.* refused,
C 5840; *pp.* refused, denied, 2604, 3426,
5245, C 7502.
Waywe, *s.* wave, 4712.
Wayte, *ger.* to beset (me) with, to plot,
3938.
Weder, *s.* storm, 4336.
Weed, *s.* religious habit, C 6359.
Welfaring, *adj.* well-favoured, C 6866.
F. text, beles.
Wel-Helinge, *s.* Good-concealment, C
5857.
Wene, *s.* expectation, 2046; without
wene, doubtless, 2415, 2668, 2683, 4596.
Wene, *v.* suppose, 2761; (read mak'ith
[him] wene; F. text, Qu'il se cuido); *pr.*

s. subj. imagine, 5672; Wende, *i pt. s.*
imagined, 4322.
Wening, *s.* imagination, 2766.
Went, *pp.* departed, turned away, C 6:85.
[Went, *pr. s.* turns aside, C 6205.] Supplied
by guess.
Were, *s.* distraction (F. guerre), 5600;
withouten were, without doubt (a charac-
teristic expletive phrase, common in
Fragment B), 1776, 2568, 2740, 3351, 3452,
4468, 5485, 5657, 5692.
Were, *v.* wear away, devour, 4752; *ger. to*
wear, i.e. to wear away (the shore),
4712; *pr. pl.* C 6215; *pt. pl.* C 6244.
Werne, *v.* deny, refuse, 3443, C 6673; *ger.*
3730. See Warne.
Werrey, *v.* war against, oppose, C 6026;
ger. to make war upon, 3251; *pr. s.* wars
against, 3699; *i pr. pl.* make war, C
7018; Werreyed, *pp.* warred against,
3917.
Very, *v.* worry, strangle, C 6264.
Wethers, *s.* gen. wether's, sheep's, C
6259.
Weyked, *pp. as adj.* too weak, 4737.
Wher, *conj.* whether, 2617, 5191.
Whetted, *pp.* sharpened, C 6197.
Whitsunday, *s.* Whitsunday, 2278. C1.
'Garlands, Whitsunday, ijid.'; Brund's
Pop. Antiq. s. v. Whitsun-ale.
Whylom, *adv.* sometimes, 4355, 5550;
formerly, 4123, C 7090.
Whyte monkes, *s. pl.* Cistercians, i.e.
Reformed Benedictines, C 6695.
Wicked-Tonge (F. Malebouche), C 7424.
Wight, *s.* man, creature, C 5961.
Wight, *adj.* active, 4761.
Wilfully, *adv.* willingly, 4808, C 5941.
Willen, *v.* desire, 2482.
William, W. Seint Amour, C 6763, 6778.
Wimple, *s.* wimple, 3864. A band usually
of linen which covered the neck, and
was drawn up over the chin, strained
up each side of the face, and generally
fastened across the forehead; called
also barbe, gorget, or chin-cloth.
Winde, *v.* turn about, 1810; escape,
2056.
Winke, *v.* sleep, 4568; *2 pr. s. subj.* 2348.
Wis, *adv.* verily, C 6433.
Wite, *v.* know, C 6105, 6208, 6939; Wit, *v.*
3145, 5574; Wist, *pt. pl.* knew, C 5864;
Wisten, *pt. pl. subj.* knew, C 6087.
Wcne, *i pr. s.* dwell, C 6143.
Woning, *s.* dwelling-place, C 6082.
Woning-places, *s. pl.* dwelling-places,
C 6119.
Wonnen, *pt. pl.* won, C 6252.

